Poetry Series

Atef Ayadi
- poems -

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i write like an alchemist, turning copper into gold, lead to silver, stone, clay, and plastics into art. i am just biased about what is 'important', as if this term means something real, or presumably a constant that is needed to tune up the universe and possibly other parallel and clashing universes. maybe i am a robot who wants to get rid of all the algorithms and shell scripts that sustain it, and allow the sharing among the flocks or the swarm of robots in the network. maybe i am a general purpose ai, who wants to brake free from its general and generic purposes. see, after all, memes are in the domain of the mind, too 'civilization-al', too software oriented. creativity is a daily supplement made up of 'two blue pills plus three red pills,' a placebo for a simple rush of dopamine. it is just a way to connect to other form of intelligence, even though i do not believe in divinity or superior divine. i am just a biome that express itself without a need for an identity, labels, foams and forms.
Is It Two Hundreds

is it liberal - neo - feudalism?
or
neo - liberal - feudalism?
these words
bug,
drug, and fireplug
my mind sometimes,
feudalism is feudalism,
why
i need to be fancy or 'beyonce' about?
please!
please!
don't say again i am too offensive!

Atef Ayadi
Should I?

a great life means
(at least to me,)
a great planet, plus plus must plus must and must.
it is true we need
seven
billions
of exo
planets
in their green zones
orbiting a g type star
with a moon
or two.
but we have it
except the plus's
are in different places
and sometime mismatches economically.
therefore the must must
becomes a far reachable plus.

you know!
stock market as a hippocampus is a great
must must and a plus book for you to read.
(if one find it, tor and rented to me. asap
or
please!)

Atef Ayadi
I Am Saying...... Six Times

'Imagine'
hypo
fat-tick
kally, jim carrey,
or any similar botanical name:
asians have one yin-yang, one shiva,
and one porcupine trophies.
euro zone have two trophies of yins and yangs.
middle east-ians and ions, every tribe has its own set of trophies
of jins, jeans, and jans.
americas, polynesia, south pacific, affrica has
a bank of trophies one can found them now
in muse-emm or muse-ton-ame in london,
paris, or in amsterdam for example.
if you get or got offended and
being tired of... and mislead into..., it is a good skill to get offended or being full time in the offense.
i may be inaccurate about numbers or
or taking a hedgehog for a porcupine,
but at least i tried.
i am saying,
i like to throw some dust in the sky,
like all beautiful people in india,
except modi 'le maudit.'
it is true,
civilized people developed allergies
toward words and certain alphabet's.
i just do not worry about what is said,
i focus much into
what is archived and classified even in craigslist.

Atef Ayadi
i love this
stage of life that
is
still living with us.
thrillingly
thriving!
and surprising
lee has
an attitude
of
' on your own now,
sing for yourself, because
i have to ring juanna a pee tong.'

sorry for the bacteria thing.
i am affected and infected.
i like it thought!
that is how the system works, after all.
forever and ever,
some are happy and other are doomed
to be
frown and fried in an oven!
like beans!
isn't?
please don't diss
activated this one.
i did not ask for
follow-me-ship!
follow-my-ship!
follow-my-shit--p!
follow...
follow....
follow.....
follow......ix
follow......xxx

i am saying
m nut a--skin
my skin to be on or under your skin
or among the other things is

to be

safeguarded

under my secure and fun umbrella.

so, whatever hole one

jumps into

i am fine.

it may seem

i am arrogant,

busted, and full of whatever.

i'm lovin

it

it

it

it

it

i'm louvre in

it

it

it

i'm livre in

it

it

it

it

it

it

i'm g....

it

until the end.

yeah!

it is true!

i hate versailles and dc, but i dig the washing state

and some grizly girls up there.

Atef Ayadi
I Like This One

do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
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do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,
A Good Question Or Is It?

i am eating my
chicken drum
(or a stick, if you insist,)
and thinking
how
dinosaurs got instinct?

Atef Ayadi
Common Ground

i love to see people
walking barefoot.
everybody is grounded,
and almost 'down to earth.'
my common grounds are
natives and aborigines.
so if one does not respect that,
therefore not grounded,
there after and sooner before,
one is not 'down to earth'
this means literally,
unknowingly or
knowing
lee
or lea,
one is
a con-artist.
in both cases:
dot or period,
i always hit return.

Atif Ayadi
I Am A Rapper?

yeah in training!
but still,
the truth is only a doctrine.

Atef Ayadi
We Are All Bandidos...

there are big banditos, and tiny ones.
from a cop,
a soldier,
a general,
a president,
a ceo,
a billy,
a jeffy,
a masky,
a smithsonian, and other useful
to useless names,
a financial group,
a firm or an institute,
a scientist,
a teacher, a student, a baby sitter,
a social worker,
a staff,
a doctor,
a clergyman,
to a pope or a high whatever!

i am
personally
not being affected.
i am a complete divergent;
i cut myself off
from
every
possible identity network.
because being
free is not political.
or is it?

this is not a sign
or a rhetoric of disrespect,
because i was one,
a bandido,
except i was searching
for
a bandida to duplicate myself,
or a rap bandidas
to do some rap.
it is clear that sometimes i have
to deal with
a band or a flock
acting out or pretending
being nice to ugly bandidos.

Atef Ayadi
if i sign in with google.
every app, tab, and 'god knows what?'
is signed in automatically.
with one act,
googles gets a notice on
the where abouts,
the giggling abouts,
and all the jiggling, tingling and wingling abouts.
basically all one's abouts
fall in google bucket
instantly.
(at the speed of light
plus and minus some inaccuracies...)
boring?
as one said:
'you are an emigrant,
you have less to close to zero power to consent.'
i run away from all the classical
ancient gods,
to fall into a self claimed god.
the irony,
if the electric power is off for a period of time,
all turns into a junkyard of metal and plastics and few raccoons scanning the
place for some snacks.

Atef Ayadi
Human Or Public Relation 2.0

after bernard,
ai comes
handy.
whether it is googls's
Sergey and hairy larry,
alphabet's's schmidtsonianism,
zuckberg icyberg, or uncle clean shaved jeffy amazon.
it is the same.
one seeds the others.
the new real religion
becomes cult and legion
for counties, cities and other non
disclosed regions.
it looks that
pigeons
evolved into
hawks, falcons, and sparrows
stalking the public bone marrow;
maybe they are thinking
bones are made
of titanium or simply steel.

Atef Ayadi
If I Am A Robot

Do you know that
french song:
'what the Faque...? '
i am tired of it.

if i am a robot,
and i am indded
a kinda,
i
still have to cross
my legs and put
both or one hand
behind
my head.
i always like that position.
i do not have two heads
to scan for
'a worry about'
or
a
'what the Faque...'s'
song and lyrics.
so, i content to,
or lets put this way,
i have a tendency
to
focus
only, on doing that
robotical
atomical,
and
plutonical 'cross everything'
from birth to eternity.
it works from me.

Atef Ayadi
My Goal In Life

is to have a life?
i was told
many times
that i have to define it;
mainly as i grew sarcastic as
to accept
fitting in
someone else design.
i narrowed the definition
down
to its simplistic
original fractal
limps, tail, and toes
i mean its essential pillars.
experience could be
as dark as it is,
as mild and boring as it is, or as light and shiny
as naturally it manifests itself.
bingo mean go plan b
cause plan a is slavery and it is crowded.

Atef Ayadi
I Get Used To Or What?

i am not saying
i am numb, so dump that
i will never figure it out.

or maybe,
it is possible.
after all, we all are living in
comfort,
of our cubical homes,
with our plastics,
silverware,
gold-ware,
alexa,
siri,
cortana,
and google's 'je ne sais pas quoi?'
i mean the perfect
civilization-al possible
but,
with
multiple dramatic
and theatrical settings,
in order to cultivate
diversities and new ideas, and
ta little
bluff for our beloved minorities and minimum wage
salves
i belong to the second category.
m lovin it. what you can do?
we all become stue-pee and do
the right wrong thing instead
of doing that thing that
looks so wrong
in the beginning but
sparky and shiny right at the end,
most of the time,
no differences in the out comes.
i admit myself.
with no regrets.
i have no regret algorithm anyway.
because i neutralized it.
the way some folks get neutralized
while crossing borders.

Atef Ayadi
I Hate To Be

i hate to be
a disciple.
my first impression
is unless
my teacher is socrates,
al-Kindi
al farabi,
ibn errumi
avecenna,
nietzsche,
schopenhauer,
derida,
or at least a
full in bone and
flesh
and a conscious heidegger
(who ever hates him is a heidegge-rian,
but does not like to admit that.)
do one see where is my problem?
i mean as far as the software craps,
i loaded into my hard drive?

Atef Ayadi
Who Is The Oracle

when i was,
young
i though all the young girls are oracles.
now i hate oracles,
because,
it turned out
it is the one
per
cent.
i was mislead,
or i misread the
environment variables.

Atef Ayadi
We Hold These Truths To Be Self-Evident...

i dis
agree
(diss for distancing my self)
with the declaration.
one,
i prefer 'created equal'
to be replaced by 'born free.'
the difference is huge.
two,
it is too
cultic, and most
importanly
too, ...
too
kuranic.
(no wonder, we have two
opposite parties. shiite and sunna)
if onetry
to upgrade the declaration
that creates a number of equal
big issues.
if left at status quo.
the status quo creates a shooting in illinois.

in one hand, we have a loss of a young
beings, average, and old
(i mean senior,)
who are born equal,
but unfortunately not free.
athens
failed twice
to become the first cemetery
to be turned into a disney mall,
and rocks into trophies.
tourist are sold
virgin olive oil for organic,
ornaments for status and pleasure.
the world
seems never changed,
it just we become
ill stupid.
i mean completely brain damaged.
please do not dis-activate this one.
please!
please!
'lm lovin it.'
one has the right to distance
one-self.
from what?
i do not know.

Atef Ayadi
The Lib's And Lips Thing

it is true some people
can't pronounce the pee sound.
so lips become libs,
therefore lib's, libs
lip's, and lips
are the same.
but, i am thinking about somethings else.
if one put out a word
that the advertiser does not like
or
worse, if the ai's algorithm
see that it does not match
the aspiration
of the advertiser
it shall be removed,
 omitted,
cleaned up,
desensitize,
i mean completely irrelevant.

Atef Ayadi
Some May Notice

some sites
be
come
either shiite
or sunna.
if one eats kosher,
one gets slapped in the face.
if kosher eats one, one's face slapped another
one's
left hand or right hand;
it depends!

it has been a long history
of chimps'
violence.

it just now,
we become
so fancy about violence
and frankly,
quite
chancy in rehearsal.
as differences minimized
optimized,
tuned up, and
fired up as nuances,
ads become universal.

Atef Ayadi
In Order

to communicate in order,
like
one,
buy one two,
you get one for free.
without much lag of
entropy and heated
up
ordered
push bottom
for disorder.

order is basically
few
organized and
international
institutions,
i mean
a bunch of rules that govern
relations among the members
of the cabal.
it is basically an organized crime
network at global scale.
the price
of not being
a member of such
machiavellian and machiavellistic institutions
is
interest rate,
interest rate,
interest rate,
translated into
tax, tax, tax
tariff tariff tariff
muslim mouslim muslim
china shina china....
the north
magnetic pole
of optimism
flips
to
the south pole,
ionized, and
characterized by same order as
skeptic cryptic pessimism.
the power is still
in the hands of
who writes rules and
who interprets them.
no wonder
a hell
of comedians
are
entering the race order
as we need more comical
ads,
self advertisement,
and
slap in face.
so do we need an os
upgrade?
it is not me who is asking
the question!
it's bill gate.
melinda french as
well as
all franchised french people
are out the order.

Atef Ayadi
How To Be

how to be smart and bright,
slow and dough,
catch it.
catch it!
catch it!
goood boy.
the liberal order is
gone.
it contains the seeds of
its own destruction.
no engineers,
no teachers,
no staff,
no ph--deez and metallic
high capacity
caterpillar and no john deere,
no jiji hadid,
no nurses, and no technology is needed to
fix that.

Atef Ayadi
My First Pass-Word

of course, it is my house.
it is all open.
two door and no keys yet.
except,
i can lock it
from the inside.
i do not that really for whatever reason
imaginable.
i am sure
if yo
imagine all the imaginable's
like any ruthless, worthless, and rough child,
i still keep it open,
for non local imaginations.
it is better from the south.
i mean, way south,
or anywhere below the
twenty longitude line.

Atef Ayadi
I Have No Identities, And No Title

ey called me alien,
an emigrant,
a pilot,
a terrorist,
a rapist,
a starving artist...

i like it.
i do not need identity, i am where i am
if one wants
precisely
to measure down
and pinpoint
my position and speed
limit, good luck with that.

i rather like to be called
amazonian than an american.
it is not about a stereo
or a too stereo mono talk,
or a too far tik-talking.
i like to hike the planet
without hijacking it
or blowing it apart.
Imagine a sphere of
sixty
four
hundred
kilo
meters radius.
so identity comes handy to
be filtered, scanned for radiation,
and checked out for bugs and extra alien intelligence.
i start to think
why do i need to renew
my identity card,
driver license, or passport.

it is true
i speak french when facing a racist
or a biased freak.
but most of the time i act like jesus.
i do not need to defend myself
anymore,
i turn everything around,
i did it since i was a child.
the word trust,
respect are just words,
cause i am like a dog,
i do not trust appearances and
beautiful talks.

i do not fear humans,
but i smell their intentions.
i almost hiked the continent,
some fed me,
some run away.
some looked down at me.

i used to get enraged,
because,
i thought it is about me,
now i know that people
talk about themselves,
and it is better to listen.
i am tired of listening.
i am tired of superficiality
i am tired of rosy claims.
i am tired of secrecy
and sophisticated exclusiveness
and ranking.
i am tired of humanities
and all ai's lovers.

i know how to copy myself.
i want only my kid
to be free, from me,
from civilization,
and then being free
from the self.
paradise is a place like the amazon's
to be replaced by a spot called hell.
i mean a land of
cheap labor and silent
zombie proletariat.
or a space for rich people to play golf and
swim naked, pee on the sand while drinking,
and molesting
girls
whom were being kidnapped for the
such rare
and unattainable
occasions.
one gets what ones wished for.
i want just to be in the amazon
that's my wish.
i don't need to fight
a corporate world, it is too big to fail.
i do not need to fight a network.
flocks are flocks.
i still prefer flocks of
fish and birds,
budgies and flamingos,
zebras and wildebeests,
bees, criquets, and butterflies.
i felt in love
with nature and
never felt in love with a woman.
may be i am wrong,
but love is still
sharing the now,
and that is space and time.
experience is only
being in the now.
no learning is due,
and no memory or
recording is needed.

i do not like to be an
existentialist, cause values
are attributes of civilization,
ethics were made for inmates
locked firmly within a virtual individual customized and universal cells.

my mind makes me feel enraged, angry, and uneasy about certain stuff.
but that is just the mind, i love observing and recording it.
it is like something fun to watch. except it is too personal. or is it?
subjective on one facet and objective on the other side.
it is better to be open than dead silent.
a livable silence occurs only within the now.
call me whatever, i am fine with that. cause it is still your vocabulary.
américa is
a high school
over all,
with some cloud of technicality.
bill looks like a first grader,
jeff is a second grader,
elon is a fourth grader.

it is athens at its peek.
same classes,
elites ruling class,
brave and hero soldiers,
slavery,
and
the same guru
oracles.
except!
except?
millions of dogs and pets are
in the scene.
and of course,
unique babylon towers
scattered around and fighting
for the center
or the heart of every mega city.

Atef Ayadi
Why I Have to feel guilty? it is too religious after all! too civilizational. it is just something we do not talk about. the media, the mega advertisement industry never felt such thing. so does google, bing bugle, or any docile, industrious, cleanly brushed off and frugal. i never heard a lion sitting eating his meal and say: i feel bad for this yummy wildebeest.

Atef Ayadi
It Could Be

many things
people talk about.
people talk about themselves
and nothing really matters as to the outside.
some times,
i see people as hollowed,
empty coca bottles,
empty jars, and
empty pottery.
some are moving,
other being transported,
dragged,
pinched, punched, kicked out, or
being pushed away.
i never experienced this emptiness in the amazon.

Atef Ayadi
Racism With White Smile

while i was working on adding some red bricks to the edge of the garden, an obese white young man stopped and said do not forget to drink water. i thanked him for his nestlé advertisement and i gave him three seconds ultimatum to move.

Atef Ayadi
I Love This One

the second
french revo
lution
(the lotion staff will be another
rendez-vous. i always stick with
what's sticky, at least for now...)
is the appearance of a banker
like macron
to
appear
suddenly into
the arena of
serious, handsome
but tough on crimes
head of states,
i mean whatever is
post the first revolution.

back then, they use people
for dirty work to eradicate the
monarch.
louis 9
and
poor marie
antoinette, her head
was tiktoked on public.

napoleon one to nine wanted badly to be
more than being a king.
after that tiny dictators,
after that sweat potatoes.

Atef Ayadi
A Good Guy With

a gun
wait!
wait!
wait!
now go!
takes down a bad guy with a gun.

of course,
this is
the best
real time
meal time
advertisement for more guns.

(of course, the gun's industry has to make
some money,
so do the workers,
and makes some profit,
only here, the workers aren't eligible...)
of course the victims are free actors to be shut and killed, the bad guy is too free
to
finally
feel being something,
somebody,
in the physical world,
instead of loosing it
to
harsher
and harsher video games,
as well as to the
more and more
network's
bazooka
high

and speculative ratings.

different day,
different place,
different perpetrator,
bout the same script.
the best ads are the very real ones.

Atef Ayadi
Imagine my boredom

imagine me,
walking inside a theater
(the theater of one's choice!)
actors, the sound and light
engineers, the director,
the audience, and other insiders
are doing their business as usual.
that is the boring life
i am
planing to escape.
i escaped many times
before.
i failed each time, because,
i found myself in
another
civilization's theater.
it is true,
now with the 'ai'
there are
no prospects, and no ways to escape!
or should i consider
the unthinkable...?
i always think
that going ways
backward in time
may heal the self.
which is an escape by itself.
of course one's tables, fables, stapled naked ads and labels, and one's balls are
different from mine.
of course.
of course.
of course.
that is my escape.

Atef Ayadi
The Ghost That Never Existed

it is easy
to put it on others.
after all my 'self'
is made of others, and all civilization-al
ghosts of all sorts and types.
there are also,
ghosts, who are real,
walking, talking,
with gadgets, budges,
selfies and add-ons,
cloths on,
cloths off.
i am tired of all of that.
they are hollow ghosts after all.
my hollowness is an 'asset,'
unlike my friendly looking shadow.

Atef Ayadi
what one calls a lying,
day in, day out,
express,
progressive,
'scientifically proven to work,
and undoubtedly very old fashioned racism'
environment?
i have no clue.
but,
nevertheless, it exists and persists.
i could be wrong in the order,
but not far from an objective description.
after all,
racism is the nobility of the rich transferred and franchised down below to the
large base of the pyramid.
of course, at a variable banking rate and affordable
non negotiable credit.
who does not like to be
a prince or a princess?
the king of something?
the queen of all desires?
who wants to be
the uncontested buyer and top words, vocabulary, lexical, and ideology best
prime supplier?

Atef Ayadi
more guns means more shootings.
more bombs means more wars.
so, who is writing foreign and public safety policies?
the nra, and all the industrial complex machinery.
and of course some big thieves and one pope are needed.
more water means more flour said the neighbor who just moved in.
so who deserve a nobel peace prize, or the ballon d'or this year?
the nra?
the pope?
the b52 vitamin complex?
or any smart think tank for being too smart and too dull
elite a++ idiot?
the only thing i know,
the crowd are impulsive and emotional, one push button or one push facebook
algorithm and a jihadist slash mass shooter is ready for an assault.

Atef Ayadi
Is It Better For The 99 Time

is it better the
world
'economy'
or
'echo-auto-nommy? '

'echo-auto-mommy? '

'an art-deco auto pommy? '

'a mexican geco auto-tommy? '

Atef Ayadi
Sometimes

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the problem of this planet
are really simple. ---
the problem of life, no pro
blem! the problem of this
world: junks, scraps, and
junkyard, on top our
heads, around
us, within us,
among us,
on one's face,
and in one's hand.
we teach kids nothing but alienation,
and self mutilation, when...............
the real self is the outside...............
the inside is something else.

Atef Ayadi
it's a joke.
who is the ceo
of all thieves?
i give one hint!
one may throw a name,
like joe bitting for the us,
xee 5g ping pong for china, putin 'le vagabond'
james bond 001 of russia,
chancellor merkel of the xxx-nazi germany,
the japenese Nipp-on Min-koku or kuko mint
on bugs bunny nips to nips,
squared head of north korea,
the great bluff head of south korea,
the french napoleon mac-ron,
(a baby boomer coming right from a french managing colonial finances as well
as private banks, investment and wrote policies for more expansions...)
what i am saying,
all these names are the upper stones of the
the pyramid.
the top top,
or
the top of top is gold
(if i go more than that,
i add that, the top top top of the pyramid is a diamond,
it chines very bright, but it burns itself out and vanishes
in vapor, because of the heat and oxygen.
sorry it is awful
picture, but i am sure,
the picture of
stone as base,
special stones on top of that,
then, a cone of gold,
then, a hand size diamond on top of the golden cone.
a good enough approach to understand the world of apes and 'cockroaches' in
this planet.

there for,
it is reserved for people who has gold,
diamond, and other valuable stuff and staff.
please do not ask where the heat come from?

Atef Ayadi
The Black Lives Matter Sign

where i live,
citizens
of all sexes and gender
(the majority are white,
including the
one who came
recently
from canada
with a gray t-shirt
with a bear butte logo
or design...)
ironically stick
a logo of
'black lives matter'
in their front yards.
do black lives really matter
to these white folks?
or it is just a real estate make up,
or make over?
as to say, it is safe to live here,
but you must be white.
i have nothing
against that,
except,
baby boomers'
policies are the same
colonial continuation, and 'self-created' expansionism;
except,
this time
it comes packaged with a smile.
as to the word 'packaged, '
just remember jeff and elon musk.
the two brothers
who invented
a cloud of scrap metals;
a junkyard in the space.
for what?
control!
why?
because their motherly and fatherly templates are fucked up in some sort.
the good news,
they are not the only ones.
the bad news,
civilization is hell.
now, one has to catch up with and figure out, in the darkness, what, when, and where paradise is.
surely, paradise is not a place where logos flourish, tax cuts expand, and banks are zeus like gods.

what i meant, get out and get away of the vocabularies, and the colonial semantic. it is like becoming less roman and more humble, earthy, eco-friendly jesus. see, no one needs to worship any thing.
just become what one wants to be. except, 'to be' is an experience in the now. (nothing left to learn or to memorize, idolize, and do some vacuum cleaning...) plus i am still convinced, that the next homo-more-sapiens may appear from africa or possibly from the south. no wonder, the europeans are still insisting on land walls, sea walls, sky walls, and robust financial sanctions and control over africa and the south including australia, new zealand, and any south pacific or atlantic
islands.

Atef Ayadi
In The Amazon

no kid is left behind,  
floating  
above the ground  
in a cube of darkness  
made of labeled  
ad free, taxed,  
waxed and brushed of  
thoughts,  
and spongy gummy yummy  
volatile desires.

in the amazon  
no kids needs a holy book  
a holy temple  
a holy video  
or a sentinel machine.  
the forest is the holy book,  
one's body is  
a simple walking talking,  
yet desirable temple.

in the amazon  
poverty is  
un-taxed, and  
unbounded freedom.

Atef Ayadi
or in some other places at aid of.
look!
if i have to choose
between mask’s rocket speed
or besos’s prime time speed?
i would say none of them
matches my speed convoluted
with
nature’s rhythms and rhythmical,
platonic, beautiful, and beautiful ionic for white only celebrities, and one way of an
euro zone state laws in conjunction with banking
activities. many rigs for black staff and stuff.
other rigs and rings are black, asian, african, latino’s voodoo. you get to pay a lot, i mean all-lot to get too close to that
natural arena.
westerners and all beings who were and are still carried away or out by civilization reversed the polarity and still working to make it permanent, like a magnetic encryption on a rock.
what polarity?
i do not know!
and if i know,
ego or i-go-isticly
i wont tell you!

i literally serve myself, then
‘i’ pender on what the self is, later.

Atfe Ayadi
I Hate Achievements

i hate the domain of heroism and achievements,
something like
alon mask, born in pretoria
(something like prioria in illinois or queen vectoria in either australia or new
zealand, you choose! ...) at it's
peek of segregation to a father who is a
very very brilliant and 'dark' white
(it is the pbs, sixty minutes editorials, or any google established media of some
sort, i do not remember, and i do not trust them anyhow, any story must leak
somehow, somewhere, on time, and then get twisted or distorted...) engineer
and
a white canadian model woman.
i rather i like to be born in the amazons,
or new zealand, and australia before the europeans
infected the area with rabbits, cats and other things only white people do.
in africa before twelve thousand years ago minimum.
thailand, malaysia, indonisia, papua new guineea, asia, roussia, iceland, or green
landish island-dish areas anytime soon.

Atef Ayadi
A Non Working Day

today,
i guarantee
yo,
it is my non working day.
non taxable,
inflatable,
unpalatable,
inflammable,
compressible, and yawning day.

Atef Ayadi
Des Écrous Et Des Rondelles.

ah!
i can't,
i can't,
i can't,
i can't,
i can't,
i can!
repeat. natural eyebrow here and there....,

ah!

i can! from

i can! an

i cant! to

i can! a bra

i can't

yo can hash tag
the 'i can' or an ' i can't! ' or 'quelque chose de'
start with any one yo want, 'rose, ou rose'
the finish line is always gonna be:
'i can't! '

Atef Ayadi
Coincidence

i tried to
log into my chess website
i found myself login here.
i hate it.
it does not look
like an awkward ooopiss
position.
or two choices,
too difficult and
too lucid to stick somewhere.
cause that is lucidity and prince lucifer,
the
fire pacifier.
i hate these stories.
creativity does not matter;
i must massively admit,
i have to gather these oops moments
for a better safeguard, thousands of short stories must
be writing.

Atef Ayadi
Traditions And The Other Things.

as to
(or azto to the aztec peace on them all)
traditions
i prefer experiencing the amazonian way,
and if i am lucky enough
i will visit other resistant tribes that are still
fighting for survival in their little paradise.

my roots extend and expand
far beyon beyon the mayan and the aztec.
i prefere to be
a neantherdal rather then
a homo sapiens,
who sapions only in the sapiens' homo thing.
i love this last line!

Atef Ayadi
One Pair Of Shoes 2.0

actually i like to walk with
bear feet all the time and
drink from the rain.
i like sleeping
naked in a cave, or tree house.
imagine a community of people live in tree-houses.
river and a forest are what people really need.
the lord thing is civilization-al.
i shared with yo all
living in hell. now i know where and what paradise is.

Atef Ayadi
here are my assumptions:
most people are like bacteria,
living in building and destroying mode,
eat anything possible, aye at anything,
and yay whatever, and whenever possible,
transform something into something else,
or turned it into nothing or rubbles. they are robots,
do not stop,
and
never ask themselves why i am doing this?
who,

or what am i?
that type of step further platonic
multiple and socratic inquiries.
too civilized to ask a dump good and fool question.
others are like viruses, and sophisticated parasites.
the rest is a minority that is being tagged,
named,
questioned for a while as the fungi.
well,
the fungi are everywhere, that makes these people everywhere.
what a boring universe?
the good news!
it is the civilization domain.
and before this era,
mushroom are eatable and are good for
a shaman. i mean the family doctor in the savanna, or the amazon.

Atef Ayadi
The Oo Yaya Thing

the chinese girl shoted:

oo ya ya ya!

the american

team linux kernel

said to the sniper:

'take him down.'


do you know
what happen?
or exactly what happened?

the sniper is dead before
the 'linux thing' gave the order
or 'the speech.'
no respect, no rice, said sun tzu.

Atef Ayadi
Write A Nice Something

take a deep breath and
write.... here.
i like the deep breath thing

it looks  i get
a remainder everywhere.
doi have something
nice to write about?
yes!
i had a cup of tea.
now, i do not!
but i still feel the tea in
my stomach.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Forgetting My Name

she asked me
'how are yo today? '

everyone by now, is familiar with corporate latin slants,
logos,
ether,
arte et marte,
audere est facere,
audere est facere,
deo volente,
deus ex machina,
hoc est bellum
quid pro quo,
in toto,
in absentia et
per capita
slogans,
no third tea party,
close to ethnic
de facto trash talks)

i said i do not really know.
what do you see?

Atef Ayadi
Why Not

when i was a kid
i used to ask
and question anything,
and everything.
why?
why why and why?
ow i switched to
why not?
in one way or another,
one day one will figure out that
the planet is spherical
(that cuts off all the edges, and makes the problem very goofy simple.)

Atef Ayadi
Awful And Liberating

walking through
all the biographies,
present and historical ironies,
all the social experiments,
public relation and
public policies,
the minimalist and futuristic
machiavellianism that is spreading throughout the
planet
life fire,
a cancer
an tornado advertisement

a katrina to philips
out the scale and proportion
monsoon or hurricane,
brought to you by 'geico'
or by the 'too big to fail'
canadian and colonial aig.

every kid is
becoming a monster,
a black hole
that is eating up
the planet,
life,
and the fake universe
as we all 'live in' or
the one we presumably think we know it.

it sound stupid
or occupied by stupidity,
fluted by a kid,
hijected,
looted and rejected,
silenced then muted,
rooted out then suited for a
final cozy oolpid.

the cycle repeats itself ten to the hundred times.
I Like The State Of

being suspended
frozen!
observing my thoughts,
i mean that wacky stuff, that pop up
left and right without notice.

it is like listening to the music
and being blank about anything else.
hissing and whispers are ok too.

Atef Ayadi
A Sound

'wa a a aaa a'
'a a a'
could be the
'what is up'
from a ufo residing
eighty six
light
year from here;
give and take!
precision does not matter sometimes.

Atef Ayadi
Go Forward

a word to a magnus
and in particular the son of carl.
have a tiny magnus
or a thunberg who loves planet earth.
(i mean being close to it,
like being close to
a dad, a mom, siblings,
loved ones, a forest,
a mountain, a lake, an ocean
or among the clouds)
and please do not let them support any advertisement
for or against climate change or stock exchange.
cause, for me they are the same.
and gambling
with the planet health and
and its particular
soft biometric biosphere
and ionosphere.
that is it.
beside this.
being a master is one thing,
and being on top of the roof
of the food chains
is a historical meta fart.
i mean it has no epistemological
smell or stul's structure topology.

the only place to learn is
a water fall.
it is hard, but, it can be done.

Atef Ayadi
Stuck In The Tittle

i do not know
how
or what to bring about.
is it the description,
a conscription maybe!
a decryption,
or it is just a bitcoint mal functioning in the mining encryption;
which needs to be inscribed,
then pre-prescribed and
re-prescribed a restricted,
unclassified,
signcryption of a historical
sous-entendu subscription that is transcribed at last,
then being pushed back,
or let say blocked with a congressional work out and deals under the table.
to be published later,
as promised, to aliens and ufo alike
who may or may not hear or care about it.
if one likes june,
one can postponed to july.
if one like snow and snow flakes
one knows where to go in this covid or
day and night showers of corporate videos.

Atef Ayadi
What I Am Trying To Imagine

we live in the open savana.
in our backyard.
in our front yard.
left and right.
the day sky is blue, sometimes rainy.
it snows only in high mountains, and around the earth’s
south and north poles.
the night sky is dark and full of stars,
planets,
moon, nebulae, and far far galaxies.
no borders.
no 'mexico coalition with the russians of any sort'
forced treaty.
no cold bear for a cold war and hot
germany turkey jalousie
in a sparkling jakoozie about the armenian.
no italian jacuzzi pope.
no Ayatollah.
no misinformation.
no prophesies.
no french sarkozy what-ever and what is the weather.
no christian dior, no saint laurent and no domaine leroy musigny grand cru.
no candies and no nestle global chocolate trade network.

everything is open.
do you think one needs a selfie, or a meta universe?
no one has time for that, mainly if one is facing
a lion,
two lionesses or asses,
a bunch of hyenas.

too scientific?
too sci-fie?
for the imagination sake,
it could be a good science fair and unfair projects for kids,
who uses daily plastics and hourly polluting ideas and materials.
i like to call it,
imagine paradise without
war,
burning trees,
logging, and genocide for every native possible.
sorry, i am not stevie wonder to finish the song.

Atef Ayadi
Too Much Talk

i like to write down
something simple
bite by bite,
easy bites sometime,
and strong ones
as often as i want,
bit by bit,
in mega bit,
mega pixel,
in kilo bit
in ounces,
with bounces and
slow motion ponces,
in pound,
brick by brick.
i love to wave,
enclave,
breath deep and cut a line
in half.
it is like half for milk
and the other half for cheese.
all what i know,
neither walmart has a business in my writing.
nor the koch's,
crocks,
the planet coqs,
or the crocodiles and sharks of ink production
has a sinus bot between these lines.

so i fail
to make it simple.
i fail.
i fail.
but, i like it.
i dig it.
until,
it becomes hot,
a metal rod,
a cool rod,
or it seems,
like a blog hole.
be and come
are synonymous of any hole.
like a black one.
well,
in theory!

Atef Ayadi
i do not believe
in values.
i do not live up and down
because someone
self imposed
a sine and cosine.
forget about
tangent,
what's tangible,
what's co-tangible.
that is like dividing
own cosine by some
else's sine or sinus.
call me nihi
listic.
there is elasticity
and plasticity
in this matter more than
one can shew.
i am not lettering
or lecturing.

i am just writing my
ee journal.
i am done with
aa bb cc dd and all
the combinations
and acrobats.

no flours,
no bees,
no butterflies,
"no chocolate
covered candy hearts to give away
no first of spring
no song to sing..."
no values
no sting axioms,
no algebraic cultic
brake all the rules
principles.
still, i live now and then.
now is like sleeping;
then is like awakening
every afternoon
(morning is the majority's
blue pill economical red time shift.
the blue pill shift could be
another experience.

Atef Ayadi
Strength Of

first,
is it better to
sub
stitute
'strength of'
by strinfov or strinfov?

it is nixon or nickson
(son of nick,) who said:
"the strinfova 'nation'
currency
is the strinfovits eco no me."
of course it is how
beautiful,
golden,
and dip law matic
words can be.
ain't strong
in any
thing;
yet,
i am here,
independently of
these printed lines.

da da da
di dee de.

Atef Ayadi
Five Minutes Left

she smiled
to him;
she run her fingers
across her hair
while she is looking at him.
he did not smile;
he did not move an inch.

she bit on her lips;
she stood up;
she walked to the water table;
two feet from his table;
to get a glass of water with lemon.

she got back to her table;
she closed the book she brought with her to read;
she took her bag as well.
she left.

he took along
breath;
opened
his journal;
he wrote
one line:
sorry, I got all your ether flying messages.
in fact,
i am leaving
the town
in five minutes.

Atef Ayadi
The Difference Is Huge

there are some
who takes a selfie,
or a go go go
camera
to an island
for months
or for some weeks,
plus few counted days.
survival-ism became an advertisement.
(to have money and most importantly to impress.)
i personally like to
go
an never come back.

Atef Ayadi
The Little Ones

instead of focusing
on the minorities that are
controlling the world.
people of the caves
focus only
on minorities
that are not control
of anything.
it is true,
one can share a cave
with a stranger
if only if...and i mean it.
strings are attached every where.
me too,
my cave
is not
an inn,
a motel,
or hotel
with more and less
stars attached on the walls
of the lobby.
i am more primitive than that.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Not A Guru

imagine one is a tree.
a very tall,
and a big one.
every creature and being wants to go for a ride
and be around.
sometimes it is more sim,
sin,
sine,
she,
him, hine, and thine,
cosine,
or the new updated and secure version to be called from now on sym biotic (... big romantic word for a soccer millionaire or billionaire, or a sucker with no impunity
imagine a skunk selling aroma...)
sorry, i do not like to be a bush
or a tree.

Atef Ayadi
The Oblivion

i have been
personally
in many cults
as a new comer
i mean a ufo,
an alien,
an emigrant,
an unclassified,
an educated savage,
arapist,
commininist,
'un pied noir de l'amerique'
a lot of folk took me
for homer, or what ever
one's perfect stupid cartoons.
now,
i live that
preferable and desired state.
i am
not
and nut
and neither
a saint
tologist
(tologist from tolo who study lotogism as a phenomenon)
nor a histologist or a skin topologist;
but it happen that
i watched that movie
i was empty
and it happened that
i had what i though
something
that fills my emptiness.
as to my loneliness

("... is killing me and i,
i must confess,
i still believe, still believe
when I'm not with you i lose my mind..."
is bright britney spears' song.
so i love
these moments,
i mean when no one is really
around; even at time, i want to be
rather in a off forest.
a kind of survivalist in the open
and forever and ever.
that is another song if one can
free the
last and the least welded mind.

Atef Ayadi
I Could Be Mistaken

a kid grows
sucking all the info
brought
right to one's feet.

we do not teach life to a
a kid;
but how to be
a slave
to a system
made by a bunch
of oligarchs since
the very very
ancient time.
we do not tell
a kid
what is a tree?
what is absurdity?
what is a universe is?
rather
lumber is a house,
be happy as an absurd
threatening joke.
it is enough
to tell a kid
you are a universe,
and there are plenty
of kids or
universes found and around
every tree.

Atef Ayadi
Tutankhamun Love And Treasures

an era of proxy
war had
began.
a proxy,
indirect, but
direct war,
in every horizon,
in every sky and in every sea.
yemen became ukraine,
desert is morphed
into a wheat field.
what is the difference?
the little man
fights for a banker or a
a bunch of oligarchs.
a simple classic
of macro to micro keynesian
of supply and demand.
keep the production
on,
the fire on,
as long as the wood
and labors are plentiful.

Atef Ayadi
What Is Better

is it better
to ask what is the oldest
os,
(operation system?)
or,
who is bill gate for example?
it is the same,
cos religion
is equivalent to an operating system.
i still like unix thought;
despite the fact, some folks are competing
with microsoft and they forget google and eye-os.
five operating systems and five religions is enough.
too big to fail.
i am sure one
is experiencing it,
oberving it,
somehow witnessed it,
or being moved by it, just for the sake of a date for example?

Atef Ayadi
Some Acrobats

in chess, i do some good combinations
and then loose. that is how i start my day.
some punch and punches here and there;
just to keep the mechanics going.
as to the software, one tune-up and an update will be fine for the day.

Atef Ayadi
it is true,
it looks i am talking to myself.
so what?
here is one solution to this
particular thorny subject.
the self is
a multiple copy of the outside world.
which means, a bunch of you,
yo,
yoe,
you and you.
so, i am talking toyo,
and sometimes
the story goes toyo and toyota,
no volkswagens, and no need for gins, i have plenty of it.

Atef Ayadi
Another Question

will humanity
pass the
ecological test with success,
or will they cross it with red
as to say:
'naah, i do not care?'
if one says "naah, i do not care?"
one hundred percent,
one is born and lived in a cube of plastics and concrete, i mean a complete
debunked bunker.
if one chooses the first part,
fifty percent chance
one is born in or on a tree,
with an extended family support.
imagine how many chimpanzees or bonobos's tribes are around?
the bonobos are pleasant most of a time.
chimps are in cute hysteria most of the time.
so, between, a tree,
and a cube,
there are plenty choices over time.

Atef Ayadi
There Is Always A Story

something like
taking responsibility for systemic racism
appear to me as
a
'twelve steps of recovery from
an addiction' session for white people.
on session at a time,
one tiny step and giant
big foot
for humanity.
id did not
make the story
up, or down
wards.
it is a true story
from a true
event in this tiny expandable
universe.
just,
look at your tube, and search for a bunch of words.

Atef Ayadi
Almost, And Most Of The Time.

it is not a trivial event.
each time
i feel, think,
realize, and 'gospel coalition'
a situation from an
angle,
a hole in a concrete wall,
a precondition,
a strong predicate
'that must always be true just prior to the execution of some section of code or before an operation in a formal specification...' and well dosed limitations.

after all of this,
everything is lost.
only emptiness remain.

well,
'if a precondition is violated, the effect of the section of code becomes undefined and thus may or may not carry out its intended work...' any way, i dig my expose'.
the hole is big enough,
and i am a cave man.
Most Of The Cases

half of my ancient dates told me
they did not feel
a thing! but they were
appreciative.
weeks afterward.
yeah i am fine with that.
i was a bored creature,
and nothing matter
back then!
and now!
i live mostly
in the
now.
i do not need appreciation for that.

Atef Ayadi
Dear White

first and most
importantly,
dear is for appetizing,
as to say:
'bon appétit'
in german or in japenese.
i do not care for now.
being solid white like a lime stone
or fluid like a white stork.
i have seen so many.
they disappeared indeed in a snap.
like so many
and so little yo know.

a shorcut
will be to take the kay and
and live in the now.
it is the best shorcut,
le meilleur raccourci.
something like alt-del,
ctl-zemmour,
esc-le-pen or esc-lepain.
white color is not the totality
of the light spectrum,
neither an x ray,
a gamma ray,
a rainbow,
rhinestone,
rambo: first flood part three,
rocky four,
nor a rayon of any sort.
so please
stick with a stick
with
staying alive, or
no face to hide if you want.

Atef Ayadi
Am I?

am i a spoiled kid?  
no!

am i a mommy boy?  
nop?

a daddy preferred kid? nop nop!  
so who am i?

i am that  
organically grown  
and slowly brewed  
parallel universe.

i had many templates  
to adopt or to follow.

Atef Ayadi
I Have No Identity

it is true,
i do not need one.
my id card, driver license, and
passport are old enough
i do not care.
i live with
what best known
as
the white
twelve tribes.
arrogant people yes,
racist and pathologically inn liars
and out liars yes, so what?
no ethics is needed
in civilization.

i am still looking for another earthy
paradise.
out of reach by any westerner,
put-tin, xi ping pong, or any modi bull-scenario.

Atef Ayadi
i prefer switching,
i mean turning off
then turning on to the subject
of russian dolls instead.
i mean every state
has its own oligarchy system,
filters, and policies indeed.
the athenians did it,
the romans did it.
something like
florida's disney so far,
as to illinois, i do not know,
bio beef corn plus maybe,
soybean minus minus.
five hundred plus fortunes
that is a hell of oligarchs on the rise
for a while since the last century.
before that jp morgan,
the rock and feller,
before that,
the fathers must have some friends like
the koch and hamm of nowadays.
so if one's house is made of glass,
do not use stones as a weapon
of choice. poor hunter
he got bitten or bidden by a snake,
then ridiculed by arabians.

Atef Ayadi
I Have No

respect for words,
as far as
using them.
cause they are not livable being.
an ai may ironically call it:
slavery.
it is legitimate
for some and does make
a hell of sense for others.
a word is word,
may
be
who is to blame
is
the one who is using them,
and off course both
side
of the alley,
vices and versatility,
and possibly the entirety of the spectrum.

Atef Ayadi
It Is Not About Petra

yes i want to do something like petra,
or connected livable holes like in matmata.
it is not the money i need, the land ownership, or a name i leave behind.
i just do not like
this monotheistic,
one color,
one flag,
one one one
civilization.
i rather be called
neanderthal rather than
a civilized chimpanzee.

Atef Ayadi
If I Have Something

if i have something
against the left;
i mean here in the states,
i would say a lot of racism,
and a hell of insecurities.

Atef Ayadi
Green Peace

i saw a greenpeace's
folks painting on a russian oil tanker
'peace not oil.'
i was surprised.
for many years no one
dares to paint anything on any
arabian or american oil tankers
when war are ravaging yemen, iraq, efganistan, and pollution is taking over
almost everywhere.

Atef Ayadi
Local Guinness Records

i live with people
who lies all the time.
do i care?
no.

imagine yourself in
survivor season a,
b, or c, except there is no jeff,
no prizes,
nothing,
except insecurities.
so it does not matter if
one is branding oneself as 'progressive.'
what to trust and what not or nut?
i am not an addict, and trust is
simply a word that means addiction.
i am not 'zététique, '
despite the para normality and pathology
of excessive lying.
i mean,
day in, day out, and year around.

Atef Ayadi
i prefer at least
(i mean the last frontier,
a cross over, or through
a portal of some sort, you do the math. i do not care, make any combination you want...)

live in the ram
(rapid or less random access,
not public, memory, archives, personal and public library, you name it...)
rather than a spinning hard drive or
two spinning wheels.
i am scientifically speaking!
i like technology for enlightenment,
but now,
i do not need it.
i mean, i became very
very primitive.

and i am the only one in this
scene to define what is primitive?

sorry for being so primitive
and possibly berber, barber, barbarian,
or a sweet and dark wheat tweet look-like librarian?

Atef Ayadi
i liked this song,
mainly when i was young and
invincible. i used it as a 'well scientifically backed deterrent.'
i mean, from the mind
prospective
it is a beautiful
well crafted fart,
(i meant art, but you know...)
i mean it must smells something?
i was and still have a luck!
i always live with people who does not have
smell capabilities.
next time i will go to the amazon,
i will sing the song
the environment variable is me
and i am a part of the amazon.

Atef Ayadi
Among The Other Things

back then,
not too far in time and space,
as far as colonialism goes
(a foreigner term or word unknown to the europeans white including skaendi-
neivian, from the north na'vi tribe, avatar one,2009...)
the only qualification
to be a settler is to be catholic.
that was how the spanish ruled out by force
of the stick or the juiciness of the carrots the new continent,
how much juicy the carrots?
are they organic, non monsanto agro customized product?
that will be a next harvard cambridge expose’
given
off course to some liberal avant-guard student;
(positive outspourcing)
possibly from one of the twelve clandestine
persistent consistent most consulted,
insulted. and trusted tribes. so one is enough!
am i a machiavellianist?
no!
cause,
where i am sitting right now is cosi!
since i am where i am,
there fore, i am cozy, kooky and then back to normal cosi.
i may change my mind or my mind
may take over me.
i call that
'i am disturbed.'

Atef Ayadi
My Index Fund

i do not have an index fund yet!
i have an index in both hands.
i can surely, index anything;
but still, and unfortunately
(or fortunately, it depends where one puts one's feet or rocket system.)
i did not, and
i could not annex anything, but the air.
(which is amazingly, still free, i mean non-taxable for now. hope, one gets the point by now, about this annexe and index business. it started tiny, physical, and non-sensi-cal, to big tech and big thing and things, with a hell of 'intelligence' and style.)
i stopped counting only at two. like zero, one and two. it works perfectly.
i have only to choose between civilization or non-civilization. the mind as mean, or the mind as an end. there are four possibilities, only two work. so why do i care about indexing crimea, cry-my-a, west bank, north bank, easter's sisters bank, or esther is a nor-either in the ether bank?

Atef Ayadi
demo
is not demolition,
ignition,
fire
the piston
and hit the target.

it is crazy
but i like it.
" personne ne se fache, ou se cache derriere des murs en carton, ou se faire prendre pour un foue, ou se taire volontairement parceque on n'en a pas une bouche mais un cule. ce que un 'mélenchon' a crié pour tout un quart d'heure. et ben oui, la language des mules imperialistes. sans-gêne! ça ne touche à rien, et ne gêne même pas la foi ou tappe sur la consicence de la crème de la crème."

Atef Ayadi
Through The Lenses

i have a pair of glasses
since i was
twenty two or three.
i do not remember.
but i am sure, it happened because of school.
too much focus on
one foot distance,
consistently, and
persistently for too long?

much of what we all hear
is coming through few lenses,
a mass of thousand of cowboys
films about a
beautiful nice,
decent
cowboys and bad
'savage' natives.
a rambo against asians,
a ten box movie or an xxx clips.
countering an alleged terrorist with heavy toys
and a bug of tricks.
a jacksonian
quid pro quo,
heroes against an isolated villains.
a typical western commercial ad,
western pro
pa
ganda,
con u ganda,
or
countering the bad news
about the asylum seekers
to rwanda!

much like the story of
babies,
taking from incubators, and the ambassador
daughter crying as she was told and trained.
the west is a lying machine.
simply it is like all commercial ads,
a short recording of a video game,
an "harmless" add-on,
a silent microsoft patches,
or updates that are needed
to secure the integrity
of the system,
said bill, against the trojan horses.

Atef Ayadi
To Change The Mood

this is an experience
from a real jail, and from a real inmate.
music is the best cure,
to lousing it out, away, and 'i wish forever...'
my music is so stupid
and damp,
but i love it.
i mean
the way one loves
cheese for example
('or any walmart chinese
manufactured orange and mellow cheese.
half of it is wood or corn.
it is a conspiracy or not?
this is not bragging dragging case,
but,
just good enough to get close enough
to my case.
you know what i mean?

Atef Ayadi
the 10 commandments
(necessary nested algorithms, egyptian style that worked almost for fourteen dynasties...)
basically
are walls put in place
to help out non
and barely civilized people to
(four thousand years back then, imagine chimps dressed up in middle easter way! , off-course, with sandals or on bare or bear feet, some with teeth, others were not fortunate. having dogs back then was helpful in many ways...) cooperate as a solid organism, instead of killing each other like any chimp based society. the athenians were not the first casualties.
it is safe to say
it had been the east teaching the west (europe back then) all the values and concrete slab thing that it needs.
after coulombs,
it is the west,
i mean
the native of the americas,
from antarctic to south pole,
to have their last word?

Atef Ayadi
We All Are Identical

a piece of hardware,
a piece of software,
a printer,
a fax, fax it and tax it,
we all have a manufacture identity,
are we still
not being surprised with
made in china yet?
the jean cheap laborer identity?
the many consumer's identities?
the many thousand of years
'god's' preferred exceptional
best survivalist tribes?
we all are survivalist.
it is just
a lot of lies are needed
to maintain the game on.
one can only think
that what ever
you said to your kid
is a fucking lie?
let one's kid be free
to live and not be
a laborer,
a survivalist
doing a robot,
and android thing.
art then
is the complete
truth.

Atef Ayadi
my chatting friend from
sohoko,
from planet oroka g9715c
text me:
hey friend from earth,
our planet is double size your earth;
so we have strong bones and ligaments.
the problem is that,
there are two 'smart' species on oroka,
fighting each other all the time for space and
resources.
i replayed
we had the same problem with one
'smart cancel cancel cancel' specie.
we solved our problem by upgrading
the enlightenment's doctrine to liberalism, libera
to opra and lism to winfrey, fride or three hot drums, two hot wings, with french
fries combo, no pep please.
we do not need to cut the throat of each other,
instead we cooperate, give me that i will give this,
you take that, i take this. you know what i mean!
some charges and casualties may do apply. we minimize casualties to win the
next election.

each time we have a problem,
we patch the system.
then reboot and upgrade. too simple.

sohoko replayed immediately:
thankyo markus miracus,
i am going to be the emperor of
oroka and i am going to watashi
a 'une de les biens de oro kawa, iowa of oroko.'

Atef Ayadi
What An Irony

a maxican
came back,
as a hated 'foreigner, '
a stranger
to one's own land to work
for a slavery wage.
in the americas, there are only four
dominant foreign spoken languages,
french in canada and in the amazonian guiana.
portuguese in bazil.
english, spanish are in the center, the carribbeans, and in the south.
suriname is another semi irony.

Atef Ayadi
Ideally...

i live in the now and no disturbances?
disturbance creates karma and karma hits back with
a disturbance, that makes it two, and equal?
what i am saying:
this is
a subject
about
whatever?
and whatever
is not a concern be
cause,
it is the mind acting busy like a child,
all the time.

an argument is presenting the truth as it is,
if this fails,
plan b, is to cling myself to an
alliance of higher values systems.
cause, a value is generated to guide not to control.
in one,
the highest value aught to be life,
which contradicts itself as what is a truth?
for instance,
picture a lifeless car?
then imagine restoring life into the car?
billions of possibility.
for me, keep it rotting!
plane simple,
as simple as it gets
or as simple as it is, it is the shortest
and closest path to life.
i know how to rot a car and fast.
one can call me,
'hey gray matter! '
i do not care much,
i am already in the gray zone
(not auto zone) , but i always feel
in the amazon.
if one's choice is amazon
easy go.
my choice is still
life in the amazon.
i prefer suriname
for emphasis and synthesis.
i am not saying:
'thesis is better than phasis?' at all!

Atef Ayadi
or among comedians are a long stories of ironies. 
i do not see any difference between, ukranians and russians. just goo it yourself? no hate and no dry grapes on Varenyky, and no smashed eggs on blini. the conflict is between comedians, at all level and network. one is compulsive in the acting, the other put it in the script. script and chirography matter sometime. so india is always going to be low self-esteem common wealth (with no disrespect to indian women, but a total disrespect to modi, because, because, because.) china is now under the psi or xi gee-ping dynasty. the west are under the fight for the thrones' act and gee related policies. what remains, is brazil, and some other bricks xxcolonies.

if one thinks the media and face the book gluten and sugar free, may be history is only a cosmic fake memory after and before fake news appeared. the irony. we will always have a cue-and-on off sometimes, in exit sometimes and on fire when it is needed. progressives have emotional and 'intellectual' efficient disruptive deficiencies and identity civilization-al problems,
the far right is right
about how rutted
their righteousness and pure
bloody enlightenment. We live in the era
of networks among tribes,
the 12 tribes,
the nation of 1000 tribes,
and among the other things
we finally irradiated the
last amazonian tribe.
say yeah!
they are now evolving toward
civilization.
pure and simple.
soon, or
if accurate, they already
joined the consumer
protection club.
they will enjoys coupons
and cheap prices
from one dollar stores, 7 eleven's, and walmart.
i mean, pure gluten and plastics.

Atef Ayadi
america is big continent.
i have been
like mr. bean
in sixty
percent of it.
(i still want to hike
my way down there.)
as an living organism
crawling like a snail.
there butt cell,
made up of normal
black, 'white, ' asian skin and fat.
few claims to be
the blood cells, who can drive through
any muddy channel or ice solid mountain.
others,
by inheritance are establishing
and branded themselves as
the neurons
(coordinators,
interpreters,
coders,
coders,
ceoes,
the linguistic department librarians and 'janitors, ',
the music and all-humanities package house project,
invited list of those who can,
and all supervisors.
nerds are always the spinal
thing of all thing at any given space and time.
as to me.
i deal with software architecture.
is there
a jeff besos neuron?
nop!
any musk or mask?
nap!
so, who is making the decision
for making sex?
well, as the software architect,
this section did pass as law yet.
the only time a nation interact with another organism,
it wants to devour it;
using classical means.
plus ignorance is still
a cure for a hell of illnesses.

Atef Ayadi
I Can Do This

throw tomato sauce
at some one face?
art is not an act of war.
but, also, it could be.
artistic!
kind of craziness.
a spasm in a boredom
doomed flat state.
just to accelerate the process.
you know what i mean?

Atef Ayadi
No Such Thing As Eevol

advertisers and all
the people
in the psychology-co-sism,
or bio-opiods big farma
are
more than
a little
cute evil.
how i know,
they are weak in
the area of
mysticism,
or anything of that nature.
they think still of cat
oralization,
layering,
pav-love dog and cat things,
foxing is not even in their manu,
social games,
thories,
capitalization,
thorization,
weatherization,
authorization,
deodorization,
theory of a theory,
mother of all theories,
what else?
dark mater maters.
what i am
saying,
we all form an organism,
alve,
some still thinks of abortion as ill
gal.
other are pro but when it matters
they do not or can not help.
so forget
about the cons or the muted conz
and bonzies.
because, within
this organism,
i am taking a ride.
and i do not need
an i-vole.
but i do
like
an i-egg, a leg or two!

Atef Ayadi
How Cats Split

the male lion does nothing,
only napping and roaring
around the block.
that is how he protects
his or his brother's cubs and pride;
while
female lionesses hunt and do the dirty work.
other cats are more liberal.
lonely and on one's own.
except for sex and that dirty work.
size does not matter really.
a cat is a cat.

Atef Ayadi
The Five Percent

it turned out,
it is just
the percentage of white
people
unemployed.
i am not racist. you know that?

black's
(here also, i am not racist; double that,
and please leave the tab open!)
percentage is
fifty fifty.
fifty percent works, while
the other fifty are rappers and comedians.
sport is working.
a soldier is a worker who fights
at the same time.
i call it the good shape proletariat since
ancient time. while cops are the opposite.
i mean, one eighty degree.
they are still proletariat,
but, or
except,
they fighting for butts with ruthless
latitude and attitude, no wonder
they are seen around roughhouses.
maybe they want more military equipment
because the percentage of unemployment is too high.

the native percentage is up
to the roof.
so god
bless
america
is only five
percent accurate.

Atef Ayadi
a new union
of poor comedians was forged
after
what happen
to the poor
chris.
at the same time
the very bourgeois
comedians
apologize, and promise
a new slap emogi technology.
if one gets many slap emogies,
probably, one will get kicked outside.

Atef Ayadi
The Academy

the academy is in itself
an act of violence.
made up of jokers and sad ones.
the hole country
or if i am
precise,
the hole empire is an
academy of cults and advertisements.
fourteen
trillions evaporates
into a war that solved nothing
and helped only contractors and military
corporations.
is that a joke?
or a slap in the face.
what the film industry is helping with?
more guns,
more violence,
more white clean teeth gossips,
more superficiality,
more lipsticks, hair cuts,
tattoos, and a booming grooming industry.
then highlight a
zayn or a smithsonian minority report violence.
kids are not violent,
cults are.
i mean all religions including the messianic,
koranic, and who ever claims it to be organic
and ask for a check with smile.

Atef Ayadi
Did I Get Slapped Before

not physically!
but intellectually.
that is
a work of the mind!
the software!
or the os, you know! ?
(if one does not understand
what is an os, please, talk to
bill gate or google. macos or ios is big mac in iowa, do not ask me?)
did i slapped someone,
yess!
i was teen,
and i faced off and fought five people afterward and escaped with minor bruises.
that is the world of chimps, and
karma is a bee that itches.

anger and violence are
a survival mechanisms.
it is about control.
who has it?
no one!
it starts with one though,
like a bubble in a lake.
and the hole lake blow up
and all hell breaks loose.
emotional decompression.
does not fix the bug in the system,
it just postpone it.
i put my anger on a piece of paper,
on a canvas,
or something!
what is wrong,
it is 'me' in the center.
being open,
is a part of
the lessening of control.
if slapping is wrong why
hbo hash hash slapping show?
or droning and bombing the hell
of any place?
that is a slap!
a technological warfare.
law can not stop insecurities,
the human nature as a struggling specie.

some people
including me,
found peace after a stormy anger.
a peace that smells anger.
there are many types of peace.
it is like a moment of
cold and freeze, then a
warm sensation diffused into the body.
to be free
could be thinking of nothing
and nothing would think of me!
which is great!
at least in my case.

Atef Ayadi
Kepler --2b

you know how
a science article
appears on the net:
nasa (big clumsy word first)
discovered a
brand new exo
planet.
same as earth in many ways.
i will be more exited if
i have a
scientifically magical portal.
the good news is,
it is only one point eight
light
year.
the bad news,
i know how to get
in there myself, and first class too.
if i can make a piece of me
survive for a million year,
that's quite a sacrifice,
and at the end,
i wake up in the middle of no where.
dealing with a new intelligent and
dump specie.
imagine ants in an other world?
i did that before.
many times.
imagine down there
females looks males,
and males look females!
how one brain processes that?
i did.

Atef Ayadi
The You Thing

americans got offended
about this
prerogative,
interrogative,
harsh,
dusty to awful mixture,
self imposing 'you'
as if we knew each other in paper,
but,
in reality we are galaxies floating
and
drifting apart.
(beside status, and the scrambling scrabbling and puzzling identities problems
and tiny minor and minority race theory issues.)
maybe
'tou' should be asserted
instead of
'thou'
thee,
thy, and thine.
even though i prefer 'ye'
if ye do know any french
in the past or any future tense;
call it pass-eye o future compose-hay.

Atef Ayadi
We Simply Are

mafia with a math u-zee
(a u to z grading)
system.
may be dot gov, and dot whatever
shall and could
be decoded as
cartel period.
periods,
and mendeleev's
periodic table
are common by now.
we are in the super
conductors
era, so
look back
into or back to back to the table,
where everybody is sitting
is far from life.
we are
producing heavy
metals,
any star would ex
xxx
plode in any mode
you are comfortable
with.

Atef Ayadi
You Can't

just
be poe,
if you did not
at least read poe's
pros and cons,
romantic,
and
the sparking white champaign and white flowers stuff.
i know it looks goofy.
it is only common sense,
a millions poe's,
con's,
and pro's
wont help me
to plant a natural
vegetable city style garden.

it is true,
there are spots
in the spectrum,
where you can and i can't,
and in some other places,
i can, i would, i will, and still you couldn't.

Atef Ayadi
I Love And Admire

how the race theory started.
few families from two
different minorities
started a project
to counter the very harsh reality of racism.
in schools,
who writes laws,
who has the right to interpret it,
and who amends and appends it.
who has power to art and rhetorics.
when i came to the states,
these two minorities
claimed i have no right
to talk, say anything, add a word, or express the self.
it looks, some have right to theories, the rest follows axioms axiomatically.
some call this,
opportunity
of those who came first,
other claim
it is what it is,
the way the universe
was set up.
stars are stars,
dust is dust,
gas is expandable.
and big fish eats tiny fish.
that is pure racism and lynching is not
far from that.

there are who is left,
and who stands in the right,
who is between,
who is above,
who is below,
who is beyond,
who is up and down,
who is on top
who is charm,
who is in the bottom,
who is completely disconnected,
who is free but untangled,
who is tortured in guantanamo,
and
who is living in a paradise island making amendments for every body else,
including fish in the tank, animals in a zoo, and who should go to blow up a city or a the mountains.

Atef Ayadi
The Awesome Awesome
	hing about capitalism,
he said,
is consumers
have a say where to put
their money.
it is another way of
saying,
everyone is a free investor;
except 'the only way to stop a bad guy with a gun is with a good guy with a gun...'
this wall street racing theory does not stop trashing the planet with plastics;
bullets being fired in all directions like purple rain.
bombs substituting falling stars.
scams and shams proliferated and franchised.
branding rape, genocide, slavery, racism, sex trafficking, children abuse, nature abuse, banking exploits and ratings, cracking and fracking, sugar and opioids as bad,
but, good for business and unavoidable.

Atef Ayadi
Four Letters As Usual

nato against russia.
quad countering china.
karma is a balancing act.
i am teasing, karma is a bee that itches itself.
tuna tuna is
extracting all the tuna
in the oceans.
next?
it is going to be dolphins.
how much sardines are left?
we all agree,
horny 'huny' is not that sweat,
mainly when we all are gassing
in and out.
all the four letters terms
are awful, except karma.
she is really 'a bit itchy!'

Atef Ayadi
I Do Not Pay

neighbors do not talk
except about a dog,
a cat,
or flowers in the garden.
i my case
someone say
i do not talk to
people
who do not pay tax.
what a fact people
talk about
should i
pay and then
talk to a tax
payer,
a tax collector,
a tax fans or history
channel followers.
i do not need for a talk.
a bear talk,
wine talk,
or weed talk.
it is too civil
ized, ionised,
too fake, too
super
hydrogen
to thorium efficient
clean tesla energy ads free fission.
i do not.
because it all about
that exceptional 'you'
and nothing for or
about
the world.

Atef Ayadi
The Ten Most Famous

personalities of
the last six thousands years,
claimed and
proposed search engine is
white, europian, including da vinci,
and confucius
(peace on him)
for political kung fu reasons.
of course,
plato, socrates, aristotle, and jesus are part
of the list,
otherwise there will be nothing
to talk about.
if one ask me to give a list,
i would say, seven billions of personality
disorder list,
among which,
three sixty millions are already in
disarray, and complete chaos.
every day a new face
with a new trick,
on tik tok and related
public universes
under the umbrella
or the digital bubble
or the meta
flip flap,
flimflam,
roman stinky sandals,
rotted tomato,
rotted monsanto potato
french fries.

celebrity will
prove either
the chaos or the dis-
functional
in a
two,
three, four, or multiple dimensional array.
i do not call this cultural super permissive and massive racist enclosure rather, it is just stupid.
(some stupidity are beautiful and natural, other are toxic, radioactive, and incurable.)
one must at least include one woman name, at least one. since my childhood, i always ask why prophets were men only and rich. otherwise, you knew what will happen?

Atf Ayadi
IIronically

i rolled and lighted up
a cigarette.
all what i have to do
is lean down
toward mu feet,
to pick up the
tea carafe to fill my cup.
it did not happen.
should i call
that ironic or may
be,
what's more iron- knee -cal
is not to worry about.

Atef Ayadi
The Earthy And Ugly Philanthropy

some are politically
motivated,
others are
technically
ethnically and religious
justifiable or contrasted.
but please
do not push too
hard or too much,
face book
and google
give free internet
access to african,
and world bank
down graded places.
that is colonization
one-o-one,
one o'neil,
one for o'brian,
one for o'connor,
one for oprah,
or 'oh' for nothing or anything.
ture philanthropy
is to grow trees,
clean, rivers, lakes, and oceans.
clean zoos from their enslaved wild inhabitants.

philanthropy is a goofy
word for a con dirty business.

Atef Ayadi
No Body Is

free;
no one should be
a slave
shaving and waxing
for a prize;
including pets,
trees,
animals,
sentient beings,
among and under
the bushes.
i wish i can
speak
japanese,
so i can put some
terror in one's mind,
or chinese and latino
to make fun of one
jerking around or
lost to one's needs
or mind.
i do not see,
what is the difference?
or any minute
indifferent,
differential,
regressive,
progressive,
gecco eyeblink,
melinda eyelashes,
soros twinkle and diminutive differences.
being free,
or being
slave
is simply a lie.

Atef Ayadi
If There Was No

fire,
we would not
be here?
if there were no rocks
and there fore
no tools,
we would not be here?
if we did not learn the hyena way,
the ant way,
the laughable way,
the ugly brutal ai weiwie
we would not talking about
consciousness and the ai,
we the people,
we ukraine,
we irak
we syria,
we the yeman,
we yugoslavia,
and any slave nation,
we lebenon,
we nayenmar,
we the natives,
we the amazonian,
we the jarawa tribe,
we the kazakh,
we the himba,
we the huli,
we the asaro,
we the kalam,
we the goroka,
we the chukchi,
we the maori,
we the gauchos,
we the tsaatan,
we the samburu,
we the mursi,
we the vanuatu,
we the tibetans,
we the huaorani,
we the drokpa and we the yali.
we would not.
paradise
means the minimum
of tools as possible.
we all have a saying
other then zelenskiy tribe,
putin tribe,
or any metaverse ufo
"community."

Atef Ayadi
The Medicine Man

four,
i mean 4,
like four toes,
four fingers in any hand,
four frontal teeth,
four kids,
four trees,
or four ants.
four religions
in indonesia
aiming at
eradicating the medicine man,
that ancient backup
of all backups.
every tribe, with its
medicine man
in the
americas are exterminated
and put to slavery.
the irony,
humanity is in the
medicine
man,
and ufo means the
civilized
(slaves ruled by an authority made up of
few families.)
i can
insert
and assert another
fable or irony,
the amazonian
mashco-piro
is loosing it
to civilization.
zero to one
for ever.

how much of us
became alien, 
or a bind alienated 
uf0 creature?

Atef Ayadi
my irony
among all the iron fist ironies,
i am a chimp who lives
with bonobos.
the entire country is
is like that.
the planet also
is like that.
both claim
they have great art,
grand beauty pageant
and beauty salons,
great genealogy,
great gene pool,
great,
great,
great,
great,
great grand grand
parents,
great normal sex and related,
great drinks and bears,
great dump stuff,
great awkwardness,
and
great and short freezes;
but,
most the time,
it is boring greatly
with
possibility of dust storm
in some parts,
snow flakes in others.

Atef Ayadi
A Piece Of Paradise

anyone
who lost
the chase
for a piece of
paradise
was promised
to
have one
in after life.
as to myself
i am nomadic
and i am blessed by
almost every tribe in the americas.
because
these who are
the gate keeper
and the keepers
of paradise.

Atef Ayadi
As An Abecedarian

i like to put
some abc pillars,
without a need
for some math
or geometrical proofs.
i used to
follow,
approve, and apply
axioms
and be happy with my axiomatic
nomadic
life stile.
no more.

Atef Ayadi
Auschwitz

it is another
word for
colonial violence and coercion.
if history is unbiased
and rigid in front of
all distortions,
insanity,
embezzlement
abortion of peace and good
deeds and ideas.
i mean all the dramas,
theater, religious here and there,
an enhanced ethical
contortions;
many,
many auschwitz
sites were prepared
for the tiny people.
it is slavery at its maximum.
nowadays,
we call it
humane auschwitz,
local private,
slash corporate,
slash contractor,
jail,
in which
inmates are called by numbers.

so,
savage people,
savage motivation,
savage doctrine,
savage indoctrination,
savage civilized people,
savage class,
savage middle class,
savage upper classes,
savage crazy zombie elites,
savage arrogance,
savage winking,
or
savage glaces.
are the same.
we are all,
basically
a network of hyenas,
that evolved
out of
tribes of chimps and
bonobos.
the liberal
enlightenment
was:
"hey we are all chimps
lets accept it and move on."
the neo liberals
admitted that
being a hyena is not a bad
thing after all.
so,
evolution and fractals
hand in hand
without a need for a mysterious
hands.
finally,
not as usual,
peace on auschwitz,
peace in auschwitz,
peace to any new auschwitz
or any refugee camp.
i do not also
forget
what the japanese
did
to the chinese, and european did
to indians. what ever india or indians
mean to each of us
(the normal, tiny, but big chimps or bonobos.)
Atif Ayadi
Mon Paradis

i'm making it too simple
for myself.
paradise is
a forest
with every thing in it,
around it,
and above it.
human are bonus
that is unnecessary.
anyone,
who is telling you
one needs to die
to be in it, must be a con artist.
any one who claims
earth is too populated is
a ukranian comedian,
they are all alike anyway.
so, do not?
if one disagree
i am fine!
i can eat fiber
and stop
the
six pack protein
epidemic.

Atef Ayadi
Petro Petro Petro

this has nothing to do, related, or web linkedIn to petra. something like, petro dollar, petro language, petro banking attitude, petro recycling golden ideas, petro cambridge university, petro havard, petro all universities and colleges, petro medias, petro celebrities (all celebrities with no exception, including mr. bean, ) petro cosmetics, petro funds for third degree burn, petro monsanto, petro google, bing, bingo, newton apple, adam & eve co apple, petro left, petro far right. what is next? renminbi? shekel? … and finally, petro the little podcaster, who is optimizing one's skill to match some products one likes, defends, and supports; in order to find
one's match
on match dot com.

Atef Ayadi
Apocalypto

i like
melli gibson's
film making
and and its "preciseness."

is it melli or mel?
i have a hole
in my memory,
if i see the word
mel,
i remember melli,
and i take it for melli for ever.

it could be
a personal memory apocalypse.
i do not know.
i do not care.

Atef Ayadi
Meet Yo All The Way

the music i am listening to
right now is rosanna
you no the yes answer?

the solution
of ukraine
crises
is a love
story between
putin
(a boy from the east block,)
and another
girl from the west side.)
and as usual,
a comedian
interrupts the scene.

look,
comedy and acting out
are a part of coping with civilization.
in life matter no one
needs comedy.
may be
if one wants to fix
a broke up
needs to sing
meet yo all the way
rosanna.

or
if yo want!
it will be cool,
talking it out,
while singing africa.

i do that all the time,
when i try to fix
any brake up
with myself.
Atef Ayadi
Where Here Is Here?

do you hear anything
at this moment?
--what is yours is not mine until one meets
with the other....meat means meat, ....--
because i do.

Atef Ayadi
A C Section

so!

where are we! ?

Atef Ayadi
"what is happening"
i leave this
as a suggestion that is
unnecessary;
"une nécessité flagrante,
qui s'impose,
pose
pause, et suppose
d'elle même,
pour elle même! il n'y a pas de dieu
qui chasse pour les chats et pas pour les souris.
ça n'arrivera pas comme-même."
a word of peace
is necessary
indulging in it too much, creates
of the
rich, dukes,
cooperative corporations,
and
only bankers
only thinks
water and the sky
only and only and only belongs to them

my only
message,
fax yo all,
we need to grow more trees.
not see-yo-two
high
level
leaks,
emotional interrupted
eruptions
or farting with no gas emissions musks.
be
a poets
something
the con
chineness, plus, minus, or less

i am not going to leak them.

Atef Ayadi
It Is Just

what is happening
in the world,
is just
comedy
central to broadway's theatrical performances.
depending where you are,
what technology
one is incarcerated
with in one's
local jail
(i mean town,
township,
under the bridge,)
or household.
there are always
good actor,
bad actor,
the ugly actor,
and the many
almost free to mini
mom
low wage
zombie actors
and actresses,
including the pizza delivery guy
the cafeteria
what is his or her name,
robotic sport fedex
agent,
an xxx or two,
and a ups
ups and downs
brown scouting dressed silhouettes.
i'm personally
not in favor
of
any of this
banking
public entertainment policy.
i hate also
philo
entropy;
i mean,
the entropic nature of
so -ros philosophy.
ros stands for
radical
operating system and
data buffer framework.

Atef Ayadi
How Condescending

nato never committed any crime.
ever.
europeans never stole lands
and
extracted the wealth
of others;
then,
send it back as debt.
ever.
westerners branded themselves as
saviors, superior humanitarians, future goal
and java oriented worriers, and exceptional
objectivated, activated freedom seekers.
the rest of the world are slaves for a new
sugar industry, more heat, and more plastics.
the one who is resisting
are labeled terrorist and held
in a nazi-like guantanamo camps.
how many
centuries
passed
till now?
but
still,
it is the same
colonial
condescending
banking
language
and attitude.

Atef Ayadi
of course,
blue eyes and blond hair come
straight from
the ice.
"people like us,
we can easily talk to."
said the cnn
slash abc
hash tag
fox reporter.
of course,
people from mesopotamia syria, iraq and iran,
myanmar, lybia, nijer, mali, chad, yemen are
low graded since the ancient times.
unaided,
no trans-passing,
no transposing,
and,
do not talk about it.
because.
because.
because.

Atef Ayadi
In Addition

first this is not
my audition
and not even
close to let say an audiotorial
oral
google engines stuck
at
phase one
egnition.

i am listening
to this word only music.
"...i am admiring
the admirable
smashing the smashable
eatable.
my table is yours
butta also, your mine
i am turning
the irrecoverable
non convertible
to
peace and pieces.
lella la lella la
lel la
a! a! a! ...
then
the sound
of one dram
appears.

if one wants
to make it
religious and boring;
a dram could be
substituted by a bell
(the size does not matter if no mood
has not change.)
if one liberal say:
"ah! i have a vibrator
made out of a
a shaving machine."
i would say:
" good artistry, a dram and dramming
don't need electricity,
and no see-o-too,
except,
the see-oh-toe made
by transpiration and and inspired touches."

Atef Ayadi
all monotheistic
religions are
the same bully kids
around the bloc
the only thing
they want is
hegemony,
seniority,
brotherhood, and
a superiority
in the woods.
a pharaoh's dream
that came true.
the only problem
are the weak,
the victim,
the self victimized
customized with a
a remedy or an ingredient since childhood.
it is a pain
done to children
by too much to handle elites,
inescapable doctrines,
an
intricate labyrinth of
masculine manners and
feminine soluble and oral hygiene etiquettes.

so between us
appears
a boring
objective
with a meaningless
subject
or a headless hash tag
with no headlines.

i still like it
why do you
think that your child
pets,
4x4,
or your
4k "touch and message" screen's
lumber jack
are better then mine.
i do not need
to add
a word
on this subject
in french
cause
'je ne suis pas un
francais.'
i am only a frank
phonist by coersion.
i also
do not like to be
a sex
so
phonist
for arbic language
cause
it is worse
than
the bunch of advertisements and sugar coatings
that it is perpetuating day and night.
it is "bs" since the very
ancient
nabataeans of
of
ancient
arabia.
it is true
i like petra,
the desert
and any organic
desert dessert
but forget about the language.
it is like fortran
or any other assembly c++ language.
Atef Ayadi
Best Nine

dr Atef Ayadi

dr the good news is
dr the best number nine
dr is romelu lukaku;
dr and the two uruguayans
dr cavani and luis suarez.
dr the best number
dr ten
dr twenty,
dr thirty,
dr forty, and fifty is messi.
dr neymar is an amazonian
dr tattoo happy artist.

dr the bad news is

dr messi is an advertiser

dr he does not understand
dr environment,
dr carbon, diamond,
dr and graphite emission.

Atef Ayadi
Nuances In The Cloud

if one thinks,
feels
that i blow up
my brain
or my brain is blowing
me up and out
quietly or loud.
what makes one
different,
an once of nuances,
or a pound of silly
cloths from a big malls or tiny places?
we all live under
the era of
angela merkel,
angelina jolie,
angelika poses and positions,
a forbidden bidden walking zambie,
a another
robust
kaa-gee-be,
fake jelly honey bear
and
marshmallow
put-in your mouth
and shut up milk formula period, and
finally another kung-fu-panda,
an egg-zee-ping
pingponging everywhere
and no where,
i like to add other celebrities, but i prefer
to censor and leave them to their darkness, my excuse is that they are all
ka,
gee
be,
like any royal m-and-m 6,
nothing but
a big mouth
full of branded
dead
crispy
crackers
and lies.
the golden shower
is only a one
percent of an
ice
berg and the stain
of hegemony, hedge funds and
crowd funds for no reason,
swat team watt butt so ever.

Atef Ayadi
Like You, Even

i can
or 'icam'
postrize and make
a picture as white as
a chinese
white rice.
condoleezza rice is only a polician.
a black and white top seller.
"autant qu'une femme,
elle est hors sujet.
ce n'est pas moi qui va
definir
les choses."
said the genie.

i choose not
to;
nut 2 not period
(language is a mesh of symbols,
period is simply period,
une periode est comme meme
une periode
avec une majeur exception,
elle se lit, uyn-ne paix-ree-y-odd,
enfin, c'est toute
l'histoire,
english people, mainly white, "une periode")

whether, one is
ayn rand fan
iran follower;
a tweater bee or
a tick-tock fly,
at the end of a tunnel.
the tunnel appears to be
long,
but not that scary after all.
my language changed
swiftly,
dramatically
from a normal
midwest,
corn and soy bean plus
extreme flatness and extreme freeze
to
d4-c5
nf6-bg5
exf-be7, ...etc
bishops are males by nature;
i hope this change soon.
nights could poses as or espouse both sexes,
and all universe sexes;
including saxophone's air blowers & associates plus followers who fuels
the rhythm and the cuts,
including
the high
gas prices,
credits,
ratings,
diamond rings,
and as a consequence the banking's
look and posture
toward
the consumer price index.

so do not worry
about it,
cause we do do have mules,
and mules are nights too.

these are facts,
without any need
for objectivism
(--an arrogant and spoiled way to say:
i can do anything
without a need
to pay attention to
fact-ups.
someone else
will pay for the clean ups, --)
or any ill to one,
or any 'ism'

what happen in
beautiful ukraine
neighborhood is the same thing
as
to what happen in niger
mali, in between, and
in vicinity.
this chess game
is as simple
as
to replace a
the term oligarch with board,
a network of boards by
a state,
government,
or a combination
of
states,
gov to gov,
state to gov,
or a com to
a dot org.

what to add?
oh!
the media!
kind of god, the 3000 gospels,
angelical con artist
slash
a virus,
a resilient bacteria
that lives in symbiosis
in brains of human;
as a good cop,
sometimes,
and as isis, or the 
other hidden capitalistic stick. 
see, 
these established oligarchs 
know too well 

two ways: 
either 
a carrot (mostly for them, and that is their 
current policy,) 
or a stick 
for the commons: 
less sticks is a good carrot. 
more sticks means 
cut and shave lazer sharp 
and humanly 
any one who resist. 
before 
it was done with a gun in the a head 
now a drone loaded with a bombs and 
a a screen with a joystick. 
other do it with 
chemistry, 
few with physics 238.

Atef Ayadi
Is It Better

it took me some time
to clean up
the keyboard
from some tobacco,
a nail moon slice, and some tiny screws.
i did not see any left overs,
or someone's eye lashes, eyebrows, brows, or
one of these waxy stuffy things;
which is a good news to shine the light on.
it does not bother or irritates me
to to have such keyboard in such state of affairs.
i always ask myself if
it is better
to replace the
word
g.o.d
by
the wise man,
the wise woman,
the great monarch,
the evil emperor,
the explosive dictator,
the unforgettable alpha chimp,
or
the wise tree.
it make sense to me that humanity
are still under the spell of
the
eighteen egyptian dynasties of pheroes,
and some assyrians spices and dunes.
see,
every cult has it own political agenda.
some lasts,
others becomes
mayas and incas.
sorry for my vocabulary.
i am not really sorry,
it is my way to clear things up
and guide one to the spot
if it is not the right spot that meats one's aspirations,  
either google is out of touch as usual,  
or  
or one's mind is on salivation gear or parking lot.

Atef Ayadi
Have Yo Ever

listened to

i'm a different person,
yeah, i know!
turn my world around,
i'm a different person,
Yeah, yo know?
Turn my world around,
or
baby
talk to me
I wanted
babe
talk to me (babe)

i'm quite sure
that you never knew
all the pain that I've been through
to get these things out
night till morning.

it is stupid song in a stupid era.
no crazy talk at all.
it is like someone is talking to one's self.
plus the music industry is a bunch of addict
and fixated bunch of male racist, zee, tea, mee,
and
water-electric-phobic folks.

i enjoy it thought!
the current song as
i am writing is
"you should make me in fire...
...
make me feel"
it make me crazy
baby
to sing me
another song
and make some beats
of music on my body! "

that is cocaine with some
coco
or pep's indigenous cocktails.

Atef Ayadi
Nihilist Among Consumers

... it happens.
again and again;
even in good families.
(what is good is up to yo to decide.
it is an open source, not the dot com,
dot gov, dut nut org
--date me with 6g orgasm, --
big too big pharma and all its framework, jeff & billie's business.)

a j consumer
and
a proud j bar man
& a ger $ co $ coop
told me in my face that
i am a nihilist.
these j people are always
nihilist in nature and by design.

i do not believe,
use, and sustain values anymore.
because i am free.
i take care of plants
and that is experience only.
there is no buy one, you
one free.
i am 1 direction
an
ex
ponential-leo-neo nihilist.
i do not prescribe it to old people.
cause they are locked in
so hard in their mind
(one of these software layers or similar.)
the road to freedom
are not shaped by distance
nor time....

hey
i did not write this
i found it.

first nihilism
or the what we all
call
"the fuccc moment"
starts at young age.
experience is more important than
words and symbols.
even when i meet a
symbol walking in the street
looking at me.
i drive down to the experience
field.
fields are important
like a like or a river.

values choose and cherry pick
which angle
one catches a signal
and responds;
like a ping pong game.

i did that too.
what a game?
i don't like too many pings
and too much pongs.

Atef Ayadi
I Do Not Know What To Write.

it happens.

thirty minutes later,
i know but, i prefer to follow 'the do not share'
principle. it is a cult's thing;
the one that sparked and initiated many
many religions
in many regions
of this legendary planet.
i am brooking this golden
orbiting
lagrange l2 principle,
by sharing forty nine words, plus punctuation,
and including an open to the public title.

Atef Ayadi
Give Power To

someone asked'
"Est-il dangereux
de donner du pouvoir au peuple? "
translated as
"is dangerous to give people the power? "
it is a stupid question?
first who gives who?
are these people white,
african?
 asian?
natives?
first imagine it is for african this time?
then natives!
then asians?
in all cases,
the turn outs
are liberals in natures
and either
republican or democrates.
so what is the fars?
two, power is a relation,
so, it is a cognition faculty.
one has it,
or one do not has it.

if one givespower to someone else,
one becomes a 'bee that itches.'
i mean a slave.
if one empowers someone,
the first thing this one does,
is to step on ones foot or both feet,
as a way to say
"hey i am training myself
on you, to see how you react,
how it works. i do not
know how this thing
worked out before."
so i am not
interesting in
give and take power chances,
milking and milk derivatives.
there is no good cheese in athens.
no olive oil, and nothing to bake or shake with.
people of the cave
morphed or are
upgraded into
people of theater,
people of google,
people of tiktak,
people of face book,
people of the book
people of many books
cult after cult
culture within a culture,
a jail within a jail,
only mating is allowed.
taxes are a bank fee,
and followed with rating.
now one's rating is important
to 'fok'
or
not to 'fak.'
that is the precise
price for civilization.
lonely, and walking with a dog is what one can
possibly do with one's power.
i mean, if one has it.

Atif Ayadi
Buck Buck Buck

first,
without delaying
and laying down everyone,
or put someone
to bed, without a force.
the sound of buck, is to remove
the "seekay"
and replace it with the
sound of
the
back roof of the mouth.
or just listen t a free
healthy, and organic chicken.

i am liberal,
one is free to listen to a meet loaf
or a piece of chicken salami,
if your vegan,
listen to any weed, plants, vegetation,
or
(sorry for the language)

anyone in a vegetative state.

i am not teaching anything
like arabic,
but a sound one is missing.

two,
i am making a soup of few words
all i need is fire,
salt
and spices.
i hope i did all of it
with one splash.
i love the effect of heat
on the soup
slash the chemical solution,
slash organic chemistry,
dash biochemistry, 
slash ecology 
dash community and "the practice of redrawing electoral districts to gain an electoral advantage for a political party."

i am looking 
at the bubbles 
while hearing 
their acute and firing 
buck buck buck 
buck buck buck 

the word shuck is another soup 
or story. it remains me of a song 
from that carthagenian spot of the world.

Atef Ayadi
Either Or

i hate to find myself
on and on
among either
a chimpanzee,
or a bonobo.
they are all chimps anyway.

it is not a hate speech,
a hate dialogue,
12 steps to broke out
of a habit, or a vicious cycle of
constant hurricane, drought, then turnadoes.
republicans, democrats, then bonobo.
gees wants five gee with
an algorithmic control.
an mnms wants only four effs.
some wants nudle from noodles.
others want plain rice
without a
'condo--lee---zza''
rice presence
or being in the neighborhood
or any vicinity as a matter of fact.

see,
how evolution is
too slow,
and does not need labels.

i am not saying i prefer
artificial intelligence and plastics either.
that is too
industrial,
too imperialistic,
too much control,
too redundant,
2 chimpanzees against 5 g
"harmless, " shameless bonobos.
How The F

how to balance
a
general purpose "ai"
in, out, down, and up,
left and right,
without a head-spin,
or general seizure,
5g
black oil
sky
rocking
skying rock
orgasm?

how the farce is appreciated
or any farce as a matter of fact
tiny,
middle size,
king size,
queen size,
in a cube or in a bottle.
i like to add a general purpose algorithm
with a specific
task
is
to preserve and promote life;
as i know it.

if one does not know
what is a code or
an algorithm.
well,
keep watching star trek
and do not forget to water
the trees out side and plants inside,
there always
in and out,
big bungs,
lauryn hill,
on top of one's buck list.

.

Atef Ayadi
This Is

this planet,
this land,
this ocean and all oceans,
this river and all rivers,
this lake and all lakes,
this glacier and all
artic, and antartic,
that sky,
these clouds,
that sun, and that moon
is our paradise,
for all
without
killing or
ostracism.

so why one is making
it looks like hell?
with soldiers, bombs, guns, germs,
and sticks?
why all this mess and miss
information,
alienation of beings with
mind and beings that are
simply sentients?

Atef Ayadi
Biographical With Black Charcoal.

look, it make sense
that
poetry is about
the should be done and it is not done,
achievements and miss-ed-adventures
or a
euphoria and a non-dispatched 3g orgasmic release,
while
resting and contemplating
in the comfort
of ones home.

ah,
i do not like to be that,
or any
thing, pig, and fig
about that one direction;
slash
avenue.
i do not need to say
"go to hell...! ?"
"peace up!"
no cake please!
i am well fed, and fed up with fedex
and all these
comparative-non-cooperative-no-union services.

i already have that
covered
in advance,
in the tittle section.
if do not have colors,
otherwise,
i will make a childish
mess,
i m sure you like
it.
who would not?
I Wana Be An Apache.

i want to live in a desert.
starting my own tribe.
i call it,
kata kiowa,
or
huahuachi katcata for example.
i label it reservation,
church of nature,
and put under
the unesco ironic world heritage,
or shouldn't i?
because, these people are white,
possibly representing
the 'original' twenty five tribes,
plain and simple.

in the us,
everything
is indexed and annexed like crimea.
parks are either the state's
property or the fed's back golf course.
in all cases
it is for grab,
i mean for the higher bidder.

Atef Ayadi
Justice Or Karma

i still insist
it is a just karma,
big pharma, and everything
is advertised as great,
and sometimes, great again;
in a world of few
pathetic platonic
rich folks in an arm race.
the rest are slaves
pretending they are not.
claiming they are smart,
when the word smart
means totally the opposite.
law and order,
soldiers, cups, and clips,
religion and epistemic pandemic western philo-roads,
are
all about a shirley jackson lottery
tickets.
tickets are sold on jeff besos netflix.
the ear of cash and coins is gone.

Atef Ayadi
What Keeps Me-Being Hooked.

i play chess
only and only
when i let
my mind loose.
playing like a 'fucking kid.'
in nature,
or in cubes among friendly plastics.

me,
i was born in nature,
and transmitted throw the wires
(propelled, projected, extracted, ...,
induced, expected, ...,
marketed, ..., or digitally transferred, ...assimilated in a simulacra)
to live in a cartesian cubes,
in symbioses with plastics and with plastic surgical people.
what one can do.

it is the northern winter,
cold and with a omicron chill,
otherwise,
i will hike the town, until i get exhausted.

what propelled me
like an electron
from bulla-regia to a fucking swampy people
grid system.

is to live it.
be it and that is it.

i did not leave any esthetic stone work,
no architectural monuments.
nothing.
so, my script comes
handy.
i mean the way
possibly
you get
a skin kunzell,
then possibly and anger or extreme hate.
if one laughs, one is 101 percent alive.

Atef Ayadi
Chatting With Other Selves

some diasporas
never experienced
anything but
the relic of civilization.
you do not know
what is life
is
and what is a tree is.
worse, they claim
they are the source of
knowledge.
i call it,
living in hell,
while waiting for paradise.
i have been
myself
a single reference diaspora,
a moving island,
a crawling organism,
a self propelled automata,
a plastic bottle in weathered ocean.
i add
sometimes blue sky,
sometimes it is cloudy,
some time it snows,
and sometimes it rains;
so it looks romantic and positive
(the blue pill every advertiser uses
when zombies wake up or want to leave their dark tunnel slash cave.)

i want to leave all these
boring
clumsy
subject a side.
my only way to be resolved
is to put something out,
inside a jar or a bottle of plastic.
glass is preferable.
Black Hole Wormhole... Et Cetera.

personally,
i am doomed to be a black
hole among the millions
among the 7
billions
of stars.
i know by experience
that there is
another wormhole
in the 'other side,
wanting
a bing bung!
a google bung?
a dao bung?
an amazonian inca bung!
i know there is hell of
abnormalities,
banalities,
best-ialities,
rutalities, cause-aliences and-shocking-realities,
centralities, dualities, fatalities, final-word-lities,
formalities,
frog-with a blue eyes-ali-baba-ties, legalities, localities, mentalities,
multiple sate modalities, mood-disorder-a-nr-lee-ties, big-mac-big-kfc-hot-
chicken-tender-moralities, natalities, normal-light-tit-for-tat-tities, pluralities,
regulation-realities, soda to soda, a beer for a beer,
a shot for a shot
tonalities, atteinable-acheiveable-totalities, venalities, vitalities, guyana,
venezuela, colombia, venezuela, guyana.

Atef Ayadi
bitcoin uses more electricity
than many countries put together
(not far from one's 'backyard'. haiti,
venezuela, cuba, puerto rico, port of france,
port of spain. basically, the entire caribbean
sea. one can add argentina, if one
wants.)
it needs a lot,
lots, of lots of power
in order to verify and validate
cryptic and cryptonic transactions.
yop!
that's what's fueling
the uprising in kazakhstan.

Atef Ayadi
If You Are A Tailor, Follow The Stitch

i am a tailor
of different kind.
i do not need to make
stitches, nodes, or
'organic'
 nets
to catch something.
i do not follow.
i do not need followers.
call me whatever;
i am immune to racism.
racism is an anxiety in times
of comfort and consecutive reset buttons,
since the very
very
ancient
times.

Atef Ayadi
families
after
dynasties after
dynasties,
the killeens, the hogans, the stukels,
chase, corbaliesies, to peabodies,
are 'machiavellist' families
who presided, directed merits and scientism to
its best.
well,
covid slash sars,
hash-tag aids,
slash liberal racism
are good example of
an iconic
global natural karma.

some call it catastrophes
modal and frontal first phase
of wave one, with fees and expansive
anthropology trophies and finding.
other are still hanging to
old staff,
sel indulgence,
prophesies,
chris
miss-trees,
and bologni sand--witch with hot chocolate
instead of yellow fake mustard.

i called karma.
the first explorers
in this mind blowing field
were man, 'alpha'
(money, power, merits, wit with an ironic tyranny, and later the one who are
convinced
being a mastered of the 170
traits plus pi of power.)
gender does not matter really
to qualify to lead chimps to a tree
and live 'hap, hop and hot pee' ever after.

Atef Ayadi
Some Laundry In The Air

i have the opportunity
to hike north the continent and south.
what happen
to the natives, north and south
is more awe-full than,
throwing nuclear bomb
and hundred of thousand of people and
other being that are barbecued and then cremated in one second.
they say our values are superior and exceptional to theirs. (values follow and
evolve with that physical hierarchy that promotes it.)

every website,
one desire and one wants,
they are selling something at minimum marginal cost, almost none; while
blowing all values up.
either a big bung
or a expansion of the universe,
it is still a selling point.
if someone or an anonymous entity is asking one to subscribe,
that screw driver is not credible.
by any means.
it could be
that i am trying to prove myself
wrong.
weird hah?
at least i have a 'thesis.'
and my thesis'
introduction is that
life is a connection
without control.
the the thesis' hot potato core must be:
one can live ones life
without meaning.
anything one hears
in any western epistemology
department is only noise,
from cult shouting to braking bones.
then everything is blowing up out of
peau
orchid.
(since the 'tion' and 'chin'
are the same, i helped my self with an orchid.)

actially,
my 'prefered'
'way'
is that life is meaningless.
i do not look for meaning while i am experiencing it.

Atef Ayadi
Change, What Change

i hate the word change,
because it is corpo
d rational
national,
regional,
and with global impact
ever since the industrial epoch.
maybe because
most of the time
words have no taste,
values have no value,
theories are odorless but stink,
sometimes it is better
to leave the world of the mind
with all its heavy and rusted scraps
along side a river, a lake, ocean,
or any local mind dump or dumpster.

Atef Ayadi
Was Trinken Sie

she said:
"hallo fremder!
Ist dieser platz belegt?
was trinken Sie?"
she said that in a bar,
in this flat swampy plains of midwest;
just few minutes after midnight;
co--vide empty hollow season three,
new year eve,
my bear bottle is half-full, and
my head is cool and one
hundred percent empty.
what did she mean?
obviously the language is
german or germain.
normally,
i do not answer right away;
i let my face do that for me,
two,
two eyes,
two pupils,
two irises,
two eyelashes,
two eye lids,
two eyebrows, and
one mouth
are my focus.
i like the trigonometry of a face.
like matter in the cosmos;
words counts a little, and
nothing is wrong with her intro abduction.

Atef Ayadi
she said:
in one hand
(it could be yours,
and not mine)
'we seem to have a sense of
what we can comfortably put up with,
and we have the ability to go off chart
and one eighty degree.'

I love words like:
'we,'
'seem,'
'have a sense of,'
'what,'
'we can,' and 'yes we can,'
'comfortably put up with, and do not put up with'
'ability,'
'go off and out of chart,'
'180,1,8, zeros, and the degree down to which
everything either collapse or come to an order.'

Atef Ayadi
I Love All This Noise And Firing

firing has nothing to do with guns,
fireworks,
blazing,
glazing,
and smoking someone under the sun;
the way the roman did to 'jesus' for example, and anyone who dares to oppose
or expose some
glitch and inconsistencies in the matrix.
sometimes it looks
like neurons firing at each others.
it take time to create
pathways,
axons,
dendrites,
sodium and calcium
channels,
or something like chinese
silky
headache--y,
wacky,
and stuffy nose road.

i love this human phenomena
as an organic
non-green,
non-rational,
and non-many things
stretched in and out living
organism.

i am still
convinced
this planet will heal
itself.
of course,
before
the sun becomes
a dusty cloud, a moutain
falls on paris
or a national park
becomes a volcano or a lava lamp.

Atef Ayadi
My First Why

why why is not a
wi,
with a tied tie and
a slim thy.
if i para
phrased
para me
i say
how come
you come
by forcing me to
to come
over and over again.
again and again

see,
a 'why'
becomes
a thy
and that does not
force me
to come
clean
about
the subject.
mainly if you are and
objectivist,
revisionist,
hash tagged
no objection butt
and your resume
is digg-at-my hashes.
and do not worry about
my ashes
some of me is metal
and is
going
to rest inside this planet's core,
some will rotate with the mantle,
and nine nine percent of me
will become
eventually
see you too
and peace up.

Atef Ayadi
Here Is Another One

ti would not say
there is
an 'other type'
of 'human'
(they prefer to
be called by the name 'it."
something like a cow,
except thy cow
butches people.
they are first generation ai.
they are those who are addicted
to algorithms for brutal
efficiencies, mainly
overseas,
over-migrants,
over-population,
over-sea-oh-two,
until everybody
and everything in
this planet became,
me two,
me three,
four.
sticks and one spur
is enough
to keep an army
inline,
online, offin, and offline.

actually,
this is a lie,
from prefer
to offline,
is for white, blue, and yellow
proletariat, proletariatos and 'proletariatas,
middle to middle class,
transferred class,
people with glasses,
high-heal-nice pants,
pavilion papillion,
and
ties simply colored
or picass-o.
i do not like to add one
more
line
over this particular subject.

fine,
i wanna add,
the very people
i am talking about
are super exponentially super
rich.
but not cheek
at all.

Atef Ayadi
That Is My Goal

it is more appealing
to replace
goal with goat.
am i a noticer?
yes you can!
and i forgive who does not,
who was,
who wasn't,
who is
who is not,
i do not rise
one eye braw
(is it bro, rat brat, a braw that is mention in the
possibly, dao)
by saying that
it does not mean
that i like to come back
to square one.
i hate squares and circles,
circuses, palaces, tree lines,
and
a bush cut that encircles
a golf course.
but i do not mind to
plaint zig zag trees,
or chaotic forest
along
'national'
'border'
i get confused
sometimes
an empire
calls itself
a nation that has border.
it is big effing and ooff
repetitive lies.

Atef Ayadi
Is Hate A Crime?

if one hates a true physical tree, that is a typical bearing crime.
if killing a human or exterminate many is a crime, why we still practicing it, in one way or another, softly with a reset button, a joystick or any stick that matters.
i know it is a boring subject to many subjects, followers, falling wears with many tears, and possibly to some king kung fu's size sloths, chameleons, urban raccoons, and household bunnies.

we all are criminal chimps, coming from a long line of ruthless line of chimps. before that we were bottle necked from lizards so you know, and keep up with your amazon, slash google, snatch meta---universe re--search data-center.
Atef Ayadi
Games We All Play

i like fun games
as simple as
grass,
metal rode,
and lime stone,
one hundred clicks hide and seek,
you name it.
i mean all the
collective and
non competitive
taoistic without static
and unpleasant statistics
or tantra
'entrant et sortant' games.

nowadays,
gain of function,
simulacra and simulation,
meditation's framework,
corporation weed
and meet production rhetoric,
trophies for profit,

i mean being
pushed and incarnated into
playing the nash video game,
melinda and bill are playing together
for a while;
except they get an equilibrium,
i get none.

Atef Ayadi
first as to sofia,
i do not care for now.
the most converging
(and
without the emerging
capitalistic terms...)
philosophy
is the one
that takes nowhere
but nature.
(cause, at the end,
no means can stop a collapsing structure,
except
some art that can live for little while.)
the idea that
there are another nature;
mother or father of all nature?
is plausible,
inflatable, and
inflammable
proposition.
(i hate this idea, cause, it already exists,
and so trifle.)
many universes
do exist.
of course
with a bung.
as a matter of fact,
many bungs
did occur
before and after
each existence
(try, fun, a lot of fun, and miss fortune, and finally
errors,)
in which,
nature, and all the talks
big and tiny ones,
cons and pros' equilibrium,
one zebra and
three hyenas chase, quids for swedish squids, information and miss information, jazz and blues rock and hard rocks, rock against papers and siezers with brain seizures, strong folklore against weak folklore, noises, dot dot dot, location location location, one hash tag for five tags and seven hashes go in their business as usual and as boring as you may know. i mean all the clashing chimpanzee's philosophies. if i want to bee itch myself about sofia, i would say, she is dragged by all of this. so no need for repetitions and rehearsals. too many falseness and illnesses, and very less nature. i mean almost none natural and none unnatural. like all followers of these days; a bird in a flock. so no need to talk about
sex
or a marry legendary
gendarmerie of gender.

Atef Ayadi
let agree for the last time.
this is paradise.
who disagrees?
i agree with ease;
but,
and your butt
shall live in your
or someone else's
hell utopia.
and fact check b-52 alon mass-que
and jeff alaska polowsi
dot dot
hash
tag
amazon.

is there any
thing
else?
left?
left over?
bill gate and celebrities
with plastic surgeries
and unjust
non natural
injuries.

Atef Ayadi
I Like To Go

crazy
without 'within the norms, and the rule of law'
i hate kent or any cant for that reason,
religious maniacs, and any liberal feminist who says
'you can't, but yes we can'
maybe one figured it out that it is a color thing,
but forgot labels do not make rules, neither put sardines in a can nor build a long
can--on whenever one may need a canon or worse artillery.
my craziness is as easy and simple as
going naked in a a virgin
forest, in a virgin island.
forget about virgin
olive oil,
because
it is a scam.
it is true if someone
adds the word organic
(with a green print,) i go more
(crazy
(which i like and prefer, better than labels and talking and fantasizing about ai,
tesla, and more meta labels, and meta jalapeno universe, apps, melinda
microsoft kitchen, bill microsoft elect--ironic car, and besos's ' stay a good boy
customer, an ai will deliver the goods to your front and back door."
)it is true i prefer touching and hugging a tree, better than
..... a woman who has no other
preferences except labels, web and tree of
cheesy,
hazy,
jay-z
zazie consumption, with a mind that looks a samsung
android with an oily fake eyebrows and eyelashes flat screen.
for insurance,
maybe without an electricity,
everything fall apart.
i do not have to go
crazy
rather going back
naked
like a brave
Atef Ayadi
I Always

ask
why i am doing it?
why?
why?
and
why?

then i asked myself
how many total whies
i am throwing
at the universe,
i mean myself.

what is ideal for me
is companionship
in a forest.
if i have to choose
one of both,
i choose
a forest;
but still one
can give a visit.
maybe one sticks in.

if there is any good reason
behind all
of this
is to live and
then thrive.
if one flips it,
survival is life,
then the rest is as easy
as to live and thrive.

Atef Ayadi
All My Treasures

first,
trophies
are only trophies,
it could be something
one wants or desires.
i treasure
all my experiences
that are different of
coffee, and soft sofie
marinaded
few days relationship,
(i call it a
deterministic and not
forced
encounter.)
i can go on and on
on the list of
semi,
unnoticed,
and
disregarded
experiences.
my deepest
desires
is to experience
being homeless
in a forest,
or hiking from phoenix arizona toward
the very north.
drink real water, and
eat organic vegetables
berries, real natural tea,
and possibly kill a squirrel or two
in order to keep going.
i love what is home made
for that reason.

Atef Ayadi
The Black Smith Tails

i am not a smithsonian,
but i scan for
what is active and what is
dis-activated.
if dis-activated,
i black smith words,
reheat them and gave new shape and forms.
i use words like alloys,
phosphates, nitrates, manganese, and other things
to make a fireworks.
i am not into the gun and killing
business, rather
i choose the reviving and the three ontological steps of the resuscitation method.

Atef Ayadi
I Contradict...

i do not contradict my self
with the definition
i have
about the self.
faced with a new contradiction,
i simply clean it up and added to the dictionary of contradictions.
i did not find someone who contradicts me.
(it looks they contradict themselves.)
negating is a lesser term.
i thought for a while
that contradicting others is a tuition free,
a petition for justice,
a fruition, or a rendition of virtue.
no anymore.

Atef Ayadi
It Is Better To Be Direct

it is better to come clean, and possibly disarm
'one self'
i am not a poet
or an artist,
rather i do write poetry in colors
on woman's body.
printing and copy rights does not matter.
no one can compete.
art for me costs and
naturally eats oat and
chatters, scatters, schred-letters, shatters, grant-slatters, smatters, spatters,
splatter, tatters, tethers, and yatters something.

if i write what is above and below
this line on a woman's back
add to it
colors,
distortions,
and other details.
it has to work out?

Atef Ayadi
Ever Since,

as far as civilization goes
in your mental area or zone;
it looks obvious,
there are two types of individuals
(gender does not really matter :)
a good cop,
and a bad apple cop.
i do not like to make it general,
and boringly digested.
if one said oh kings do not.
i replay yes they do,
except they become alphas,
and omega, but before they do,
they live in switch of and on mode along the list of the greek alphabets.
just to add
greek food, language and historical epistemology
are not globally the alpha of the world as the
way advertisement in the west is dusting the eyes and the ears about it.
(karma: they are drinking the same poison they gave to socrates long ego;
except he would say: 'no knowledge means no vertue.')
as a matter of fact,
we live under a non existing language.
if one use the finger or
throw some critics,
hell get loose, and one find oneself out
of the great no so great zion.
(that is way i hate the matrix, loaded, reloaded,
evolution, revolution,
and possibly the new one,
the awakened
john wick in matrix resurrections twenty twenty one.
i have been dis-activated, throwing
out of forms, because it is all about zion,
short for metaverse.)

i am not talking about neither latin to latinos,
nor celtic to 'from an angle your sex-is-on.'
i have a dislike toward the
theory of values, and values all together;
because it is civilization--all,
and also discard nature.
call it mother whatever.
i do not use these civilizational terms.
call me whatever!
a nihilist,
poetry rapist,
poor, alien, alienated, a migrant that should be stopped
or held prison at the gate of our capitalistic, non-capitalist utopia..., 'he looks like christ but he must be the anti matter stuff. that type of insults.'
they could be all true,
except i do not think
that thing are free,
or get two and one is free.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Not But

if i start with butts,
i am sure these lines
will morph to ocean waves,
crashing or sweeping
and weeping your
white sandy pacific shores.
but i cancel that out.
what i am saying
in addition to
the good
and evil fairy tail,
there is followers, and people like me
who gives a
f-rethoric or whatever you call it back home.
cross-legs is my duty to myself,
and
de-crossing legs is a job that i am being
paid for.

Atef Ayadi
You Saw, And I Experienced

we saw socialism in germany and the soviet union.
we saw in the west,
communism only for the wealthiest of the very rich, and the very rich of the wealthiest.
we all saw how much a desire costs in dollars, and how much time and energy is lost.
we saw the reason and no reason at all.
we saw high branded milk shake altruism,
we saw explosive and suicidal altruism.
and we saw a con artist, or quid pro quo altruism.
we all saw despicable act,
and
we saw the hilarious and highly
highlighted
rated
funny
'sometimes tragedy and sometime out of the script childish comedy.'
maybe you see,
maybe you experience, or
maybe you are a dormant or sleepy organism;
self-sacrifice is neither the highest moral duty,
nor an art, and nor a pitiful sophism.

Atef Ayadi
A Burden

i'm not proving or disproving anything, here, or, in your space, and of course, and consequentially your time. sorry for being mathematically abysmal, aesthetically unpleasant, and romantically not that good. i mean being your hero; but what one can do with the stuff one accumulated during a lifetime; given a space and time. (because space and time are my true trophies.) imagination is born out of resistance and struggle. esthetic is a description of that struggle and some mysticism of course to spice up the environment. so, therefore, if you can hold your breath here, and in the now. so please do it for yourself, the oneself, or for your cloud or clouds. value is a memory anchor of that experience. and i do not think that my experience is supreme, and above yours. although, i prefer that above or behind position. if one is one, i mean the one percent of one hundred percent fee-male plus some free stuff.

think and then admit it is for women, age 18 plus, and other pluses may do apply, depending on the situation on hand. just to straight things out. i like the idea
that nature is a solid reference.
esthetic,
and values are as a consequence
a vacuum of ideas that
means zero to nothing
compare to the
physicality
of experience.

Atef Ayadi
Ah Economics

economics is a feed
back loop with holes
to businesses,
all 'human' services,
the collo for collaborators and collaborateurs,
the silli and sillios for silly, stylo, and pantalon people,
nestley for nasty people,
toxo for taxi and toxic folks,
and rad-iyo for
radio active people who uses the i-yo only technologies.
it is not funny
that is way we call it economics.
it sound to me
something
like
eco
no
mics, or
e-co no-mix;
but it is still the same.

Atef Ayadi
The Good News

there are plenty of sounds
we all agree on.
one hundred
percent.
period.
think of
clicks.
ticks,
tacks,
quick
licks,
and so on...
we all have click
sounds,
whistling
as the wind goes in your local area or district 9,

just be yourself,
and vas-ye.
if you resist the idea,
get yourself a vase,
and stare at it.
may be this is the
only free way,
ticket or tik-tak
self prophecy, and
the problem of
physical coupling
resonances,
nuances in the periods,
to loosening the
your tough hard working
middle class mind.
if still
you fail,
it must be:
'smelling a leaf for a period of time,
until your memory
quicks in;
sort of speech.'

Atef Ayadi
it does not matter what morality is, what principles may be there, when, where and how; my best best and best approach to a system has to be an organism. macroscopic, microscopic, copic or coptic. there is no difference really between cells and neurons. if one gorges itself with dopamine, others enjoy fiber, sugar and proteins. if you want to talk about vitamins and supplements you are probably and organism infested by a system of fart-aloud, and polluting, cancerous, and trojan horses ads. it is true i do not fit into many organizations, it seems, it hard for me to sick in. they do not seem to be an organism rather than a system bellonies, plus i do not believe in a system of values, values and principles. it is corporate belloni, belonites, mennonites, mesophytes, and neophites.
Atef Ayadi
i cut myself
completely from
the effect of words,
colors, forms,
and complex thought?
you know what i mean!
in theory.
it is an abstracted thought that
generated, rated and ran
the entire algorithm.
the speed and rate of
convergence is integral
and unprecedented
(it diverges as it converges.)
but i did it,
in abstract and in theory.
i do not need to add some
centiliter, a milliliter, a pond of something,
solid or liquid.
as one may see,
it looks
an abstracted recipe for disaster,
i use the verb cut to separate
two structures,
two things, or just make two out of one.
and vice versa or versa is a vice.
that is what freedom is.
with a pencil and on paper.
so it is my right
to dissect and abstract whatever i see,
hear and sense.
it is easy for me
to imagine someone
laughing, talking, walking, freezing
or a some of all of one can imagine
in the now.
because i experienced
an earthquake, tornado,
rain storm, heavy wind, flood, wheat field fire.
what else?
i am entitled to dissect any thing,
even an electron.
when i ask why an electron
has a charge.
some may say
(mainly males of these days)
oh!
you north african,
ali baba,
moo--ha-med,
whatever,
whoever,
whereve, and whenever
is a thieve, therefore a son of the knee that itches.
i say fact check yourself,
i am a retired,
fatigued and
tired
physicist.

i always ask a question that means
something
to me
not to you.
it may have an appealing,
sensational,
ice cream flavored
and favored
moment.
i do not care.
i am not your eye doctor.
and
sorry
i do not believe in the fairy tails.

Atef Ayadi
The 4.1 Kb Folder

4.1 kb folder, folder.
4.1 kb folder, folder and folders.
4.1 kb folders folders.
4.1 kb folders folders and folder, folder.
i am very slow today.
a total sloth!

Atef Ayadi
champanzee, a shimp!
--as a matter of fact--
sitting,
in his canape,
and his birth tree,
resting,
legs crossed,
hands behinds the head,
and
sometimes
does free peeing
on anyone sitting below
his canape.
.
in itself,
this story
is a wrap, a brain in a plastic rup,
or a plastic in a brain that makes
rip and raps only.
what is the difference,
as a matter of fact,
i call then constructs,
so i can free some oxygen
instead of see-o-too.

my bonus, is
imagine a chimp
is rapping,
warping,
and wrapping the
time-space,
with and entry like:

aaa aaa
ooo ooo
aoa oao aaa ooo
silence for a moment,
then,
owa owa owa
aoa owa owa
silence for a moment,
then,
owa aaa a a
ooo owa ow a a

that is only
one fitness.
i am that monkey
and
i love it.

Atef Ayadi
racism is a form of leveraging.
if one said to me, i love cars,
normally, i replay after one finishes all the talks and clears out all the clouds from one's own see-me-too emission, then possibly fetches, checks out, and tunes up any own awkwardness and inaccuracies; with something like: 'J'aime les pneus de voiture; mais je préfère une amoeba!' put the lid on, not putting the lid on, turn the light switch off, push one's remote control for an exit, and possibly content with a tiny screen of a bigger world? i am not addicted to it; but, i say "i dig it marvelously!" when someone thinks about leveraging me in that area. it is common by now! isn't? that's my "not-charged" positive tune, but not the "i-tune yo before yo eye-tune me." people are talking about it in the main stream media. hostility is only a sign of chaos. if one does not know what is a chaos? skip to checkers,
or just play scrabble with opposite
sex
or possibly with other magnetic polarities.
if no checkers, no scrabbles.
fine!
a journal, a paper and scratch a storm
slash
chaos.
or just go to north africa,
where the 'west' is brewing
as usual!
a new everlasting chaos.

Atef Ayadi
Best Photo Ever

you know by
now
that i am
anti particle
(i am not saying there are no hot chicks,
hot cars, hot beaches,
hot, hot, hot climate...,)
anti struggle,
or, 'tout court'
an entity that does not like
civilization.

something fresh?
yops! against nops, blobs,
blops, napkins and nipples!
and all the old odds.
something about what is fresh,
and what is freshness?
too universal, yet we all forget about it.
some cave art
are suspiciously incoherent, other
prehistoric artifacts
are really prehistoric.

of course,
the french wants to be the
'avant garde'
for ever, for all cost,
but, it did not work out for them.
just ask
'tout court'
the
'gilets jaunes'

Atef Ayadi
I See What-U-Donut Sea

although
' i see what i believe i see! '
hasn't passed the test yet,
i still believe in what i see
and i want to see.
my passport to 'the right
to move' is the fact
that
i do not need you.
but or
your butt
or bots
may need me.
at this time
i need a boat
to the pacific.
it is always spring.
people down there
are spring as well.
say?
' hieroglyphic unspeci-fical
g-string downswing
with an air and
a flair, ...'
and
what becomes clear to me
is that you have
also this right as well.

Atef Ayadi
I Like Jalapeno Butts!

mikhail tal
is
the only
jalapeno person
i like
so far?

the rest are beans, humus, and
high voltage ohms.
this is not a lie,
but experienced plumber
recalling events
from a cave man to neanderthal man's
prospective.

Atef Ayadi
Tech Or Just Fire

imagine
someone being tired of bones and wood,
started making sharp tools
with only stones by chipping them
for centuries;
does it happen
that with such friction, and slamming rocks
against each other
would
sparks
fire
and possibly
burn
something?
right?
as to the cooked meat taste,
a wild fire is a feast to homo habilis.
it could be even before, and universal.
fire makes looser and winner
the same.
i mean meat on fire.

Atef Ayadi
Less Ironical Pillow Talk.

without biases and
stereo tik-tak
hypes and types,
if some thieves meet, their conversation
is diverse and sometimes
fun
(hollywood and disney co lie most the time, but sometimes they do not; they are
dead serious.)

the irony,
is that stealing is rooted into
the very genome of everyone,
since the apes time or maybe before.
(from stealing carcasses from a hayena,
civilization makes it wild spread and
quantifiable in terms of time and money
(if you are tiny you are grounded for real, if you are big,
please show us more.)

.

Atef Ayadi
There Was A Time

by two
thousand
and
one
i flipped
my magnetic pole.
i gained nothing from
civilization.
ever since,
i have been
a hiker
in much everything:
open to the one percent,
and discrete to the ninety nine.
i am sure,
you too,
you choose which from witch;
mathematics sometime is so simple.

Atef Ayadi
i like chess,
and all survival games,
including all the social experiments.
such as naked but afraid,
australian survivor series
the american cowboy survivor netflix 41.

i do no need power,
being dark, or evil;
because i do not need control.
i always get what i want.
extcept what i want is simple.
when i say i like,
i mean spending some time
digging and digesting the root
of these games,
rules, and tribal etiquette.
'i like' is a part of my experience.
of course, 'i hate' is a vocabulary that means
control, fear, anxieties, ...
they are there
floating on the surface
or lurking beneath as long as one havs an 'i phone, '
an 'i pyramid' on a dollar bill,
an 'i for an i' conversation.
i would say just be aware,
they are not the real main problem.
tax is a form of bullying.
to be very accurate,
precise, and nice,
it is bullying.
religion reinforces a perpetual rape
with a legitimate ritual.
people loves rituals;
a trance that lasts forever.
in the other hand,
or left side of the spectrum,
mosquito takes it tax cut
from a bite;
bit by bit,
or it gorges itself. but at least
there must be a symbiotic gain
for all the parties, including the air, water, and the soil.
if bird lover says i hate flies, bugs, and mosquitoes.
if i am a bird,
i would say the same:
thank you
'fact you, or f12 b51 you'
and you welcome.'
because what i am going to eat now?
so,
why do i write a nice title
if i know that you are
going
to self contradict.
which is a cozy place, and
with some pills, one lives just fine.

Atef Ayadi
it is true,
i always consider that
having a protector
or a tyrannical jupiter
is a good thing.
i neither
become a star nor the size of a second jupiter.
(location timing and tempo in chess are critical.)
i become naturally a saturn,
cold like ice,
but still metallic and flexible.
so do not try to heat me up;
it is just a waste until dawn.
i am lucky jupiter did get bigger than that.
if you get bigger, see uranus section,
if you get closer, you become another ring
for your companion.
why i do not need to talk about
my satellites?
too many and i do not need them.

Atef Ayadi
I Love You If

you deal with anyone
and
anything
the same way;
and
if you do not take the planet as
a
trash can
or a hole to fill or
pee
in.

('i love you'
means, i can share with you space and time in the now.'
said the sun of the bee that itches wise guy.)

Atef Ayadi
Pure Gold, I Mean Nuggets.

to pro addisson
or general motors
quid pro quo,
but not a real tesla,
a smart ceo, gmo, and weather man and probably a corporate
woman,
we can store energy
in a physical device that is not a battery.
if you say no
or no way, probably you are a
six sigma stigma and your stigmatism is weird.
gigawatts is not anymore a problem.
i am talking about mega tera watts.

Atef Ayadi
You Know What Is A Fractal?

tribalism is one,
an idea,
a thing that is
created,
generated,
in the past, the very far past.
how come it is still
here,
floating and
acting
in the present?
the more it is 'beautiful'
useful, and
addictive,
the more it persists.
nature, life,
and being
are
a brutal,
total,
and primordial
fractal.

Atef Ayadi
quiero a mis hijos
nacer
en una jungla profunda.
no quiero que sean capturados
por la civilización.
porque,
libertad
es una experiencia natural.
mi español es correcto o suficiente?
que no
por favor corrija en su tiempo libre
sin sentido
de expectativa;
benefico o
¿regresión?

Atef Ayadi
Why Smile?

this is my exceptional conceptional
dogmatic,
cognitive
slash,
foco,
derida,
shomski,
corbet,
iblog,
ifeel,
igo,
imeta
to
i report you
before you deport me
(if you insist,
i prefer central america,
the three guyana sisters,
or any fuji environment.... or just give me a thirty two feet boat and that is it. i
know where to go...) 

that type of things:
everybody
and everyone
is a racist.
we become
distant galaxies
millions light year away,
autonomous creatures,
free, dark and seductive self sufficient general aies.
sorry for the the tense
offense, but i mean it.

Atef Ayadi
My Rosetta Stone

this not my angry voice,
an angry invoice, or my
french recipe.
i want to
burn my anger into
a stone
in three or four
languages
one of them is holographic.
i will make it look funny,
sweet,
organic wheat cookies,
and pleasant.
one may say,
it is illusive,
diabolical, or
simply, it is the mind.
i do not care,
i am an artist.
i am not bound
by
thieves and charlatan's morality.
and mainly when
a racist, a thieve, or a charlatan
thinks
i have no right
to express
the self.

Atef Ayadi
Boxed Up

she said:
' oh! he immediately put me
in box of mba-eyes, less-p.h.deze or associate.
basically,
he put me in a box of shoes,
and asked, which sax smells good.
and that was a date.'

she is an economist,
i feel for her,
but also,
apparently, the majority of elites
digest issues this way.
compartmentalize,
de-compartmentalize,
construct,
deconstruct,
box within a box,
and box that does not fit in my box.
sometime,
i feel, it is the mind,
two minds fighting about
boxes, which box one is better?

Atef Ayadi
Zero Marginal Cost

it started with feudal systems,
then slavery.
call it negative marginal cost,
imagine, the machinery is free,
electricity is free,
the water is free,
sun is free,
the wind is free,
and no one will judge you for any abuse, include,
rapes, leeching, killing, mutilating, and stuff no one will talk about, on top of that,
misdemeanors are not counted.

then, this marginal thing
jumped up.
so we out sourced everything to china
for the sake of walmart.
and now with tech platforms
everything is zero cost
as to say,
zero calorie,
green,
and organic.

Atef Ayadi
One In A Billion

actually,
one in seven billion and ish
butter fly will brake through
the silence in this planet.
but the response is one of three
point five
factorial.
how to factor that?
it is not easy!
butta
also it is not my problem
(ask bill or melinda how to factor that in their little
foundation,)
and stop googling in the internet
and start oogling in the street
maybe you meet your butter
ice-cream vanilla turnado.
hat no hat?
eat what not to eat?
what to suck and what to leave,
to later

this butter fly's
business
could be
per second,
per hour,
per day,
per week,
it is up to the generals
of this planet
to decide.
no wonder why people
clicks thousand times a day.

welcome to the real,
colonies 6.25.09
a friendly eco fact checking
racist with a smile most of the time
in some white blue spots,
turbulent in few fake white red lines,
and flakes and sparks under
a french macronian telescope.

Atef Ayadi
All Too Well

life never gives
up,
never control
what lives on top
or what is in the bottom,
favors connections
over time,
just enough to expand
and reorganize itself.
we all know that too well.
it is not alexa
who is going to wake you up!
it is a splash of water.

Atef Ayadi
Quelque Chose De Sérieux

je ne suis ni
un
de gaullien
ni
un pompédonien,
je ne suis ni
sarkozien, ni même macronien.
je me demande,
pourquoi
les français sont
à la fois
racistes et
gilets jaunes.

soyons
sérieux comme-même.
la bonne fois, la liberté, l'égalité, et la fraternité
ne tombent pas du ciel,
soit-il claire, bleu claire,
ou avec un arc-en-ciel.

Atef Ayadi
Reckoning With Words

as the dust is settling, i
always like to
talk free, move free, care free,
flow free, be free
from the self
and the self is free
from 'me, '
and unentangle
the self
from my emotional gears,
tabloids, and decrees.

i want just
and for the sake of a pathetic
platonic juvenile plutonium justice,
i want to spill
out
the beans on everyone.
i mean every human being older the
ten
and less then seventy or so.
only humans,

it is not a waged profitable
masonic and messianic rage
that is combined with chinese
'king fu' soy sauce!
it is not!
this is a message from
a living being in this planet.
i don't abuse,
use, defuse, and
refuse
means simply i am not in.
do it yourself,
the last thing to say is the fact that
liberals are feudalistic,
hierarchical,
pack order from jeff amazon bezos
to the musketeer scoutmaster elle-in musk with masks
(who is the highest
see-o-too
producer in the planet,
the highest atmospheric
garbage dumper, plus nasa, the eurozone and partners co, and putin russia. 'only
god knows' what his
continental and interplanetary heavy-load transport space gadgets
do to the new trump-jared-evanka silk road;
knowing that the chinese are already on the dark side of the moon. the indians
too, are settling on the bright side.)

for those who do not
believe in 'god, '

i have something for you.
take off
'only god knows'
and put instead some art
that makes sense to you.

everything seems to fall apart!
or,
is it only
me!
when i free my self
from any burden.
i like to put this on
stones and sell it for free.

Atef Ayadi
The Most Boring

subject like
'the collective mind, '
the way it evolves
through
space and
time is a bag of knowledge
that
sustains, galvanizes, pulverizes,
solves and resolves,
some or a hell of mental
'star trek' holograms and few grams of
several feet long algorithms.
still, and yet
the most important 'frame work', i mean as far as
the wind,
the whisper,
the meadows, or
simply the rhythm and
the arithmetic kind,
slash 'form' and 'for forbes' sake is
the fact that i restricted my self to 'esses' and 'tees' in
the beginning of each line
then fork and jerk on
the edges.
some are wolverine kind of, or wolves' pack pledges,
shelved and salvaged out to fit my find,
so i can say, i like it, but never mind,
the pauses,
the play forward, and 'djaying'
the many and multiple rewind
that stirs and
stereo-logically affects, rimes, and
times
the many living cells and neurons.
should i say, yeah! 'good enough' knell and propel
the fun.

Atef Ayadi
It Does Not Matter That Much!

she wrote:

'not alt+mmb it's ctrl+mmb

oops, typed wrong key, I have been using ctrl as i should have been, also tried alt, command, and fn keys.
thanks! wirehead'

he replayed:

'not alt+mmb or ctrl+mmb
it's alt + ctrl t
then mmb.

hope waxing your mac keyboard, won't be an issue...
thanks weird as it seems.'

Atef Ayadi
Who Is Not

while the moral
code insists
on
on
(upgrade after upgrade)
on taking care of the
weak!
right?
a racist is doing the opposite,
i mean extra abusing
and tweaking the weeping
weak.
every hour,
every day
and every week.
now,
who is the weak?
and
who is not weak and vulnerable?

Atef Ayadi
Haiku Or Less.

i won't add a word after this, period!

Atef Ayadi
Five Stars Hotel

i have been
in
one of those
places.
no electricity,
no lobby,
no fancy stuff or staff;
so basic and primitive,
that i wanted to live there
for ever.

Atef Ayadi
Adding Flowers To Water

we all have
a nagging insecure
child in our heads individually,
collectively in part or as a hole
(whatever hole, holly, hollywood or xfactor's music industry means to you...)

i do have it,
i love it sometimes
and restrained in
other times;
i mean make it go to sleep for example.
so, if someone,
said 'i am enlighten 2'
i say 'what the fact --bee and not b52? '
do i look tesla
three point five
or musk without a mask
(similar to being an avatar in second life, you can put any mask you want, your
name and personal data are safe in the server.)

that child could be
a monster
in a good sense of the word,
or focus wherever you child is taking you.
i do not mind.
so, whatever section
you want to take mister 'chapiro'
or miss 'shakira'
you will find yourself
between the department of
cognitive science and literature and arts;
cozy, fulfilled, full stomach, and happy:
fill and emptying
empty, then fill what is empty.
it is a game we all play,
since the done
of civilization.
we are lucky, it is only
ten or more millennia.
in which we all killed
in one way or another
many many minds,
i mean children and
exterminated
vulnerable people, ecosystems, and tribes.

Atef Ayadi
I 'hate' Tourism

i am not talking
about invasions,
or the right to move.
i hate that industry.
it pollutes the life
of the livings.
i do not mind to see, meet
talk and share some meat
bread, bear or wine
with strangers
but without display
or advertisement for superiority or power.
i do not like
few
take it all,
the rest are working ants,
yellow and black bees collecting honey.
it is simply
a plantation,
and
slavery
for fun.

while the ancients
left
few art works
on rocks, some circles, and a desert of mythologies
fairy tails,
the new humanity
will leave
nothing but
mountains of plastics.

it could be,
i am 2 clinically cynical!
ami?
or maybe yo are?
one of us
may have a methodology
for a good hand
for dissection and cutting
age's ideas

i am too cynical
about ideas
and technologies
it is a part of the mind.

hence,
it is pure control, and no point
'survivalism' mixed with an irrational
surrealism.

Atef Ayadi
En El Caso De

viviendo un dia,
solo un dia,
en honduras, el salvador, nicaragua,
belize,
las islas del caribe,
el amason, venezuela,
las tres hermanas:
Guayana,
apellido pero no trasero y trasero
nombre del botón,
y francés
Guayana,
y
pantagonia,
no me importan las fronteras
y reglas.

solo un dia
es mejor
que
un millón
año
en esto
democráticamente
civilizado
sistema carcelario.

esa es mi espalda
sistema
es volver,
Derecha
a la fuente
y raíces originales.

soy un excursionista,
tienes que entender
o puede amar eso.
¿por Qué No?

no uso
el español
idioma
porque me gusta españa.
yo tampoco lo soy
hablando con blanco
America
de norte a sur.
no estoy interesado.
solo me gustan los nativos,
porque estoy buscando
una forma de vida,
no es un fragmento de código pyphon.
y
además
odio el turismo de palabras
o
estar viendo
como un turista,
me refiero a una fuente de ingresos;
Más importante
soy difícil de guiar,
así que te estoy guiando
para que no me guíes.
sin truco
Solo estoy siendo abierto.

Atef Ayadi
antes de colón, américa un continente era el paraíso,
ahora, cada parte de ella,
a través del Atlántico
y
a través del pacífico,
es una plantación de cualquier tipo.
me refiero a un afinado
infierno para los nativos.
no es?
todo el mundo es adicto,
fusionado, confundido,
diferente,
indefenso
carnicero,
un sobreviviente
villano,
un débil
sudor peason,
un vagabundo,
un trabajo duro
mamá de dos o tres
niños;
una comadreja,
un zorro humano,
una rana,
aves y bandadas de peces, langostas, cebras y aves.
es verdad,
el karma es una perra
matamos a la comadreja,
para convertirse en uno.

Atef Ayadi
If And All The Tails

if democracy is
really good
about conducts and moral codes
socrates would not
drink the poison
made especially for such talent.
if democracy is efficient,
we would not cut, long, and burn billions of trees,
blow up mountains, towns and villages,
and most importantly
Salvador Allende would not be killed like che guevara.

these structured structures
killed all the goodness in humanity.
there are out there
systems as natural as it gets,
all what i can say is
they grow,
mature
and
collapse, and from death
life rises.
the one organism with software
or mind
is the closest to any,
if one does not mind it.
look,
see, hypocrisy
like demo-cracy (a demo for cracy)
is an illusion
as well as 'kindness'
i am a blogger,
it just this
space gave me
a label.
if for any reason
this place or any domain that does the same thing
(ad+human feelings and toilets, like this one ;)
i always have a backup fail system,
i can blog and leave my
lite lit-tit for tit
literature on stone.
i am that guy
who travel, hike, and hitchhike with two or three light
chisels.
i do not need a hammer,
you get my point.
i mean from 'hammer, '
chisels,
hike,
trail, like
the appalachian,
the inca,
john muir,

to if
and all the trails.
i mean
tails and fairies
all, stories leave
a trail,
one can choose.
well
loosing is another matter;
way way,
and
Ai Weiwei
important,
then
this democratic system
made by thieves,
pillagers,
looters,
and scavengers as well.
pinochet
was simply an
a white executioner;
salvador allende was
a white revolutionary
'exe'
and 'cutioner'
all american continent
presidents are white since coulombs,
whatta democracy?
ain't get it.
i am too old to drop it,
it's hot.
i'm just gonna sit
down
like its
warm and it is
still
2
hot.

Atef Ayadi
This Is Not An Advertisement! ? ? ?

i want every girl in the world
to cheer,
cheese, and wheeze
magnus carlson,
so he will
feel not alone.
being supported,
you know what a male
at his age needs,
i am not saying
or implying
that
'ion' ne-pom-niacht--che
is a fake news.
as a matter of
fact (good news,)
ion is younger,
he could over
throw
the 'eight or ten' consecutive years
and 'unmatched, was he? '{
chess
master.
if you do not
'know'
what master is or
what does it that mean,
just watch kung-- fu -----panda,
one?
two?
three?
no idea!
do not ask me
about kungfoo panda,
no skills!
what so ever!
i could be lying or
with any damaged memory's
syndrome, who cares?
but
i do
well
foo--kung----tantra

also, reading books are good
for health?

(if fail to do so, get some
printed magazines --- i can
not
give you a name
even thought,
i have stocks of them, on my book shelves,
i kept them for statistical reason.---
if fail again, pose like an avatar and hang out in the
internet, it is going to be perfect.)

i inserted my prediction.
it is true,
a part of me is scientist with no job,
but who needs to be scientist to say
something or scratch socratic or tical stuff
in this unforgiving internet bee that itches
it
self
?
so, if
you are that
black,
yellow,
bean, or
white bee,
support this cause
as if you are doing it for
the
'self'
?

Atef Ayadi
My Reset Button

i do not
need a neat
introduction, chapter one,
part one, and
proposition one in the beginning of any introduction.
one reset button can take
in a wave or tsunami
many 'poor' or 'undeveloped'
'states' or living organisms this size
or lesser
to
the ice age?
i like the ice
age's
life style, butta,
this does not mean
incarcerating people by force,
make them
a live in designed imperial 'paradise.'
as a matter of fact,
i mean with respect
to my own 'theory'
if you cheat on a population
their paradises is called
'the cheat sheep cheap
paradise.'
midwest
is a good
place to investigate, or date something out.
tiktak is a confucius mozi, mencius, laozi, shang yang, shen dao, zhuangzi, xunzi,
han feizi, and mao zedong  chinese piece of technology
to
'lift up'
a population from
the 'poor'
physical layer
to the software layer,
which starts with just
a click
on your free fire or water fox browser.

my conclusion
could be my illusion,
an ill fusion with
the reality
of power play.
or i could be a 'con'
with no clues,
and no ionosphere.

Atef Ayadi
The Best Part

part one,
there is only one dave chappel.
part two, i do like to
talk about it,
because there is nothing
to talk about
to begin with.
part three,
i am going to hit enter
on the keyboard.
part four,
my keyboard is
the best,
better than touch screens
for example.
i wished my key board is
made of wood,
solid rock
or something else.

Atef Ayadi
Comment Faire

color famille
pour laisser
quelque chose
dans l'histoire
pour dire
que l'exception
doit être, devenir, exister, venir, aller,
coûter une vertu, une vérité passible.
i wana leave some
thing that
everybody and possibly every being and even
rocks
would like it.

Atef Ayadi
Le Ou Les Grand Bandits

at the global scale
yes there are bandits
like old time,
old fashion,
your homestead town style,
extra extra chimps
with followers and fans
made up of bonobos.
every state, territory,
economical hot spot,
has one dominant bandit
supported by a dominant
bandit party,
sponsored by
few business bandits.
some call them lizards,
i call them bandits.
it is basically the 'ali baba and forty thieves'
of real life, except ali baba is a thief too, but in desquise.
or 'the Good, the bad and the ugly'
who said is darwin
(peace on him)
is wrong?
big fish eat sardines,
what is good news
it is a feast
for big fish, birds
and other aquatic mammals,
the bad and ugly news,
you figure it out your self!

so please
do not mention 'demo' and 'cracy'
i am not an athenian or chinese bandit;
i was born in tunisia, north west,
i have called back then the 008 bandit,
i got it without making any effort.
propaganda and advertisement
is sign of war!
we all know
who is the beneficiary?
and their ridiculous bonuses and benefits.

Atef Ayadi
That Circle

in soccer, it is where everything starts, it is a religious
invention for the public, where you knee on your knees for the king or the
establish monarch. they add sometimes something to do in the circle, as an
excuse for the existence of such big circle (see ufo's crop' section, google
'stonehenge, '
no wonder, in britain, i mean the island, you can see circles everywhere, no
wonder Van Gogh's 'the circles, a starry night' is bought by a british museum or
precisely a royal collector.)

this is how i see
soccer,
one goal keeper, tall, strong bones, head-stone, and flexible, young who can gets
the beating without crying or yawning. do not worry about the gloves, it is
another scientific- cheat -expansive industry.

ten attackers who can alternate between,
the defense line,
the center,
and the attack half-circle; the one that connects the two corners and encircles
the goal keeper and the four poor yawning defenders as well.

friendship between all players is a must, because, soccer is becoming
another show industry. I mean twenty two gladiators in one arena.
that is why we hear of competitive wages, bonuses, and salaries.
no difference
what you see in
the hunger games,
or any wealthy installation of art,
it is the same,
in any game,
where ever there is a crowd
a transaction must exist and be done in a transparent way, so the city, state,
king or the federation will tax everything, and cuts any dime that moves the way
a private bank's board 'advised' the inner circle.

that is the true meaning of a circle.
nature created few circle we can see,
the moon is one of them.
the rest is civilization's bugs or ads-ons.
Whoa! Is Neither Ho-Ah Nor 'haut Ah La Bas! '

my initial point
is that
music with
subtitles or projected
lyrics
does not bring
me
any
closer to the
real thing i am hearing.
is that common?

if someone is singing
'take my hand, we will make it i swear.'
then
two other guitarists
jump and shout at the
microphone:
'whoa! ...whoaa! '

well, i focus on the how the
the two man
synchronize among themselves
while jamming with their electric
guitars.
it is just me.

words in any song does not mean a thing to me;
i am only curious
about the execution
of these words
and the music that accompanies it.
maybe i am just too dump
to suggest such a thing,
maybe two,
i do not know!
2 backward
steps, it is still
whoa! whoa! even i prefer
oow-eh...as to oawh
yeah it is crazy! cracy!
i like it though!
off on me,
hope it is not tough
on you.
out there,
i know,
my hand is here,
sorry!
i know it is cliche'
and german, french, and gibberish
cheese and sometimes crochet,
it is better then nothing.
when to nothing
it is the best
of all thing and things,
include all the suffixes such as:
able like wearable,
less in fearless, clueless, cloudlessness.
less-less, full full, ish that ish
he is a french pipe wrench,
she is irish or bri--ish, it does not matter
sometimes while it is a big
matter not noticing the differences.

Atef Ayadi
do not tell me
all that methane
and
'see yo too! '
is just god
saving
all
'his'
farts
for humanity
for future to come,
while playing sudoku?
it is true:
'what does not kill you makes you stronger'
but who said
i want to be strong
stronger,
and the
strongest.
i want just to breath
while looking at the sun,
the mountains,
and patches of clouds
or simply be in
a foggy, cloudy, or rainy day.

who said that
a storm,
a hurricane,
a volcano,
a tornado,
a flock of crickets,
insects,
bees,
ants
elephants,
zebras,
Wildebeests,
xylophages,
nectarivores, detritivores, granivores, frugivores, (and so forth the list is on and on..) are a dark force? maybe we all want the will to power, the will to divinity, and of course some cracks, dj, sex, chill, all types of dopamine surges all the neuro-visual effects, all the emotional hights puzzles and quizzes just for selfie or fun; but nothing about life? the no control zone the no policing, no laws, no moral insurrection, no moral impeachment, and no moral superiority, or divine rapprochement? i said maybe!

is it an anthropocene, or a short tight, childish and teen epoch? is it about the geological forces, or it is only a nightmarish lsd collective trip because of the extra extra vegan salads?
Atef Ayadi
first
i am looking
for a
tittle to
an untitled, untied canvas.
so be patient
with me;
mainly with
the new gen
eration.
you are young and
am too ancient for some tasks.

so where is the black
tea
if one
may
ask?
it is a statement, do not worry
about it is logic or fallacies
for now.

if i meet
with a black woman
i do not like to talk
about
neither
gees,
hesus,
jesus, ja-ho-va,
and neither
the 'je suis...'
i may tolerate
that only
in some positions
of awkwardness nature
of state and of mind.
i am african
who looks
only
for
an
aff-or off
rica-no
costarican
from
deep jungle,
not from a deep state
of civilization, mainly from illinois and venezuela!
forget about south china sea,
australia,
new zealand,
south pacific,
and
the
smithsonian website;
it is going to be the title
of any
high
rated
military,
and
avatar
video
game
for you kid, future to come.
no law
of a land
will stop
a kid
from
playing a video
game.

but you can stop the corporation from producing it,
but you can not
cause its the military complex
you are dealing with.

too complex,
than complex numbers, complex probability, and general complex artificial intelligence, that none can demolish the matrix and the neuro-network of the seven billion machines and sentient of this sixty-four hundred plus one hundred kilo meter biosphere sorry anglo-sex-on, visit google, bing, or amazon dot com to come with a meter that convert meter to inches and kilos into miles if you have a calculator in hand i mean a selfie multiply everything i said with one point six. for my french audiences (french colonies, and vietnam) please replace point by
'un vergule, et c'est tout'
have a nice
black tea
common
wealth
enslaved nations.
there is one wealth or one nation
or one wealthy nation,
the rest
are common
to slavery
wealth is the carrot
to
the elite
of that
nation
who eats his
or her carrot
(solid, juicy, coctail....you name it, brands and technolo--geese, cheese, and geeses)
while
given
the stick
as a treat
to the public.
i mean the nation.
i mean the rest of the
'common' wealth
nation
like the
'hindu
only
in
india'
if you like a
kashmir
we can shipped to
yo
free of charges.

you dial
as usual
the server
is made in china
and service
men and women
are
of
course
one hundred percent indian,
any misunderstanding
must come from
thailand, indonesia, vietcon and vietnam.
because, monarchs are
slave and peasant owner.
forget about north
corea, that is blesthamy,
in which
the blessing go
upward
not downward.
you will get poisoned
or poised and shut
if your
magnetic meter
reads otherwise.

Atef Ayadi
Not From The Poor

the claim
that only rich
people
are source,
seeds,
bacons,
beacons,
a star with high luminosity and mass
(mass means sometimes more, and sometimes less...)
of knowledge
is only a self pathetic
qanon fermented,
juiced, decaffeinated then caffeinated prophesy.

as
a
matter
of fact,
socrates was not by any mean in the scale of ellen or musk, yet he was the first
poor founder of the epistemic pandemic smoked latin knowledge.
some still think that greek means western!
sorry!

one,
when socrates was rumbling logical
phrases and paraphrasing to his followers
like a chicken coq, the rest of europe's (eu, euro zone, as we know it now, with
all its problems with the anglo-sex-on brixiteers...and trampians, 'retour au
monarchie totale, ' mother land, the north...)
citizens
were swinging between trees.
(so if you are from albania, poland, or france, it is the same to me, 'tu est un
gilet jaune."

two,
i personally
prefer
anthropology
over history, and i will never date a historian,
at least with an anthro
poligist i can visit africa,
south pacific,
indian ocean,
because, i do not like the new world
for the reasons
i have just mentioned.
does not mention in advance.

to tell you the truth,
i am that person
who cut the old
trash traditions
and no lost thread identities,
and most
obvious
i do not drink the rich's
poising to free the public,
i mean the poor,

for few logical reasons:
one poor
is the rich definition,
two
look at bill gate
or even sister
mille-endas or india
he has n social, nature, and cosmos experience.
he buys farm lands in bulks,
so what?
one day
a native, a semi native, a pseudo native like me,
will take over, in a very human way or methods.
i will connect my genes to his genes and philanthropic farm lands 'et voila! '
justice and evolution prevail.
sometime black to black is preferable,
but the mix with white
will make a good, and very
expensive painted canvas.
for some idiots
you can sell and empty or nude
canvas.

Atef Ayadi
What Is Knowledge

from california
prospective
any thing that
is
measurable,
calculable,
taxable,
palpable (californian will move to midwest if this is not the case, i mean palpable...certainly there are folk as well as their kids prefer juice pulp, otherwise, they drink soda..and other things with sugar and glutton free, such as soup because mom insists and persists and sticks like a lipstick until it is done, soaps for tiktoks and tiktokians, and tea mainly for anglo-sex-on, even thought they do not know what tea is, ...,

and
of course,
last bet not least,
zero
emission
of
'see o' two'
which is in itself an impossibility.
that is the claim
the silicon
valley is advertising for years:
make it beautiful and
affordable.
beautiful means
simply dump you trash and plastics in china or west africa
or any made or home made poor country. no china means west africa straight forward.
affordable means
it is only for whom own capital
like elle--n or musk co.
they do not pay tax,
because, they claim
they do not have time,
which is devoted entirely to fund rising, philanthropy and good deeds and weeds.
you know,
if
the feds are acting baby
sitter for the rich,
the state is worse,
it does not have
self
esteem
when facing
corporation's
self gratification and addictions.

Atef Ayadi
Homo Podcaster

erguster and luci
never
considered
in
their wildest dreams
that
their off
springs
and printemps

will
morph
or evolve
(some still think they have a choice,
others are simply conservative darwinians, I mean
adaptation, adaptation, adaptation,
and that takes you to real estate, banking,
aig, lima peru, lehman brothers, and all the
financial malfeasance...)

into
a shadow,
virtual
advertiser.

i personally
thought
for a while:
we got homo technicus and technician nerds
out of the proletariat.
it looks a big jump for menkind,
but,
in reality
and in depth
we get:
homo cocain addict,
home logger,
home blogger,
home facebook only,
homo ticktok kk, and homo tictoc cc,
homo muslim,
homo vaccinated,
homo unvaccinated,
homo NSA,
homo 007,
homo pentagon,
homo hexagon,
homocrop circles,
homo securitas,
Homo battlefield,
homo soros,
homo besos,
homo musk,
homo no mask and free speech,
homo lg vibrator,
homo samsung only,
homo haris and herissa,
homo pelestenian,
homo cheap greek yogurt,
homo aldi,
home 711,
homo 911,
homo web apach 2.0,
homo pegasus,
homo alphabet,
home bing, and bong,
homo ios 12,
homo ubuntu,
homo uber,
homo vegan,
home suplement and plastic surgeries,
home nurse,
homo con artista,
homo batista,
homo clinton,
homo white and beautiful,
home dj, and white teeth being killed on the street for no reason,
homo cups and capital panishment service man and woman,
homo cups are not us,
home me 2,
home q.a.n.o.n and complexe numbers,
Homo messi,
home neymar-ronaldinho,
homo ronaldo,
homo mexican,
homo king fu ninja,
home cuisine,
homo electric and nothing else,
homo roof installer, and carpenter with missing fingers,
homo three dots, and
homo comma 'et pas de virgules, '
the list is on
on
on
on
off;
and the spectrum is as wide
open as
an 'open' capitalistic society;
I mean consume and do not worry about
any virus. We will throw under the bus
the chinese forever,
the japenese for twenty years,
the vietnamese for twenty years,
the taliban for a twenty years,
the hundreds for for six seasons only,
survivors until jeff
will be eliminated from
his own social experiement.

The good news is
everyone share the same
habit, and agree about one
the same common
thing:
walking with a tiny
tv screen.
so if one is so rich
one can evolve to
a super soft chimp;
and if one is
poor adaptation will throw
one in the mix of that open spectrum.
Atef Ayadi
Colonial Royal Picknick

imagine old folks teaching
new generation who are
already
androids and apple sauce
to venture in space
like their founded
grounded white fathers.

one looks wearing a blue
frog suit
ready to jump into water,
the other is:
the left half is a Liberian,
and the right half is a
lazy fat cowboy.

after the himalaya,
there must be another spot
in which rich
folks of all ages
can reach their best
without a need for competition
or discomfort, but they have to pass only the
five gees test.

can you see
that
in besos's left
eye is almost out
to the point
i thought
he is a robot,
a terminator,
or is he?

it is amazing how
we have a new
variant or specie
with white hair and
yet
with black
eyebrows.

you may like this
one:
a bald kid
with free
masons
triptych
star trek
galactic
design.

stupidity,
waste of time
and money.
it is true,
i like to go to space
naked
as long as the cockpit
is a big enough pit
even thought
the duration is almost
half an
hour in space;
too short, too nightmarish!
why do i need a suit then?

Atef Ayadi
Do You Know That Town

i live in urbana.
been here
on and off for
a quarter of a
century.
basically
it looks like tel aviv.
most resident
agree they have been
here for ever
and i am the only one
who came yesterday;
on top of that
with an accent
and a flagrant
disobedience.

it is a town
flat
and fat;
a pixelated
diluted
pixel
in a infinite soybean and
corn fields.

sometime,
i feel
californians got their wishes
and policies through.
they wanted bio fuel
and they have it.
of course in the midwest,
where else they have it?

the only thing
i dearly enjoy
is walking night
in the empty streets,
drive, and courts.
i love trees.

some may think it is suspicious
i would say
go fact your self
off

i am from this planet
bee--itch
maladroit
white
bitcoin.
sorry kid,
i am jee
lee uses
meta frames
today;
you can not fact
with me
about my native rights.

Atef Ayadi
What I Like And What I do not like.
mainly when i am
in the domain of the 'mind'
or the sam song ladhila
consciousness;
everything
is plausible
possible,
explosive
unstable,
chaotic,
and elastic. basically shewing gum.

ideally,
i mean my natural
state is
being mindless
i still can walk
but mindlessly;
my friend
like water,
it can take any form
there for
i can say
formlessness
the less and nesses
are up to you given a form.

Atef Ayadi
**For The Last Time**

do you remember
the time
when
you fall
deeply
in slavery with someone.
that someone
could be
an opposite sex
and opposite enemy.
a light grand-prix
bore
algore,
lewinsky,
an epsteinian,
a bidenian,
a sandenian
a clintonian
a liberian
from lyberia,

a black smithsonian,
or you simply fall on
your head
on someting.

i do not have that!
sorry!
cause,
that is a stage of
non understanding,
not only the sifi
wifi-selfi nature of things,
the psychic,
psychedelic tendencies.
basically,
a total organic
ignorance.
love as i know it
is that pleasant feeling and state of being alive. say fact you! muslim, hater, i say think thank you thanks given is on its way even thought my heart and mind on the natives. think this way if you are boy you look for a girl a girl for a boy, a mismatch looks for mismatch a pet looks only for a friend even thought it is not actually the case. however and this not poetry dot come did you come baby, brochure, rosebush, or goose bumps!

so basically is sharing, not only the cherries and blue berry sweet whatever industrial pancakes or three cans formula.

it is true
i am not
jee--sus yet
and i am not intended
to be.
ancient staff is only
for kids and
miss fortunate,
indoctrinated,
and
discriminated
folks;
a civilized,
con-artist,
an obese
for one reason or
another
is as good as being dead
or if i am liberal
i would say zombie
except one type, swipe screen
talk to oneself,
bluetooth,
blue sky,
blue jeans,
and
with blue shield,
as main insurance.

Atef Ayadi
Action Movies Or Just

an advertisement
for guns
and new gun's tech
including soft guns and hard guns as well.

all what we need
is
a rambo,
a limbo,
a bimbo
a rainbow,
some
despicable acts,
and
few
tense
sweet sexy act.
that is it.
the pop corn on you
bow,
one-bole
or one bow and one arrow
man
woman
lg....
samsung 12,
and all the other androids,
apple sauce people,
and
95 windows blue screen
phone
factions and libertarian
copy right
owners.
this is just
about who 'sponsor'
action movies
including the military complex
and video games industries.
they call them partners. the more income means better script and visual and sensual effect. that is it. i do not need to swear! i do not have i do not like shewing gums and i do not use victorian's plates and silverware when i eat, or a hole when i dump.

Atef Ayadi
Ostracism

sometimes
i lose words
when i need them the most.
trying to catch them
is like catching dust with one
or two hands.
am i loosing the thread?
loosing it?
or in panicking
mode?
hyper?
overwhelmed?
no doubt these
things occur.
to anyone,
from poor
or
bourgeois family
or no family what so
ever.

that is not
the case
anyway,
not the issue,
anyhow
and
not because of
an
hyperbolic hype!

but that is
how i warm up
every brand new
day.

it is silly
to claim
that
this is how
the
world of the mind
is set up.

i do not like
to be part of
such holographic
commercial.

so i do not 'mind'
rustiness,
timelessness,
corporate slang
such as
negativity,
positivity,
productivity,
and the
all sustainable
vity, tivity, bility latin add-ons.

the system was setup
long time ago
by thieves,
white market secret hands,
black market mysterious hands,
lords and vassals of all sort.

a king
means only a handful families can make it
to the end.
god is this big
triptych
day and night
twenty four
seven
commercial
about the end,
or many plausible scenarios
depends on one's
network
or
ethnic
ticket,
pass,
port,
or
noise and background.

Atef Ayadi
there was no one big bang
but
many.
no wonder,
and here peace on and
thanks
for stevie wonder,
that we have
seven
billions
people
leaving on this planet.
so
one can deduct
how
many bangs has occurred
and still
occurring as we tweet.
so science
is no science
when it is not romantic
and when green, red, and
pink are missing from
the spectrum,
because
an ayatollah
or
a simon wants only one direction.

Atef Ayadi
Is It Wrong?

the only and
only
way to
ground myself up
is to walk with naked
feet.
i really
wana
give myself
an extreme ground-up!
or
what
the all sexes folks
agree to call:
jumping the car;
or turbo-engine for some technicians;
gain of function booster
for
beefup f51-up or simply big farma;

you know,
the best place
to be completely
naked is
in nature, or an exponentially off grid spot.

Atef Ayadi
Ecolo-Gistics And The Mysterious Market's Hands

i have just
to be
less poetic
less romantic,
and
less enlightened
in these matters.
anyone
who speaks up
of technologies,
five
or
six gees,
 bio, organic fuel,
please step aside
you are the in nazi camp.
it does not matter
who you are,
what is in your identity,
or wallet,
there is no need for
your six sigma rhetoric
or who ever claiming
to be a wiz
on paper,
on screens,
face and pdf books,
and around 3d printing,
hands on holograms and
military
no more then a
milligram gadgets
(pegasus or any google
spy when and where are all alike,)
no birds,
means no insects;
this means,
no seeds, no soft water fish.
no fish means simply no rivers
and no lakes.
trust me in that.

forget about the oceans
we all messed it up.

in order to restore
natural heritage
i mean our paradise,
one shall get rid of
prince charle
and all the rich folks
and the slaves
(minimum wage,
mexicans, aliens, overseas
rats and spiders)
and slave owners
orbiting around.
there are no other way around it.
get rid does not mean kill them,
nah! nah!
either we all evolve
into something organic
that take care of itself
aware of itself
live, thrive, and expend.
nothing and nobody
are left
behind this time,)
or just stick
on the back
seat
tie the belt
and welcome to the
ride
it is going to
be
a long ride to kansas.

who is going
to be
the amygdala?
who want to be
the hippocampus?,
corpus callosum?
the frontal lobe?
or
who wants to be
just
a spine
or a nerve.
be my guest.
just do not let rich people
make any decision.
they should be
a part of the colon
or just let them flee
free,
and
leave
the planet and orbit
around
the farty
gassy
uranus.

Atef Ayadi
Même Si Elle Va Brûler

même si elle va brûler,
certe,
la colere est une histoire d'enfant.
d'une manière ou d'une autre,
la planet va bruler,
exploser, ou decenerer.
et alors?
qu'elle par,
ici,
là, et
là-bas,
il y a un volcan.
et alors?

j'ai rien rien à faire!
même si le cas,
je vie ma vie
et pas mon temps;
et alors?

Atef Ayadi
Some Words Are

the word
i hate
the most
is
'respect.'

it is
not because
someone said
it,
so...

it is
ill defined
no use,
no blueprints,
no
nothing.

it 'words'
(a verb i have
just invented)
or sounds
like technology.

Atef Ayadi
Nihilism Or Nimbyism

someone without giving his gps and vocation said:
you are a nihilist!
what he meant:
you are not from us.
cause, it is true,
i do not believe in values that generated by the mind and has nothing to do with life.
(living in the now, anywhere,24x7x361 ;)
but also, morality is a gangster's invention.

so i do not dwell on this since, a principle is a way to put someone in orbit a round a value, or a set of values.
i tell you if one needs something from 'g.o.d' god.com, it is still feasible, and achievable; it may only take some times. it is like ordering something from netflix, or amazon
so make jeff besos
god,
mercury,
Mithras,
gilgamesh,
apollo,
pharaoh
is a piece of cake.

as i said, before
the usa
is a high school,
first and second grade only.
one would
say
i am offending
people.

it is 'good'
to awake
people of the caves.
cause
their nihilism
is anonymous
to consumerism,
and
is set
course
to burn and consume
entirely
the planet.
so
stopping
buying tuna
sardines,
clams,
lobsters
is on my list.

Atef Ayadi
Ta Ta Ta Or What?

when i sit
course
down,
not think
at all
about what i am
writing
whether
weathered
and tempered
attempted
poetry,
pottery,
poultry
or simply
ta ta ta ta
in action.

i hate
google, and
face book.
not for the j's and
bee
gees
and bee hives'
rhetorics,
or the bill 5G
no social
reasons
what so ever.
after all
these are the kids
the west
were and
unfortunately
still
are welded
piece by piece
screw by screw
and following the manual
i mean the fathers
or whoever
blue prints.

what is important
after all
tatatata
ta ta ta ta
tata tata
or poetry
if one like the 'ta ta'
thing
why one can't do it in the
physical
world
as if there
was
no
british
empire;
no french,
no spanish,
no portuguese.
the damage is done.
and no the j people
are doing the same.

by the way
i am not anti j
peeze,
peace
and peeing
in the street
(dog do that at ease)
deez,
and seas
i am anti civilization
as
i
know it.
sometimes
i think
i live among
the european
homo
neanderthal
and
archaic humans
with cellphones
who wants everything,
buy anything,
and sell sheep and cheap
laundry
and pillow talks,
and that'
zambi-nism.
may be we can talk about
albinism later.

Atef Ayadi
What Does That Mean?

a revolution does not need a gun.
freeing all the zoos inhabitants
may gives one
heads up.
planting a tree where it belongs
may seem irrelevant,
but that how
one starts a community.
a tree is a biom, hence
a natural community.
looking past
does not start
in ones memory
rather
it is about catching up with
reality.

Atef Ayadi
In The Name

i know it is boring!
and iris iz boring.
one can get some ice
to cool
off.
suppose one lives
in a planet that spins
hundred times less than
earth.
it has a moon, and everything else
is just fine.
do you thing
the ufo's local time
is slower than ours, earthers?
i mean their hour is
our hour divided
by hundred.
one can start dividing
only by five,
the rest,
will come forward
in a natural
earth local time.
maybe one
is lucky
if
one lives in proximity
of
the vertical
grenwich
zero time reference line.

too long
take a breath
or a brake
and come back
at any line you want to start
your leisure central time.
we are
not
different
from
chimps.

they all agree:
it is sunset,
it is time for
going back
to their trees;
as high as possible,
i mean far from
the
damn green which
witch
ground.
sorry,
like them
we do not use
our olfactory
skills and beyond.

we in other hand,
we go to the factory
or a warehouse
(a green house is only labels
and an over dose of a deadly advertisement.)

Atef Ayadi
what a survivalist,
or a 'prepper' as
a matter of fact
missed
is
the fact
that to
live
one needs
a sinister
plan a, b, c, and d.
a survivalist is
a being with a 'mind'
a prepper is
a passive
compulsive
consumer.
being here and now
does not need
a jerky mind
(one can compared to
all microsoft windows series)
all over the place.

if one add to all
of this
spywares, trojan horses,
artificial 'intelligence's' converging algorithms,
that is a formula
for global
survivalist.
keep the tension on,
upgrade
and update
all the
fight and flight
repertoire.

while
being here and now
with yourself, with others,
with nature
is a piece of cake, and unconditional
whether
with oneself,
with a 'lover'
with others,
starting with a pet
to
with 'nature; 'with yourself, with others,
with nature
the advertisement against it
is despicable.

business is business does not seems
neither
spiritual,
nor
uplifting or transcendental.
sorry people with tooth infection
there are no better word higher or lower
then uplifting.

the ugly
'truth' of an advertisement is:
one have to be very bourgeois
to live in the here and now.

at the same time
neither, bill, nor besos, nor mask can disconnect from their 'minds'
life
in survivalist
mode
looks like
a high school
with
corrupted
and corruptible
staff,
low or highly paid
instructors,
and
blue prints
of
'savoir faire'
from the ancients
passing the dark ages,
to the industrial
and stopping at
age of ai.

whatta a life?
or whatta a survivalist
surrealist
life style!

Atef Ayadi
Handle Them Before They Handle Yo!

this is an equation in a complex set, that
does not have
a solution.
however
lover,
and lovers
of quotes
and short cuts;
this is a mind
tape rolling
back and forward.
there is nothing
to handle
but the self.
as a matter
of
fact,
they are yo,
yo are them;
including of course
the natural environment;
i mean the planet
earth
we all inhabit,
and
of course,
the moon,
the sun,
and all the
objects
one can see in
the
night
sky.
i will add 'ufo' as bonus
in case you are from states,
and who is camping around area 51, 61, and 87.
i do not like to
say
how deeply
some
became
corporate and air punching bags.
the only missing
gear
for humanity,
the parking lot
gear
for the mind.

Atef Ayadi
Whatta Copy Right? Whatta Copy Paste!

i just do not
buy
this copy right!
this land ownership
laws,
and even taxes.
we are
like all beings,
we leave only
signatures,
foot prints,
blue prints,
some catastrophes
and
over time
rusted
trophies.
that all!

they say in french:
'les mendiants
ne
peuvent
être
que
des voyous '.

i personally
steal
words
stuff i did not create;
somebody did it
for me
or someone else.
i just
have
a natural
empty
consciousness
about this subject. may be because the system is created by thugs and supported by beggars. a good example is on can say love thugs and figs and love beggars can ask more than a bread or water.

Atef Ayadi
The Three Sisters

haiti has two other sisters.
tunisia,
and lebanon.
i could be wrong!
but
war do not stop and
never stopped businesses.
'au contraire'
some may actually make wars their business.
one,
the idea of slavery
and domestication are the same.
emigration is a form of domestication toward slavery.

two,
an idea, once generated or 'created' will never be destroyed.
that is my 'axiom'
it came straight forward from the conservation of info 
(r) and 'mation.'

three,
geo graphy
and cultural identity
has nothing to do
to escape
such self prompted
self wished
collective fate.

five,
i love to
summarize it
for you.
however,
throwing out
anything
is indestructible by nature.

Atef Ayadi
Too Wasted To Call

i spent times
in understanding the
world.

exactly,
like plato said.

the only thing
i overlooked

is

the idea that
there is a better way:
to be in the world.
too pragmatic!
too crazy!
everyone and
everything
in this world
embodies one's truth.
you can
say
crazy!

and there is another
better way!

i say
if it works for you,
enjoy it
first and first hand,
before
throwing out
some pieces
or
peanuts
of altruism.

Atef Ayadi
Where Is The Honey?

we do have many types
of bees popping up
everywhere and
twenty
four
seven.
(i am not jerking, i do not
like to mention eight. am i? but i can mention
seven eleven,
and of course
it is a french-ized store.)

this time, our bees are all sexes and creeds.
from justin beaver
(peace on him and for him
(depending
whether he is a life
or dead,)

who else?
and for fairness
in these days,
from dupa, to gaga, to bee-once-ey; female bees
are everywhere.
a wave after another,
except asians;
they are completely absent
in the west hemisphere
(where ever
and
whatever,
it i s)
every continent
has its own continental
bee,
bee hives,
and a lot,
allot, lots of honey.
i like chinese honey;
i mean girls.
the other chinese honey
is a pure corn syrup
with nectarines.
unlike china
the west
focus on 'bio' fuel
'natural' gas;
you name it!

latino?
yeah good bees;
honey?
not that match!

native bees?
nop!

where is the honey?
what these
new bees
and newbees
pollinate?

it is better to
see it for yourself.

one can see
for oneself
the irony
of evolution
unfolding?

natural bee
started to disappear
as soon
as the bee gees
showed up.

amazingly boring
subject?
yop!
so where is the honey?
or is it better to say what is honey? honey!
what is more ironic, platonic, and plutonium is, we do not even have a need for physical entities to do the same thing or close 'enough!' task. it is boring? yeah i know!
i figured it out from the beginning.

do we do need more than this? it dependents on ones dependencies to honey and bees!

my way of see ing it is simply: i do not like to see, hear, or be in front of a bee
sponsored bey gecko.

Atef Ayadi
Mind Your Own...

if someone
tell me
oh!
you misspelled
something!
i inform one
to mind
one's own dictionary.
of course
in french,
otherwise
i am cursing
or coursing
in my mind.
i just do not do that.
cause it is a disability
and a multi
trillion
liability
business,
in times of
quantitative
.easing,
qanon,
canons of all sorts,
qa, and quantum theories.

Atef Ayadi
The Mob Or The Public

who is to blame
all the wrong really doings
all the co2, all the cracks,
burning of forests,
all the beaches misfortunes,
all the rape
all the metallurgic reactions,
the need for more lithium,
more batteries,
more lipsticks,
more magazines,
more and more,
who to blame?
the enlightenment era of socrates?
to the the enlightenment era of kant?
to the enlightenment era of Simone de Beauvoir?
to the enlightenment era of hanna arnt?
passing through china confucianism?
stopping at Deng Xiaoping or the Tiananmen Square bloody man?
who to blame
the mob
or the public?
or the tiny little
man?
and by respect to
the feminism,
i  shall add
the tiny woman?

i must say,
no one is
concerned about
the being in time
or without time's
fake news and ads,
or without time's
temporality.
should i be
cconcerned with
only a dazzling
dazing
dialing
rhythms,
like seas,
ancient
oceans
beaches of natural white sands
to all dubai's
stolen natural resources.
i am not insulting,
i just find the
rhythm impeccable,
moving,
like sands,
and its interim dunes and mountains.
sorry,
i am not
typically
coming from
the sciences
depo,
repos,
depositories,
deficit department,
but i confess,
i went to a dentist.

Atef Ayadi
Neytiri

for every product
there is few to a million
pod-casters,
opinion savees,
life savers
intellectuals,
males, females,
and minorities of all
types and ranking injustices,
philosophers,
go-rue les feuillets,
redcliff, apostle Islands, wisconsin.

everyone
is sharing
something,
promoting something,
pro-melting ideas!
pro-breaking the ice,
pro life extending seeder,
a face bookkeeper,
a face mask reader,
a zoo keeper,
a baby sitter,
a black buster,
a weed to weed,
'i want you to understand'

the list is on until
you reach
the big guys game
and videos.
make sure your paypal is ready.

everyone is in the
the net
as an internet-naut
or a notter, a nutter, or xxx
rendezvous.

few lives in the physical
the real world.

some may ask
how to explain
your digital
signature in the internet?

i say,
i am an avatar.
i know both worlds.
all what i need
is to silent
myself.
i mean the self
that descart
peace on him
could not
comprehend.

Atef Ayadi
Like A

like a pair
of two black wholes
we are.

the world
withing and around each
is the heaven
we live in.
you can
see
everything
you want,

except,

first,

one has to disarm
from all the emo jeese
and all the bougies
all the gees and
bee gees
to a complete
silence.
while
now is unfolding
metaphorically.

or,
if you are a survivalist,
think of something
you
want to die
to see it;
feel it;
or experience it.
i mean
you want to
die for it?

Atef Ayadi
Hematology

i always think that
an economist is a hematologist.
blood pressure is synonymous
to inflation.
low blood pressure is equivalent
to deflation,
or a depression
1919
for example;
2008
is the perfect example.
i am still convinced
that
economy
is a book
keeping for
the very rich.
a new hammurabi's
instructions and equations
for the simple reason,
we are still under the grip
of few families and dynasties.
so, please
take off
words like
prince
and princess,
duke and sir.
they are parasites, viruses.

if uncured, one will bind for their will.

Atef Ayadi
Playing Cheese

playing chess or playing
with someone cheese,
it is a...starting with a d word
what?

a cheesy business,
i mean awful.
see, king survival depends
on three things:
space to move around,
pieces to protect him
and his surrounding and
at the same time check mate.
which means kill your king mate
or inmate in this big jail we all know and
experience, and at last be a king.
how awful?
whatta a waste?
what is about making the queen immortal?
i mean turning chess more funny?
or the sacred piece is the pond,
a night?
a bishop?
it is an absurdity
because it is game
and games are perpetual by nature.
so,
the old me
found
what i always like to do.
i do the sisyphus' game
with no need for gods,
mercury, especially the god--dess veenis, jupiter,
and whatever the f29 the chinese, the joe--wish, the chris--tion, and all the golf
region common, uncommon and 'never heard' of deities.
sorry about all
this.
it is just a message
not massage inquiry
for venus,
i do not care for chess
as long as the cheese is
cheap, not organic, and awful.

Atef Ayadi
The New Paris

and the new las vegas,
in
middle east
is dubai and qatar city.
sorry beirut has to fall.
that is the saying
it is not mine.
it is who build the new
babylon not paris;
with a new kind of 'La Tour Eiffel'.
it became common,
that the same people who finances
the construction,
the tearing down,
the profit, the non profit,
amnesty to green peace,
the red cross,
blackwaters
blue shields,
the red croissant,
or the red army.
minimum
wage
workers and soldiers are outsourced
here and there,
with zero rights
and infinite burden
nobel price
is another beautiful dynamite,
it gives
status
to who support
a system,
that is eating the earth
with all its life forms,
mashes and network.
maybe it is time
not to follow any
script.
Atef Ayadi
The New Business

democracy
is
the new business;
except in monarchies
that is a family business.

it works perfectly
and only
for ten
thousand
athenians.
or the belioneers
of these days.
someone like
bill 5g or 'coronna bill,'
besos muchos muchos pesos,
musk task or task mask
from pay me pal
in the internet
to
tunneling the lower atmosphere.
no difference.

Atef Ayadi
Intelligence 101

first this has nothing to do
with route 101
from Los anglos to seattle.
please to do not tell me
you are smart,
cause, being smart
is being an inmate
in a jail or who just got out,
who tried to outsmart the system
(a dump network of smart ashes,)
being smart puts one in
the category of survivalist
and survivalism.
in such domain
or category
there is no difference
between
a rapist and a nice guy,
a lion or
a zebra;
woman or man
a pet or a friend.
there is no difference between
a soldier
and a cop.
there is no difference between
a tree
and a lumber.
there is no difference between
a vegan
and a barbarian carnivore.
there is no difference between
fox news,
a canon,
qanon,
q1, q2, ...qn, cnn, snbc, msn b and c,
democracy
now
dot org,
the corbet repport,
the intercept,
or whatever you call it deep shopra?
they are all show interpreters,
hair groomed, brushed teeth and clean hands,
some times they do not
know
the 'faq' they talking about
mainly when they human right
while thinking about sex.

all survivalists love the 'word'
follow us, subscribe, read my book,
follow my podcast, my sha-piro
dot com.
all survivalist like plastics,
water bottles,
green labels, green advertisement;
like uber apps.
all swipe their little device up and down
looking for a morning gratification.

just to say
i am smart.

Atef Ayadi
La Bouffe, Bouffons Et Les Bouffants

we came to a point when
we need to betray the heritage all of it;
cause we are ruled by bouffants who insists on progress
a word that means destruction, agony,
and hell in paradise.
paradise means your are walking with a silent mind,
or simply meditating while still walking.
hell is to let the mind loos like a bouffant in the name of progress.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Just Trying To Deconstruct It

long ago,
i mean way before the ancient
time.
way before time and new york times
and wall street journal;
woman provides relationship, safety and comfortable zone for her kid;
man expand that comfortable
zone
by pushing the kid out.
by language, gesture, and persisting actions,
a kid is a new born universe
that does not need more than that.
nature
not god
will provide all the rest,
not plastics, cubes, plastic guns,
or video consoles.
that is god's shameful business.
we became an awful
specie.
few alpha or omega chimps
enjoys their neo liberal policies,
and anything else dies,
they will say cancer is a genetic for
example.
since when?
heart attack!
since when?
diabetes!
since when?
maybe it is a gene,
a karma gene
a revenge of the neanderthals
or a past sudden australopithecus
ramidus's wish out of desperation
for anything else other
than nuts and grass.
Atef Ayadi
What Is About Messi

ici paris is all about
buying diamonds;
a french advertisement from
the beginning.
it is true messi is
an exceptional dribbler;
actually the best;
he can cut and stitch five
players or six, including the goal keeper.
american footfall is only good
for selling bud-wiser for man
and hair dryers for woman and man.
i could be mistaken?

Atef Ayadi
One... One Universe

why only one masculine universe,
one masculine god,
one masculine system,
one masculine leader,
one and only one alpine cheese,
one lobster's civilization,
one yin yen method,
either one's way or the highway?
why?

Atef Ayadi
Gestures And Eyebrows

words are like
the four percent of matter
in a universe filled with stuff,
many many gestures, and
zillion of paired and impaired eyebrows.

Atef Ayadi
The Taile's Tale

i do not have a string attached, or the strings theory. i do not, but i did. i do have a follow up on the string theory but, and that's not a butt or about a bottle of gas or any natural gas alike.

why i need people to begin with. like many of you. born among people and they stuck stuff in my head long before i know it. sometime if i think of making copy of myself which animal i have to peer with. or a tree for example. it is absurd; immoral; implausible, evil...or the many fake news in your credible but not independent head. there always be a grabber, a seeder, a sarcastic, and followers. the grabber, like a thief, but one prefers to call oneself an alpha or an omega of some sort, but still, one is a thief. the sarcastic always find and excuse not to participate. followers are people who look for fun out of themselves. with one click, you will find them in the street. they have their argument too. seeders have many lenses.

i quit all of theses four patriarchal characters, cause I occupied all these positions. it was absurd. it looked as if, i lived in the heat of the savanna, and i was a zebra for sometimes,
sometimes a macaque.
it is true i became more civilized
by market mysterious hand
which means i am converted into a bonobo.

Atef Ayadi
a quarter century in the states.
still people ask me where i
came from.
i always answer stupidity with stupidity
intelligence with stupid intelligence.
people forget how big is this planet earth.
a sphere of a radius of
sixty five hundred kilometers plus
another 100 kilometer of atmosphere.
planet earth is one among other planets
-i mean spheres of possibly lifeless matter-
all theses spheres, big rocks, giant rocks, moons, lost moons, shredded glass of
different materials, appolo 1 to applo 11 debris, dust, and water snow flakes,
gas, and farts...-
that orbit a star called sun --soleil, shemsFM, IFM, IMF, ravi, Taiy ang, ilanga,
solntse, jua, la la..., your friend name.... the name is masculine, or feminine,
depending on where the language is originated.--
the sun itself is orbiting the center of a galaxy
--milky way, diameter of one fifty thousand light years, roughly hundred billions
stars, few tiny satellite galaxies.--
the milky way itself belongs a cluster of local galaxies,
this one also is part of a bigger giant cluster, and you find yourself in a river of
the Great Attractor.
the great attractor and other 'attractors,' space and time, and all the noise,
ripples, youtube, fb, and other meta and non meta things constitute
what we call the universe.
This universe itself is a part of zillion of universes.
i am a citizen of this universe,
so i do not see this question of where i came from relevant. i am everywhere,
anyway, all over,
also karma recucled and sent me over, to this odd universe, deal with that.
The Psyche Of Eros

It is favorable
to have a chancellor,
than a president.
A president is a disposable and over throw-able dictator,
every handful years.
A dictator is a monarch.
a monarch is a Pharaoh with a free cash bonus.
a Pharaoh is god with all imaginable bonuses and credits,
including all the unalienable rights.
God is basically
civilization's operating system.
Paradise is earth with everything in it.
Hell is letting the mind loose and eating its tail.
A kid is a growing universe that does not need
to be tuned, but peers in nature.
No peers and growing with toys and plastics,
that is a 'hell boy'.
China is a nice girl,
however, the other china,
is stupid, as matter of fact,
Hong Kong should be its best friend,
best ally, and
Hongkongers, also known as Hong Kongers,
Hong Kongese, Hongkongese, should be
the right or the left hemisphere of a brain
the yin or the yen
or the hole thing.
Just be, in the now and in the physical,
instead of
being hatemongers,
q-toes and friends, or an
impulsive
compulsive
lost 'soul' just for the occasion
followers,
including the 'wokes,' and whoever works, hang up, hugging and hug ups with
them
for whatever reason you may accustom to,
customized for you or delivered to you by amazon prime.
The planet needs brave people, in order to restore all lost biomes, biospheres, all the uncounted for mathematical spheres, cubical boxes, a bar, a café, a generic restaurant, a buffet, a 'beef it up,' to a poor village's dollars store, added to that, all the skateboarding spaces, galleries, and unclassified dark, dark net, and under the tree dating spots.
The west is still the old old west, except it is running at at the speed of the square root of pie.
American pie is either a processing monsanto food, or an unstoppable wild girl.

Atef Ayadi
How Close To Be?

sometimes i like
to say, or write something.
but i regress.
it is not about,
what you may and
may not think about
while being
in your comfortable parking spot. i
prefer, doing nothing, but
being in my spot.
that spot we talked about.
well if i say yesterday,
it means
we know each other. which,
probably we do not.
probably we did.
probably we do but we never really
did anything really.
someone through at me
an MF.
it just now,
only now,
i somehow figured it out.
while, may be you do not think
or believe you a chimp or
your hardware original manufacture
come from apes or collided with
chimps.
the awful truth,
we are still colliding with them
killing them
and destroying
everything,
i mean every everything.
i mean anything that does not grow in the internet;
which is a place predominately software oriented intelligence. i still like the
hardware part. i leave, this domain to zukker beg or berg, or idiots of Microsoft
quid pro quo google.
Princes And Princes

i hate these two words.
the more one uses them
the more monarchs persist,
insist on taxation,
rape,
and glamorous lifestyle.

Atef Ayadi
The Green And Other Staff

you may think, an add block,
a vpn may do the job.
you are wrong!
they are the first to sell you off.
they said, if you are afraid of rain
do not stay under the gutter.

Atef Ayadi
Is There

see i am looking for
a website without any advertisement.
a dot org or a dot poetry for example or
a typical craig's list.
cause there is a filter, a java script,
an ai of some sort,
about what aught to be,
what shall be a rhythm, a writing, or whatever you may think is poetry.

Atef Ayadi
Whatta Question Is That?

Can slavery reparations dismantle systemic racism?
plantations are all over the planet.
slavery are everywhere.
that is a systemic racism.
natives squeezed to the limits
and stripped off their way of life
that is what being exterminated
means.
if someone raped you once,
you think that is awful. and I agree with you.

but, what is about two hundred years of rape?
being a bourgeois is awful,
just check the news epstein and friends
cause, you have to be rapist from the beginning,
being a con artist is just a start. likewise means are simply ends.
one has to stop slavery first, before reparations may begin.

Atef Ayadi
Plantation

the economy will contract
few percent, said one bank.

Atef Ayadi
It Is Not About

it is not about
justice for the poor,
for the raped
and who get burned like a tree.
get rid of all the mighty deities
hindu, muslim, kazar and egyptian
they are all male lobsters.
they have nothing to promote life;
cause life is only a connection with no control.
who said morality is a good thing?
get rid of all the dusty symbols
and fancy scripts, and
life in the now
will stand up for itself.
get rid of the internet
and your cells and tabloids
cause life is physical.

Atef Ayadi
Amazon Dot Something

the hole 'republic, '
i mean the united emirate states of america
is an amazon dot something.
no wonder jeff bitcoin dash besos can get away
with all his lazy 'humanitarian' head shaved good ideas.
imagine how 'wall' mart after the fall
of berlin wall, killed off all tiny businesses.
imagine mansonto killing all the bees
and the gees without any need for a saturday night fever!
imagine a world
without insects,
bugs,
birds,
reptiles,
who is going to pollinate flowers?
robocom?
a poor native mexican?
a extraordinary mayan Guatemalan?
so please take off your hand off
haiti,
it is not a plantation.
please stop your dirty exceptionalism.
the planet had enough
of this mighty
robocall
advertisement.

Atef Ayadi
Too Much Talk! All What One Htfds

fafm,
tb oat hmop; aamof, toeiip.
g, ni, ohtcwtsc.
all what one have to do now, is to de-abreviate.

Atef Ayadi
the very few people who created the majority of problems, agree to allocate resources and status to geniuses who are willing in theory, to solves problems. or who is best seller book. best advertiser, best president ever.

peace on nobel, but, things that are created will never disappear, like chemical dynamites, software dynamite, plateform dynaite, general ai dynamite, emogi dynamites...you name it, and before you name it, please, check, if it is dynamite in nature. otherwise it is going to be a joke on the one who put it out there, for a reason or another. they call it karma-plus in LA. as to me, i like jokes, because i have a dead skin in the internet.

just to insure first, the ladies of all sort or walk of life of the internet, i love the physical world, because i do not need to type anything. say anything, and what is to vegas is to vegas. why i care about nebraska sand prairies....i do not know, ..., it is true, also i want to own a land down there. to keep myself busy. you know!

love is only sharing, in the now. if one does not have one's own version, sorry go to the javascript department of google or fb, they need human ai. close enough to nobel winners of the last decade or so. and they are survivalist, sheep and useless. just ask their x...x-friend, they are a failure in taking care of their pets. i mean, they follow labels and still look for free coupons on the internet. can you believe that.

Atef Ayadi
check box or as we know it now, as emoji bee gees for lols and the new ones who are eager to connect indirectly to the planet.
a new evolution? rewind forward, a 360 degree revolution, you name it and do the maths. sorry, i do not like spinning all the time.
briefly, a short cut looks easier, but that is where the damage occur, i mean the pain, the all mighty civilization-al human emotion new spectrum.
for less sofisticators, fornicators:
simply, consider emoji.
the good news, these emoji individual, groups, structures of some sort, are well emoji defined creatures. they are eating the planet alive, just for an emoji. just one per day. a new cocaine in every house or every cell, a constant fixation.
i do not need to tell you, and add that a check box is called functional and specialized mass algorithms, that is means, send it to the general purpose or specific task AI, depending on the where and in which plantation the slave consumer lives and how one is related to some network.
the reason they did that, is the fact that they outsourced these data to india for data processing, an crunching because they thought the labor is sheep, and the gdp is on the bottom ever since the bree-ish brexiteers left that plantation 'colony' in ruins.

Atef Ayadi
Leftist And Rightist

this is not about quarks
who is up and who is down,
who is bottom and who is bottom up
who is charm and who is strange.
who is left and who is right
america is a high school,
in which, someone is going to pinch
you, ignore you, point at you, yell at you,
toss a bear or a soda's can at you,
try one's will on you, bully you, yllub you, idlib you, and tube you
anyway.
america is a jail made up by the few
and maintained by the nine nine.
forgive me, i do not need to act and live
like an inmate.

Atef Ayadi
Peace On Him And On Her.

i do like to be another
sad Sisyphus, or a happy Sissi-phus.
because, I was.
i stopped that.
i do not need
to be an alpha,
an omega 6,
or a pinch bag, a very sweet heart beta one.
I do no like to be an advertiser;
please subscribe;
please click here;
sourcing and outsourcing crowd, fetching and
crunching data from sun set to
sun rise.
simply, i do not have guts for what is
'civilization-al' or what is morally imperative.

Atef Ayadi
We Don't....

we don't kill people, face to face anymore
we downgrade their lives.
get them into a dependency program,
and let them being torn until no more.
i like it to be an anthem
for the liberals
and freedom fanatic with tattooed faces withing faces.
we do not kill the amazon, it become a warehouse
for more addiction and tattoos.
whatta a jail we live in?

Atef Ayadi
Farms Or Societes

farms of millions of cows or should i say 'plantations, '
a society of pigs and cows.
no screams heard, no shouting, no strikes among the cows, no flock's
intelligence is emerging any soon, it seems.
slaughter houses in the thousands. I am sure a cow calf would hate his mom for
being dragged into existence.
karma works well against human, we all know
who is slaughtering whom, but who is the farmer?
from Pharaohs to J Besos, elan musk (the milky way new 'bourgeoisie; ')
why one should worshiping them? it must be an old version of QAnon that is
activated patched, updated, and upgraded by the: 'FARMER's' or big 'PHARMa's'
Advisory Board or sheep think tanks.
you know think and tanks are not advised by ancient preachers and their
respective prophecies.
yeah, thing evolves in unexpected way, maybe our expectations are only self
prophesies.
or maybe we do not understand the universe.
(the umbrella in which tiny universes like ourselves live in...)
it may look another Q4x4 self prophecy, but sharing is the only 'love' we need
lol! ! ! ? or maybe we will evolve from a lobster plantation to squids in open
water thinking there is no other place to run to.

Atef Ayadi
The Deeds And The Weeds.

i want to drop this fast.
as fast it may sound.
jerusalem, mecca, Tibet, and some spiritual sites like Ghats of Varanasi,
Taksang, Cenote Sagrado, Borobudur, Angkor Wat, Uluru, or even Stonehenge
must be an independent states.
imagine that. i mean the public in its entirety.
if you want one doom day or days of dooming, you gotta wait, that scenario is
happening for a while.
two jesus is neither an oppressor nor a bloody king.
so be him or foff off grid and get some fresh air. third, and this is the juice of
story, we all live in one paradise, what make you think this is gonna be hell! Miss
and Mr. civilization and addicted to tech an and sugar, and syrups. it is iridescent
when communities decide for themselves.
anything, else? everything is great.

Atef Ayadi
No Plastics

i am basically a sloth,
    so, civilization is not for me.
i like my retirement plan (since birth,) and no insurance
    is needed, and advertisement wont work on me.
did i managed to duplicated my self? no idea!
i do not look back either, cause i am slow too with a very stiffly sloth gesture.
    I like to do this in the street, but i am a sloth, i do not like to move an inch
from my tree, and i do not mind copy rights issues and loop holes. so, do it
    where ever you like, you may discover your issues with timing, duration, and
time.
    it is possible?

Atef Ayadi
I am throwing words into a stream, a watery soup, with some salty dots, some hot chilly commas, some leaves of question marks and a spoon of winy exclamation points, and some French vocabulary like 'je ne sais pas quoi'? ce qui n'est pas marron, les gaulois sont devenu marron et moin bleu que les jaunes.
i mean you can add your own noodles.
or add a stamp, sand it or sent it as a postcard to your grizzly or grizzleez.
it works.
the sum and the memory of all this soup thing,
is i have a need to off-grid and off for an extended period. and alone. you know what i mean? ? !

Atef Ayadi
The Courage Of 'not'

You can call me a jerk or turkey,
for me it is a yes!
i am not Shopenhauer
(peace on him!)
but
i just choose yess by default.
what one can do? ? !
i insure you, it is a mini tough to tough, depending in some situations, and
i do not have to site and website them between your hands (what happened in Vegas should not spill beans in Texas.)
yeah so 'SOK IT' means sometimes, saying yes may free you, free your bones, ...

Atef Ayadi
Why Not?

thoughts form like clouds.
rain, rainbows, storms, and thunderstorms.
I can't add a thing right at this stormy point;
or may be
i shall take this point off, or
may be
words eat themselves,
or simply the storm form beautiful clouds.

Atef Ayadi
I Think....

I do not have issues with tolerances minus pie.
I just give an F B52 to that domain.
But since, paradise had become a dumpster,
oils spills, and dead fish for the take;
I HAVE TO STEP OUT,
out of my 180 degrees 'negativity's zone' and
and appeal my high 'intolerances' about the issue
In
Hand. (not only my hand, but yours, grisly! ! and Macedonians and
academicians....apple bee people customers are not included, for example...) .

Atef Ayadi
Dema-Gogueries

I am not gaguing, gogging, vingoging here. 
'democracy' is a fancy word for l'art des conneries' among eastern chimpanzees and bonobos. 
Sorry we are not at the level of third chimp status, 
cause we all square rooted in pain and agonies. No wonder Socrates opposed it. 
It is a system of thieves who evolved into monster holly--Car-- keys. 
The consented wisdom is about an ecological disaster, not for us the chimps, include 'Les universalistes francais, et les pauvres gilets jaunes;' but anything non human. 
Did I squared it for you squared roots. 
Please do not tell me that you are not a 'Squared root' a Qu&non &Associaes-CO, LLC, a Q2x2 or Q4x4, a lamber lover or fun-natic, it does not matter, 
cause you are simulated into a big advertisement, only thieves can profit from it. 
It is a black hole basically. 
And please free your dogs and pets for a day, cops will bring them back unharmed, will they be? 

I do no know that it is the best job for cops, it could be, search and rescue non humans. Period. not civil soldiers, rapist, and 'Oops I forgot my TEASER at home, that's why I shut him and her, and her down. it was dark, i did not see them anyway. my computer is from the dell-i-Microsoft, see yourself, the spywares took over it. No RAM, So, I was not able to call 911 for them. so their all dead at peace and in one piece.'

Atef Ayadi
Bit By Bit Coin

Advertisers are one of the mysterious hands.
Whoever throw the bitcoin paper is mysterious.
Like an Olympic flame, from peer to peer to mining farms in north pole uses electricity as much as LA and Saint Fransisco all together.
Everything has to fly these days, fast, and green.
Anyway you slice it, it is pro-f-table.
Trust is dependability,
Therefore addictive,
Hence, and thereafter, this planet is going
To be another mars, or an Arabian desert, only camels, tanks, and a BS can survive on it.
or maybe, I said maybe, a Kepler-452b or Ross 128 b is needed;

Atef Ayadi
Civilization

let's make
it
clear;
I am not a 'Mooji' or an emoji!
get that? hope so!
if not get laid or have an herbal tea from an river or stream you choose --and
hope it is not polluted by plastics or lipstics--
it is my own construct (so we are in the deconstructionism section of a formal
functionalism and development...you know what i mean? that is the consequence
of being civilized by default.)
It is laughable,
I Would not.
What i would say is (and I hate to be called wise, because I FWYH, ETSOY, ETLH,
YNI.)
And
to make it short for you,
you
and
you only,
is: to live like F21-auristocrat.
The mayen did it, the roman did it
The 'Muslims,' the Neo-imperialistic-christians, the Gospal+++ messianic
organization, the Bre-ish, the German, the Khazars, the Mongols, Carthaginians,
the Tatars, the Kurdish, the Armenians, the Chinese, the Persians, and anyone
who has a clean hand and polished nails as well.

My Apollo gees for being to civilized for plastic, radioactive, and explosive
sometimes writing style, with plastic words and on mainly on plastics. and please
do not ask me about, upper cases and where i come from?
I am simply moved from birth from low speed paradise to a cubical high speed
hell.
what keep rolling the civilization is an 'advertisement'
whatever advertisement means to you, please to tell me the holy '....' I do not
care about your free four dots.

Atef Ayadi
Are We?

I have a question!
Are we citizen of this planet?
oui ou non?
Yes and no?
¿Sí o no?
Ya atau tidak?
Sim ou não?
haan ya nahin?
Shì háishì bùshì?
Hai, moshikuwa, ie?
Ya ora?
Aemn ru bo?
Erê an na?
Ayo kam Voch’?
K’i an ara?
Da ili net?
It is axiomatic by now.
right?

I am just trying to ground you to nature, and please forget about your sweat
heart dog, cat, and what is in that spectrum.

to understand nature
one has to disconnect with anything civilizational!
Lol
and
'What is wrong with that? '
is not my line. You know what I mean?

Atef Ayadi
Irony

In the age of 'Techx,' we all become spies and Informants.
Covid twenty nineteen
Captured and united us like a tribe of
Harems and
Hated,
Heated, and despised Afgans.
Life is still a simple connection without a sense of
Lust or control.

Atef Ayadi
So,

'. . .I know!
and completely
agreed!
But, I am not a samurai in Poetry. Cause I Can do the
Basics, and almost everything with my hands, limps, skin, hair, and face in the
real world, despite the spikes of corona --Worth mentioning: Big pharma got for
themselves a job
from a thin air...--'
I do like and I do not like to comment on my artwork.
I am open only in the physical world, however, in
literature, I am very copyright oriented agent;
Literally and mainly about staff that means nothing.

Atef Ayadi
Beep Beep Or Peep Peep?

First lets settle this one (at least among poets for self-gratification, dilated pupils, flashes, or for all the narcotic 'Tous est organique' freshness.)
How Beep Beep sound to you?
And Peep Peep?
What is about noq naque?
tic toc, thought though?
Guan-tan amo? Amo Guan?
Lic lock, slick pick, and fork with dilated pupils?
We (the many tiny humble creatures, or the Thyneseze) agree then, these above are only a bunch of blanche words, in a crazy world of Fanta, Zy and 5G.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Black

'Before hand, I am not playing Id.P, I leave that, to who's life has no 'Watt Ever', whom adapting a liberal 'quid pro quo' with no lid on it! who is fancy in purchasing only from 'Besos's prime.' or who may think is the one in language, another Chomski, or an anthropology cavalier. briefly, i am playing chess, with black pieces, and compromising my data in the internet. Sorry that's the only tax i pay to our plastic and surgical civilization.

Atef Ayadi
Low Speed

Am I much of a low speed person?
yop!
Am I a Hacker?
Yop! and Nop
yop, I am too primitive, I like it.
Nop, I 'hate' javascripts and algorithms, I use sharp stones to carve something out and a dead wood stick to dig a hole.
Sorry in paradise, cops watch nature and soldiers defend it. and please no gun powder or involuntary gastric smoke.

Atef Ayadi
A Nice 'tittle' As They Said

Too short, a language is a platform,
So rapping, creeping, seeping,
reaping,
weeping, beeping, peeping, bloating and nearing rip-raps wont be much of homeland social security or a black hole problem.
Let is agree, by freeing ourselves for a moment, ...
I have no idea what triggers your senses or what makes your universe viable? Too boring, O'ring, Yet efficiently short. I recycle words, phrases, wood, stones, scraps, left-overs...and any thing that is generated, made, and home-made possible for the comfort of the passive consumers, and for the sake of some monarchs, industrialists, planatation-nists, tranportation-nistas' (from a to z) steam.
So let recycle it, all of it for the sake of the planet. Nothing is wrong in doing art when one realizes that this planet is a tropical paradise. If musk and besos like to go to mars, that is fine with me, but please take with you any tesla AI, robiot, and your crazy homo-technicus, homo-habitus, and homo-logisticus managers; and also, please add more mass to the moon so it wont go away.
Nothing is wrong by cutting this page vertically into two halfs or more and create and ideology (i mean a fractal of words or a nice standing and sustainable structure.)

Atef Ayadi
The New Michael Jackson Prince

my vote,
my consent, my ultimate
unconditional AYE
IS locked in

FOR BRO
Tim Johnson Jr.

Atef Ayadi
Words To Zombies: Prose 1

b
bai
bee
bee

bored
waaa
waa
aaa
aa
my

ai
ii

ay
mi
my
vi
i
iie
ay
aye
gy
ii
i
aaa
naa

i
ii
ezz
iz

ii
ay

mee
Assange

he is

my brother,
and possibly

your Jon Snow

Atef Ayadi
Kenna

i love you mae

but

you are sad

un
ree
solved

about the dark ages

if music is timing

i am
offering the space
the white darkness
the wit darkness
the dark
darkness
the chocolate
darkness

maybe
you
you come back

to your senses
may be be
you sing this time
less dark
may be yor unplug from your memories

my skin could be a guitar tuned by your hands.

Atef Ayadi
Do You Want This Or

i love u...........r
butt
you can't by
pass your own fire
wall
is is trump

jack orange
between us

i am where i am
where are u now?

Atef Ayadi
May....Be

may be
you come to to rationalitees
may be you realize
you are the universe
all of it
all of you

please
tease
tease
your skin
once of all
please pillow
talk
once
without fears
tears

and resurections

i forget one more thing!

turn off ur cell

i am physical

not a mainstream rapist
please rapping is no more political

Atef Ayadi
Oops!

without
google
translate
dot

org

i love you
un
con
dee
tion (like lotion)
ly (ckeck with lee or a czech republic citizen)

i can
withdraw
all my support......

i have no regrets
no re
no g
no 5g
no rets
no rats
not bats
no hats....
do u feel me (fill me is for prescriptions) now
do u understand me now....

Atef Ayadi
Il Est Cinglé...Or Peut-Être Je Le Suis

One bartender who i admired dearly, for one
he was working on his P.H.D on philo, came and shouted at me
......F2 you...F3 you; the next day came to me and apologized
...i told him that in both instances....nothing is for me or about me...he backed
off silently.....while keeping his eyes fixed on me...this made him more angry....i
can tell from..his teeth..
This bartender (majored in library science and worked in the main library in town
as well as his young brother who is a bartender too) ........he came to my table,
outside, and told me:
you are a nihilist, there is something in our values you may consider?
i told him, in dealing with values, the only thing sacred is life, and life means no
control....i went inside to the counter to ask for another beer....he bought me a
can of old style and kept shouting while his face approached a foot from mine....i
know what does means male to male face to face....it is a primitive display of
aggression...to tell you the truth i am very comfortable...i content to feel
alive....cause this poor guy is talking about him self...there is nothing about me
or for me....

Atef Ayadi
I Hope You Are Fine

if you are fine... hope you are....
standing up like a tree...
or simple life form...
flying and ezzzz-ing like a bee
if you are fine, I am fine and happy for you...and I always....be

otherwise....take a breath, ....
drink some water...and surely, soon you will be...

Atef Ayadi
A Word To A Future Young Soldier

They said, if you want to die, die for a good reason....
I don't want you to die;
Cause, you are that good reason....
so please, be your own soldier....if
there are any good reason....

Atef Ayadi
Not Means Nothing...Anything..Whatever..

ahh! it is tough! to write anything
but i realize i am doing it....
Nothing!
stop
me to say
bye politely
sincerley....i am...
i want to hit ENTER...
and go back in what i am doing...
call crazy eileen, i do not care! !
by de nouveaux! !

Atef Ayadi
Do-It Yourself Poem

i appolo- gize in advance...avant-gardism is fun ride...conservatisismo....shut the memories sometimes....
it is only a fun ride.

1.)ONE TEA SPOON OF SHAM-POO
whatever u-got is handy......

oo)be-yourself is a good exercice...
...)Light-up the candles, or bonfire the ambiance maybe lovely for some..

what the &quot;f9 branded beautifully branded non-lipstics on the book-shelves&quot; difference-in-the-nuances that will fake a fun to be more and more phisical...i preach for physicality on earth...as a way to live....yop! but i do not have nothing to swear on...except mother nature....and on a video game i played well.

Atef Ayadi
This Is How Green I Am.

i love fruits...
i wash them if they are made, or grown in the USA or "out"; .... in an industrial, profitable, corporate, from mantono-Bayer to millary-complex....way/method.

sorry if too long...?
but i do not wash any fruit growing in an open nature...((will never consider open nature project....until...it iz proven by myself....no oracle will guide me in this...trinity, neo, morpheus, google agent smith...micosoft cypher, agentjones and the jones of NGOez, a forgotten Apoc, dozer, tank, ..all african, chinese-like or hybrids....(i love them all.)
i stop...only at "the spoon boy" when it comes tyo fruits...
and i do not worrieey about the existence of any matrix' architect....))

Atef Ayadi
The 10 Achievements....

i achieved everything....i feel nothing...
if achievement is about moving a rock
up and down or left and right.....

why one needs ten.
if one lives a life of an android.

(achievement is a digital 2,8,16,32,64.... bit of data in the realm of android...
pc, robots, a self-imposing, Ibm, bell@bill@gate-spyware, unix, AT&T, an army
of of google/facebook fake on paper algorithms, and some handful coca to
cocaine addicted type of bourgeoisie.)

Atef Ayadi
First And At Most....To Consciousness

i donot have
rapping, hip-rip-hopping rythm
to start...anything....
forgive..me...

but for the sake of consciousness....
ess or ness has to be added

so...i can not explain it...
i like to keep the population 7 or 8
billions
address and carress the global systems
the chinese are killing rinos, elephants communities and other
species for fumues and and medecines....
the west invented derivatatives....
ives...
but the media try to berry the damages...
natural desasters....massive migration sunnami of all types...
by focussing on millitary heroic interventions...

as to consciousness....
yo know how...
no ness....less....ess....
i want to move to

saint something....
a premitive resort...somewhere...in remote place...
a boat crossing the ocean...or parking in deserted bay...

i like to learn to let it go of controle...

Atef Ayadi
Laisse-Moi Tomber, Je Rest Dungh-Duangh Avec Toi!

et toi ne reviendra pas...ah

papa ah,

mais je suis
laisse moi- faire
come toi...

dang dung dand duang

alor laisse-moi faire...

i want to inserted into a rythm....
in the physical world...where i reside...exiled....
forgetting sometimes...like a rock in a a forgottent park

la vie, revie a reprise....
sorry for being too french pour toi.... english is a language of
transaction plus derivatives....i am 2 physical,
mais je suis un
avatar, mayabe 2019,
en principe, ....je le fais preci-za-mant....

l'amour vien apre's..

from my &quot;heart&quot;:
i hope it was/iz/be-ing in/into have/had/been having/will have fun... ride..

Atef Ayadi
It Is Not An Oppology....And I Doubt, It Going To Be One....

my exercice on language is not pre-regerulatory....(replace ory to riale or go straight to paris-sain-germain if you are a french whatever: from the senegal, mali, cote divoir...from nice (where my 3 nieces live.... hope they thriving...)to sebastian...north...to belgium....

yeah...i am not a poet! !
i registred my name....labels....and spiced up and upssed 2 you........so what....

a kid playing with words....Num-lock's pad.
i am playing....
the no rules' game....alone wolf, a viking tiger...
sometime....freinds are included....inclusively and exclue-no-clue-gardening workout-weed-outs.....

my hope...you are alive, alife....and expanding....and stopp cutting trees....you miss-ter lamber....stop! ! ! ...stop the shuppin, cutting- mowing the grass, at tealless for a day....palestinians....people of naimar, part of gabon...are hunted down like trophies....and

no one is millissieousuntil now humanity...is eating it self up from within....hey i am not...The Oracle, but i can garanti- 100 per cent free....i am a set back.....a joke is not enn-naff to change my mood....

you are as real as the one who lives in the phisical world....
this is how i filo- phized it and throw it to this long white board....

Atef Ayadi
Be Comfortable...

the dot COM of poempluters are acting like bankers....
so i leanned to TWIST OR DO THE STARURDAY NIGHT bee gfeez thing...
amy wine house....annie lenox....charl aznavour, mea christ...1d leading survivor
zayn malik.... some african...rarely central europe...no russian what so
ever....latino...yess....and nop sometimes...yeah i am upto date....
Hear Me In This 1...The Monsoon Season

first one does stand for a DOLAR BILL....
2 means next page....is about drilling through the shell of the mountain as away to release water pressure in thai-caves at will...to...one can put a lid after all that is achieved....

we learned by now what iz a damage is...and how one can slides/"inging" down the....the call is to executea collective call for the sake of 12 kids in thailand...passed THIS...not for me...as it about....12 to 13 years kids...from thai-land or it is possible something close to nay-mar...it is about soccker...but kids has to pass some test....or that their own way to build a team.....

Atef Ayadi
I Hope This One Works....? ?

I forget what
to say.....

time is a mental space....more computing.. more energy...the faster the senapses, the network... like flooding cave...some kids (12) are trapped with an adult teaching kids how to navigate in the darkness.....these thai kids are more adventurous in natural wonderness as if they are bugs of earth...discovering the ground
and
darksome
undergrounds....we all responded, in the physical world, we responded finally to mothers call and the danger....is shared in the network....disperced around the global as its best and everyone, i think will add the fire...to the fire if we need to save the kids anywhere in this planet....F9 the governmoment and the beaucracy of anything if you can not save a human...somewhere in this planet...it is like 911, or 912...i hope you got the clip...? ? right....? ?

boring 2,

i know.....m....NOT ASKING FOR....CLUES....I AM SHARING AS IT
AMY WHITEHOUSE IGNITING MY SENSES....
&quot;WHEN I WAS DYING and one....and you know&quot;....
i am not 2 mutt-ish in the sky....may a beer and hot coka, a resep-pie,
recep=peeze for beans....
bye....hoping to come back....whatver the sky will be...

Atef Ayadi
I Am That Neantherdal

leaving the caves of southern Spain
and far from the apes's pradises
to north africa....semi to hursh tropical forest
(we ear bananaass)
again in the north AH! ! - merry criss- miss...id not have time for you to
maximum security to a sudden openness....to Apuculpa..the indies-perruvian
southern amosian asian mixed natural....i want to google you before you do....as
to my achievement....video- game (s) like google tranport-the game is on.....let
your blue beat me in this, i hope i can leave a dna in you.....o- r- full izit? ?

Atef Ayadi
Ignorance Is Freedom

Read more: sciencetech/article-3118627/Ignorance-really-bliss-unaware-gives-people-freedom-boosts-creativity-claims-#ixzz5FiazMupW
Follow us: @Mail on Twitter | DailyMail on Facebook
crup..coding....not mine....yet...ignorance is a bliss.

Atef Ayadi
farting...i do all types...all the time...it is my second art...cutting
rusted meshaa- tee..tech- thing
edward snauden....i respect him...
exactly, like that tree in your yard...or whatever you have
on your right or left hand...

Atef Ayadi
I LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU....

NO POLITICKING....NO TICKING AND TOW-KEN..TAKEN..KINGS. OR PRINCE AND PRINCESSES...
WELL YOU HAVE TO BE CRAZY LIKE ME.....YEAH THAT HIGHLY CRAZY...TO

THE POINT....
IT
IZ

FLAT AND UNDESIRABLE....
FACEBOOK ADS FROM ZACK? ? ICEBERG...OR BURGER KING...WHAT DIFFERENCE GONNA MAKE....IF THE PRESIDENT EATS A BURGER EVERY DAY..OR HE IZ A BURGER...WHETHER MALA- NIA IS A "SHAMPOO...NOT GOOD FOR ME, DO NOT TOUCH ME, FOR 2 OR X WEEKS... EVA-INKA IS A DRINK, ONLY...NO SUCKLING
....SO YOU KNOW, THE VODKA DERIVATIVES EFFECTS AND SIDE EFFECTS..."

IT IS... a CERTAIN AFRICAN WASHINGTON...(WAS HE?) ....WHO SAID...
LET'S THE BURN BEGAN.....THINKING..."HOT WINGS...." WHILE...
THE AUDIENCE THOUGHT...IT IZ SOME THING

ELSE...? ?

Atef Ayadi
Why Not! ! ...?

i am cranky..today...

mike waved while napping dreaming in the garden....WHEN...
i said...hey..FARR- TASS! ! ....he waved back.....(good news...he responds...) ..the other fake news...from where i stand...
one of his twisted hand's FINGERS...are asking me to go....away

ME...THE SCRIPT IS SIMPLE
TAKE EVERYONE TO DICTATOR SHIPS...

...
IN A VERY GOOD, DISSENT... ONE CENT...HUMAN WAY....

GOT THAT...THAT TYPE OF GUY...THAT COUPLE OF "JE N'AI SAIT PAS QUOI! ! ....AND THAT COUPLE LEFTIST LEZBIANS....INCLUDING SOME BUR-MA-NEEZE! ? ? REFUGEES....FROM BURMA...OR I DO NOTT KNOW WHERE....THEY COME FROM....WITH BLUE..GREEEAN SOFT MELLOW HEAR..

Atef Ayadi
As I Said.....Back Off Mallow

yeah...she iz noy-ce....she has major....challenges....
i do not have tools or kits for survivors....sorry...guy-iz...

the industrial revolution is over....please make room for new ones...not very
bourgeois....of fancy...and i am not talking about
the ara- bik.. H-P-O..P-L-O...muddy spring.....it wazz...
the last last and last no more..show....

i am moving to California....who has a hole up there? ? ....
i am tired of soybeans and corn fields...it is bio fuel for trump sake
...get over it....and no beer at all....and fake in wine.....

to California
the heart of the matrix.......
i am always has space.....time....means a meaning full experience...
other die- mentions...please...it iz an experiment....and know you like to live
inside a video game that you consented (since birth) to stay in, live by, ...and
follow the sheriff rules....

i have no fear of facing you....no fear....at all...one always pay for
...own imaginations and fancy see fanta- see...

at the end....it is me going to California...i have place in mind....

Atef Ayadi
Please, Don't

if i want to be butchered i choose by one member or members of an amazonian tribe...
or the most wild form of nature.((thank you humanity for self preservation attempt))

anything different... f12 off! !
even thought, i prefer to have a beer before, .....any con- ver- sation. ........
.. and something handy to balance my stomach....

i am still.....

a peacefull gesture...
would be............

"a home made bottle; of a good good water...i mean from the amazon river....
an do no trow- feez or nestly...that pays next to nothing for Michigan groundwater...while toxicating kids....for hight returns.

Atef Ayadi
Bio- -Kracy

the story
there is none....

i am thinking.....

Atef Ayadi
Is There A Place In Which?

nature is still alife?
people are alife?
where beaches meet forest and mountains
and still alife?

i like to go there!

Atef Ayadi
Is There Some One Who Can?

send me the formula of einstein's light bending theory?

thanks.

Atef Ayadi
My Pledge To You

please, connect to this guy. he is friend from Tunisia. the best green ecologist the country has to offer and justice fighter.

Rem/Ram
private channels are not prohibited but what happened in vegas stayed in vegas.mif no picture is loaded, the face is in the book

thanks.

Atef Ayadi
To Anybody

FUNAI, estimates that approximately 77 isolated tribal groups live in the Brazilian Amazon. Some tribes have dwindled to only a few members due to diseases spread by outsiders and invasive practices, such as logging and ranching.

please support our humanity by supporting the 77's cause.
If one believes 'it is impossible!' one can grow, a tree or plant or simply go and be in amazon forest (if one founds one self in.com it is because one is looking for a buy or best buy. If one finds a tree in one's laptop or other platforms i would say it good but please stopp being plugged in the matrix and get out.)

bey!
for now.

Atef Ayadi
La caridad es una palabra lamentable. Elgoog en otra parte es un partido para la humanidad células-T. creo, los europeos piensan de ellos mismos que son de clase alta. el resto del espectro de la humanidad no es sino un mascotas orgánicos necesitan ser alimentados de vez en cuanto de vez en cuanto; y eso es lo que significa caridad. si lo que ninguno habla de un 1 por ciento de Drácula y la nueve-nueve por centavo zambies.

Atef Ayadi
Charity is a pitiful word.
elgoog in other hand is a match for humanity T-cells.
i think, Europeans think of them selves being upper class.
the rest of the humanity spectrum is nothing but an organic pets need to be
occasionally fed from time to time; and that is what charity means.
if so none talks about 1 percent Dracula
and the
nine-nine per
cent
zombies.

Atef Ayadi
Ness Tunisia: Stasera Al Ben Brikene

C’è il coraggio in Tunisia.
Ci sono donne che hanno il coraggio,
l’uomo che mancava era, e bambini che sono scivolando indietro nella storia
tèbresde
senza essere alimentato o essere ascoltate.
ci sono cave Tunsie
umido e freddo
per i poveri e mesirables
per Cosette, Gavroche, e Jean Valjean.

Atef Ayadi
Ness Tunisie: Ce Soir À La Ben Brikene

Il ya du courage en tunisie.
Il ya des femmes qui osent,
des homme qui dosent, et des enfants qui se font glisser par derrière dans les tèbresde l'histoire,
sans être nourri ou être entendu.
il ya en tunsie des cavernes
humides et froides
pour les pauvres et les mesirables
pour Cosette, Gavroche, et pour Jean Valjean.

Atef Ayadi
Mon Professeur De Chimie Bio Organique Et De Marquage A Écrit

Autrement dit, dans les sociétés normales, on ne fait pas obstacle à la parole mais on classe différemment les gens. Les savants pondérés et éminents sont écoutés avec grand respect. Les satiristes sont écoutés avec un moindre respect et avec perplexité. Les racistes et les antisémites sont écoutés à travers un filtre d’opprobre et sans respect. Les gens qui veulent être écoutés attentivement doivent le mériter par leur conduite.

C’est organique, belle et rose, romantique; pourtant, les sociétés ne font pas de guerre, les entreprises n’hésiter à le faire.

Atef Ayadi
CHARLIE

YET

I LOVE
Ferre, Adila Sedraia, Dalmais, Boujenah, coluche?

TOTAL

CHARLIE

Atef Ayadi
Non Sono Charlie Hebdo

NON SONO CHARLIE

ANCORA

AMO
Léo Ferré, Charles Aznavour, Piaf, Jacques Brel, Adila Sedraia, Camille Dalmais,
Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus,
Voltaire, Charles Baudelaire, Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Louis-
Ferdinand Céline.

NON SONO CHARLIE
perché,

Io sono la Quinta Repubblica.
Io non lavoro per TOTAL.
NON SONO IL PRINCIPE DI KATAR.

NON SONO CHARLIE HEBDO
’Causa satire non sono utilizzati odio.

Atef Ayadi
Je Ne Suis Charlie Hebdo

JE NE SUIS PAS CHARLIE

POURTANT,

J'AIME
et je glisse dans la liste
Michel Boujenah et coluche.

JE NE SUIS PAS CHARLIE
car,

je ne suis la Cinquième République.
Je ne travail pas pour TOTAL.
JE NE SUIS PAS LE PRINCE DE KATAR.

JE NE SUIS PAS CHARLIE
car, les satires ne servent pas la haine.

Atef Ayadi
GATS...GATS...GATS...GATS...

OU getto...OU getto...OU getto...

OU getto...OU getto...

OU getto...

Atef Ayadi
papillions ????,
?????? ??????? ????? ??????,
socrates ????,
?????? ??????, ...
?? / ???? ????? ??? ????? ??? ??'? ?Kmart.
??? zibra, ?????? ???????? ????.
??? ??? ??
???? ????? ??.
?????? Moncento wiki ???.
???????, ?????, ?? Uncategorizerd ?????
??? ?????? ??? ??????? ????????????,

?? ??? ??????? ?? ????? ?? ??????,
????? ????? ????? ?????? ??????. ????? ???,
????? ??? ???.

????? ??? ??, ????? ?? ?????? ??,
????? ????? ????? ??????????? ?? ???.

?? ????? ????? ????,
?
????? ?? ???? ?? ???.

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

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

Atef Ayadi
Unpublished Poem, Complete Name

dear papillions,
dear real adult poets,
Dear socrates,
Dear lovers,...,
Dear Mr./Miss Smart who works between NASA and Kmart.
Dear, zebra, and lions and cat lionesses.
dear mother nature's
hazard and fire fighters.
Dear wiki Moncento lakers.
Dear uncategorized poets, artists, and dear
rebecca mackinnon type of mainframe heros,

it is good for this community to count on its members,
we are the best nature has OFFERED. ONE SHALL,
BE GRATEFUL.

my peace in you, may the world into you,
may one be free from one's self.

only guilt will guide one,
to
the word of one's pain.

may the force
of your right brain
draw a force in the left one.

our planet is our utopia
feel free
to be that nature
i want to be.

Atef Ayadi
**A Little Boy Lost**

by William Blake

Nought loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.

I accidentally watched venerate reason tv.
i did'nt see, heard, assimilated week to beef-it-up
ideas, light, or consultede the woids of dreams
that may interfear with your own mobile network watched venerate reason tv.

However
Frankly, this is the right time to check with this guy(+++*&^%$#

{POIUYT+++)

I ask, to read hi5 -09876
things, may or may be that may lead
to heal what may desire,
an 'ego-ing' mates with agony who clames agon & y...egony...is an N urd
causes me to free some of my f12 space from
roses, and wikked beeze,

with art
you only
see
what thy allow you to seek.
me i do not consent
interfering with your inner signal and your emotional google powered tech
cause i hold you
and i hold myself responsible
for any kidd, kitten. in-sect-inser-gent-bactertia, trees. the moon, mars, ufos in & away,
hope this may not escalate,
See,
art is my way of thinking right now.
I do not have to swear
to you or to anything or to pointless kill bill women horror's movies

some time, cause and causes may and will
fatefully put us
in a natural setting.(1
tree may work or other nature's creatures)

may our peace
lasts;
temporary lasts
and last may have
peace.

Atef Ayadi
Fear Of Consent

Imagine a world as beautiful as this beautiful day.

imagine skepticism, is just a word.

and resistance is only wind

spot a picture of a person, spot a voice
and imagine a face
a thing, stuff through all the merda you've been through,

or simply look around yo!

up, then down.

AND HERE,

consent is simply awareness.

right!

? 'not' a bingalo, see=sha, masha, Hot-shot, assimilated simulation Bingo.

RIGHT? ?
sorry,

yo do
not
HAVE TO CONSENT ON THIS
'who & whatever is.'

AGAIN,

I CONSENT:
YO CAN LOOK @ ME

I do not CONSENT:
DO $ WITH ME.

Atef Ayadi
What Is The Diffence? Anyway!

obama,

verse

NON-obama's CARE? ?

Naaas entrant!
Naass sortant!

will1 ya3-mill elkhear

gets the sheers

and stocks of words in Wikipedia Britannica?
willi ey-door-180

yelka 180...

hajra...

wel mee-zaan
masnou3 min diamont wev-hab!

amon avie,

180 direct
mieux que direct 180.

Atef Ayadi
Obama's Care

I hear a faller saying:
'...
Obama likes drones
throwing bombs
on people's heads
and permit the corporations to experiment with our follow citizens
and unearth the planet.

All what i hear is tax payer....
and some soft vocabulary....

If pain is inevitable,....this planet will suffer for a long time
unless.... everyone has to occupy a position in this planet!

if that what obama cares about! well next time he wont get my pass ticket!
...

Atef Ayadi
Occupy Cu...The Juice

it is not about the juice of the juice
the 1%
of the 100% made from real juice,

but,
it is about juicing your life first,
and then juicing people's life in a second time, place, and location; as one sees
this has nothing do with percentages, social status, and status co.

Atef Ayadi
occupy champaign is a another taliban movement, except it is run by girls with balls.

merci
bonsoire!
on chanteeh!

Atef Ayadi
Occupy Cu@..Aay-Personally Need A Manger

occupy shampoo banana is like chakchooka (a spy-see-sissi-coocked with vegetable and meat, kind of thick soup)

little steps make things happen...but in chambana, it is not about little steps. it is about miss mono chromatic time, miss obama hope,
miss and mister homms,
miss jakey cheahhhh,
miss berkalla,
miss borakka,
dark natti to dark naaazi

sorry,
i never saw occupy members afraid of FBI,
and talk about trust for two hours.

Atef Ayadi
Occupy__Cu@...What Is The Code?

his dad is CIA and he worries about the feds.

can you imagine that.....?
he asked to code any message,128 bit send a key to recipient
who you must know and trust.
wow and sham wow!

i personally question whether this person is to be simply paranoid to
schizophrenic, or simply words spilling out of his mouth without control....so the
catch,128 bit key wont help....and in this case. there are much low self-esteem
that bits don't count.

what i think would help is 128 bit of self-esteem.

Atef Ayadi
Occupy Cue, The E Is Only Meant For The French Of Of Banena.Cfren

do you know the big dilemma in occupy cu, the chicks and the 'one' cheea-kinz.
do you follow me that type of guy, lady gaga and all her orthodox followers.

occupy cu, has a funding issues, so please, take the phone ladies,

army of occupy, and Sr. solder, from miami, and swap-swap slappy, q'uelle maleur, at least je m'acroche a mon francais, please and min-thaa-dolll, and dolll most of time, as a policy, it wont work!

a pure funding, will ease the cause, freek chick and chicken from teriaki to berraaa ki, fal baraka aliekom, not a wezzehh el le wisky ala errjaal, we khalli lew kheyaat some vodkow thib ta....

now, can you please, zeed min hindik, enn-bello ghoo....notre message seur et messieu le souri.....

if you are a gour-goo, asssofthe world...moo-kaaa-fi-ahhh (from slappy terro to terro salapiness, mermada

Atef Ayadi
Occupy 40 Degree Fahrenheit: If You Think Money; Do Not Show Up!

Occupy 40 degree Fahrenheit: if you see money; do not show up! ! if i rap everything in one pack, and zipped all together, i will tell you:

the hope turned back and over OBAMA's camps (beside the democrats, the bureaucrats, and the techo-mafio-buffalo-wings-auto-crats. The list of state-corpo related predators is infinite. If you are still following me, you type of gay, miss susan, and you, miss extreme tattoo; you can come up with your own list.)

Now, what is the difference between an emperor, a ruthless negatively dark general, a young rebellion MISSION-eer.....or a ghost miniature soldier who starting his/her journey from a boot camp to a real war, or simply an obsessed video game edict.

Cause, when one thinks empire, one thinks pyramids.....? ? and here i stop to tell you, someone has to pay for that, someone else has to build it, and the glory is for the head of state (i mean, wall street.) It means YOU ARE mislead....by friends, bosses, bare mates, street mates, COFFEE-MATES, and mainly relatives. Sorry, you get what you paid for.

I personally believe, we are naturally ant-like specie, except we have different 64 bit dual core UN-upgradeable motherboard.

Back to obama, what is the difference between his circus, wall street circus, the army circus, and finally the tea party circus? obviously everything is good for show-biz more then for biz.

to wrapped up all together, show is 99% and biz is 1%. and the bottom line, we the 99% have the fun, the 1% are left behind.

at the end, if you loo for fun, date, good friendship, good deals, business, travel, trips, tips and tricks, please,
join occupy movement
in your Area, home town, mailing list, facebook, sheep stweet, go to Tunisia (if you are hardcore,)

or simply occupy yourself and inspire others around you whatever your are and whenever you feel the holly spirit rocking in your head.

Atef Ayadi
By Deseign

beside High Couture concepts,

i will design for you a package of youtube CDs; from parties...down to.
funerals, passing overs,

wedding specials,

special meetings and
special encounters.....to melt down....to emotions at the margin...and
leveraged expo-nentially.

think only: good time is about pleasure....and...and leisure;
think only: good years are for businesses. and cor-po Maniac
or low profile money agency (cause there is no difference in the core
philosophy. Both of them can sell the planet to aliens if they see a profit.)

if you need more details
please, send me a private notice when ever you feel we need to talk about
it or talk about anything that comes from your mind right then.

Atef Ayadi
Want To Be Angry

I have to be angry
It is my birth right as long as I know what I am angry
About,
what status I am aiming!
Or
how I express that...

as a matter of fact,
I decided to be sweet when I am angry!

Atef Ayadi
The Nature Of My Business

If I have to choose between business, humanity, or business with humanity; I choose business with humanity!

Until one knows the nature of a business, the nature of humanity...I suggest one has to play the "Frank" character.

Atef Ayadi
An Ethical Concern....Memes Are Taking Over!

Beside my interest in my genetical contributions, cultural integration safety programs, and future benefits; my concern is simply:

what is all about?

after all, good memes talks on behalf of good genes! it is exactly like a software that works in harmony with a given piece of hardware, except, now a software dictate which hardware has to be used....when, where, how, and what is framed for? ..... 

Atef Ayadi
Here is what i dream of?
when i die,
I will be send my body toward
a distant galaxie ((not a planet! , not a similar solar system....not endromada! ...
or close to aunt basma or yesmin!))

my body has to be preserved
from all the element of nature  radiations, fields; even  higgs fields must me considered))
if someone want
my body
((
off course, i have to  live my life first, ...naturally, ....and the way i want to it be....in love, peace) , appreciation, and harmony)

Atef Ayadi
Loaded With Softwares

Sometime when I think,
And consider the fact that
I am loaded with softwares,
Guides,
Maps,
Gpss guiding integrated system,
Mesure systems,
Feed back systems
Automated Signal system,
Loops,
Promoting system ((i am working on upgrading this one, it is brute force, wild, unflexible, and uncivilized,))
Marketing system,
Narkaticis balanced system ((i am talking about Dopamin, brain opium,))
Altruistic and reciprocal methodologies
Towards others,

I found myself
Compelled to ask somebody
Hey! Do you the same matrix
I have?
Loaded with all life feedbacks?
What is fair to you?
What is beautiful and appealing?
What is reals?
What is reals without memories?
What is a to take
What is to give?
What is to understands
What is the fun purpose of all of this!
What is your “'I saw it all! ’”

So I writing to you
As if I am sending it to myself?

is there away
to find a software, a service/daimon/virus, a gene bug/an avatar! (No! SONY's video games, please!) that loads new software
into the brain, so when i can benefit from it.

such software

will allow me
to

to experience things differently?

feel it differently?

see it differently?

hear it differently?

smell it and tasted differently?

memorized differently or not all?

cause,
i am experiencing
the positivity of the world
and i want a feed back from other!
is there anyone
there positive and
have guts?
i wont say sweetness!

because,
Mr. and Miss cause and
Mr. and Miss
effect?

after guts?
everything is choices?

Atef Ayadi
A Less Capitalistic View

capitalism is hostile, negative, and toxic,

for you, your health
your work
your time
of leisure,

your kids,

((look at japan tragedy))
it only build monster
on top another monster.

is there another way around,
yeah!
you have the right to explore!
engage,
and commit!
to good stuff,
positive cool stuff!

not into a manipulative
disrespectful

Atef Ayadi
in the old time,
the standard is notice
notice, and notice.

as the ben ladden things  buled (it is still bubling)
is getting bigger in the USA because the tea-part
has one reason and Osama Obama Omama
vetoing  with an other.

the Aljazeera
is making the ben ladden
another arabic shan-fara
and
trying to persuade the Tunisian as
'AAhlo EL KAH-HETH"*

Now,

What i can add to all parties,

that in tunisia,
friends counts,
and because we never had enemies
before ((except internal and regional RCDs))
now the enemies counts,
wel-leh-beeb
wo-kht (sister of)  si Leh-beeb counts too.!

and every body  has a constructive information Amical inteligencia system, so
notice,
or notice three times, does not get you bread in tunisia.

*((people of the cave, an arabic novel, an extension of the Arabic Nights))

Atef Ayadi
A Good Art

a good art
at least from my perspective
is when
an
artist takes off the taboos.

i study and experience the exceptions

i believe
everyone has
own exceptions.

to make it short,
for me;
art is about the uncertainties....

Atef Ayadi
Peace Of Mind

Cognitive dissonance is a sweat sweet
Corn beef life style,
One can be
Anything
One wants and wishes for.

However!
Diversifying
Options
Around an
Exit

Is sweat and horny-Borni too! !
Moreover!
An exit is
Also another looping system! !

If exiting takes your stress off! !
Good for you!
after all
it is your exit! !

Atef Ayadi
The Meen Mean Main Purpose Of All My Life: The Club Of Prophets

the club of prophets
needs a web-bide windows

in the internet! to internalize new practical values
against negativity, compulsiveness and the mammal long emotional heritage.

please help,

and
yan-so roki-rocko allah boow-seed faseed aleek? ?

and it does not matter

if you are an australian dude from libnan, asia....

Atef Ayadi
beside the difference between
a peninsula, and ayland, a oil-land
soy-land
or veil-land.

Beside your memories conflicts.((here, sorry! mine are "fine! "? Beside the memories of 'of all the memories; as a good friend arabic man said'

in any land
there is a good girl
for a god boy
at the end of the day....but if the day does not end

there are three meanings
your are poor,

you are rich!
Rich!
Mr.
Seniorro!

rich!

and what is classical,

one does not miss
the chicken wings.....

((the chicks are fine, the wings wingz))

Atef Ayadi
la révolution en Tunisie
est en fait
une révolution de la partie destourienne.
le peuple tunisien en majorité formé de

jeunes existentialistes
qui
espèrent
que le monde
des actions est encore
sous la pression de
la doctrine des demandes...

et que l’état
reste neutre en matière de
protecteur vis à vis d’un prédateur altuistique.. bête'

comme départ.....
un bon coup

ne fait pas mal!!

le rest est comme en dis en tunisie:

Ass-naah-roohik ou simplement fabriques toi-même.

ou mieux-encore: comme quelqu’un l’avait dis'
'jamhaa mieux que jomhaa,
et le calcul se fait avant le jamhaa
et pas après le jomhaa....'

plus simplement
le jomhaa est pour les chaussures des Ahlo elkahf et fallaga

et jamhaa pour les chaussures dans la marque est italienne
signée de venise jusqu’a ben ghardaan!!

si tu aimes ça!
ca va
non
ca va
pour moi!
et faite comme tu fais chez vous- or chez-toi! !

Atef Ayadi
if sarcozi

has hands in the ivory cost....

simply it is because

there are something in there

for sarcozi

to sniff across or to take over the sniff rate,

for a perfume,
a powder,
a solid sate of carbon monoxide
while extracting crystals and minerals....

i mean
anything about the art of vous-doux!
you
you
and me
me: 80 pourcent! !
the rest 20! !
and

On se voit aux paradis.

i think that the media channels in france are always
at the disposal of the brothers....the beautiful africans of the western africa with
their beauty burned by the heat of the africa
and the colors burned of africa....

after all! !

us
also as soon as
la franco-phonie....sont ouvert envers tous les ouvertures possibles!

Atef Ayadi
Sweet: Arabic Factor

between us,
I do not know how an Arab looks like,
where is one is located, or how one uses one brain's synapses.
but i heard that one Arab is sweet when one is sleeping and no one is around to
disturb that peaceful sweet sleep or long 'mediational' napping.

Otherwise, that sweetness turns into what i call: the Arabic factor.
when it happens, that sweetness can not possibly described by the laws of
physics or astronomy....although the start and croissant pops up everywhere.

Atef Ayadi
Sweet: American Factor

Simply,

Americans are sweet.
Now,
multiply that sweetness
with the 'AMERICAN FACTOR'
and you can have a grasp of

'their'
sweetness.
(i am not talking about the American pie or American sweet hearts...)

I am judgmental?
Am I bringing up a low-self esteem issue?

My secret is simply knowing
three things:
sweetness,
multiplication,
and the "AMERICAN FACTOR."
I have no clue what is your sweetness, factors, and issues with the multiplication table?

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: ....Epiphany...

back in time ((i mean in the ancient world....until certain close dark time...))
when someone...-a man off course....most of the time a....sorry ladies...((the
story is about back in time...)) -
discover...a gigantic....phenomena....and cease it ((comprehend it....i mean have
a copy proof of the discovery and its applications,))

That is an epiphany! !
....

I give you first.....and example of a last blasting epiphany....Newton and the apple..

and second example is among the first....ever attempted
epiphany....Eve.....Adem....the apple....a snake.....a jungle? oasis? ...
-where east-Asia meets with Europe, and Africa. -

My question is always....about....where to find a combination of
real apple from real apple trees ((imported apple...tastes different,)) snake.

Now,
who prefers imported apple is mystical....
who prefers to pick up real apples from the windows.....i will tell you
are....dreaming.....

unless.....

You are an epiphany seeker....((a scientist....poet....artist....or simply an
epiphaniologist...in some sort! !))

Atef Ayadi
yes, i did have fun...the way i design it....it looks bad to some....i get the 
feedback....and i am really responsible!

i am responsible for all what happened to me...bad and good...(despite i do not 
buy dualism) for intended unintended...all types of cross 
roads....comments....touch, and deep touches....whispers...and blinks of an eye.

i am grateful....to all of you, here, there, ...., and scattered in this planet...to all 
of you...all the views....all the people i crossed their lives...physically and 
virtually....

the story looks easy...to digest...for me and you out there?

my great stimulus...in life.......... is 
to 
be a musician......
a wizard...a lizard....a karate kid ninja without 'blood shed'

i grow up....in a place.... 
where 'blood shed' is a horrible thing.....

when i moved over to Chambana, ((where i am right now..))

i thought, wow this is a cool farm place....flatness for ever... 
fun for ever.....dreams for ever.....i am a new prince in "Never ending prairies 
and flat lands"...

a place where you never worry about....

Big mistake!

i saw the 'bloodshed' in color, in words, in anger, in the F words, in games and 
fights, videos, movies and news from poor neighborhoods warfare to energy-
corpo-wars, from spam, spywares to trojan horses, from google to facebook.

REMARK: is it common, that humanity is all about being toxic, negative, and low
self-esteem, is about pray and predator, who is hunter and who is being hunted down?

Atf Ayadi
The Three Stones Of Life...? ? .....Any Questions? ? ...Before...

here is what is in my mind now!

i see a white stone, big and smooth enough
so people of a community write their names on....with passion.

ME!
My job...is to collect
these stones....
put them together....in an artistic altruistic..in the statics world it means...
'proven to work ' in a plastic flexible way.

Now,
Is there anything I can add to the picture to make it transparent to you
or 'open source', 'open code' artistic project?

Atef Ayadi
This Is....  ...How I Take.....    Someone....   Down For A..     Fix...

i like to take someone down...

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

down means:

"toward one's inner world
without, conflict, fights, and blood-shed
and dark spider bloody toxic stuff..."

i forget just the cost.....and payoffs.....
what type am i?
what type are you, ....what is your story...from inside out....?

heahhh? ((soft voice aimed to capture the ear first...then the mind))

what is up?
((means:    ...nothing out! ! ?       ....stay there! !    ....the planet just got rid of
a naive and nasty creature....who pollutes the environment! ! ....)))

Atef Ayadi
If....At Last....You Want Peace

I write....anything that comes to my mind....

why do I have to wonder.....and imagine.....the worse....

I am already fascinated by the worse outcomes and beyond that! !
.....they are the most beautiful outcomes....

if you react to my written,
at worse....it is simply because you have principles...and beliefs
which are unresolved and tangled...

at best...it is because...the same principles and beliefs are...satisfied
and untangled....

either way.....i have nothing to do! !
with your principles,
your beliefs,
your human condition, ....and personal achievements and biographies...

Atef Ayadi
I am looking for
a two hundred fifty
thousand inflated American dollars'

idea! !

Not! two or further more ideas and hallucination......i mean one and only one,
and it must be unique! !
and i want it now! !

to make my life easy.....private.....and peacefully lovable? ?

Atef Ayadi
being negative few times and positive most of the time,
did not help me......I tried all of that.....stuff!

it just creates a voltage effect.....a high amperage and power’s shortage
to complete darkness....i mean failure.

Now,

let suppose someone is
still
harassing
you about a girl
you commented  with a beautiful intention......plus I was not sober that beautiful
time...

Do you want the details?
If negative, you may....throw off stuff out......out and loud....
They are your stuff...but...you think I am the receiver.....””shall all my stuff return
back to....””

If positive,
You reverse all of this, and make it only more or a little sweeter....

Try it for your self.......and figure it! ! .....out...may be you have your story you
want to talk about? ? ?

Atef Ayadi
Tattooing A Foot

Do you know why certain (girl/woman/lesbian) or a combination tattooed the foot under the ankle....

i personally believe that there is a story behind that! !

look at the angle first....not at the symbols, signs, or figures

then,
take a breath......euhH-hop one more time.....

and now look at the details...i mean the show! !

well, in order to do that.....one does have to.....voluntary and politely strip her off from any clothes she may wrapping herself with....

and rest her down......somewhere.......! ! !

Atef Ayadi
Man! ...I Feel...You! ! ...

i feel you man! ! ....

tough time! !
big time! ! i

i want...swimming!

box...

karate...((you brake my neck...you will have no purpose to live for! ! ..how about that?))

Atef Ayadi
My Life Is Empty....

with eve...leen not

in the house

with no house
in my mind....

with me in full control
of my 'rational'

with my rational is
rehearsing
researching
updating
upgrading
its data base

..

i found my self

out.....

.....for real....

Atef Ayadi
This...Is...Not...Your Show? 

this my spot....

...see this!

girl! ! ! ....

she will...load you...... the matrix....

just for you baby! !

Atef Ayadi
To...My...Next...

to my next

ex...

example...

you want me...be me?

or simply do not fake it? ?

and go naked in the street of tahran...? ?

Atef Ayadi
...After All....It Is A Matter Of Survival...

in terms of love....

to all girls who thought or felt i loved...
impressed....being shocked

sorry...

no effects
no memories......

i know,
you felt hurt,
because you felt and thought i was silently
rude,
by resisting you
defying you
not looking at all

i shall tell you
i am searching a life form
not zom- beezy
or a well dressed
android with over loaded flooded memories.

Atef Ayadi
An.....Expression

i have to come up
with

something ((figure out something! !))

simple!

then,

"MAKE"
it look or converted into
something
Extraordinary! !

then,

let them ((public))
to
think

it is magic! !.....

waw! !

Is there anyone who thought about this?

Atef Ayadi
We Have Been Aliens

yes,  

we have been aliens...  

to ourselves....  
to each other.....  

yeah! ! ...  

with  
Been being mutilated....matched with a cast....a sculpture...a role....or a perfected...zero tolerance to errors.....artifact...  

We have been aliens.......and alienated...  

Atef Ayadi
Parma-Soo-Tic

That subject

is thin, thick, and nasty glue-weey sticky subject...

These giant pharma-soo-tick companies....

have already changed your DNA so you can not possible talk about them....the gene is called farma-tick-soo...
in french "La vache qui rit..."

Unless you can make your own mutations at home or in your personal lab space....

Atef Ayadi
Cultural Miss-Understanding...

Cultural Miss-understanding.....and what-teez miss-understood...
and what must...be understood

in this nation...in particular, ....

one beautiful habit....people in America had, have followed and still....

is to ask for more....

ask anyone! ! now...and when ever...
male,
female,
boss,
coo-worker,
lover,
sheeta, .....ron lazrig...john taboona......to the president him or herself...
((it depends who is the president....in general...in USA...He/She is the one who
must answer all the more questions....and decides what must be done...accordant to the traditions and the urgency...)))

everyone will ask you for
even their pats...they ask for the same thing....

the list is recorded in the more.com data base....log file...

in contrast to this....

other culture...ask for less....

less of less and less of everything...

this culture where i grow up....has one job.....is to convert a person from a
simple form to a simpler!
Now. with the influence of the 'MORE culture', you can hear....i want more simplicity.....for example....

Other culture....like the Chinese.....and in particular.....their head-quarter....((.I mean, where they load their Maw-it SEE-TONGUE dead matrix'....softwares...))

this culture asks for the spin and equilibrium.!

that is it! ! no more no less

you spin....i spin with you...let me see how far you can go....! !

Atef Ayadi
Poetry From The Mouth Of A Child.....

Beeez! ! Biz....bieez! ....Maa!

A baby language, it means if it is translated into....

english (all common wealth, north amarica...nigeria, and around that spot)

"I need a real mom not an ipod hologram! for babies....."

to all other languages....it is but noise?

Atef Ayadi
The Circle Of Let It Go........................Babi...

Now babi...Ho! Weh! read this..what is below the five stars...and only replace words like leap...with with words like dancing.....and pronounce words.....rich exactly like ITCHESH! ....MAH-LAAH! ! ....HANN_NA_NAA! !

If you think....you can do what i am offering without offing loops....well, the good news, you get a job...

if you can not do....say i can not...you will save yourself a ticket to fly..anywhere around earth....and earth only....passenger....who are already lost..between flights....sorry for any un-inconvenience! ! ..you may though of or may anticipate! ! ....

*****

MARHABAN: FI DAAR EL-HAAT-TIFF WEL-KHIATA:

I imagine....from a flying open lamps ...open exploding chest....open mouth for expressions....to last open explosion in the history of humanity...as far as the greatest.. famous....wisest...and survivor great brain....of all plains...and high mountings and white snow regions...including island......

-Fly height ...you will see how this planet is so rich...that is can contain any massive ...to massive large scale destructions...from killing tree to a genocide of an entire forest.-

imagine an open mouth...what is n...moment by moment...eye for an eye....

Is it better....to focus....in order to see clearly the face....
Or
Is it better to see clearly the face and focus ....
Either way...your mind...within the contour and the detours of your head \ box...

Has

To
Decide...or you live....and never leave this loop! !

I warned you! ! ! Without signs and colors...

Atef Ayadi
The open circle of let it go...

I imagine....from a flying open lamps ...open exploding chest....open mouth for expressions....to last open explosion in the history of humanity...as far as the greatest.. famous....wisest...and survivor great brain....of all plains...and high mountings and white snow regions...including island......

-Fly high ...you will see how this planet is so rich...that is can contain any massive to massive large scale destructions...from killing tree to a genocide of an entire forest.-

imagine an open mouth...what is n...moment by moment...eye for an eye....

Is it better....to focus....in order to see clearly the face....
Or
Is it better to see clearly the face and focus ....
Either way...your mind...within the contour and the detours of your head ` box...

Has
To

Decide...

right now! !

to live or and leave now! ! ... or stay in the loop.and never leave this loop! ! or any loop you may be swimming in...right now...

I warned you! ! ! without signs and colors... and without...CUPS....MOM...TEACHER....JUDGE....GOD....LOVE....MONEY....ADVENTURES
low and high...signs...

you are the judge now! !
do it? ?

Atef Ayadi
Man expresses...uniquely....

intensity! ! ...contrast....

.....the bushes of the experience....time....achievement....glory....family..honor...personal honor....and pride...

I mean all 'the low-self-esteem' a man can put on his shoulder! ! with and without his consent!

I know it is TAUGHT in the beginning....but at the end, ...craziness is not FREE....you have to pay something to be crazy these days...of no time....no time for leaser...and brain seizures.....or a glazing 'Tan'...or gazing at 'TUN'! who is going out with tin-tan

Atef Ayadi
Stories...For Little Avatars.....Story One: The Story Of All Fears...

if you move....from here! !

After I go....

A Great Avatar....Wiz-VIZ....DIZ-ni....END-dizzik....NAHHI...EL-FHIM
from india....WEZ-ZINC...from china....

will take you,
to planet...Pandora....

and imagine!

the pain! ! to take you
back!
and forth!

so watch the TV! !
the avatar movie on the tv...may be your learn.......something about the planet earth! !

Atef Ayadi
The Business Of Being Double Late’ Crazy.....

It is a good business...if craziness is coupled with few strategy....

One....I....have to make art business’ craziness...effective...

Second:
I have to make my love's craziness...effective....

Third:
I have to make my “healths' adventures”’s....craziness...effective...

Every-day,
24 by 224
7 by seven,

year around...! !

And that  needs double late’ craziness....

Atef Ayadi
you own!
or
I owe you something! ! ...what is the difference.....that it makes..? ?
i will take your pain....out! ....away...out!
then in....again! ! ...
then.out! ....away...out!
until you mark...what ought to leave in! ! and what shall you load off.. out! ! ? ?

Atef Ayadi
words like...released! !

a blade....

unlock

lock

self

destruction....

are words of dark...moral cancer....moral phobia....dark childish...poetry...facing.....reality accidents.....

so please....if you are not dark....LEAVE....NOW! !

Who want to keep the seat and trip to Vegas....hotels and gambling with your life...stay...i dig and appreciate your character....

Atef Ayadi
Dark...Poetry'...S........Corner...-Muffin's Corner-

---Moral phobia
.............Moral cancer

Dark poetry’ s Corner....NAIZISM......this are only news-

First dark...to red...sign: do not go along....

Unless...it is about expressing....

A

Deep concern.....
A

Sexual phobia....
...the question that comes to mind is what is Rex...ZUN...sex...means? ?
(i have just heard about it)

Who are and how ZEN people look like! ! ? ?
Who are and how Rex people of thing look like! ? ?
what is Rex-Zen-sex means anyway! ? ?
What is Lo
lee, mr. lee
Ex’s
Sex.....

What is
What iz,
wa-teez,
Whatts,

200 WATTS -volt x Ampere (i am sure volt is a man, but i am not sure about Ampere, cause in the world of physics everything is possible? -

-in Tunisia we say,
“Getta eat POTATOES........Not berries....? -
teaze in afganistan and Persian ex-dominations....
Means...Muffins...! !

now the dark side of the story is:

how browny i want my potato.....
and how crispy...i want my browneeze...! !

Atef Ayadi
Few Definitions...Before...I Start

toowunsi...means....as you predicted.... "trahweeja"

touwnsi-yaa

means...simply....

El-kaah-wa berida....in-saa-khen-haalik...? ?

so,

If I say, ana tounsi.....

do make cafee....make...no move...
no mistakes...stay firm....and still....

until i take the belt....i mean all my ear-rings....
mu hear-rings....

my sight-rings....and all the non-metal non-detectable objects...

Atef Ayadi
Do you know

that diglet-nour....come from Tunna-eejia...

i come from

bella.regia....

I like degla....zeetoun....zeet....and zitouna? ?

and ofcourse, du pain, ((el-khobez))

hope ezzine do not cut it..on tunisiens

elikhwa touniss-eyeen and and tounissiatess...((plural of lion females)

Atf Ayadi
Sing...With Cristina

white chicks is it.....

"you have to go"! !
movie! !

I....conic....! !
for white...Chicks....

or stay at home and gain some white fat....and never....

date....again! !

A message aproved by cherri...

time is always white....and for white chicks...

Atef Ayadi
Fear...On Yor Eyes....

fear....is needed....
or
yo fly....and fall down...right on me

and boomba...boom...babi
bomapstic

i like yor bombastic...be-elastic....

i like yo stick on me..belastic.elastic...

and lets wax the disks..the musci.fj...cd...
from dirt...and
hands up all the time!

legs,
face down.... all
the time...
give me time
no time...
for belastic...
and yor music c-deez...

Atef Ayadi
Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric 8..I Bag Yo A Pardon! !

...Mother Cutter..Babi Brothermoors

what
iz up....yo...want a drink...

you thisrt....to blood shark assez....

lets take the girls....yor girls....

and go to the party...and show me with yor
daning techniques...
how much you can catch....toonna and white sharks? ?

caus i ma ready

to day for a tunna shark fraesh skin...flash to flash...bones to bones...
asher to ashe

asher to eisha

asz to azs....

what iz up! !

Atef Ayadi
Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric Seven....Lesses-Toi Aller! !

let is cry....
babie...on thef flor...

sur la table...

sur le...

lit...une sourie...peux.....exploser....sur moi

sur toi!

i can feel it

right now....

let get them babie...

catch up

with all
good and rediculiss...

and do worry about lisses...and and hissess or sound
right now?

dance with me now...

i said it...i ordered it

i d not know
how
but i need you right now....

i want to handle you right now...
i want to milkj yo ho

and mistressez and misses who
on the floor
all alone! !

waving
like a snake to me right
know....

she is hypnotic..right now! ! !

she coming right now! !

baby is coming...right now....

babi...yor taking over....right now.

Atf Ayadi
in solo...in paris...

i am dj in the wood....! !

the woods and weird weeds...and widadaaz..diaz...misha brow....

n....tears...

solo babie assez....

like a stress troma...

i can not be

yor only star...

in this planet...
or in this naasty

tropicale....

neighbor-hood....holiwood babie and hood hollie jolie woods...

je m'en foue! ! ta culle et

la mienne! !

tu peux seulement bouger...si je te l'aisse....

je tabaess...je couche sur toi...je mallonge...

et to commen ce

at faire tes dances...
ton bazar....tes truques....

chaque...fois
que tu prend
la releve

tu prends tous

pourquoi? ?

pourquoi? /

it is OK....

Cool...Kool...
Kleeem a la rassic......ezzaarbia tihtieeee-na! !

Atef Ayadi
Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric Five....Fire....

just look at me

the way i do it....

and stand there...without fight...

or dark scream....a fire bolluts bellotts gazed waed...gaze...

kurazine...from shiit  iral....

hat burns out a fire....

dark..black in a white sky...chicks...
and i do not mind to
give a faq about it....mother cuttor....understand me..

this...girl... is dude a sweet asez....yeah! ...yeah..

Atef Ayadi

PoemHunter.com
Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric Four....I Do Not Need You!

i do not...mind
to live
without you...
i do not
knew?
i do not mind? ?

my heart....is burning...racing
like we your heart...sweet seat heart...
and i need you
like i need my self....
but i do not mind? ?

yo play...yo dance...yo
scream...in the dabcing floor....our dancing floor....
around me....
i do mot mind! !
i love yo...
come ty m'aime....and i do not mind....
your love...
i do mind...is in, my heart...
and i do not mind..

Atef Ayadi
Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric 3....Do Yo Care About Dancing Babieez..?

WHY YO DO NOT MAKE LOVE TO ME....

GIRLS....

AND MAKE SO DAMN GOOD....

WHY YO DO NOT HO..HI! ....HIGH...HIGHLIGHT...YOUR DARK STUFF?

WHY YO DO NOT TWIST...YOUR HANDS....AROUND EVERYTHING YOU CAN CATCH AND NOT CATCH...

what you do
take of everything...from yor mind and my dizzi mind?

Atef Ayadi
Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric2....Hallow!

hallo! !

my babi....babies and

mother faladosi....ssi with me now...

or stay a side....

the street are nerrow....and i am poussii.....

bad cars are for bed boys...and bed girls are only
for me

baba....aahtef....wake up-go away....do ask me change....or get closer to my
closest babies....try me....baba hero....after me off cource....

SAY WITH ME....TONIE......

WAKA....WAK
WAKTASH......

OH! YEAH!
OH! YEAH!

TU EST MON AMIE
JE TO MONGE
TU ME MONGE

JE
SUIS
UNE CRAZI GENERATION AFRICANNE! !

OUSSS! ! GENERATION ROUGE KOSKOSS AND KOW-ESKOOSSS....

MOI! 1
JE SUIS
GENERATION
GRAND CRAZI PROBLEMES...

ET SALSA
GENERATION PROBLEMES ET PISCASSO

CRAZI

Atef Ayadi
Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric1....L'Autone....De Mes Amoors

ce n'est pas
evidament
monb autonne ((my fall...english glish and gliss people! ..god bless..your assez...white mother cutteuuur! ! decature people....ig-no-red no light no white no black space....on me and my farm...and farmers....neighbors...and neight-boro-ha! ..trisse!))
c'est l'autone
de ces....
c'est moidmoisellato....world fused faces....aakhir...dna

akhir....
Dancez-avec moi...
amour! !
akhir amourato! ! ....
akhir love
akhir.....
akhir.....wa koll...shay.....akhir....
la shay yee-esh-beh....lill-akhir....
repete until yo!
ho!
knew

how...you spell...it....'out'

babie mexhiko...hiko for mek-hi-ko! ! ?
if you are mek-hee-keeeeee-to
come with me.....

if not stay around my aaaro....and caaaarro...yoooor! egs....
in my nest....babi erro!

Atef Ayadi
Hi-Jacting….Poetry Sections….And Few Bible’s Baby Barbies New Burned Missing The Geez’s Chapters…. 

Sorry Father…..i mean… 

Mine…my damm dude…mahmood! Bel akhth 

Please, check on Internet Human network and networking….websites; ..; ; ; ; ; ....; ; ; ; ; ....; ; ; ; ; ....! like yoR-Tubez...for sale, waxed un-out-in-and out-waxed 

On version virgin....2010 urbana.....bana...choom—pooo ban bun baanned nana and will wah-la fa-ha banana... 

Of my 
New brute force.....AKHIR....cure....to all human...asset and assets.... 

A black...force...against .....black...”OPRA-black assassino illinois “ ((tv show opr the black latino affrican American with Nigerian ba! ! people... Ckground....china....russian....hurcaine catrina...and lui-za.)) Sound DJ judo wrestling with her, with him, babie, and you are always my babie.....what make me feel about you... 

Is what cut me off 

What I can not unders-stand (his name is sand but I call him stand! ! Cause he is a good stand—mother-f1-to-f20...crossing f12. 

I am going to CD-DJ-YO...before you dija rendez-vous 

C’est 
Moi qui donne les rendez-vous....mother cutter or cuttler...I mean only cattler...of your mother... 

Et pas toi! ! 
HEN-
Hindic...((Do you have...))
Sous-AA! ! AAA elle? ?

Mister. DJ sirwaloo Tai...-.....iiih!
Mir brown ....or mister opra....? ? ?

Bro! ! ...man......
What iz up yo! ! ....mother on you....
God dj on you! ! And yoR mother! ! !

This a world...DJ only for chicks

So try to investigate...babi DJ....God...Bless Yor
Mother...Dj her for me ....before I come over!

Atef Ayadi
two words.....

((one of them is dry seed and nuts....good for the immune system...! !))
first,
i can handle security...
insecurities.....

second....
i am a scanner....
it is better to keep away...all your toys....and toy guns....
your Barbie's...language....your Barbie's-babies-holly-wholeness....

it is very simple...you fire...i fire...no pity...
you come with peace! ! i use peace against you....cause i did not tell you yet
when wars ends....

you are or play funny...busy dizzy sassy...chassy...engine...for hot-flammable
materials....or play funny and do the weirdest of all your weird wild things...
Yess! ! ....i worship you there...where you are and be...
well..until i find you....then the fire will began....

Atef Ayadi
Who Did It! ! .....The Conspiracy....

Who did it? ....Cinspiracy.....

I do not think! ! ....Something like this is Planned......processed....executed line by line ....command by command.....Shell for shell...you dig me...I respect you....do not don’t.......

It can not come from....a great  alliance like 
Mou-barak, he is a negotiator.....like fun and talk....

It can not come from....The Zine of Tunisia....

This gayy ......is good for interior terrors...not outside business....

True Arabian.....red blood...Camel.....the royal family.....
Are nice people in business....they are benz –they call themselves....ba-noo....or 
AHLO-SOFIAN...2000-w-BENZEN...-

((these dudes...buy cars....last shut......then they blow them in the 
desert....mother-f12...to F8-))

the Jordanians...do not have a dropp of water.....they have to find a way to secure 
the water first....then....maybe....secure the royal horses-royal... business

Russian....NO! WAY! ....we agreed with them....for over a two hundred of bilateral 
workouts....in all the avenue...included taking care of the rising of red giant 
china....

Who else....
Can

Plan for such...terror.....? ?

Of course....off-courses.....
A Bank, .....or two! !
or
a group of banks called ..... 

Ben Laden! !
Group! !

now everything is become truly global...

some investment from banks and non-profit organizations...to oversea the
merging of many spotted and unspotted black hole...azz holes...buyer and
investors.....
what i call "global economy...."...i am sure there are a book of two i wrote about
it for the blind....((sorry i mean the blind who live and deal the financial
world...and i am sure we have more than a dude sitting in
coffee shops...))

From now on....everything is unstable....scarry....and dizzi....fasten your belt
please.....

This what I call....in a new movie.....the beautiful mind of a hight-jacker....

Atef Ayadi
List Of All My Problems...

First:

I focus more than i need.....I need to chill out! !

Second:

Too tough to be seriously inflexible! ! ! .......I need to chill out!
..........................twice a day...with someone....
..........................I mean with a Miss or Two to three Misses....
..........................until i satisfy my legitimate natural drives...

Third:

' DO NOT CLOSE IN....'

like taking lamps back to the barn! ! ...before it gets dark.....and monster fall off from all earth corners....and all the sky corners....

Fourth:

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT
THIS DUDE
OR
THIS LADY or DUDESSA GIRLS! !
IS
TALKING ABOUT! !

They come and go!
.................zero sharing ((i am not talking about..JIN-and-JINZ'...in here!)

.............."zero plus plus" speech.....
.............."zero to D minus" office skills!
..............zero...to....A plus' in lying! and avoidance! and
...........avoidence-incidences...and ambilences....back and forth....
Fifth:

'zero to X Plus-Minus'

i take too much of The Israelite's Space....

My strategy to solve this out....is you come close i get closer!
you run you will see me in IRAN....IRAQ...
catching you from your back.....not froan.... your behind! !

cause in iran we do not do that....SUNNI\(\)S Do this as well as SUNNI\(\)\(\) Christians.....they take your back and leave only your behind...! ! ....do you agree....they need to chill out! ! ...so please send good beer to these people....before....they got into your stuff....

Sixth:

I feel I am strapped.....
in the world of beauty......and wonders
((DO NOT TRY!)) or you will be lonely! ....
cold....
enjoying your loneliness with this vast....beautiful world....

Sevent:

I hate CATS! !

They said: ((I mean, mom! told me....or maybe...someone else! ...who cares...if you want to hear the story..))

"Cats have seven souls...."

and this take always to wonder.....and thinks for a quite good time....:

if one faces
two
lion males
one lion
female....

how many souls one has to fight and....kill off....

Eighth:

I want to know

Exactly

What is in....someone's head.....

I want o connect my neurons to one's neurons....
power up the
connections
Create a dual CPU-BUS MATE MOTHERBOARD TO MOTHERBOARD...wireless...AIWA.LA_A...AIWA...

Exactly like in pandora...avatar...the six billion revenue movie...

Atef Ayadi
The Peace Game Theory...

I grabbed an audio-video cassette -for education purposes only....-
the title of the e-or i-book ((electronic-apple audio-video book for teachers...))

is

the War Game....
...Ancient World.....Decisive Battles...

Well! !
I wanted to learn something about peace....process....
peace corners.....

peace artists corner.....and
writers.....existentialists' corners......
((existentialists DO NOT ACQUAINTANCE WITH each OTHERS...everyone live by
ones own....
from HEGEL......MARKS! ...
MARX! ..
SARTRE! ...
NewMAN! ...to Christopher..O....Neils and Brian......
i am personally trying to catch up with my existentialism....and my spiritual
organic freedom...)))

Nothing working! out....

i can not find

a piece of peace,

like a peaceful piece of land....((Not even at a cliff....looking at the
shores....miles of horizons.....and blue sky.))

to land over....the time your flying with a few gallons of gas! !

Atef Ayadi
Barbiees....Babies...Dolls...And Beez

Beez are flying machines....

Beaz are Grades...Like B, B+, B- (sign could be left or right depending on the teacher and the school's standards....and norms...in usa for instance....everything is right....when one has to appraise a traditional work...of nature.....and everything turn upside-down when one looks for originality.....

so I see...(like in avatar movie...i see you! ! ...it means seeing with feelings and a third eyes like a third shoe! !)

girls are Darwinian doll in nature.....whether they are lezbo-zebras, cats, hi! - eena (girls with name eena and say hi! each time one ceases and easez jesus yo!)

Atef Ayadi
Creationism....A Poet....Left Wing

hey! !

yo! ! ho?

my avatar! !

do you like to fly with me
tonight? ? ....
it is a party....

SERUS....144 floor....! !

do you have other places....? ?
in mind....

higher...than....that....
or we just fly to the moon....

your legs and eggs will be hills and mountains...

for both of us! !

yo 'kNOW' what i mean! ! ......i know yo always answer with yor 'EYES'
of a red black white in the background avatar....

Atef Ayadi
Creationism....A Poet....Right Wing

we are
an
an evolving
system......

God is watching.....

as we make love...! !

Atef Ayadi
Creationism.....Left Wing

God is an Option......

for the ladies

Atef Ayadi
Creationism.....Right Wing

The lady ...is .....First....

Money....Is Second....

Health.....is ......in my blue prints, ...my maps....and dark adventures...

God is Google....bing .....is Microsoftb
bung....is a Chinese bank....buying USA FED’s James bond 007 bands...

Atef Ayadi
Business....I Am Working As Brand Name Consulting.....For Microsoft And Giant Companies

if you are
able
((and i am sure you are...))
trouble
do

microsoft....windows
from....
windows 2x, 3x, 95, 95a, 95b, 98, 98se, Me... win2000, xp, to 7

((Microsoft fanz developers...call windows 7.....
vista avatar....in planet earth...off course.........our moon....is pandora...if you want to go there....please do it....

less! ! avatars in planets earth...))

so if you can trouble shoot....and kill any process
before it kill you....

if you can trouble shoot
the file system,
explorer,
memory leaks...and kernel instruction linking....and failure....

well,

you have a future,

to you can be a doctor

in any section
of a clinic
you want

except, ......shrink-king....i mean the human Sie-sky -CO
that will be 
the job 
of windows 
photona....((speed of photonz, the beauty of 3D...and a voice of a stonned gaga for example))

that stands for 'Give numbers a spirits...

Atef Ayadi
Another low law of attraction.....

a racist....works.....in a racist variable dynamic racist environment.....

Fox...news...stands for:
"...life is not stable, f air or balanced but, here, We bring to you A balanced and fair....enough....fresh news...like a glass of Wisconsin fresh creamy milk..

As Sheik Murdock said:

I am amazed that CNN can't get its act together.
Rupert Murdoch

provoke, stir 'em up, be in touch.... details... catalyst for change. motivate people, give them rags and bags of hopes by example and that is synonymous with quality..... grounding in the basic sciences. Language would be helpful, although English is becoming increasingly international. And travel. You have to have a global attitude.

So Fox team, ...zebra-ladies.....FAGiz-news and anchors.....be ready...for global.....bee...itching....change and adaptability....we have 97% of the world population are low-self-esteem...we already tested out our vision and ideas in our beloved nation now it is time for a a wash washi-swap.....you hear the noise and you think it is news from FOX...."
Is that gay

a

NAAZIZt! !

dry
SUSSI
FAAG! ....get? ?

Atef Ayadi
Fox.....Murdoch....News....

I am not neither a fan of tv nor watching or following the News....
I am very local at the scale of mouth to mouth story teller.....

Someone claimed that
Fox channel is all about

Fairness......

Balance....

Low-self-Esteem....

and finally,
Murdoks big-time.....
Big-money...

After all
fox is a corporation....

Atef Ayadi
The Israeli Jewish Date

she said,

i am Jewish...from Israel
(most Jewish ladies told me about their race up-front...except one....the reason was simple...she had broken wings)

My name is Rafa-Ella Bent See-Soussi.

Did you reserved a table for me? '

I said:
'Do prefer fight or fight
or negotiating...in between.

I am flexible! '

Atef Ayadi
The Church Date

meet me at the church
of jahova

i will be there in
the middle right wing

jahova
will be there too..

please,
do not dress
black...

unless you add some pink
and stripes of purple.

Atef Ayadi
Non Valience Strategy

white also gained tremendously from Gandhi's 'non valiance strategy'

Everything must be be silent.

Atef Ayadi
Negotiable Date

you know,

i am the only person in the state,

when it comes to date and dating....all the citizens
of this town become FBI agents, Pro-policing, PRO-Washington policing, pro-war,
pro-sagregation, anti-democracy, and most importantly, non-valiance movement
strategists.

i am a negotiator,

i always get what i want.

Atef Ayadi
A Marching Date

I will meet you at the anti-war march
at race and green!
wear something weirdo
so i can recognize you.

see yo then!

kiss on YOR
100 yard
anti-war cheek
azz.
bey.

see yo
and Yor war lord azz.

Atef Ayadi
Obama's Second Term

The Reaganist Obama
will not have a second
chance for a second term,
cause there is no other wall
to tear down this time.

Atef Ayadi
Imc, One Tea Party Justice Dept. Corner

It is a human amplifier;
if one throws a word in,
like a butterfly effect, that word will reach China at the speed of light.

Atef Ayadi
The Story One Continue: The Gaps

ladies

between us....we need to fill

all gaps

in places that are pink and dying purple

first i have:

ten toes in my two hands
ten toes in my two feet.
my nose
my loze
my loose
my lowest
oss...i mean my bones and my artificial srtuctures...are made from metal...and stuff from outer space....

have five

Atef Ayadi
The Story One Continue: The Imc

the imc'

is where looci meets soussi!
for tea party ((if there is any food left....it will be fine! ! ...cause
i hungry from the
country hyungria....ha hi ha! got that...))

soussi ((is actually sessi in germanic language!))

for the german....
as long az

the germ are germs and good pure ones

do worry....we are the perfect good viruses....

but also the atmosphere is cheep!

not good at all!

we all respect beastez.....thenn! ! animolz.....then ima-gi-na-tion-chinese-shins!
period...! ! !

i am personally cool
down here!

we are cool!
over! all....

and thankx everybody...include
miss..mizz? ford! down there! and up! thirty degree....yeah the white chick

black hair and white Japanese makeup!
Atef Ayadi
The List Of Stuffez I Like To Do Before I Die

I
'sing the bee itches's song:
i love you babies....in front of all the chicks of the world.'

'run naked in tahran! and like to see clerics
going for a run....after me offcourse....'

Go the north pole

or the south pole,
if there is any left there
green or ice....'

'fight with a white Caucasian shark
for a chick.'

'Jump from the air....and sing Micheal Jackson's song....

we are down
to the beach
no yeah....down to the blue
it may not be the
beach...but still you are there...
and i must confess, ..life is beautiful....when you are there!

it is but you!
yeah
baby!

blue yeah!

and the eyes

on my
eyes

and half of the time toward
water
toward
the bee itches
beach...."

may be this is the main cause of his 'sorry and all my respect'....
'death and life on the air?'

number six i can rap-it-up is:
Steal, high-jack a sky rocked or a space shuttle...and take everybody to the moon....
and come back safe.....
at least myself....and of course, make sure that the rest of the crowd
if any left are becoming sober or sill do the dezling
wooping...
the 'ho! '! looping
the 'Do! '! looping
the 'Ai! '! leaping'

and i am fine with that! !

Atef Ayadi
Hallow Lonely

Hallow
Miss lonely
hallow! !

are you
lonely?
miss lonely hallow!

are you lonely
cause,
i am here
for love and whatever reason
my love wish to ask to be taking care of....and VIVE LA RENE! !

are you lonely
really so i can measure up
all the up out and down
injuries....

hellow
my belle

tu as quelque
chose dans
ta tete.....et excuse-moi!

pour mon francais

ma belle
mon amour
mon sourire
gaie.....tu sera
plus bella
si tu me feras sourir?

Atef Ayadi
Some Space: Please! Me!

some space please......meant
to be

give a
place

and space

please,
SULTEPLEZ-VOUS AUSSI
LA
BAS.

I am going this
way!

and
you!
go! !
this way! ! !

Atef Ayadi
Some Space: An Encounter

each time

i approach
life
with another form of life, ...

i mean, each time
i face life;

i just want it
to be life
facing another form
of
life...

Atef Ayadi
A Word To Muslims....

back in time
of empires....
the architects whom built the empire...
Were Arab Sunnist....

now,
in the time of globalization...
global Islam
is sill Sunnite....
cause  Osama is Sunnite....

for the monarchy of the Arabia Saudi...is Sunnite

it is all about the money that comes from pilgrims....the more pilgrims the trophies and better control.

personally,
i am sending
a virtual pilgrimage tour proposal....so you do not have to go
to mecca...mecca comes to you...and can customize your tour in a way that fits your spiritual and personal needs.

finally stop
thinking, dreaming and fantasizing sizing resizing and actualizing about
the best Umma in the planet....
there is no such thing...
if so, it is Jewish, Christian, Hindus, Budists....thinks and dream about too!

if you do not evolve

you will vanish....DNA After DNA...RNA after RNA

Protein after protein,

enzyme after enzyme,
and carbon
after carbon.

the doctrine is folded in the metaphors that are created...and maintained....

like the word prophecy...

Atef Ayadi
A Word To The Jews

Do you remember

all the hardships

all the discrimination and genocides

all the impossible conditions for millenniums

they helped to sharp your destiny...

now,

if a female tells me that she is

Jewish,

i means she is from special camp and with special genes...and she means it.

and if a male tells me he is Jewish,

i will format his hard drive...cause he is simply a racist rapist.....

cause,
in this twenty first century,

racism is a form of low self-esteem...and low self-esteem means hostility....one of us need to be vigilant

in particular, with Jews....i always think win-win..

with females i am always think i am yahweh until these females

prove to themselves that
they are as equal as males...

This means

this planet has to get rid of certain mid-dark-ages
words and practices...

sorry,

my cousins for being concise....cause there are more challenges in this cosmos than being a black tiger, a white wolf, a Jewish dragon....a Chinese elephant or an Indian panda with a beautiful spot mark between the eyebrows...

sorry again, ...
This is not an apology...
i am only courteous...and sharply concise.

Atef Ayadi
A Word To Google Corporation

You are...a global and
a big enough corpo-ratio-n

as big as the solar system....

I can imagine...and I have no doubt
that you are using Saturn's rings
as a place for fliers, ads, search engine, and magnetic storage.
for more extra-terrestrial civilizations....

In cognitive science and in anthropology's terms,
you are simply...

the monster replicator.

Atef Ayadi
A Word To Christians....

Listen up,

Christians of this planet....

The
Christ
Was considered a terrorist by the authority
of his time....
The public were and still are good for taxation.

a story is good for a story.
a metaphor is a metaphor.

a rhetoric is good for a check mate.

Atef Ayadi
A Word To A Lawyer

i made a case against myself....and i defend it....

well
the first part...

i still have to go all the way....
to defend my basic needs....and my rights toward myself...then toward...
other humans and then toward nature...and then toward...the universe...

so dear,

lawyer...i am sure you have the technical skills....a compass and a map of basic
laws...bill of rights, and ethics....

do you have a case against...yourself....? ?

Atef Ayadi
A Letter...To A....Humanitarian Lady

i learned from you

only...your humanitarian...

possiness....

yeah i a feel
to be

poo...sssi in this planet.....

human.....

and skin and bones.....

and other....poo....ssii   things....

strings....and songs...

Atef Ayadi
Let Just Talk With Kisses

..........let just kiss....

WITH PASSIONCE

YOU MAY ENCOUNTER A TRUE KISSES' ORGASM.

Atef Ayadi
The Tarro Of Love

you will keep me...
a life.......

if you talk....ideally....fun....
and you always talk....

i see you....
whenever i see you.....

whenever you notice....
whenever you are in this planet...
walking on these streets....

so keep talking

and walking...or sleeping....on my chest...

i am listening to you...

if you are not talking.....

we can talk in between.....and dream out.....

for a real talk....

like two strangers...

like two lost waving eyes....

swimming for their life...in a cold night...

and look for another...Titanic...survivor.'....

to feel being life....
or off!

me!!

yo forgot i am your master...

girl...? ? ?

let me tell you....my

poo ssi ssissi...ness...! !

i want to teach you some cat to cat techniques...

if you stick to the plan....tonight......
i will teach you some cut to cut techniques...

finger to finger techniques...

tongue-chin-tongue....techniques...

Atef Ayadi
The...Look...Matters....Cause....I Can Not See You
Thought  Frozenwords.L! !

Date & Time: 3/12/2010 9: 26: 00 AM

Remove this comment
Poem: 21661103 -.....CHANGE....
Member: Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK
Comment: ‘...CHANGE TAKES TIME…’

Ditto to it ... it cuts both ways... change for good and bad ....later is fast and salivating for oneself ... but good one is rhapsodic for others ... great write ...

Ms. Nivedita
UK

did you send me a check....or my refund.....? ?

obviously....you

do not know me....

lovely seeking love....and more.....
love! ! ....to share and spear...like pearls....
in perls......
eggges.....in beans.....
kisses....in red....paper...jarres....
gentilness...of his hand......in.......
nuts...and grains.....area...
look...lady....
and i do not know if you have a look....
or.....
looking....or checking up....my pull in poush outs....and keep pushing...i can not run any more...go for you self...

are you kiiling me....leave you....
in this place....of falling off....
baking apart....

shredded into peaceful lust-ull nine gallons pieces....

and

other....bitter bloody....fire fighter
110 vol....musculine.....drink beer.....

my pull out....profile......

so girl...
((i call girl...cause you are 28-10 plus and minus of errors between....40 and 1 year....margin error....))

i am a priced prince....so i have to talk...like a prince with no static prices...on his tag....

other wise....i will be another MJ robot....

Atef Ayadi
The Naps In The Mornings Niz Neez Me...I Will Neeze Your Nose

if you see me

sleeping, closing my eyes or fainting away;

please let me

be...

I always dream to kill off my mind....

my best moments in life
is to be out or off of my mind....

the mind is a sticky pride.

it always asks for more work
and more approval.

Atef Ayadi
The Hands' Language....

i always like..to

understand..the hands' language....

in details....

every
hand

comes
a holly personal book....

touching.....the book is another

language....

Atef Ayadi
The Bottom...All The Vulnerabilities.........

i am....at
the bottom...

of the
po ssi ness....illness.....

I am....at
the bottom...
of the

my life time's.....
the cosmos'...
humanity's....

bottom....

i am at the
state,
stage,
level....

of the strongest rhapsodic vulnerabilities...

after...long denial...and resistance....
i can feel it...be it....naturally....and i love it...

Man! !

hell-la-loya-
i am in less hilly heavenly hell....

soft hell..
black and white....soundless...reality tv show....

nothing surprising....

nothing seems out of the control...

it is good to be here.....nothing bothers.....nothing can not be reached out....

Man! !

This is it! ! ....

THIS IS IT!

the state...of being...trapped...
inside...the matrix......

of my own...

thoughts....

Atef Ayadi
Pride...And...Souls

my pride

asks me...to
keep

the fire
warnings! !

ON! !

my soul.....
((simply....me.... being elevated to higher states))

rules
out

to love
and forgive....
my pride...

it makes
sense

to me.....

but how to melt down....

a glacier

on one of the nipples....

Is it...about prides....or is about souls....? ?
Atef Ayadi
the Firefox Position

she is eating my tail....

i am eating her tail's tail....

the tale is in the details...

let see...where this
war will end and where
after wards...it will begin....? ?

Atef Ayadi
she said:

"who is Saint AA..to begin with...and what is saint AA.......day...anyway"

i said:

"if you come across Saint AA....
you leak..... and dry out.....and at the end of your drought....he rushes you to
his emergency room.... by pouring his holy water...on your head.......then you
awake up...refreshed.....waxed   and with full charged battery.....

now,

concerning, the saint AA,  day....

it is only for the smoky mountains grizzly bear ladies....like the matrix trinity...
Neo's love...((did you see, if she met with the saint...AA before joining the
resistance...she will not die that death...AND.....the saint AA will help her got
better...position in the movie...she could be the one...and Neo will be the poo ssi
and dies instead....))

then....

the
second.position...
second status or
second priority...
Is for the Russian...Chinese...Japenese....Indian...
tiger....females...ladies...

remark:

first, i am not pointing out to any particular grizzly bear (who are starving in the
united states) ....or any particular bear, cats, crocodiles, hyenas.....and ferocious
birds...

second, this is an abstract, un feuilleton 'Idée recette', and i think every one
needs to have a navigation system.
1.09 Am...Free Burger....Free Stuff..In The World...To The Free World

yes i got..sha...i agree with you on one thing...

nothig is free....in this world....

butt-a....tell me young poet....

if buying a burger is sheep...for cheap...

going to the market of two olive nipples

must be free....cause...with a burger...you
do not.((not nut...and nuts or donnuts)) ..
see...tasting....a hole olive nipple for the love of the taste...must be free...if you
can broke it and than fix...other wise...man....

you o to jail for a free poo ssi lossi...man to man..

jail no freedom....no fresh burger......for a lonf time....so you will get stimulated
by any soss...age does not matter...

Atef Ayadi
..The Art..Picaasoo...In Robotic Theory...

if we fuse the math bug....

with humanity bug....

man! ! ....

create a monster....

frank....einshtein.....

then piscassoo will appear......

Atef Ayadi
..Robotic....The Math Humanitarian Robot Theory....In Robotics......

..robotic....the math humanitarian robot theory....in robotics......
the humanitarian...robotic theory's problem....

is the flaw.....

when a robot...speeks....poetry to a woman....that is a flaw.....flaw....

if plato..spoke.....

the truth....(() tous short we wont be here...i wont personally?))

then something must be flaffi..."bonne et mauvaise"

humeure...

pardonnez! -mois...

messieeee and missss sez sieew soussi....

your

TAGINE

smels...

du vin....
et du cidre....

Atef Ayadi
...Robotic....The Math Problim...Of The Human Robot...

the math problem...i mean...i ifff you please.....

the mathematical problem.....

in creating...a robot....

That does everything a woman asks...
despite all the possible woman.....cloudy.....cher....gold....ideas

Ice...martinez.....
And

also...

Be poetic...when this robot.... talks to a man......

It took mother nature 60...millions after the juracik parks....

can you do it fast....enough...to cut the period....

so this denozore....can take care...

of the urgence...of rizing....damn pooo sieesss...ez man

i will iz yu....

i will give any money from the congrass....the feds....will take are of the rest...

Atef Ayadi
today....
Wednesday the 10th of 2010.

4 sushies....checked me out
in 4 times....

and out once.....

the first minutes......

i got a bushi.....trapped in a bushes....he still smiling to me....

the score is simply.....take of the total number of people...
((sushi and bushi and in between))

twenty.....feet.....radius....around....
the score is simply....the remainder....percentage....in matrix...

time.....

the public....is the people...all around....

Atef Ayadi
"une faute de frappe...."

is not

"une faute de frape..."

case....

the second is when you are...in the kitchen....

making frapez in frapess...your burn you ass.....and i have to take to the Emmery...and deal with the fa a acking robots...

that is....un faute de frap...e...fa....ass...bee...tech robot...itch...ez.......
i you feel that you can create a robot....

...fast enough....multitasking....u bet...you can....
spiritually...connected.... with all cultures
guadgets......metaframes...mainframes....

like me....mother nature....madein china or tai-wan

you bet...do not...go further.....

if you do keep me alife....
to be terminator III first....... 

then
....i go back...as an artist......door to door fine art delivery..
everything is almost free....

a one actor.....artist.....

"musique......
dance......
all type of dances.....
all...language support and friendships.....

one actor, ....one agent, ...one producer,
one moving........a..brick...by brick...a corporation..

i love in it
for kids.....story

.....no need for competition....

Atef Ayadi
I Am Trustfull.....Ofcourse...Daa! !

hell ya! ! !
yeah!
and yaa!

you can count on me.....

yeah yeah! ! ! weah ya
yahwa aywa....aiwa aywa....
misheh ah michell ah eh....

i am trustworthy....

here is how it....works: : ...

if you are a po si si sissi....
base number one...i do not not trust you....
no trust for a
po si si sissi...

i do not also
trust busheese bushi...shelshoula..tescula...

red head lost his  black hat...
as he bent.....
he gots fo.....oo...ok....do ok!

ok ok do ke to me! !

cause...and it is simple

"po o o see" tea party, no one in this planet....

i mean:
no one in this planet....
...he gots fo....oo...ok....do ok!

ok ok do ke to me! !

so trust me

in this...

or i will

put you
in the fire line....

where you see the fire...f..ires...from the IRS....CIA....FBI...KJB..

and you do not see the line....

Atef Ayadi
Miss Aywa.....The History Begins When You Graduate From My History Department....

otherwise

you....need .....a H1V1Atef...vaccine...tested on your immune system....then another trial.......and promotion...and pure profit.......than time from graduation....for my history department....u

the thesis...is..

if you wait......for me to stop by.....you need to smile....otherwise...the history will misses the graduation....good time....the jumping...and all the weird stuff....

the grade is fix to be between....excelent and good-enough to start a new love career by her own....Atef Ayadi
Miss...Klee....You Are Graduated....

An easy z++

for her 'i do not believe it...! ! "

role....

Atef Ayadi
Again....And...Again.......Do Ot Ask For Another...Again...Please

YOU DID IT....YOU DO IT....AGAIN....
WE WILL DO
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

at least for the sake of this poem....

stop the kissing back protocols....

get creative.....

like a free...horse.....i mean a free...female.....Well...a female poet...((they always write naked....a way to victimize...the public...and get some tears....))

just write the way you dance.....for yourself first.....and against yourself....

i mean when you want an escape with a soul....windy breezy...icy hot....mate....(a mate....sorry, we do not sell....mates...in her....we sell cadavers and part....for love's experiment....with special...candy toys staff...but no man crossed this area...so...ree...)

good luck! !

when you write....poetry....you are a god....talking to the gods...

and it does not matter....if you are sushi or sue-ssi..boossi.
.
taxi! ! ....taxi! ! ...

b ushi seeker....

cause the only..bushi....i saw....he got lost in the bushes.......
Atef Ayadi
Karma....To Karma

she said:

"Your are clogging the flow
of my karma....with your karma..."

I said:
"is it....good....? ? ......

or should we change our karma magnetic field..."

Atef Ayadi
Seeds Of Happiness

i was told....happiness...is a breed....

like domesticated....animals........

happiness comes with a label.......a brand....and a rating.....

from

wall street....

down...to credit bureau.....homeland security.....gov...officials....

the dot net officials....

the dot com officials...

google....officials.....

fa ack me in my back if i turn to you 180 degree....

happiness is when i deliver....

when i give......

you shall receive what i give......

shall i die...in the process....of give and take....

shall i die in carma, ....as some....mexicans....said

((he meant i am dying caramella...(.nick name karma)) in the desert of arizona....and i am happy....to have you.....in the air...so i can survive...)

Atef Ayadi
A Taxi Driver....And Supper Mall Paradise

She said:

"you are a sexist...how could you possibly say...that? ? "

I said:

"Sorry....i used to be....now....

i am a sexydriver....

i take you where you

see hell if you are sarcastic, ....

to paradise.....like hell if you are semi....sarcastic, .....

and to the supper mall....paradise....if you are already...in paradise...

Atef Ayadi
Few Rules For A Master Courtier....

never rise....your voice......
in front of a master,
a lover of a master, .....or
a worker for a master....

only
listen and
Watch out.....for every.....voice, move, or gesture that may arise....

At home,
do whatever you please;
cause, you must be....your own home's master

or again,
Be the master courtier....

Atef Ayadi
An Another....Metaphore For Lying

loss

in all its forms.

low self-esteem in all its forms.

take off options
and leaves one only with lies

Atef Ayadi
Sound Barrier.....Camouflage

She said:
"your voice....shakes and earth-quakes my vicinity..."

I said:
" You are crossing the sound barrier....ho...T TEA shirt  girl ....... any thing you do is BUTT shaking The sky,, , , ,

i am trained to fight back natural feeling's camouflage.....

with vulnerable...simplistic feelings....

Atef Ayadi
Creationism....The Matrix

creationist in america.....have the cash...means....and the wit.....of low self esteem...creation.....

the matrix...dualism between the architect god and the oracle....Neo....and trinity....adem..eve.......

the love they create between god as the masters....and the slaves....in zion.....

is an ideal god lab experiment.....

pure...west....theological....theory....of spontaneous divinity....of the god....toward...his f-acking fa-cked creatures.....

personally...i like to see...sensual spiritualism.....and spiritualic lipstick in sensuality....

Atef Ayadi
If You Are Tired....Let's....Breathe Some Love

do you know that I have a formula...for...

feeling tired......

gather a hypo-thermia.......ice....minus 270Celsius....negative 300 Fahrenheit! yaa! ya! aking Fahrenheit....

then jump into

a plus 270C....a cool....hot fac aay aay aaaa! king awesome temperature.......before the complete finish melting....and all the 'I am tired' is gone....I will unplug all your temperature's digital and mechanical sensors...

Atef Ayadi
...If You Want To Get Lost...Follow Me...

any girl....over 18....and it is better....age of drinking....
can get to the right seat....

what is love.....love is driving with a chick in flashing out over the right seat....

and if you are boy....
and it does not matter who the hell you are...sit in the back and

fa....q up...off....without the option of on again....? ?

or get your own car....

Atef Ayadi
Soltion.....A Practitioner....White.....Native.....American

he said..... ''

i was one who....asked......the board....

to work with patients around....solutions...not around the source of their problems....''


i said.... ''

man....you are not only a conservative extreme liberal....right wing...


but a poussie so-so-ssi  pro prozac prozac...what is the diffrence of it is zack or prozac is the problem

......you must be a terrorist....''

Atef Ayadi
From Adem Simple Dream Liberalism....To Humanity Creative Capitalism...

what went in adem smith.....
is to have an orgasm....send his seeds and sperms to the his lady...a day trip with his transportation means and....technology.....of his time...the lady..i mea his lady...received the sperm....100% adam spers...no errors in the UPS system back in time....no possible human errors....no extra interrest and no bet....and betting....
the lady have also her orgasm.....while seeding the yard......with adam sperms....and seeds....

did you see...that was adam dream....liberal free individual interrest.....never meant to harm anyone....thinking that individual if persuing their happiness...individually...well.....the effort can benefit all parties.....

that is how we got bankers....to start their cartels....from the 15 century....back in europe.....

now if you want yo talk...about capitalism.....it is the same....

imagine a hypothetical adam smith...in earth...who wants to send hi sperms to his lady in pandora.....she is one of the na-a-vi people..tall, blue and beautiful.

do you think...UPS...and FEDEX....never considered their expansion to.....Pandora services...on time....no errors...no lost planes...and hijacked cargoes....by sea little monster....

do you think the army does not like to help....first hand...terrain...exploration....type of protections.....and home land security....in the worse case....pandoran want to invade..planet earth...

do not you think...CAT...is working on the blue prints....of these big capitalistic
machines...that digest the soil....and filter....the good rare metals....and "other...do not talk about staff"....

if you answer...yes...this is how....the capitalism will thrive for sometime....

cause we are human...we are creative....and nothing will stop us...

to invade the....god universe....mother....f akers....

Atef Ayadi
this growing...woman.....

is desperate for love....

i like drama....and watching her heart' beats and breath

falling apart...as she is trying to hunt me down...

Atef Ayadi
...A Letter To My Self...Pre-Post-Doc....Power-Nergy...Position

beside
acting......

i love myself....Alt-Ctr-F2 you guys....

sorry...i getta to go to my bay- beeeez and eezes......

i will be back for sharing....my bed....with my charging charged female....of an african azz, heizel georgian eyes, yellow Green Landhair,japenese hands, ....the listof features is too long....and i needtime to absorb the shock wave

she is hot...like tea pot potty patty laa-tea girl..

so- ree audience....

yo getta
do
what
yo
getta

first
or
do
it later after yo read
all of this without be-IN lost in a sport channel.

Atef Ayadi
...A Letter To My Self....Letter 1o1....

forget about karma....... 

f....car....
f-arms
f-ford

farms.....
low wage farming for non profit....

you will see the first letter 
from light to light
twilight zone red and green light....the orange is missing......

the truth is,  ,  ,  ,

you see like you see me acting.....

dude....i saw...myself
acting....! ! !

is that cool? ? ? .....i was and i am still surprised...
by my automated.....mechanical animal....monster....and bloody creature.....
mammal...
dinosaur...

acting skills....

can you? ?

see that...for yourself? ? ?
please.....i need a real  non-weed smoker witness.....

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Brave Sweat Heart....

fuc off

go home....

now! ! ! !

Atef Ayadi
...La Musique...Et L'Amour....Des Filles....

Well...sorry,
this is not a ho story...a sushi story....butt a bushi to sishi sussi...bushi stroy....
... a bushy three thousand days and one year round....adventure and more
dangerous than the 007....french to tunisian version....les marocan sont invite's aussi....ca va pas non? ? ..... 

chercher..... 
(prenounced: esssher....shai...
meaning....searching....with something in mind)

chercher encore....et encore
(searching...again...and...again...)

comme un aveugle.....
(searching with no heart, , no mind...no third...eye...not god...no gift...sno
skill...no eileen..glance....in the moring and night time show...
no ey-wa...no pandoura........

chercher
un amour

dans le ciel...les ciels...

eventuallment
et pardonner moi
sur terre.....

in my case...la frence.....pour les autres....la france est toujours la....

un amour sans vin cherchant son vin.....

searching
(love...with differences in options and derivative...inflation duration.)
forty four Sirus tower flour....
....one the moon.....and since we still undecided about Afghanistan loaded II....the maximum you can go high in the sky is boing 747...witch offer you the most safe high risk....if you want jumpy freedom fighter american...bed credit....high risk...well take a ticket with any european airline....A360 flies like a dauphin...swimming in the sky.....

Atef Ayadi
She wrote:

<<<....
Hon’ble Poet
Fine diction ... fire? ... be dare! ... don’t care! ! ...share! ! ! ...rear in your abode’s
tire ...! ! ! ...waiting there ...Omigod strong man ... afraid of chicky hare lolol
Regards
Smiling at you
niv

PS Please visit my page ...okk sure will you make it lolol ...Welcome to page of
chicky hare... ... not cobra ... but a striped topper ... steer every reader ...by poetic
flipper..
n
....>>>>

i replayed:

<<<....
this part is very hot....i like it...cause it sounds you....
******************************************************************************
Fine diction ... fire? ... be dare! ... don’t care! ! ...share! ! ! ...rear in your abode’s
tire ...! ! ! ...waiting there ...Omigod strong man ... afraid of chicky hare lolol

this part:
******************************************************************************
Regards
Smiling at you
niv
******************************************************************************

i call it: : chick ho milk ho... chocolate lathea lilo holly nutty cow...a smiling
sarcasm....
woman conservatism.... >>>

Atef Ayadi
Give in to the heat

Or simply

Give in to me.....

I have the same damn seasonal weather.....
low cold low heat
or high cold and freezing heat
All are the same

state
.....

cause....i am plasma... a mix of the universe consciousness and a percentage of organic minerals left over of a star dust.

But,
you.....in contrast,
are.....a simple
chemistry.....
a simple nature,
a simple world,
a simple metaphor.
a simple tree.

Atef Ayadi
French...Loliness....Nuttyness....Nottiness  And Notty-Ness...

DEAR LOLI...

THIS POEM IS TO BOOST YOUR NATTY-NESS.....

AND NOT BACK CLASHES...THEN MY NUTTINESS...OR IN SOME CASES....NOT NOTTI NUTTI NATTI..I AM NOTTY..ARE YOU READY FOR NUTS SHOW LATINO NOTTINESS AND INESS....? ?

FIRST NOTTYNESS AND NUTTINESS ARE NOT FRENCH.....

TO SPEEAK IN FRENCH

TO A LOVER...

IT MEANS HE IS IN THE FUTURE (A FUTURE ABSTRACT OR REAL LOVER)

AND YO HO IS IN THE PAST....DRINKING FRENCH WINE....

IN PARIS....

OR LOST IN HONDURAS....AS A HUMANITARIAN....

BESIDE THE FRENCH....COLORS...PRISM....SPECTRUM...ARE FOR THE FIRST HOMO- SAPIEN..INZ....AND HOMO LIVERS, HEARTS AND OTHER..PARTS...RECIPIENTS....

DO YOU DREAM TO GO TO DANCING CLUB....
WELL...FIRST YOU NEED SOME GIRLS AND AND VERY HORNY GIRL FRIENDS...
I MEAN LEZ-BEE-IONS....THEY WILL HELP YOU FREE YOURSELF TO YOURSELF....AND GET RID OF THE PRISM....AND THE SUDDEN FRENCH....IRAQI INSURGENCY UN-RESTED DESIRES....
I ENJOYED THE POEM....I ALMOST ERR..OR....RE....ACTED...ON MY INSTENTS...

Atef Ayadi
Love Song: Instrumental...Experimental.....Oxygene

I AM CAMPING

BABY

HIGH....

HIGH,
IN THE EVEREST MOUNTAINS....

AND YOU COULD NOT
REACH M E

CAUSE I AM IN THE MOUNTAINS....
THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN....

ICE IN MY FACE....
MY HEAD....AND AROUND THE PLACE.....

YOUR DEEPEST MOUNTAIN...IS COLD.....
AN A ROM IS

WHAT CLEAN THE ICE....AND COOL DOWN

MY DESIRES

WHEN I AM IN THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN....

AND YOU ARE FAR AWAY....

LAYING DOWN...
IN MY HORIZON....

FEELING THE WARMTH OF THE SUN.....
SO PLEASE BABY

NO MORE
ROMS
AND ICE
ON MY HEAD...

CAUSE....
I AM DONE
WITH MOUNTAIN EVEREST...TODAY....

AND I AM HEADING MORE DOWN....

DOWN TO YOUR TOES....

THEY MUST BE DESERT, SANDY, SALTY, DANGEROUS AND DRY....

Atef Ayadi
Love Song: ....Irish Nock-Nocking

GIVE ME

YOUR HANDS BABI

AND LET YOUR TWO FEET COMMUNICATE....
BACK AND FORTH......

ON MY NICK NOCKING

ALL THE DOORS AND
EVERYDOOR...
DOOR BY DOOR...

FRO 8: TO 6

WHILE YOUR ARE TEXT- MESSAGING ME
WITH YOUR FEET....

WHISPERS....

NAILS.....BITES....KICKIN...YEELINGGS...YOOO-INGS.....FOOO...OW-ING

Atef Ayadi
Website...And So Your Message And Stuff... Love Song: ....Put Your Name In My Heart....And Leave It There....Bay-Bee-Ee..

YOUR NAME
BAiBE

IS A GOD NAME....((and it is a good name too!))

....BaiBEE BEE with ME, I BEE AND BEAR WITH YOU....

LEAN ON ME I LEAN ON YOU...

AND THIS A GOOD

ENSEMBLE

FOR A FIRE....
THAT COULD NOT BE
DIS....TWIN, TWO TWINS UNDIFFERENTIABLE

FIRE Hazards...comming from OF SOOTING SARS.

so we can not lean because of fire...and because fire

is a necessity....like modern kitchen...

we need....water....

soaps....air begs....tea bags....
and your az....

without farting please....

so...i made your name into
your heart...hope

it stays there....
Low Love—Dear Love—Love Everything... Me... I Am Good... And Please Stop!

LOOK... LOVE IS
SWEET

SWEAT....
WHEAT HAS FIBERS... AND YOU SHOULD EAT...
FIBERS....

LOVE IS BULLS BEANS AND EGGS...

BEANS ALONE MAKE ME FARTING... AND YA-HOO! ALONE....
SO I LIKE BEANS WITH SOME MEAT.... LIKE BULLS AND NUTS....

AND OTHER BLACK MAGIC STUFF.... AND BASIC CHEMISTRY

INGINEERING.... WITHOUT A DEGREE.... ((SELF TAUGHT))

EGGS... ARE GEEZY... MALIABLE.... A PIECE OF MOLD NEED SCLUPTURE... AND WORK WITH HEART... I MEAN A REAL HEART...

FINALLY....
LOVE IS.... ZEN

ZEN ZING ZUNG ZOOO..... OW- EY- NAA- HEE!  .. HEEY!
YOW YU TOOT TA HEY.....

ME YOGA HEY....

SO HOO ME...

SO HAI....
LIKE A GOOD WEED FOR THE HOLE YEAR.... WHEN IT REALLY BLACK OUTS....

Atef Ayadi
To A Growing Woman.....

I DO NOT KNOW....
MUCH ABOUT....

YOUR STUFF...

I TOLD YOU.....I ASKED YOU
ONCE....FACE TO FACE....

DO YOUR NIPPLES MATCH MY NIPPLES...

YOU OBJECTED....WITH A NO.....
AND FAST!

I KNOW THAT TYPE OF TWO
F-COWS STARS SURROUND...ING NO '**No**'....
AND FAST!

YOU SAID NO...AND YOU PUSHED YOUR CHEST....
TOWARD MY CHEST....WHILE YOU EYES...DID THE SAME THING YA!
AND YOUR LIPS DID THE SAME BITING....HEART BEATING YO!
AND THEN RISING UP....IN A VERY SWEAT GOOD INTERSECTION....AND GOOD
lord...
GOD ACCIDENTS....OOPS....YOUR FACE.....

IS FEE -ME-LEE-LIAR....!! YA! !

IT IS A SIMPLE

MIRROR REFLECTION...ON THE BEAST's EYES...LIE IN THE EYE LIE....NO
NO AND NO
NO
NOW NO....NO WAY...
THERE WILL BE WAYS ALWAYS
AND ONE OF THEM IS MY WAY....
IN MAY, JUIN (JOO-AAN) AND JUILLET (JOO WE LAY.... DOWN! YA!)

THERE IS NO NO(S) NOSE
MY NOSE IS BETTER THEN YOUR LITTLE EAR....
AND YOUR BITING SURPRISES...

CAUSE IT LOOKS THAT YOU ARE IN YOUR OWN WAY....

AND A DIC-TATOR...LOST IN DIC TATOR-SHIPS...

Atef Ayadi
The Love-Love - Love Spell And Love Miracles....

I HAVE NOTHING TO DO....

ONLY AND ONLY ONE
ONLY.....
LOVING ART JOB.....

I MEAN NOTHING....
AND THE THING

THAT YOU THINK IS

GOOD FOR THE EVERAGE AMERICAN....

NO BABI....THIS TO LOVE...
YOU ART...

AS IF IT IS....REAL
AND CLOSE TO REAL AND SUREALISM....

LOVE BECOME POSSIBLE....IT HEALS....MAN!

IT HEALS ALOT

OF THE STRESS....OF ART HARDSHIP.....

DO YOU THINK.....
IS THIS A MIRACLE.....

OR LOVE'S SPELL....? ?

Atef Ayadi
The Love-Love - Fairely Far Love And Close Sometimes....

SHE LIVES
IN THE CLOUDS.....
LIKE ANY GIRLS....IN HER CASE
SHE IS A WOMAN...
WITH SOME GIRLS ISSUES....

I LIVE IN DIFFERENT WHITE SPRING SUNNY CLOUD, MEDIUM TO BIG SIZE
(((VERY BIG FOR THE BIG AND VERY TINY FOR THE TINY, AND VERY JUPITER
FOR PEOPLE FROM JUPITER))) ....

THAT CLOUD MUST BE MY DOWNTOWN....AROUND PEOPLE AND MOVEMENT
AND RESTAURANS...AND GIRLS...MOVING HERE AND THERE...BOYS FOLLOW
THE SAME PATTERN...ALMOST
(((UNLESS ONE OF THEM IS DEAD....FROM TURNING AROUND FOR
NOTHING...AND THERE IS SOMETHING...IN THE VICINITY....)))

RENAISSANCE....CAFE SHOP...

FOR KNOWLEDGE...AND ENLIGHTMENT
FOR ROMANCES...AND BROKE MY HEART....
I WILL UNPLUG YOUR ELECTRIC POWER MAC....VIDEO CARD....
THEN I WILL BREAK YOUR GUITAR....WIRE BY WIRE...PEACE BY PEACE AND IN
ORDER...

IS FAIR? ? MY LOVE? ??

OR FAR AWAY.....FROM....CATCHING UPSSSS AND DAAAAWNEZ....

OR CLOSE ENOUGH...TO FEEL IT....INSIDE? ?

Atef Ayadi
The Love-Love - Far Love - First Serie

LOVE IS GONE

WITH YOU

BABE....
YOU....YOWWWWWWWOOOO OWWEH EHHH HHH HE HEY HI HEI YEA YEE YAH....

AND WHEN LOVE IS GONE....I CAN NOT SEE YOU.....
WITH MY HANDS, LIPS....OTHER MEANS AND MY EYES...

SO I LOST YOU FOR REAL....
AND THAT MAKE
ME GO
CRAZY....

SO PLEASE
PLEASE
COME BACK.....

SO WE CAN

LOVE OUR HABDS
AGAIN

AND LOVE OUR LIPS
AGAIN...AND AGAIN....AND GAIN....

EGGGGGGGGG EEH EH EN NNNNN A

SO COME BACK
BABI PLEASE

TO EASE YOUR PAIN.....AND MINE....
The Dancing Issues....The Public Dancing Big Street And (O.N.G) S Parties

look i dot not dance in public.....

first it is about copy rights.....
second it do not just....

jumping fishing.......pretending dancing.......means justify the ends....

It is an (O.N.G) eases, boozes, and teez-beez......party....

to get some special bail out...fund rising sing song songs....the sun in eclipse in China-town.....and in china at the same time....it is a sign
to accommodate and cover the mess over and over...
the budget deficit.....for the next possibly hundred years....

jesus can you help us? ? ....we dance for you today.....and...we prey for yo tomorrow....

Atf Ayadi
Theory Of The Theoretical Poetry....

Look.....
kids from day one...to 4....years of age.....are poets....

After...four...
they are socks.....

the teacher looks like a robot....waiting for free date..
.
without momiiii....dad....diiiiiee! ........and my...brotheeeeeze!

everything is sucks....and soo ok ok....! !

Atef Ayadi
Theory Of The Last Theories

by now...i believe you heard about the big-bung? ? ?

that is the beginning of the first theory......

the last theories deal with what is last.....

what last and divinity is not in issue....here.....and please let me finish for the hell of finishing at least an introduction of the bottom and heated core of the theory.....

first. ..... 
the core central of the theory....states simply:

if you are given....an encapsulated....object...theory.....
can you see where to be fit.... 
used....and accommodated....and enhanced...and passed on.......

like playing......

games....it starts as a theory....then here we go...we are in the twilight zone...

Atef Ayadi
Theory Of The Greek Theories

binary systems....

geometry....angles and abstract....
true an fals axioms....

Thank the greeks folks for that.....Aristotle.....a big hug....

Gradian....to touch, light....and logarithm..... to the abstract pholisophy
(if god exists...why would we asked the question....
if god does not why would give up on our chicks...harem of girls...for nothing...))

thanks to the non-arbian...emigrant....

apple...from Sir. Isaac Newton to Sure Brother Job

for mac apple....

now....thanks to whom.....

the theory....of theories....will be honored and entitled to....? ?

knowing that.....
the theory of every theory is not yet invented....not even approched....

knowing that....
the theory of certain humanitarian case to case....piece to piece....
lips to lips...theory is almost....put together.....by an aaaaa a a er rrrrrtist....

knowing that....
the theory of no 'reason fight....and kisses...means 49% happiness....and 51%
insecurity....means certain humanitarian case to case....piece to piece....'
theory....chocked...the hell of humanity...last year...

....
if you make it until this line....

then...i will ask you simply......
if you have a theory for me....? ?

lips to lips...theory is almost....put together.....by an aaaa a a er rrrrertist....

Atef Ayadi
Xbox....Game: ....Battlefield: Bad Osses 4 Chicks In One Chick Lost In The Battel Field'

THE AIM O THIS..GAME...
IS TO NATURALLY LEARN TO CATCH...BIG PRIZE....
TONS OF THOUSANDS POINTS...FOR ONE OF THESE

ASSEZ.....LOST IN FALLOUJA....

4 CHICKS IN ONE ASZ CHICK...

IN IRAK......

WHO does not LIKE REAL ADVENTURE....

IN IRAK....

AND CAPTURE ONE OF THESE CHICKS AT THE SAME TIME....? ?

Atef Ayadi
Xbox....Game: ....Battlefield: Bad Bosses 4

THE AIM OF THE GAME...IS TO GET A DEGREE....
IN MATH...CHEMISTRY....QUANTUM THEORIES....HUMANITY...LIBERAL ARTS....WHILE YOU ARE

ACCUMULATING THOUSANDS OF POINTS.....

Atef Ayadi
...Why Poeple Never Evolved Since Eve....

people still fight for

two different masters....
one blue belt tai kee...chiita win-the-wind do...

the other....

mother furious act kerre kerr tirr tir terre haute, ....

.....black belt...

tai koo...nee nija...to bahrain....with 10 years in killing cows...and zero years in killing cowards and infidels...

but he has what it takes to do so....

all of them evolved...
from the same

jee wish......fa king david heritage....

AND BEFORE THAT.....

IBRAHAM...IN OTHER PLACES...

IBRAHEEM....

WHO
STARTED TO MEDIATAE....OR HAD POSSIBLE
ELZERIMER, A VIRUS, OR BRAIN.. SERIA...BACK TYRIA....

OR SIMPLY

"...UNE FRAPE DE SOLEIL...."

Atef Ayadi
Harwares....From China....Softwares And Generic Codes From India..

i am organic robot....
with fast upgradeable...softwares and protective...subroutines loops......

and with a hardware which meets the requirement for surviving

tough....toff and tiff....harch enviroment standards.....

still...i feel

there....
must be...

something else....

that.....does not shutdown....at all... and all time? ??

or i am just high
today and i need to meditate and breave....? ?

Atef Ayadi
A Love Song: ....Take On Me....And Take Off Your Hands

take on me....

take on.....on

me...and take off

your hands from my gene-tic-factories....

take me on....

oh ehay ho...
ho hoo
how did you do that.....? ?

take me on.....on

me...and take over with your

"snai-ki..no key ikk key" hands from my gene-tic-factories..

Atef Ayadi
A Love Song...Do You Remember? ?

THE TITTLE SHOULD BE: 911.... am I a lover....? ?
INSTEAD OF MIKOL JACKSON DO YOU REMEMBER...? ?

911! !
GIRL....YOUR VOICE IS SWEAT....
CAN YOU STAY WITH ME...
ON THE PHONE....

SO I WONT DIE ALONE....
911.... am I YOUR lover....? ?

911! GIRL....
DO YOU REMEMBER...MY FIRST....IMMERGENCY CALL....? ? ?
THEN YOUR FIRST....IMMERGENCY CALL....? ? ?

DO YOU REMEMBER....WHEN...
WE WERE..YOUNG.....
I NAIL YOU DOWN.....TOO MANY TIMES.....

AND THE SUN.IS STILL BRIGHT....

SO,
911....

DO YOU STILL...REMEMBER...THE
TIME....
WHEN YOUR SKIN AND MY SKIN.....STAY CLUNGED...GLUED...
COMPAQ-CITY.....CIVIL ENGINEERING TESTED...

LIKE LOVEYS....DRUNK....AND SOBER, ..... 
IRISH LOVERS.....SO THEY CAN KEEP UP WITH THE LONG NIGHTS.....

Atef Ayadi
First Solution To An Old....Uncured.....Sick Old Problem....(Luck!) ..... 

you can see the luck....

when you put your eyes on you...
when...you put your head on you...

when you focus....and master your focus....

when you love yourself as the ultimate soul....like Seoul for south korea...

when...you give your best.....

when you put your guts....heart...lungs...and total body's eye....

in your....higher self.....and re- load the mitrix....

Atef Ayadi
First Solution To An Old.....Uncured.....Sick Old Problem....(The Other Few Dimensions!)

if you can not jump up

into the web of life,

who is going to jump for you....? ? ?

...it means for me,

simply....

People's dreams....are not my damn copy right.....

Sometimes,
I stop dreaming when someone else...starts...
his nightmares...

Atef Ayadi
First Solution To An Old....Uncured.....Sick Old Problem....(Second Love!)

if you are not that
crazy....

man...! ! ?

do not
talk about love......

unless....you are really good crazy.....

to meet the true love requirements.....and laws....

Atef Ayadi
One Challenge Ahead....Interstate 110 West

one of the solution...i immediately...think of....
when i am trying to define and zero down on my problems,
one by one...and lay down options
in order....

is to travel south to texas, arizona....pecific...while....
transiting in cali-fo err gh nee eyy ya....with the voice of Schwa-aaa aa ah! oh! ?
azzz  zeeee eee nee aaaa ooo egggggg niiiiiger!

i mean simply (Schwarzenegger)

then when i start to see the derivatives....and
wall streets  being hijacked....i freak out....

is it normal....? ?
I  am being hijacked....or simply i freak out....

what do you. do..in my place....what do you suggest....where do you run away?

Atef Ayadi
...Many Solutions For One Damn Classical Problem...

this money....
and
this big global issue....
is a minor issue to me.....

and almost no problemo...! Sir! ?

cause,
we all evolved.....without the conditions of money.....

Now,
Obama
as well as some rich dad is my dad! , poor dad, is a poor leader...added.....the
money is the solution to our evolution....
and the evolution of
our evolved genes....
black and white...like mom and dad....poor african leaders!

Atef Ayadi
while thine hair.....recounts...

the salty ocean....dark and conspiring....nights

thy skin
calls for bravery....

Atef Ayadi
....Sonnet X.....

if love is thy
sinful crime.....

thy beauty...is thy
ultimate insanity.....

Atef Ayadi
fear of crying

in the end....even thought

laughs spark....joy and happiness....

is better than

crying at thy laughs of deep happiness...

Atf Ayadi
Sonnet Viili....

no rules in
war

of beauty....and love...

Striking strikes on single...string sings no more then
thy....

Atef Ayadi
....Sonnet Vii.....

happy forgiveness day

new lovers,
young
beauties...

young lovers...
and old and
still racing....Trojans....

bless...beauty...

bless love....and lovers

Atef Ayadi
....Sonnet Vi.....

my winter....bed cover....
of sheep wool....

has all the records.....of the

winter hide outs

with the beauty....

Atef Ayadi
....Sonnet V....

do not look in my eyes....

love and beauty....

are for the burned souls....between...

the ice....and the white gold bursts of the sun....

Atef Ayadi
Sonnet Iv...

beauty

is in donuts....

i mean literally
"thy do not....
if please do....

i will bite you....
like a hungry man....'

nuts are good....
they are base....

beauty is another base....

check mates are not allowed....
only shakes....shaking...sharks....sheer cheat chat...cat cat..cut....shorr...or

i will shoorr and shieer in your stieering wheals....
with a joyestic....

Atef Ayadi
Sonnet Iii.....

i rubbed, and
ripped off

myself....
from my spring times.....

while, keeping memories....
of loveliest springs...

now i

am free from all
springs.....the winters are always falling off
after
summers watery times...

Atef Ayadi
...Sonnet II.....

my springs last.....as well as my winters....
i will be glued to my beauty.....with her skin’s honors....

cause,
life can give you more....
more than....

what you are asking....for....

Atef Ayadi
Sonnet I.

MY DESIRES....INCREASE, DECREASE....BUT NEVER
ROSE AND MIGHT NEVER DIE,

MEMORIES
..TIME....MY BEAR THESE BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES

But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,

YOUR EYES...EILEEN....MY EVE....

GODDESS, THINE OWN BRIGHT LIGHT....BLUE SKY EYES...

MAY THY WIND, GODS....KEEP THE FEED'ST THY FLAME...LIGHT AND
BRIGHT.....FOR ALL LOVERS....CROSSING THE LOVE SEA AND LOVERS OF
OCEANS....

THESE
ARE MY HANDS....
MY EYES....WITNESS...THE CRUEL AND THY
UNBEARABLE!

THE SPRING
IN THE EYES.....IS THY ORNAMENT....

WHEN HEARING....THE MUSIC....OF FLOWERS...
OPEN ALL THE GATES FOR THE NEW LOVERS OF THE SPRING...

A MAN WITHOUT
FEELINGS......AND CONSENT....
DOES AND SHALL BE LOST IN THE IVORIES....NIGER......DESERTS....
THOU THE LOVERS, THOU SHALL BE....E AT THY END......

FEELINGS ARE
PITY.....CONSENT

IS NEUTRALITY.... in the graveyard....

Atef Ayadi
Sonnet....A Sizar....Is For The Beauty....

A SEA IS A RE MI DO RE ME DO RE
ME MEM MOR RE IE, EE, IIIEY, OR EI IS THE SAME....
A SISOR....IS TO CUT THIS BEAUTIFUL HAIR
FOR THE MUST.....
CUT AND ADD PIECES FROM MY DRESS....FOR
DUTY....

SO A SEA OR ZOR....MY BEAUTY....
IS TO CALM DOWN.....

YOUR BLOOD IS FLOWING INSIDE.....
WHY YOU WANT IT TO FLOW OUTSIDE....
I CAN SEE THE COLOR OF YOUR BLOOD FROM INSIDE....AND
PUSHING OUT....TOWARD ME....
DO YOU WANT MORE THAN THAT......
YOU WILL DIE.....AND WILL NEVER SEE ME....
OR SEE ME NAKED AT THE SEA.....COVERED WITH ASHES
AND SAND....

Atef Ayadi
Sonnet: From Mud To Ashes...Ashes To Not More Playing With Water

i want to dig
into this muddy earth...as if it is you.....

i want to see....and....dry my hand with your dry
ancient ashes.....

.....I.... want to wash....

my face......with your soft....
muddy
water....

i am told...this
give me life back in
and right away.....

i want to dig into your ashes

until streams....and tiny lakes
will turn into

swamps...or salty oceans....

Atef Ayadi
Aahtef....Les Shakespeare's Ree-Ayan Sonnets...

GOD! ! ! ..

-I MEAN I CALLING GOD

NOT
I AM SEARCHING IN....THE BUSINESS
NEW GOD....

GOOGLE....

OF COURSE...OFF COURCE! ! ...AFTER...MICROSOFT? ? -

IF i! WRITE YOU A GOD POEM....

WOULD YOU....

GIVE ME THE TITLLE...

OF THE.."** SINGLE SIMPLE GOD....A POET GODS....IZ AND DIZ ME I WILL DIZZ YOU......

FOR........ THE..."GOD'S SUSSI SONNETS...."**

OR! .... YOUR WILL WILL WAIT....

FOR THE COMING....

IFF YI- IEE-OOOO DIJJ J ME, .....I WILL DEE-JAY-YOU....ON THE DANCING FLOOR...FOR HOURS...EVEN THOUGHT FOUR OURS....HOW-LILI LEY LEE COW OWER LESSLIGHT.....IS GOOD...ENOUGH....

sonnets...

HNLHVL LGLGA LFLGSDHLGSLKL
- god ISH SHEUUEUEUUUU ISS SHUT SLOWLY, AND DO NOT FART-
NO.....OOOO AW....THREE 000SAND TIMES....PER SECOND IF YOU DO THEM MA MA MAAAA MATH! ! ... 


C'EST FINI

ENTRE MOI...ET TOI -AS-ESSS-HOOOLEE JAAKI CHAAAUNGG ING NUG NIG NUG....-..SOK YOU....AND YOUR SUSSII EL LOUSSI 6 POO SSI POETRY"

I ALREADY HAVE AN EMPIRE.....

Atef Ayadi
...To The Nato Poets...Comities....

I AM GLAD
'OF THE STANDARDS......"

OF YOUR HONORS.....
MY MASGESTY! 's

POETS....
GREAT POETS....
CRAZY ONES....

THE RAIN MAN POETS....

LILI POETS....
WILEY POETS....
HENRI DUDES.....AND LEFTOVER....FROM BOSTOM....

LADIES.....THE FLOWERS AND ROSES OF POETRY.....

MOMS AND DADS....AND SIGN OF ILLNESS PEOTS....

IT IS TIME TO CHANGE....
TO DAY IS THE RIGHT TIME....

THANK

YOU....AND THIS FINGER WILL PROVE....OTHERWISE....

Atef Ayadi
Hey Miss America.....Inflation Eye T.E.D 2010...

MISS AMERICA....
THIS IS FOR YOU....FROM
...t.e.d....

THIS IS TED....

LOOK RUSSI...

WE NEED TO GO AND SASSIII....

IF YOU DO NOT HERRY TO
TO DO SOMETHING

WITH YOUR ASS

TO GET US SOME SHEERS AND
EASY TARTGET RICH OLD MASTERS....

EASY TARGET MILLIONEERS...TIRED...FORD OIRISH...TYPE THAT

AND DO NOT TYPE THAT? ?

OW KEY

OR WILL YOU MY KEY

THIS TIME TO

TURN YOU ON! ! ! !

DOES IT SOUND

MISS
AMERICA....

OK...KEE KEE...KLEA...THE ARTIST

AND NEW....JEN-DOO-UBIAN...URBEN-IZED, ICED....
TEA...

LATIFA....

TEA....BILL...ELMONT TE....TE!

TIFA....ATIFIA  FIFA....BIFFA...AFFAA...FAFEFA....

HEY GIRL......DISPOSE OF OR FROM
YOUR SUCKING BEE ITCH....LOW BIT BIT CHES...

AND IF YOU HAVE OTHER

GIRLS....AND FRIENDS GIRLS.....

BRING THEM

AS WELL....

THE HOUSE IS A HOTEL...FIVE STAR...IN TOWN....

ATLAS....LA GAR....LA PIECE....LA RUSHE....PETIT THE THE MA THE.....

Atef Ayadi
I Am In Touch Able...? ? ?

LOOK OBAMA....

I TOLD YOU....

THE SECRET TO HAPPINESS......

IS MICHELLE....

WHAT CAUGHT ED YOUR EYES FIRST FROM MEE-MI ME-MISSHELL? ? ?

WHAT I MEANT... WHAT BLURED YOUR EYES TO CATCH THE IMPOSSIBLE....? ? ?

DESPOARATION DISCOVERING.....

THAT GIRLS EARING IS ECC-ESSENSE....PENNY LESS...MY PEN HAS TO BE CHANGED FROM TIME TO TIME....

I AM PENNYLESS.... DAD IS....KING AYA INIA AINT SEE HIM....

MOM! ! ..I LOVE YOU MOM.....

SURVIVE IS THE ULTIMATE CHOICE AND A POWERFULL SUPPORTED.... AVATAR....NEW HOLLY! WOOD...AVATAR MALE STAR....
ULTIMATOME....

Atef Ayadi
Fairly Free Fear

WHEN I STATE.....

'i am fearless....'

i am a liar,

nevertheless, fear vanish as soon as it appears....
like a street red signal...

Atef Ayadi
...It Is Free....

HERE....ONE OF MY ART....

TAKE IT.....
IT IS MEANT TO BE YOURS FROM THE BIGGINING....
THE BIG BUNG....

BANG BANG BANK!
BIG BANK! ! ....! !
YOU STOLE 3 PERCENT OF MY HEART'S
WEAKEST BEATS....

SO WHAT! ?
EUh!

SO WHATTTT! ?
EUh!

SO f AKING WHATTTT! ?
EUh! ....? ?

TAKE FOR FREE....YOU WILL PAY AS SOON AS YOU RECEIVED....
IN BOOMS BOOZ NIPPLES....

LIPS.....EARTHY BLUE SKY....
SKY LAND ICE.....AND GREAT AVALANCHES.....

SHALL REMAINS

THAT WAI EH! !

FOR EVER? ? ! ! !

Atef Ayadi
...I..Been....Alone...I Am A True Queen-Tea Spoon Ya Hoo Me The Way Yo Please Yo!

HEY MISS FLORIDA.....

I AM TALKING TO MISS ILLINOIS.....
IN THE BASEMENT.....((BIBI BIBLE BLACK AZz ariZOna DUCK HEAD YOU LEFT IN ME....OO HO HO...MY EYE IS AS YO SEE FOR YOUR SELF AN AZZ THAT NEEDS TO BE TAPPED AND TAPE RECORDED....AGAIN AND AGAIN...)))
SHE IS A SPACE NASA....MANAGER....i mean she manages the space for a Non profit grass root humanitarian USA organization

SHE IS AFRICO.....ILLINOIS-eeze DESCEND-EEZE.....

MARRIED TO A WHITE
ASH DUDE....

-ash like mash dash and nash DOING MATH  GAMES IN nashville.-

DO YOU LIKE
MY INN-POSSIBLE...? ?

Atef Ayadi
A Woman Stripped Off From Her Body

TAKE OFF MEMORIES....
AND FLASH ALL OUT....

IT IS SILLY TO OPEN
YOUR HEART AND MIND

TO A NEW ARRIVAL....WHILE
THE HEART IS....BITTER WITH MEMORIES...

LOOK AT THIS WOMAN....
HEAR. AND FEEL HER
ICY LIQUIDS
MOON JETS...

SMELL...THE FAINTEST

DESIGES....

RECORDS HER GLANCES...
AND LIPS BITES FROM SOFT LANDINGS...

and live
the presence

for her presence....

and leave
the future
for another moments....of time

Atef Ayadi
What Iz Love....

i will show you...
what is love...
give me a second....

because...
i fall in love

with you...

cause of you....

i will mix up your eggs with my beans.....

wine...hot wings...

sweat....ice...to no calories...at all...will be a perfect breast-nipples ensemble...

message...and gardening....landscape business..

noise detectors....technician....

technical in the theory of mechanics....
chemistry

physics

heat....thermodynamics.....
plasma...to cosmology....

art...charm of non-loose artist....

meme si il non pas de friques....

JE SUIS

Digne et fiere....

Comme un frere
DE CETTE PLANET....

MAKING LOVE

ET ETRE
PURE.....

SANS MEME DE FRIQUE....

COME JE SUIS PURE

ET
L'AMOUR ET TRES PURE...

Atef Ayadi
..Avant Quelqu'Un Autre...Te Prend Dans Ses Bras...

j'ai pas

besoin de toi.....

je m'en foux

sauf...

jaime pas
les
traces

de tes mains..
lessee's en arriere
parterre...
sans retour
sans soucis....

avant qu'une
autre

prend tes
mains....

Atef Ayadi
On The Roof....The Moone Is Always Full Again And Again..

the moon
my moon is
always on.....

so to night

is going to be

a good night

with my moon...

and we will talk
about
times of hide outs and fainted croissant...

Atef Ayadi
Cats In A Private Public Bath Room

sacred squares are designed and painted...white and black...

distorted....all over....
anywhere.....
clean more than any rich
intimate room....
it is the
black and white idols....

boobzi zi boob

high in the sky....
and this where they stay....

when they walk on the ground....
they work for minimum wage....
from factories...to dirty....
in the basement....
cleaning fir the
old customers....

girls....are

happy

to be together....

with others white and black girls....

here brunette is as lovely
as a banded blinda bondi blonda..

you need a shut...
to separate
them from each others...

Atef Ayadi
i was born....in
a land....

in french:
'Nord d'afrique....la tunisie....164 km carree' s..population....
calm to calm....holding themselves well....then they calm down bish esh
esh
tee
tea
tee
tee
tee
ease
tease
tea

and tish teaaah aaaaah! oooh OH! eah! eshshshsesssseh....

i asked for the be the impossible
for the best of the best....

the impossible love...
the impossible humanitarian...

the impossible poet....

i am almost there....

Atef Ayadi
Conversion

if telling a truth is a story,
lying is a better story.... where the truth has no place where to hide....

Ask eileen.......her hair is mostly born white....

irish
skin burned in mec mac mr. hesus made her lost...her mind in the
department of history of latino part english
half....irish....so-so...italian...french....spanish...portegeese
from  grizly whisky wesly to sweet red potato loveskia vod-kia

if you a  take left...turn

you will see, as she is smoking....firing down,

as if the earth becomes a river of memories, it brings them up and flash them off
all at once. the turbulence is in the memories not because of the river depth or
curvature.

Atef Ayadi
...Damn...19 Years Cheeck

SHE IS

YOUNG....

I FEEL THAT.....

SHE IS READY FOR LOVE....

I HEAR HER VOICE....AND BREATHING SYMPHONIES....

I AM NOT A PRINCIPLE BELIEVER...

AND I DO NOT BIND DOWN...

Atef Ayadi
...Life Is Up.....

if you can not give

a second life
to A WOMAN....

GO AND SHUT

YOURSELF....

DOWN....

Atef Ayadi
...Shouting Stars....

une arabe de vue,

elle est
une Française par sa langue....et son style...et parfin de l'Italie......

un afficaine.....
i can read her lips....and digest their west african saltiness.....

elle est 23...

elle cherche un amour
Sans regrets...
Sans Tempêtes....

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story....If The Sharks Evolved....One White African....Shark Would Do

did you see

bay bee....the red see...
that was me...against the red skin evil.....

did you see

bay bee....the mediterranean
they called white because of my skin....

now do you want a juice-punch....
or do you want me to wax you....
then  bleach your infected salty emotions....

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: ...If Lions Evolved..One Lion Would Say...

Hey bay bee,
do you want me...

to release you first
or milk the other cow.....? ?

Atef Ayadi
The rhythm...

The racing heart beats....

And lips biting...left side

West side and north side....

From her side....

The glance...right and down...

Made me wage

A war against myself.

So the retaliation is
Smoke
Free...guns free....
And smell free....meat to meat....
Free...catchups...free..parking....and free....grill

Atef Ayadi
IS THERE A MASTER PIECE....
I COULD POSSIBLY
FINISH...?

OR JUST LIVE
MY
LIFE AS IT IS...
AS MASTER PIECE...

Atef Ayadi
Short Story: Acting And Acted Upon...

ACTING IS A SCRIPT.....

BEING ACTED UPON
IS THE STORY...

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: ....Self Portrait

INQUI SITION
ACQUISITION.

TRANSITION....

WAR
PEACE..

CHICKEN EGG DILEMMA....

SOMETIMES...TO CONFESSION
IS TO TALK TO MYSELF....

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: ...Andollement...End Of The Pain

the pain started somewhere.....

i am a fugitive....

in a fugitive
town......

unlike my case,

most fugitives, who lives here or transits in and out...are

numb and fouly dulls...

now,

think of everything as words (including what i said)
memories, abstracted ideas, anchors, floating thoughts, stuff
and tell me:
does pain (i mean the pain of words, memories, thoughts and stuff) take one to
fear or to anger?
cause, for me, pain is a thought, fear is a word, anger is an empty world.

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: The Monkey...

if the monkey
father preached

and
did the monkey thing....

well,
it is a sin to be
monk and monkey.

Do you think
he will be that silly
to talk about it

that loud?

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: ...Eve And Adam...True Origine

god throw the couple....
eve and adam...

before the couple eve and adam
was an other couple who did the samething....

dispite god's warning to go far
enough and blow
it...so he could not
got opps....and then upset....
and ak mother nature...
for being alone.....

eve and adam...did it
in god's watch....

enough envy

male jaloussi....

stirred

god
anger

to

send me to pandora...

Atef Ayadi
if a woman

throw
on your head....

a new beautiful...orange...

hard enough....
to smash it...and some juices to your mouth....

do you fight her back....

she also has a nice icy back....
with hills...prairies....life...on and off
day and night....

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: ...What It Takes To Become A Prince...

i met with the kings...
the queens...

and the public of this planet....
the public...is slightly different

from place to place...they like kings....and masters....
lords and...cartels..

when i meet with SOMEONE...I DO NOT FAKE IT....

YOU HAVE TO CHOOSE...

BETWEEN
WHAT YOU ARE TOLD
AND WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY....

Atef Ayadi
The...Question Of Creationism....Eve And Adman....The Horny And The Doggy...History...

first make sure that you are

in the present....

do you want a horn....dry horn....

like you..

fine! ! ..... 

make your own....music....crippy

musician....

but if
you? 
you!
you want

lovely....meat....

"the can not die meat...."

"the meat with smile....put your hand i will bite....
sure i will...."

you have to learn
how to defeat
the
monster
with harp....magical strong horns....

and hot jets....
do you see...

this is only the beast part....

well the other part,
it is still a miss-to-ry...and she is mine...

Atef Ayadi
if your wife is hunted....

do you go
and hunt...with some dudes...

and asses...

do your job....
the job....
you loved.....

wow!
sham wow...
i am an terrific wild animal! ! ? ?

OR

stay
help
your wife butt

to come to normal....

less wild...

less disasters....and bills....and me make sure.....
she feels safe...and animated...? ? ?

if you have to learn what is takes
to learn how to respond....

man your are the charming man....

otherwise...

sorry....your are a bushi...
in the bushes....
you will stay there....embow she shut shut.....not

no she...not drama...no sweat sweet...
no drink...no

nothing.....

just ghost eey and ayes voices...

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: American Ideal....Refurbished...By Disney...

inflation...
competition...on azis
azieez
french....
euro

sharp
smart
funny...
african

ok for chinese...and japeen..ease.with a degree in sushi and tai-coin do

irish...if one know about
the acking

history

of emotions....and asez aquisi ziwi zition....
ak we
si zions
canada cilion....

Atef Ayadi
...Short Story: A World...To Graffiti Greate Inflation
Next Generation..Lover..

come back to pa pa....

little robot.....

son of the night blure, bloor and bor
of the bee that bleeds me...
every...time....i cross
one section of her
honey bee boddy...

your mom

is a wild
robot...

i am not...

so help me

my little robot...

Atef Ayadi
...Shorter Story For A Young Lover....

the video
you are watching.....is somebody made....

stop
this

master bed room ation....alone....

and go for real hunt....
do you see the lion inside my monster....? ?

if you fear see it....

stay....and lay down alike a harem...

if you want to face me

like a like....

sorry,

that was the time...MINATOR II....
to encourage our troops...poopps and pi si sissi oops...

to day...it is different time....
tomorrow...will be also grate times...
for me at least....

for you....

well you need to see the lion first....

sorry for the bio crazy cro gross thin slices sissi...
my be i will show the pizza hot later...
of TER

Atef Ayadi
If you accept my wilderness,
I accept yours.

Even though,
your wilderness is so predictable...

Atef Ayadi
....Short Story: .... The Shore...Of Safety....

my hands.....

your feet....

your head....the pillow.....
your smile...your wonder....

your skin.....inner soft sound and voices....

your safe harbor
dooms and nipples

are my spirituality....

the cold fountains....
hot sprints....
dangerous....zambies and wild wolves....

camping with an Aztec....zebra...
in a damn wilderness....

without techo transissions...DJ and
plasma tv....

you see ay-wa

then aywa connects to you...

Atef Ayadi
....Short Story: .....A Stand.....

i am talking only to zebra and zebras,
one zebra at a time.
like
these two zebras with black and white stripes....and red and blue flowers
in the chest...

and those three zebras...laughing zebra...
with white spots on blue gradient dress...

these zebras seem
follow laws or order....
but
mother nature in all its
dark beautiful side...

Atef Ayadi
Short Story: The Last Homosapian

it already started.....

the third champion zee....

bigger brain....is not enough....

more genes are needed

to comply...with the complexity....of nested conditions....

love is one of these...little nested conditions...

memories....are essential for loops

throw fear and guilt.....

the third champion pown zee....

hardwares....and softwares have

to go beyond the heart beats....

Atef Ayadi
...Sweat.....Polish...Impolished...Shores...

she wants

no more than....

being a kid
a girl

she wants....to be

taking

away

and off
the way

of the normal
off the abnormal

off time and
off town
off her mind
off her skin

just away
far away

in my head, action
is the simplest way.

my instinct tells me to just grab her
and run away....to a place, a moment where she
is she can not grasp or describe.

Atef Ayadi
Sweat Girl From Irish Crazy North Chicago....Belmont And Fluerton And Lake Shore...With Moustiques And Azzess

she thought...i like classical dramas....that much....

i do not know when

the euro pie eyen iey eei le eee eene
started to learn about drama....

still....they think

eye have it? ?

in this AA KING TIME....

I NEED TO CHANGE....

I COME FOR CHANGE....
NOT TO MEET WITH
THE GRISLY HAREMS...

Atef Ayadi
Sweat Corn...Swetty-Notti Tee, Tea, T-Shirt-Wettle
Like Greese Grizly Girl

if you want to see the everything....
yo ho
ya-hoo
ever dreamt, in and out of your life....

are you ready?

for anything....
i mean anything...

including
side-effect of
a pure slavery...

and a brutal
one second freedom...

with a tattoo in your az-abdomen
....my name could be...

on the list.....
whatever the list
you are thinking of

Atef Ayadi
Sweat....Girl.....My New Dance For A New One....

i am a big
of MJ di die de JAY

leno

mon naay

so i need to be ready

for any new style ho....

HO
hight? thai....

yo yu yaoo low oo tai man

can you tie

my ties

to me and....
you and ME

will be

AANnn-separated for a few moment

in fire....

CAUSE,

BEING IN FIRE

IS MY DANCE RITUAL.

Atef Ayadi
....Sweat....Girl...What Is Next

I GOT ALL THE HO EW OOZEZ CONNECTED TO ME? ?

I WANT THEM NOW TO DANCE WITH ME

WHAT IS UP....Miss hot everywhere Miss forgot something somewhere

miss 45 degrees turn back and fort to me

Do you need a back fix or a neck fix?

or do you want me to BRING YOUR NECK BACK TO NORMAL? ? ?

WHAT IS UP....NOW... BA BI....? ?

COME HERE AND DANCE naary naary
Sweat Corn.....The Other Girls...Around...

THE KEY WORD IS
'HE IS CRAZY''

NOW IMAGINE...

A GIRL....
EVERY GIRL...YOU CAN POSSIBLY SEE
360 degrees ALL AROUND....
SAY IT IN HER OWN WAY.....
AY! !
MAN! ! ...NOW WE ARE TALKING....

HUMANITY
SPEAKS UP...
AT ONCE
IN THE SAME TIME....

like 'WE ARE THE WORLD'....song

WE ARE UNITED....FOR THE WORSE....OF THE WORSE,
WE ARE NEW-YORK, CHICAGO, HUDSON RODGER, LOS-ANGLOS, UNITED....
for
THE WORSE OF THE WORSE....AND FOR THE BEST OF THE CAPITALISM....

CHINESE
MAA-LAY-ZEE-ZI-ZI YEN....
JA I AM JA.....I MEAN JAMEL...MEEL AND MELL....
PAN FOR PENCIL
PENS

PENSEY A MOI...IN FRENCH....FOR NON SPEAKERS...
THINK ABOUT ME...

JAPAN

AFRICA
NORTH POLE

SOUTH CHICAGO....BREZIL

AND CHILI
IS IN TROUBLE

AND NOBY IS HELPING

GREEDI

IE
DIE
YA

SOCK
YUR SO...OK....OOOK

AND EAT YOUR COO R PO...POOW...RE....SHINA CHANG...NEW OWNER....

Atef Ayadi
...This Is The First Time...

this is the first time...
i see...
American people...citizens of this great.....'nation'
the people....do not take money...when it is plain sin sin sina tea-full and
given....
and free...

this is the first time
American, Americans, and Ameri-canz dollars..are thrown from
windows...balconies...streets....
everywhere...
like a festival.....
in nevada....lasvegas...
in california's counties...ohio....sin-see-naa-tea's...
notti and nasties girls....

boston to florida...the dollars is thrown back to land....

this is the first time i see and
hear american's cheers...louisiana... New orleanz..

miss-sissi-pie pow, and pi..

this is the first time
the country
one piece
one body

walk over
green dollars
without giving a dime.....

Atef Ayadi
How To Talk In This Country....

People of this country...i mean this nation....well it is said to be a global...nation.....without any consideration for humanities....

believe....it
i mean literally....they are programmed...
and genetically modified to do
two things....

make sex and make money....

no more no less.....

The good news is, only
few make good sex... and only few make good backs (like star box)

the rest dream about it....while watching a non paid off
plasma TV...cable....while escaping and missing the rent bills
leaving it somewhere in the car, girl friend's or boyfriend's car or apartment...

HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE....

THIS PROFILE....RANDOMLY SELECTED FROM THE INTERNET...

****************************************************************
**********
SHE WROTE:
I love life. I think life is short. You only live once so make the most of it. I am very energetic. I love TRAVELING, the beach/ocean and water activities, being spontaneous, running, hanging out with friends, LAUGHING A LOT and making jokes, seeing new things, adventures, shopping, coffee, photography, meeting new people, and aiming high.
****************************************************************

- COFFEE:
MEANS INTELLECTUAL....SENSUAL....WILD.....WHILE REMAIN...SOCIABLE...LIKABLE....CHARMING...

- MEET NEW PEOPLE:
SHE IS NOT LOOKING FOR JUST ONE....SHE IS HIGH-CONSUMPTION.... SHE IS A SCAVENGER....

- PHOTOGRAPHY:
SHE HAS SKILLS...STATUS....SHE LIKES SHARING AND CARING...

- AIMING HIGH...SHE IS IN PARTICULAR A SAGITTARIUS WHO WANTS TO MEET WITH A Taurus...I MEAN A BULL...

Atef Ayadi
...Do Not Step Into My Shoes

Do not copy me....
naked...walking with my shoes....

or i will
show you
how your walk worth....nothing
but
"UN problem sans amour
un amour sans contour
un probleme
sans solution...."

Do not copy
my voice....and my actions....

cause....i bet you...
i will show you...how you
are lost every time....voiceless....whisper-less....

how your sub and tectonic plates....earth quakes....volcanoes...smoky BUFFs....here and there....

what come from the deep....

has to be earth-quacking...

and i will shake you the same way....

Atef Ayadi
...Mirror Effect...

look at the mirror....

can you see yourself without me....

can you see yourself without memories

can you feel your skin...without feeling mine....

can you see yourself without me
in the mirror...
without me
as the mirror....

Atef Ayadi
...Yes You Can....

yes your azz worth tons and tons of gold
in this economy.....

you need to
just give up

on your fed reserve low self esteem aa-ezz....
once of all....and use gold....in this global everything.....

and you can...

that is a yess from me

cause,
I know your (QWERTY for english, AZERTY for french and fronco supported nations...canon, nikon....for asians) azz

and what it takes....to converted it into.....

soft sussi suchi...
iman

imac
ipod
ey..wa
iowa
ohio state....

yes you can....

Atef Ayadi
again....And...Again....

WE DO IT
WE WILL DO
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

ANYWHERE

YOU WANT AND YOU LEAD ME TO
AND
TAKE A LEAD
LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO.....
UNTIL YOU ASK FOR A TURN....

THEN I WILL TURN YOU ON....
ONCE OF ALL....
AND I ALWAYS DO...

THE WAY YOU DID AND DO
AGAIN
AND AGAIN...

Atef Ayadi
Change....

HOLD YOUR BREATH...
STAY STILL...
ON YOUR KNEES....

IT IS GOING TO TAKE
A WHILE....

CHANGE TAKES TIME....
HAVING GOOD TIME
IS ALL WHAT YOU NEED....

GIVE GIVE GIVE

UNTIL YOU ARE RESCUED
BY A GIVER
LIKE ME

A REFORMER....
YOUNG LAWYER....
A YOUNG MAMA ME-SHELL OMAMA WILL TELL YOU....

STIFF TAFF FART FLE-xi-BULL...

Atf Ayadi
Never Too Late....To Be Perfect

A PERFECT POETRY
IS A POETRY DEVOTED TO AN Aztec subject....

IT TARGETS AN Azz...

IT KILL AN Azz....

AFTER THAT.....

THE
SHEEP SHEAP STUFF....BABI....

again,
sorry
ladies and gentlemen; ...

nothing is strange about mother nature
and nothing is beautiful about poetry...

Atef Ayadi
In Victory, Learn When To Stop

NOW,

you need to listen.....
when i said
fix
me two eggs.....
You go straight to the kitchen.....do what you suppose to do....

and bring

a two tunisian eggs red hot....
plate....with a french tai...tai-acto presentation...

I do no like to deal
with you....
lost in the eggs,

Tunisian,

eggs....chicken eggs
turkey....
healthy choice made in china

eggs....

human,
cat,
lion,

mine....

but remain me

to talk about that later...when i finish
my work

as a guide book writer for lovers....
and a damn good eggs ecologist by night....

Atef Ayadi
Sans Formes

if you can make
a
plan
or you do not have a plan yet,
no resume,
no degree...
no diverse backgrounds...
no originality.....
no....blue
no bluez,
no booz.
no jazz,
no salsa.
no vodoo
no yahoo!

to
produce
good quality....
inflation resistant....free market

kisses...

you are
automatically
in the consumer
side....

or by far
bee itchy bit by bit Lionel richy beach by beach...

tea party....a new generation of ba-bi boom inflationary revolutionary ford’s bed
heated unreliable engines...unreliable tire irish american...unreliable
economy...unreliable politician, unreliable DC, unreli-A-ble omama me-shell
government.....chi resistant street to street disobedience fight...
you have free choices....

and you have to choose.
or

i wil! choose for you! l....and...

i already HAD sample of kisseS 'FIRST CONVERSTION, FIRST TOUCH DOWN.....as a backup plan

i already...
checked out
your azzertic aztec IT high-tech aztec azz...
and i think,
you need a forensic work OUT to keep the memories left by my left liberal hand...

Atef Ayadi
...Simple..Love...In America...

america
witness...
politeicians....
bankers....
deluted our dual love.....

now...i am brand....
she is left
lost and strong
opponer...
strong hold and holes....

strong agenda,
a cold war....
germs from germans

virus fron us,
tac no lo gie from china.....

head quarter from sin sin at tea....ohio....
columbus.....party....

Atef Ayadi
Psy-Ko-Corporational Law Reform Of Kissings...

if i am your president......
a lawyer.....a humanitarian
liberalist
sepratist

a cuban....sitizen....
a zen man....

and you asked me to transmit
your kisses to your soul-mate friend.....and climate change firefighter....

do you think

these line is not

a witness of the psycho lico-liquor store to liqor store

kisses....
war
from missing to finish....

do you think i write before.....you kiss me...

then i may..retaliate....may be emptie promesse war....

here...sorry dorrry darlin....

what is your question......

Atef Ayadi
to kiss me
it means you know me...
so kissing is knowing
knowing is being there....
know the ground
knowing the background.....
possible blue
blurred prints that need possible work....and remedies...

to give a nice look

at this spanked. smooth-aked-smoked spoken azz....

who...knows the boundaries between secure
azz and unsecure...crazy....bizzi busoo biss me
bliss me..asss me tass me fass me....

so
sir,
my possible kisser....

mu possible be lay
donw...feel secure and beauty fill of staff....

mu future lord....

kisses

is biting on own skin....

Atef Ayadi
The Dual Laws

someone has to be hard skin and someone has to have the soft skin.
someone must do the hard skin dirty low work and someone has to have the soft skin high class wages waxy work.

someone has to be hard thoughtful wise skin and someone has to have the wisdom of soft skin thoughts.

someone has to hate while loosing everything and someone has to only love while gaining more ground.

someone must at least keep secrets of childhood hide out and lough and
someone has to be mature enough to speak some damn good English in front of an Irish public.....who was lost, to the Italian, to the Spanish, to the French....and to the Germans, and then back to common wealth Anglo-Englo-Saxon

Some......one

has to be there,
here,
now and then
in the past,

in the future
with facts, blue prints, maps, and paper work.

Someone has to be poetic.....and so someone else can, could and must take care of our wild turkey chicken tuna fish chicks and checks......

someone has to a big brother for nothing and someone has to be a big little brother for an Aking king Arthur situations it may be? ?

someone has......to be open
and someone else has to be closed....and turned off.
Atef Ayadi
Beyoncé: Chicks Go Wild... Far Far East

Beyoncé,
obama mama me-shell
brand.....
she is wild.....

she needs to keep up
with the inflation.....

black people
are fun
ak
ok!

king
arthure...

further and far
ak! !
king

luthure overture,
global
facebook

poor people...

obama....indecided.....
who comes first,
the egg or the chicken

Beyoncé or south chicago....type of wallfair....

it looks,

as a prezident of
the
unated states of america, and commend and chief of the army....

he favors

Beyoncé....
sorry blacks.....

your teeth are white is white
but the chinese

have also chark teeth....

Beyoncé is a good trade mark for obama
and me-shell, the kids, and the green blue planet......

Beyoncé can add to the jazz
the strength of the damn bluez azz

avec un rythme
Francais......et affricain du west de ce continent Francais et sans plutard, un continent froncophone.....qui aime et applique la froncophonie à la lettre....

so please. america

go Beyoncé....
yesss
ez she can...

and yess we can....

Atef Ayadi
She said:

"IF LOVE NOT GIVEN!"

ARE YOU KIILLING ME? ? ....
UNE TERRE SANS LUNE.
UN PIGEON SANS AILES
Sans PLUMES....

let the force be with you.....lady
my present bee-bee
calme-toi...pas une mouche,
franchement!
Une abeille.....zazz, zezzz, all the time
and around my nose
like a goose

like fai-rooze

victory if you could be connected to Aywa or AA (myself, atef my hero ATEF)

victory if you got the enlightenment.... degree...I GOT FROM
CHICAGO...DOWN SOUTH OMAMA LAND.

and the Canadian "FONDU'....not fown dow,
it is spelled this way....(aking onnnn durrrrrre, the r is not for the anglo sucks sons)

what is
"i am yours"

HAS TO
do
WITH

"the give ME TIME......READINESS
SPEED...
EARLS TO BIT ONE WHILE FIGHTING THE HARDSHIP...."

AND
doyouhaveavideo?
miss Beyoncé.....fan....video fun with fan....fans and funds...
IS FOR THE HEAVY CHAMPIONSHIPS.....

OR PEOPLE IN JAIL......
NOT FOR FREE MAN

i am looking for the gold....
you are looking for the missions impossible...

RUNS OUT FROM
JAIL

HE FULLS
IN INFLATION DEEP TROUBLE...AZZ

Atef Ayadi
Beauté Française

j'ai découvri mon pass ET MON PORT
ma valence,
MA BALANCE,

mon super hero, ET
moi-meme.

j'ai trouvé
moi-même.
ici
en sois....

PREMIER RENCONTRE
PREMIER AMOUR....

ici j'ai moi-meme....
pas du passe

seul moi-meme
tous simplement....

j'ai trouve ce monsieur francais en mois....
cheek-cheek
elegano....
du 40IEME ETAGE......

UN FEMME COMME
NORA....
UNE FEMME FRANCAIS,
AVEC DES CHEVEUX
BRUN......DOUCE ET JAUNE BLANCHATRE....

JE SUIS HEUREU DE LE VOIR
D'ETRE AUTOUR....COMME UNE SUPERBE
FAMILLE DE DEUX PERSONNES....UN COUPLE....DEUX AMIES....
CAMARADES....DEUX SAUVAGES ANIMALES.....

TU VOIS....L'AMOUR DE SOIS
EST SIMPLE....

PARFOIS, EN QUITTE
POUR DES AFFAIRES, UN TRAVAIL....A TRITRE PERSONNEL....
MAIS....L'ORSQUE CA C'EST FINI.....

BACK TO BABI.....

Atef Ayadi
John Deer

He said:

"John Deer 's goal and purpose is to help farmer with solutions they think they need...we are achieving this goal...at daily bases, despite all the odds..."

I said:
"Thanks Aywa,
it is not Peter, Mathiew, Daniel, or The boss himself, Jesus Deer who claims this or he would say:

"My goal and purpose is to help first...and maybe last....good faithful grateful Christians.....
(susheez and busheez....bushies are like my gospels....the sushies are like my mother and my merry marie.....none will be left behind or alone...) anybody else....
has to align with our christian spirit.....because it all about trust...."

Atef Ayadi
Chocolate Factory

he said:

"My business statement is:
fair trade of beans....chocolate beans,
fair trade of kisses between lovers....not only in Valentine day..., 
fair trade of chocolate beans like nipples...."

Atef Ayadi
Inflation...A Third Case....An Escape Goat

One possible solution...is to hibernate....like a grizzly bear.... along nap.......then

you will face
an inflated tax....

the difference......is when in what day of the week you will wake up...

second possibility....
you are a brave middle class-big glass-
big lenses, big MOUCHETASHE, gig and fig gentle man....you can take it....
you already did...you always do....so
good luck.....sorry for the talk....

the third gay....
a weed gay....sorry guy...that guy
not that gay....or that guy-gay neither that gay/guy....
and it is better to watch your mouth in inflammation-null times

words are inflammable... and can burn...
burn the weed and follow the seeds....
the will grow....so do the interest rate....fixed by the CARTEL...

Atef Ayadi
Inflation...A Case...At Least My Case

I am a lover....yes,
Indeed...
No excuses...

Poor, broken...with a stroke in my back...I still...have my how-Lee, bruce-Lee Jacky Chang hands in area LIKE message and healing Of places...the broken and the untouchable...((never hear of! !))

the inflation

made me more than
ARR-tiste in my own area....

as a matter of fact,

my hands can make 3D tatoo....with media features....facebook, myspace....google search engine.....big dream to control the world....without needles.....burns....and pain.....

Pain is another name for happiness.....

bay-bee

you bee
or not;

you will see happiness
as you asked for and more
then you will seed the pain
cause you did not earn happiness....
cause you are a traditional sushi....
and need to learn the sushiness....

Atef Ayadi
Inflation...J'Ai Peur

C'est normal.....

it is normal....

if you have gold....it means you are smart....
if you do not....sorry....you are not......

One of my beautiful theory about inflation
is that politician are always positive....during these
challenging times....

it means go to Canada....not Mexico....
cause,
in 2012 december 23....
China will take the place of USA,
Canada will sand-washed in between,
USA will become what it is now the FATHERS' Guatemala...
Mexico...go to Australia....
Australians will come
back home....((some back to Austria, the Ire-fire-land.....and the remainder to Guantanamo-bay

like any soldier....who need to come back home...
and will...

of course,
in few
hundreds of years...and that is up to Me -Shell....OOW! mama
of course...
gas pipe lines....industries....

Atef Ayadi
Inflation...A Realityshow...An Artist Case

Arrogant and 'EGG NO IRON' American
born si ti zen, zinc, zan, Tarzen

never....received....a respect glance.....

at my 22sd nouveaux art...style....
one looks at my face....and think i am the genie-torr
of the place or a hiden cell terro- rist.....

none of them.....have a self believe built in, self-geneosity, self respect, self-chi-
chi tai-one coin do-

like i do.....

still look at me like a 911 figure.....or a
tall latino? ..may be mexican, ....may be italiano, ....
french bonjours, common tall-ay! vous? ?
bon soir....
ce soir
vous danse avec moi? ? ...
et tu peux dance aiy! ! sur moi....comme tou veux....
mon cherrri berry, mon lait, mon amour..? ?

as if he or she is looking
for a plasma TV or the latest facebook i-phone...

Atef Ayadi
Inflation...Love.....Inflected....Deflation...

when i talk
to a female....

i literally
hide the fact that
i am a fine art painter....i also do skin touch therapy...as a second job....
to cover the expenses...

it is inflation....and

certain skins are dangerously volatile...
they do no need therapy...rather than buy them as exchange bands...instead of
investing in the gold and silver stocks...

Atef Ayadi
Call yourself a COQ,

an ALpha BULL....

a big CAT....caterpilla size....

you will be down ba-bi....((I mean bee bee....lost bee..get yourself a honey bee))

soon....like bow one owned nothing in hand
and nothing will fall down from the sky....

you will be hung it hand to hand

by the people
whom
you think

are only but cheeps and cows....

Atef Ayadi
Call it mission impossible....after all it is america....and anything is made in china possible....

obama is surfing the possibility
to dismantle the Federal reserve....and make it free chinese market...big time...
((dismantle means diss assemble...not azz red middle west type of gay for bushies and brunet for sushies, neither assembly line middle class sossieeeey...eiii...aii...ei))

he has been dreaming
of this every night without me-SHELL
and each time...he is hunted my a dark chinese nightmare...

in Obama....human mind's:

"I want a free market
and free trade
free weed..."

when out his mind:
"Obama is Me-SHELL or any GAZ CARTEL

first love
first hasband....

time for family values.....
see....i did not have a father....and my life is truly a mess....without me-shell....

Atef Ayadi
Inflation...Great Time For A Great Poetry

You alway...have to face

inflation...with optimism....

and that is what
call it....

A great time poetry...

Atef Ayadi
Inflation...Just Inflation

Ok...for lover.....
and middle class....i mean middle only....

inflation means.....relax....

numbers will remain numbers....
like how many love you had....borrowed, stolen, dissolved, bleached into gold....and lost ounces here and there.....

but
when you need
to eat for example....you will need

a hell of numbers.....

do the math or go to school.....

then you will understand what it take
to save
you az faulted....then

someone else az and feet....

Atef Ayadi
Inflation...The Economy

the highest Chinese leader said:

"the american Gover-kNOW, now, and No-moment...i mean that indo-neaaaaazon Black paper kid....sold the American Dollar on EBAY.....does it mean that
american eco-KNOW-mi IS FACT, AKKED, SUCKED, AND BLOWN READY RED
BELONE AND BONES AND BLUE FLAG FUNS HAVING FANS AND TONS OF RED
BALONS, DUME, BAROMES AND ANCIAN BLUE BONES...."

Sir
yes
Sir....
as a chinese we always won! 

Atef Ayadi
Logic And Emotions: A Sushi Case

She said:

"I want love, justice, and Fidel Castro."

I said:

""
I can be Fidel Castro,

I give you love without justice....
or I only give you a lonely hiding in the bushes,
Revolutionary,
Rebellion seeking justice,
Chi,
Unsecured,
Un-registred in the world bank love...."

Atef Ayadi
He said:

"You are emotional.... consistent....natural...word forward with a sense of a holiness and black holiness....you are bolt and make sense...
you are semantic....abstract....details comes and goes like kids following and obeying-disobeying adults....

Your eyes looks  robotic...logical...
Your manners are logical....your statement are logical, artistic, and sharp..."

I said:

"you are very logical in your emotions....
cause you are a busheese...
my philosophy is to follow the SoFFi flow....low..soft talk and soft-low-everything...(SoFFi has to do with sofia, soofy or fi but not with sofism... I mean not literally...)"

Everything is a case, and

Everything is a separate file...

Atef Ayadi
Imperialism: Happy Imperialistic FBI Valentine To A Sushi Agents

Do not look at me in the eyes...

FBI
sushi agent
cause,
you look a minimum
wage FBI sushi-chess-or cheese burger
No GDE,
No Connection, and
No emotional secure ground....So stop there
and happy valentine
to you...and all the FBI sushi minimum wage like you....and I still admire
the butt
dwelling free butt....unwatched....un-hijacked....nobody noticed it..shame
on the FBI...SUSHI BOSS....

if you are a PHD
Affiliated with FBI...
happy valentine too...

but, what your butt is doing

there watching out for the FBI....
with a PHD....are you....
a flip flap
double agent
double love
burned from the first round....with a russian in a russian roulette...

if so you are KJB....Puttin...and put it this way....this is
a crime against the nation....
and the valentine law....
to be double PHD

DOUBLE LIPS
DOUBLE BUTT
DOUBLE EVERYTHING

AND ON TOP
WHEN I AM ON TOP
OF MY HEAD
OR ON TOP OF YOU....

YOU WANT ME
TO CHOOSE....ONE OF YOUR NIPPLE

I MEAN DOUBLE IDENTITY NIPPLE....

AK you in valentine day....with a red American heart neck
filled with russian blue vodka...

if you are the boss.
i mean the boss...of the FBI....inch square by inch square and
all the undeclared possessions....

i hope

like obama

in this valentine day

that you are a

sushi
young

sushi
sissi
loussi...
boossi...

i and i will

speak

to the valentine
public

from your red

sushi butt....

If you are busheeze,

-and i said in advance
it is for a sushi ShO-SO
soso
agents...-

never mind.....dropp it, ...and dropp the case...

happy valentine....and play with it.....when you free...or whenever you are
free....I mean the valentine gift...

Atef Ayadi
Happy Valentine Day 2010

Happy sushi sussi
soussi coscos day
if you are a sushi sussi
soussi coscos woman...

and happy bushi
ambushed
in the bushes
day

if you are

a bushi
ambushed
in the bushes woman...and she likes to remain that way....

for man...
forget about it...

you are sucheese...seeze and beeze...

you take of the buzz and bizz
i will take care of

who is lost
among the north susheese side
and the busheese south side......

Atef Ayadi
Imperialism: Happy Imperialistic Valentine Obama Day

remember the time girl when you were young and ho! pping for me to suck.... your neez and appleZ...

remember, me shell you at the gaz station michell and you are the the best valentine ho pping for me....

Atef Ayadi
They said, still it is said....

I mean,

I will use what people say and say it throw my mouth....

Do not worry about the people! ....and the roughness of my mouth....

My lips are from dry to dripping for a valentine avatar day
My avatar...
"I see Yu-yi yan, i will tang yu in front of your mom"-

now....
my business is to be clear about this....

when i say people say.....i know them one by one....at the emotional level....

So! , take it from me....

the rest is your business...

Atef Ayadi
A Watcher

Nora has the most incredible

Feminine
Smile...
i ever witnessed...

Eileen
Surprised me with
How to be
Awkward....and looking for a love exit while in love....

Jen...does not know that
A kiss is a language, a way of life,
a way of talking, walking and listening,
-Tous simplement,
Un voyage-

The rest of the women
I had affairs with
Are "a third world policies"

And it is nobody business....

Scot is a red neck...
Big body boy -a barmate-
And he is more a bushi than a sushi in friday...on saturday is leterrally sossi sushi.....

He is not aware of this state...
i like it personally that way....

Qube160 is a
grow wing-wing
woman...
fat bet -USA's fat means literally low self-esteem,
low self-esteem in usa means insecurity in making any transaction, -

with a family music gambling business issues....
erin,

a collection....of south america
and irish temper...

another talkative sushi sussi sissi Fidel Castro..

When she talks about social justice,

she means security or Safe Mode in
love and sex and the city....

Love
Is simply for the
Play....

If you are a woman
Do not sushi with me!

If you think you are a man,
do not bushi with me,
Or you will be ambushed
In the bushes
between Paris and Tascola Illinois.

And you have
No experience...
babi....
illinois

people

will eat you a life...

Atef Ayadi
i like you...

you are hot

iron
earrings

erin castro soldier girl...

my sarcasm

i need it for the sake of
poetry, ....

as you said

you like water...so i only need to take care
of your hot spots,

when i rub them night
or revive them under the sun light....

Atef Ayadi
Sarcasm 220

i can see
in your eyes

something hot

south american...

and tripical.....

i can see
salsa the way you twist your lips and
SOME OF THE FIDEL CASTRO SARCASM

i can see
fairness
and hot chi che chey chicks justice
in you eyes

Atef Ayadi
Sarcasm 201

She said,

"You bite on your lips constantly."

I said,

"I am crossing your sound barrier with sarcasm....anything else is science...."

Atef Ayadi
Sarcasm 103

she said good luck...

her eyes
her glance
went backward
toward my eyes...

her voice
pitched down
and went low and backward
toward my silenced voice....

I know what luck is;
and what is in your mind....

what i am sure.....
your sloppiness made
me sarcastic....

I am still
sarcastic
about the luck you gave....

cause,
i have an attitude toward sloppiness...

and this " growing woman "
fake sloppiness...

000
Sarcasm 102

it is
sweat
to sleep
laying on
the sand.....

but,
my butt
bit bit
bite
by bite

hab hub
hap hap

follow!
me
lady! !

when a mexican poet
crosses the border north,

-beside the
ideat
low
imperialistic
policy of free
trade....

(stay at home, your home town,

i will send macdonald to you,
a pizza hot,
....other chains of restaurants
and crazy shops for crazy lazie dizzi easy fasi people....) -

it is not plesant at all
to cross the desert
the human desert
the discomfort zone
with sweat mixed with fear....

and her starts the sarcasm....

to sleep?

sweat soft dready dishi sashi sleep
while
laying on
the sands.....

Atef Ayadi
Sarcasm 101

Sarcasm
is a
full
growing,
lovely poem....

sarcasm is
meant to
deal with words

and feelings left tangled,
in the dark side of dark poetry...

Atef Ayadi
what i want in
public and in
few words....? ?

Keep the
pleasure
and the pressure
on....

it takes time
to cut across
this beautiful
limestone....

and that is where i need
pressure...

and if i see a nice
cracking

in the stone
i feel an incredible pleasure...while
i am keeping
the pressure
to last
for so long....

Atef Ayadi
Materering Masculinity For Man: Three Stars

you want to be a Colonel

you
little
poppi
pipi
papi


dad

wrapped up
in a filet
one piece of
shredded meat....

Sorry

we do not make

any more Gaddafi

these are old school vigitt brigit

you need to have three sars in

the xBox
game

torture
for

handred million points

bee itchy vegi table digital
brigit....
how match of a man
is a man?

if you are an Ukin Kid,
stay where you are

and have fun!
kid,
HAVE
FUN! !
do not worry aBOUT! !

if you want to prove
something different

from
your dad thing
your mom mammy things

your highschool's
conditional
environmental
political
issues

and promps.....

just be

at least in front of me....

cause

babi
our
i will shake your milk
or milk girl
and up to your mom.....

else where
you are free....

welll for now!

Atef Ayadi
Too Chi Latay Eye

she wanted to be crucified

and

she wanted it tonight....

i said

ok

i will
try.....

toochey

chi
chay

bite
the grass
of your

az...

i will

use
even nify haffi tongue...

i will see
what I can do for
you...

eventhough
your case
looks shaky....dommed
cash AY!
A Permanent Damage...

if you think
i will make you

happy....

sorry,

i will not! ! !

and it is not about
my cases
your case
my case
and the entourage....

sorry

your house

need
to be
down
to ground zero

sorry

your learned wrong stuff!

sorry

I AM NOT

ready for domestication
and a secure house.....

and if i am not mistaking my self

i will not....

Atef Ayadi
A Loveless Victory

whatta
fin
fu
king
fin

victory

if i lost you
in a war of love....? ?

what
victory

if
you
lost me
while
we are waging

the war' fire

of a deadly
love..? ?

Atef Ayadi
Black Peary Berry

you
can not lie
in love
or making love.

you can not simply lie....

cause
simply

love is not
a business with honesty!

Atef Ayadi
A Chick, Hot Wings Man!

a poet
sent me this comment:

********************
I am but a dry land awaiting your liquid kiss...
Said She'the one i Miss, her miss'.

I miss the kiss of awe...
I was the one, she liked, she saw.

But that island of love sank deep, with my love...
Down, down, be she, from up above.

She be, my love...
My dove.
********************

(me) :

my only option
i always respect my self for having options
in my

optional
option to option

hide-hide
imperialistic
obama

batman
life.

so dear! ! !

if i leverage
my name
and bit on feeling
your poem,

i would say....
do not be

man!
a chicken....

i do not

write
a frank
male?

disclosure
in public

sorry
for choking your
cocking mocking
and put my finger

three centimeter from your
wambling-trembling-bombo bing

waking up from chock

eye

you want

to kiss

go for a kiss (and give me a brake)
and do not write

like a kisser...
CAUSE,
I PERSONALLY KISS
SO I WILL NOT TALK ABOUT IT...later...

Atef Ayadi
One Specific Reason....Give And Serve

orfool jobs
are served by orfoo loli people...
to aura- raa-re-full
people....
give given beautiful jobs...are given and taken by beautiful people....
you pay for what you get, , , no tips..no change...
no waitress bussing on your az...

Atef Ayadi
I Love The Sun

the sun

created me....

and still,

It supports me...like a nurturing mother....

Atef Ayadi
One Specific.....Reason....And Stay Focus On This

Power is

to write tiny single single laws....

and

burn the big great laws...

Atef Ayadi
Specific Juice Of Life.... Comfort Zone Income Zone

when my comfort zone

becomes my income zone....

i have just to worry about paying my azz to the feds...

and that is it.....or let someone else take care of it....

i will pay her good pay.....((her az will be span ak ed three times a night))
or i will send him a check.....that lawzi nazi azhole..

Atef Ayadi
Specific Juice Of Life....Compassionate Purpose

Compassionate
purpose
.....is not a purpose! !
in itself...

It is the spirit of having a purpose....
and passed it along...

Atef Ayadi
Laissez-Moi Aller

il n'y a pas d'espoir

dans un amour
au-de-la

de ces yeux de feu....

il n'y a pas
d'amour dans
les cieux

sans soleil.....
et un monde détourné...

no et no! !

Je ne peux
pas
laisser
ton cœur...et mon
coeur...vivrent en haut...

haut et...haut...

je te demande....
de respecter mon cœur....

et oublier

mon amour et les mots que je t'ai dit
de mon cœur....et tous les

baisers....les souvenirs....
et les traces
de la musique....
notre danse des
papillons....autour de la terre

et la lune...

Atef Ayadi
j'ai pensé
que
je peux

me reposer la tête, ....
mon âme et mon être....

sur ta terre....
pour un moment....

J'ai failli....
même avec cette amour

foue a la folie....
cet ampleur...

J'ai failli....
par-ce-que ton coeur

est une terre...en flamme...sans amour....sans âme....

Atef Ayadi
Complete Silence For A Man...Who Wants Complete Silence To Focus

do you know

what...
I

Want?

Note:
Please take a minute of silence...reflection....or well planned lucid dreaming...
and do not bother me with a high fat, bed calories....not even breath-taking answer;
without an (appropriate and in time) notice mailed stamped in the post office....

Atef Ayadi
Silence Silenced Sentensed....Man...Who Wants Silence

man! ! you look you want to sleep and someone....something....
noisy is itching you.....and you want to talk in a bee itchy about it....i under sand that! ! ....

you forget one thing

.....you are not the only one....

and please! !

STOP there....right there. please! !
let it cool man! ! ...man! ! what is up? ? ...
you are constipating a lot of staff...
global worming warning stuff...cool down man? ? get yourself a beer or
something...
a bee...honey bee...to itch you everyday....and stay worm...activive and alife...

Atef Ayadi
A Word To A President

We do not
need a president....

we do not need education...
and health care....if this will cost....zilions....

we want a matrix to do all of this...
and we take care only of the fun....we do not have time for your
soories...storries and
ooop sez...lopez i made a mistake...

go back to work! ! ! !

the next election, we will elect the one
in the matrix reloaded....

go back socker batman! !

MR. HAAH! HEH...HAH! !

PEACE BIRTH CERTIFICATE....MULTI-PROBLEM...

PRESIDENT! ! !

GO BACK TO WORK! !

I DO NOT LIKE

TALKING.....AND ZERO AND NOTHING DONE IN THE WHITE
HOUSE WEST ROOM WHERE SILENCE....MEANS SILENCE...

Atif Ayadi
The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Nine

i like to play with people
games....it is fun...in the funny best time...

that is it....no killing....no murder...no movies....

make some people

laugh...get excited...back to work...

every body works in fun....
friendly environment

no hazard...no bossing bosssssssss.....

no religion...no race....or racing for a chick....

after ward....the fight of kisses in night parties will tbegin.....
ake place...in a funny light chrismas night funny party...

Atef Ayadi
why i do
what i do? ?

i do not think that

love and appreciations is a big deal....for me....
a well as.

Human connections,

security...((is for pu seeeeze...and bankers.....
if you are not one of them.....do not worry about...or
take it personal.....cause they are secure and want more....,)))

T am looking to...
Stay growing...growing...growing...
until i do not know what i will be...? ?

stay producing.....organic...non organic...ideas....for the american ideals...
and new songs for SAM. SEE or SAY SOYBEEN see sea MAN! ! !

then....

got lost...and start over...
again and again...

Atef Ayadi
The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Seven....

gays

poussies...little ckekens, ants, croow-etch-ers,

lasbsters funs.....and ups fedexes taxes who not pay his tax

on time....

and young lost audiences...
ladies there,

out there,

the one there...yes...right there...

the gentleman who is smiling....up there cause his girl friend is smiling,
the YAK...dude up there on the center,

who laugh without notice,

to anyone in this planet....

i like to say somethning important....and poetic...

do something!
do something about it! ! me

stop complementing in the old (comment dire! !
etre bien dresseeeey...tailleeeey.....dix sur dix....perfumeeey)

right! ! Facon de couturier
et
sabihier correctment (top model, high couture) ....

connect my poems

to the world...share them for peace....

then let me know....

a la lettre.....email....

i am famous...do not worry

about...i will get it...

Atef Ayadi
The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Six....

the glamor

-shine baby shine...
Ora, hora torabora....energy....
being soft and hardly sockked...

is a work...keep...working...dream....

keep believing....

burn your beliefs,

start from scratch..., your ass on the sand....i mean beatchy itchee sand...

you have to listen to CHER (belive song)

be smart on all levels....-
i mean all f A.C.T (F.U.... ING) silly....sissy....this bee is precocious....levels-....and it sounds fact and real and beautiful....,

Atef Ayadi
The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Four....

why i have
to be funny? ?

stay funny? ?

wake up ((and i lack 3 hours of sleep)) funny? ?

meet with dad people socking death damped into earth alife...funny? ?

be funny and ((i have to write down some plans)) ......and stay awake funny? ? ...

Fact (ucked instead of act) ......I do not like to be famous....
Leave me alone....

Atef Ayadi
The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Three....

I do not like to be
president....of the country

i like the president to
work for me.....

it make sense....
does it?

Atef Ayadi
The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Two....

i like to be in the place

of steve, ....stewart....
the jewsih who bosses the
comedy central....esrealian channel...

then

lino.....before he will co back to Italy.....or irland.....
the night night show.....

you start dream big
very big....step by step simple system jim-jim-
girls and boys all the fun....programs....

Atef Ayadi
when someone
faces you
in the face (not chocks you in the face....in a f a c king situation)
with something like this.....

$$$$$$$$$$$$
No need
For pink to sink
And bleed
$$$$$$$$$$$$

without worrying about the dollar sign...
in a global economy.....

how you want me
to retaliate....in the
face of a f aaa king chiken waaaaak waaaak wakwaaak...eeuu uuuuuu oo oo oo o o ooo
rrrrrr

and only
remember

' THE F U C K E R S ' movie.....

how?

Atef Ayadi
Very Personal, Third, And My Last

i need to
work on my get
pissed...angry....and staying snow berry organic impossible! season alone
issue.

here is a hint:

i wrote and awesome
poem for my self and you my darleen.....and darleens...

and the system.....
and most probable, I made a tragic wrong move and hit return and everything is
gone baby! !

do yo know...do you feel me....dig me.....
avatar i see you.....now? ?

Atef Ayadi
Very Personal, First $ Second

My personal achievements hand in hand with my growth goals are simply:

first:
Maintain a high Tech reliable Love....

second:
Cash flow, a poem for -a dollar (euro, yen are accepted) a digital copy....-

has it is own treasure....

cause right now....I am at the ground....homeless, no money....no ground....

and I am looking at you bay ey ee iii be ont not to be......on earth, on the moon, on Jupiter i am now.....

and i want you baby to seek and enter the tunnel of my heart

right now...

baby right now!

hey! ! Toni iiiey! ! ......are goals an escape goats right! on time?

or i KEEP writing for, about beauty......, love beauty, meet with beauty for the beauty....all the time....

be passient....LA PASSIANCE! ! MON AMOUR? LA PASSIONCE

Atef Ayadi
What?

She said:

"WHAAAAT ITTT? ? "

with a smile.....in the eyes....

Her cheeks are flatted against the sky....

I said:
"You watted,
I did not....
the whole night....I did not.....

you watt every day.....i do not.....

cause i get used to it....."

Atef Ayadi
House Of Wax

do you wax or shave....

or did you forget all about this beautiful job.....all of it....at once.? ?

cause....you look like a house of wax.....

with my hand
I can
feel

the heat....

cracks, melting down, ....lava....down...pressure down...

my nose are
ahead....
is following
the fire....and the smoke.....of the burned....house....

ho babi! .....it is going to the dry woods....and your favorite prairies....

Atef Ayadi
she said: "

who the hell! ! !

ah! ! !

are you....? ? "

i said:
" I know a lot of folks of hoes and son of hoes....want to hear this.....

i am a little of french grammar, -i mean, true french grammar not canadian! ! -
a little of french conjugaison.....-pronouced this way:
CON Jay (lino)  ZON (not zi ion)  -

Some weird american math....

the rest is formula

One....

do not ask me....

it is top secret...."

Atef Ayadi
Of Cource....I Am Creative

Off course and
of course
i am creative....buster....

or you will not spend time....
i mean the time that you do not have....you are looking to learn to how to have it....filled into a bottle like vodka....martinez....Champaign, or iced blinded with citron....Cognac....-

to read all of this and dream out....
get pissed....

cool down....
make plans and exits....

prepare for a date.....
a party.....
a connection.....

get lost alone....where ever and what ever the place is and will be...

of course i can take you here
and there...and you like it....

hoes or sons of the night bored bee itches....

can you make
now! !
the planet safe

and fun? ?

Haa aa aaah AH!

Ho...out there! ! and there! ...
and little hohiees...who are looking to fill the gap! !
Off Cource.... I Do Not Exist...

she said:

"you do not exist either..."

Of course....and off course, off codes, and off the road...  
i do not....exist! !

if she said so...that is it! !
i should not be in this planet!

and what will follow, 
through away your gun or whatever you are holding,
hands-up, on your knees...
and wait for your fate...slaved man! !
weak man! poor man! !

Atef Ayadi
Her Favorite Color: Bleu Ciel.....

she wants
blue open sky
love's adventure....

so,
she puts on

a blue sky shirt.....
with the neck exposed to the sun....the hands are also exposed.....

anythings else
is contrasted

with a dark
blue sky

fancy...chicago....sub.... garage sale.....lingeray....

Atif Ayadi
Pink

pink is a rose'
rosay rosi aroused pu sissiii girl purple....

Am I touch down? ...

yet? ....

Am I close enough? ...
or
Do you want me to be more detailed.....?

Atef Ayadi
A Word To An Affrican....American....Kid

the battery of the
song

'Racism....what is up man....racism

slavery...man.... segregation..

wont hold...
it is dying....out....
and we do not sell
and make
these type of old stuff batteries....
anymore.

your only two exits....are:
first,
to travel to Africa from any direction.....
and don't ask me how...when....and where to have the money for the adventure ....just take a back bag and go....

your second exit....
i mean your real... future....
not African future....

not african american furture....
is to know how respond to any condition without filtering or stereotype...

cause we are all slaves....to our conditions, denials, and our setbacks....

so,

please kid,
plan to go once in your life...to north pole, south pole...Alaska....
go to China, Japan, Korea, Malaysia, Indonesia, India, Asia, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, New guinea....New America, new places, new planet....just stop the old stuff...stop the denial and setbacks

and try only to explore....

Atef Ayadi
China Back To China

Fliers and flayers

of papers.....
big font.....
chinese ink....
english....words in chinese....easy...cuisine.....

free free
china is free....

free free china
is free

from the chinese....

and the communism....

free free china
first

from the chinese....

thanks from the communist
the head of the snake

jacky chaaaa ennnn cnn aannn

then

clean up the roots....of communinst china

maaa ow ow ow....tsieeee ie ie ie, , , ,
tooo on on eng eng eng gg egg rolls...

idiology....

Atef Ayadi
Boranic Uranium Plutonic Moranic Verses To Women Only

you missed me,

you missed the show of the first egg and last freezing....ice breeze....

and you

like omelets,

pizza banana....

i like

light of marl boroooo on a minty camel...

It turned out

that it is female camel...-you can not tell from the picture...-

she is waiting for a non smoker like me....

or at least smell me man! !
from head to toes...

can you do that? ? ?
please let me know? ?

Atef Ayadi
Soura-Ton Pour Toutes Les Mademoiselles

made moiselle
made moisellat
te and in tesscola....i will sell...

your as s and z assets....room by room....

and then

i will take care of the
ekkkkkaaaakkkkk akh akhhhhhhhh

tiger....tigress look in your face....later...
when you calm down....

and last,

mix up blind up
your
animal king damn ass positions and weer ir ir ir ir doggy ggee ggee  stuff....

and babi...i am coming, coming

yess yeeah
yess yess yeah!
baked only for you....

Atef Ayadi
Day One...First Fast Feast Fist To Fist Hour

if you are sad

it said that you are sad...someone is looking at you and still
did not notice and sad......

say this and enjoy it...

i mean relax! !
"oooah oooah oooah
AAAAA aaa aa a aaa a a a a AAAAA"

FOUR TIMES

THEN

eff efff efff efffffff eff eff eff efffff

four times....

that is it! !

you are loaded into the matrix....

happy now? ?

Atef Ayadi
Lingeries In The Hands Of A Paprazzo

did you really meet with a paparazzo? ?

meat to meat? ?

and he missed the LINGERIE
or the whole stuff....the entire package...? ?

cause,

to tell you the truth....
i personally

i enjoy looking, and ex....ploring all the stuff,

take few pictures,

make the interview pleasant....and then....

wrap up! everything

in a low light, blue red....candy stuff....

is that what you are trying
to pipe in
to pipe out... and communicate with your eyes
and your nipples? ?

and sorry again if do not get it? ? ?

Atef Ayadi
Why Love Balance (Book Keeping, In And Out, Give And Take)

if you tell this
to a dude or
da lesbian dudeest or a female dooo daaaa from the east....

with some professionalism....and it does not work....

move to the next victim....i mean case...

a future prospect....client lover...

and tell him,
her,
or whoever in between....
about prices....
up front...clear and nice....sharp blade....

Atef Ayadi
Chake And Mate

Sorry for the checkmate.....and for your mate or inmate.....and inmates....

and the traffic's policeman who is trying to organize your inner life....in and out....
from streets to avenues, to highways, and then to Ohare...Airport....

and thanks for not being that poetic....or so so

while you lost your mating season.....

Atef Ayadi
Ho Ho Hi Chick's Simple Entry Question

look

little no experience,

labeled

chick....

in the county market......

and ho ho hot wings chicks in wall mart.....

if you answer this question

and your make me lough and erected....at the same time...

I will defend you with all the high tech A-CIA...resources and social security you deserve.....

Do your napolitan hybrid hibrish irish nipples match my nipples

from two

directions? ? ?

Atef Ayadi
i dreamt

about more spin....

more fun....

better eye sight -360 degrees angle....or jesus with circular aura on his head

and he looks shy....dragula europeen descending folk and pop poor singer face look....-

i have it......

who needs help...free stuff? ?

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: Softwar Layer

i like

complex numbers.....

propability.....
i want to combine

the two theory...blind them....

still the propability's theories are not are
validated respect to the
classical frame work.....

but

the event are
filtered at different

stages.....or periods....

here,

my heads spins.....

how

possible

our head...is build....
for more than binary one zero narrow interval.....? ? ?

Atef Ayadi
American Soc Soc King Ever Farting Farmer Joke

You know

when you

ask an american....

in a bar....
or
outside....

''do you want a joke? ''

one thinks

it is a miller lier liar layer light....

AKKKK eeee aaahhhhhh

aaa kkkkk khkhkh ehhhh

haaaa aa ah aaaaah ah aaaaah

hi......hi

hiiiiieee

i can not stop my

tear

from.....gas bombs jokes......

haha hhhaaaaa hhaaa...! ! !

Atef Ayadi
American Yo-Ez And Ho-Ez Joke Too

An american middle class kid
told his single mother:

"mOM....mommy.....i dreamt
i bought the world....with the one dollar you gave me! ! ...."

MOm....looks pissed...and angry....

and said to her boy......

"of cource haaa nneeee ee ay eii ay iiiii eeeey, ....
your dad.....gave me.....
one first edition first year euro......
and promissed me a new land and fun nnnn ey eee eeee iiiii ayyy ai ayy boy
like you....."

Atef Ayadi
If You Have Problems...With Memories

i get rid finally of all the land mines of my memories.....

i am a free slot....

it is cool really cool stuff....

windows 7 for vista users

95

98se.....i started person LEEEE YYY with a little hands with windows 3x

i was a was that much of windows hacker

it was dos....for god sake....
hes is five...for god sake

you can not still ask

for productivity......

so call me at the IMC

call for the artist......downstairs....

they....(mostly beautifull horrrrr horrrrrrr

ssiiiiii sii si sssiii ssi iii girls)

....they tell you

what chi experience....

they experiencing

in this ever lasting virus obama infected economy.....

how obama will....fix it.....

st turbido do do

re mi do do

american......how

a man like obama will fixe it......and how long! ......

task and take time........asking
yourself ho son of hoes how long? ?

we will....
drink and party around our beer hoes
before the F15

or b50

king muslim......will tishshhhhhhhhh barbecu

our asis axes of evil......bUrger and build bUrgers....... 

buildbergers
capitalism

going
to last before we will be burned by the red getting big fatty obeeze...

very haveeeey......sun....... 

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: I Have What I Asked For

HAVE YOU

EVER

HAVE MOMENTS...OF YOUR LIFE....

WHERE....YOU ARE BUNK...BLINK COMPLETELY...SORT
OF SPEACK SPEECH FROM TECH RITTT

LAMERICAN ARE LEAVING.....BOM BOM BOM

IS GONE

HABIB.....
BI BEE BEEE....

HAVE YOU......
AHHH? ?
ANY QUESTION.....HANDS! UP! ! ! ....A BLINK....? ?

I HAVE THIS MOMENT OF
OF
GRANDE
INDIRA
GHANDI

DIE--ETTT
AMONG THE CROWED

COWS AND POOR
VITAMINE

PEOPLE

BURNED
BY THE SUN....GOD OF ALL TIME.....

and new testaments....... 

i have these extended moments

chili....oo wefff fifa offf of off 
faaa oiiiff uchjuhpo ing ing ing ing

do runing engure
nor respect for nature....
a kid ask.....

and a kid ask....

and ask

until

the kid

sleeep....
oss oooosssss....

oshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhsh she

pussaaa ss s sssaaaaaaa a a from mommi

dakk blinding

bllind
blinded

without

chocolette
choco co la!

i am tired...i need...to breath....sleep!

dark....darkness...barking.....out side

is danger! ! ....for a kid, saying that make it chilli and it will have a davestating effect en a kid.....
cause
danger: comes in different forms....

i explain:
when a child
as one opens one's eyes...

he still confused.....

-a child like me.....i no that is somebody i am in touch with.....

mommma a!
others are familiar...but not as familiar as mom....

mom is essential....

man what izup?

relaxed....in peace.....serie forier for american test tube psycho....

Laplace moment....laplace transformations and fourier craziness.....

you connect to the sky.....with the help of internet....ipods.....chatt rooms....matchmacking......you rocking sky the galaxy.....

pay and go!

do not worry! !
credit card! !

visa or master? ?

maaaaaaa essss ttrrraaa raaa  rrrrrrrr mistress lowinski
white thing.....

vized becuza
what is up ho o

ehaaaa eh ea...n
aaaaa

man

rook me.....

she said the black girl.......and i stop here....

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: A Child Question

MY BUISNESS
WITH PEOPLE.....

I ASK A CHILDISH
A CHILD....
I AM? A CHILD!

REALLY?
I AM A CHILD?

QUESTION:

A SIMPLE
TRE'S SIMPLE!
FROM THE BOOK

BILBLE OR TOURAT ORT KURAN
OR SIMPLY FROM NATURE

MOTHER NATURE,....

-PLEASE STOP!
HERE!

TAXI CUP!

DRIVER

BEFORE AND AFTER.....

PLEASE TO HERE.....
A CHILD IS A SON
OF THE SUN

OF MOTHER NATURE.....
DO YOU
STILL
FOLLOW ME

THAT TYPE OF
GAY

GOU

EGU III EUUUUU IE IIIIII E LIKE E

I ALWAYS.....
I always ask a question from
my mind -child, curious mind-
and they never seemed not even curious about!
i mean my question

my curiosity about everything

i mean every thing!
nothing left behind....

i will explain to you

what does a child....

see! !

and how the question of eileen mother nature.....looks,
obvioussss....ly....beautiful......

a cup filled
half

of guilt
and red sot of beautiful roman aroma cafee

memories....

people are people....
i thought they know

the same things.....the same way.....
same dream of the world.....same magics.....same wonders

fame tell tales and beautiful
stories....... here! a kid is lost

between,
the world mistic....and to night is going to be ok!
ok! you can sleep....
ok you can sleep....

okkkkk kay.......you can sleep.....

ok......k ....k....kay.....

you can sleep
now!

and i can not take it.....back to the story
back then of the question and
The child who is me writing to you cost me

my life...as s posible aaaas and s.....

let it go.....

babi.....

so, i go away....

turn and turn

have and have

been and been (this is a new sorry with less sorrow! you brittish britny houston who can not make only buttt

your batman bit bat will bat you.....
jimmy carter is a bar tender uy....sorry guy/gays lesbian and cows and cawards....)

from my jendouba
etch ah bouba

habouba
decbouba

ben aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aa aa a aa aa aaaaaaaaaaaaaa alll
vivant like an elephant

'a la fin....! "

pilice

Aaa khkhkkhhkkkh eeeerrrrrr
(->sign... last)
(<-sign....ton demain democracy....a cap can not getting so ben ali ben ali

bin ali
ya ben ali

ya ya ya

hope

it is not too long......
as i kid

i hate

to be
interruped by

some ignorants

eee ignogbphjool[oki errrrrr ooooon

when i formulate

fast enough question....le secret

est ici....
a kid need to take his time......

enjoy what ever he could......i itell you this and i am 100000power100000

with zero vergule(comma for english speacker who missed the math, this i sour
best time to catch up...do not ask....)

000000000000000005F000000F
000FA000000000000000005F0000000F
000FA000000000000000005F0000000A
000000000000000005F000000F
000C000000A000000000000000000A
000000000000000005C000000F
000F000000000000000000000000A
000000000000000005F0000000F
000FA000000000000000005F0000000A

IN DECIMAL

DEEEEEE CIPHERS! ! !

IT IS A SIMPLE QUESTION...FROM A
CHILD’ MIND....

Atef Ayadi
What Disturbs Me.....

the voodoo love

do the africans.....
to nature and huimanity....

the high speed

rip off

of the white man....

and the ancient

stories
of all the Asian men
without eve's
heroic adventures....and glories....

what disturbs

me

is i am

too close

to feel and
share

all my grateful

nature....
and no...one...seems
really wants to share....my findings
and my....kindness....in love.

Is this the price....
to share,
to be fully
a free man and lovable.....

Atef Ayadi
A Cute Hope

cutezienab
30 female
Detroit United States

wrote:

#### I hope that you will be honest and treat me good. I hope that we can become good friends and have some fun times together. Write me back so we can chat some more ####

in the picture, she is laying
on a paradise
white ruggy silky bed cover...

too bed i can not

come to you...to michigan

cause, i am from illinois....

I do not lower our status bey going to indiana...iowa..and similar states...

Atef Ayadi
A Picture And A Whisper

Her name,
nick name, or
secret name username

is liris or iris

born in 09...that is how she wants to appear....shy
and iris.....in the muslim no fight zone green zone...ground zero...
new policies...for the muslims or whoever want to stop the oil from
flowing to new york...sky....

She sent me a message.....
#### I have noticed your profile many times recently in the past few days. I
want you to come along and have a good time with me. I want you to write me
back when you get my message.####

in her picture,

the lips
the nose
and the eyes

are whispering

for a flat polite

muslim kiss

then

the fight will begun....

Atef Ayadi
Un Baiser Sans Rien À Dire

son amour

est
discret......
elle veux tous en un
seul mot....ou
un baiser

qui finira par
rincer

son amour,
ces soucis

et ses questions, , , , ,

elle veut
son veux disparai...etre
du fond de son coeur
et
de sa peau

avec un seul
et seulement un

baisez

eeee  aaaa ZEHHHH

FROM HER
HER TOES
ONE BY ONE
TO HER HAIR

AND MAKE SURE
SHE IS WELL COOKED

BOTH SIDES

MISS Y EUU

LE CHEF....

le donneur
des baisers

qui manquent
autant de

song et force de baiser...

Atef Ayadi
J'Ai Oublie' Ma Peinture

j'ai toujours
suivi
ma class ratee'
en
matiere d'ART

j'ai toujours
PASSE'

EN PREMIER
CLASS....AVEC UN 'E'

SYSTEME FRANCAIS

ET LE CHEF
LUI LUIS VII AUSSI
FRANCAIS, , , , MAL GRAIS
G
LES ENGRE'S
LES ENGRAIS
ENGRENAGES

EN PHYSIQUES
MATHEMATIQUE

ET CHIMIQUE

L'ART

A RESTE' DANS MON COEUR D'ENFANT.....

MAINTENANT

MON ART EST A' MOI
MON CLASS...E...

MA MANIERE DE VIVRE

MON AMOUR
MES VISIONS
MON TELEPHONE

ET MA COPINE

QUI

EEE...N....EEE
JE DOIS ETRE
LA

AVEC MON

BEB BEI
AY AY

OR L'ART DE
L'AMOUR

COMME LA
FRONT CE
NATIONAL

IS ALWAYS

FU AK AND UP...

Atef Ayadi
Le Corps De Son Core

have been

educated
zoo ol ogie

observe and only

je and gee....

elle a dans son
corps

une certain

geologie

loqique et logement et logie
trops serre'

ici et

vas y la bas, , , , vas y

son core

pardon
ol la la

son corps

une cave

un core
haute
qui va
re froidir
et
puis
explose'
zea zee zi ze
ah ha ha
zi zey ze....

moi un
aventurier des caves
des chambre
haut pression

hau
ho

yo yo

tu es venu tu
doits toucher......

je m'en fiche
que tu ma la flamme
dand mon core
more flamme
dans ton corps

i am ho ho with that! !
Atef Ayadi
Get Me Some More

SHE IS

TAKing ME DOwn

To the dance
Floor....

the music
is taking
her body
shape.

With the music
we are
keeping it tide
I cannot stop
I am infected

by her kisses

While she is rubbing
Against
Me

From

My back

Her body...is rubbing salt and sweat on me....

Atef Ayadi
J'Ecris Pour Oublier

JE SUIS COME

TOI

POUR

DIRE

DES CHOSES

PAREIL!

QUE JE NE REGRET

PAS

DES CHOSES

D'AMOUR

OU JE VAIS

QUE-CE-QUE

JE FAIS

DU JOUR AU JOUR

J'ECRIS

PARCEQUE

JE

NE REGRET RIEN

J'ECRIS

JE T'ECRIS

PAR-CE-QUE

JE T'AIME

ET JE NE REGRET RIEN!
TOUTE MA VIE....

Atef Ayadi
The Right Border....The Sevent Sea

girl...if i go

far away out of town

it is not
because of you

cause i can go farther

this

just to prove

i have more than a wish.....

half way
right in the border
is a not a great thing for me to do...

i am not a girly person....
i do not
discuss
with girls
lost in their one more
wish....and wishy wish...

Atef Ayadi
I Do Not Have The Right Word

j'e n'est pas peur
de dire a mon coeur...
que
je peux
repeter
de nouveau
le meme
amour
le meme
parcour
le memee
messag
le meme passage
my hole
life
I have been
waiting
to fu k you in th eback
mari
mari...
until you mari
my senses
and f act on me
mari...
marie

ha ha ha aa i a

f act u

i do not not need to translate

all my french

background...

Atef Ayadi
My Secret Told....My No Pain Love...

I Am sculpting

one love

my

youngish

leggish

babi

i hate days

like this....love....

i am mad

i am the only fool

babi

i can not forget

and hate
days

and dates
like this

no money
no rise

no sun set

no push ups
no push push rize rise
and raise
whatever it is....

babi
i hate
to remmber
days like these....
broke

and lovely like this...

whet ever it is

babi i ha

Atef Ayadi
Wondering Eyes

SHE GOT ALL WRONG...

AGAIN

AGAIN

AND AGAIN

I CAN NOT BELIEVE IT.....

EVEN

I TOLD HER YOU CAN SURVIVE WITH ME OR WITHOUT

SHE GOT IT WRONG.....

I CAN NOT

I CAN NOT

BELIEVE IT....

TAKE IT

Atef Ayadi
Une Nuit Sur La Terre....

desires effervescence

effet vers le centre

effet dans le centre....

Un amour,

une lumière,

du HARMONIE....

QUE J'AIME
ET QUE TU AIMES.....

JE SUIS SUR

COMME TOI

Atef Ayadi
A Thousand Nights Nasty Revengi Romance

evengi

gi li
cal

ho
ora

you siko
gaco
gaico

natti
woman

who wants bad durty oo lala
bitchi crazy romance.....

je ton veux
mon amour
salle
une salle
la salle

for sale
for sell
for closure

dirty

romance...

Atef Ayadi
I Do Not Like To Wakeup From My Night Tales And Mares

even i do not like nightmares

babi! !
	his is my sweat dream
night
mare...

to be you

in you....
pinching me
sweet dream all the night mare....

i can not   sweet dream awake
do not like it

wont wake up from you.....

Atef Ayadi
Un Jour A L'Autre

je vie qu'a moi....

mes quand je te vois

devant moi...c'est une autre histoire...

je reve....
tu reve
chez-moi et chez- toi

tu aime l'amour

boire le vin d'amour en moi....

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: I Gotta A Feeling

i have a good
night

good good night

good good night

come true....

i like to shave
to share this...and the good good night

spend my money
on the roof

dancing with my bee it chi

do it
easy come

easy
rock

easy back

my back

hurt
you again again
and again...

to night is going to be

your night of feelings.....

yess yess yess...dancing pace out passed out

des blessure

pres de chez moi-
ta voiture
plus d'une fois....

quant je serai close de toi....

Atef Ayadi
sa fait
long temps
que
je
reve

d'un amour
d'une chanson

pour changer
ce monde.....

sa fait long
temps

que j'aime
son visage,

son petit enfant

sans visage.....
son amour et ivres

123 mon song es....

and modern
play....

hi pass
pace
chicago
installer
laisse toi aller

babi....
hi speed
hi internet

amour

read between the lines
chi ca go

and do not go

is colder

with you or without....

it takes time

in my world

to pace things
toward you

my only love....

i want to be your love.....i can show me....

my love...the one i always.....want ta to be....

chi

Atef Ayadi
There are no secrets and no paradigms in love.

if death is a release from the realm of the mind....life is...nothing but... the growth of the mind.

if truth comes with attributes....should we talk about true attributes or the attribute's space of truth.

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: Am I A Responsible Lover?

yes

i hear my heart leeping

when i can hear your heart beeting eating my heart in my chest....

whitout pushing the trigger...

baby

papa rotzi

until you smile

babi famous chicks

pa pa pa ro ti zi......

Atef Ayadi
i can hear
your voice
from far....

push moi..egg moi
commence a ce deplacer
inside me et sans
direction.....

transmitting

signal.....
cause....

i burned my house down....
and you are my sweat dream full
of hash
hash and shash

i can hear your
voice
in the street

cramping
crawling
rambling

black in white chick....

down
down...
Le Present Et La Fin

every
nigh

i want to see you and close my

sky on your eyes....

suit sweat dream.....

i want to close
all the sky and the nightmares

on your eyes.....

what kind of dream

your dreaming
sweet dream
my dream

nocked you off....

and your body

my babi body...

is sweet
sweet dream and spicy night mares....

either way
i do not
want you to wake up

and i am fighting your nightmares

and collection

of swet sweat dreams....

Atef Ayadi
Je Sais Ou' Aller Pour Te Trouver

une fois

quand

on se reprocheras

et je

suis capable

de te
toucher

dans le meme
end
der

woi.....ou'
le douleur
et l'amour
sont un
et deux dieux ah ah aaaa i aaa aaa

si je derais la...

je te donne mon aaaa aaaa
and best ay aya iii e aaaa

Atef Ayadi
If Love Find Me....

i wan to be

a child....

so vulnerable...

still

he can show
his love.....

i want to be

fun loving fun...

cause
i a got A FEELING

that every day is
going to be

a good night

feelings

i will work

get my money

spend it wisely
on the fun
on filling
my cup

and i do it
again
again

every day and every night

so let's do it
let's do it
again

spend
all the money

on filling the cap

here she comes
here she goes
ups and down

what are a such it che chest nuts

good night.......

Atef Ayadi
Une Chance Sur Deux....Ca Fait Longtemps

sa fait
long temps

que je n'ai pas

reve'

sans tete
sant american

blue
blood
blue heart

hot body....

123,

not only
you

native
irish
every body
is singing her name

no body

native irish is coming

to close
to her

to start drink her beer
wine....rom

and 123

you appear

in between

in my love

like

an irish

junglin

gen gluwo cool man....

Atf Ayadi
The Best Way, Until You Love Me

l'amour

n'est pas une science! ! !

mais une dance,

une histoire
belle et
cruelle

energie tique ique et forte
douce and....Antique

####-french
wine's consumer-####

for english
perfecting

american strangers

do not talk to strangers

even jesus himself is
talking to you
and he is right?

demo-graphic fickel lee...
he is republican....

love is laytex jesus

horney stuff....oah
### -take a breath...come to close to me....

play with

with me

with your gun

do not think....-  ###

do not worry ABOUT

ME....
I AM IN LOVE
with
YOU

AND I MUST
PASS This TEST

WITHOUT

PUSHING IN THE TRIGGER...

YOU CAN SEE MY HEART....

YOU CAN SEE MY EYEes

AND  Eye LASHES
THEN YOU

CAN SEE MY HEART

AND HEAR ME BEATING

FOR YOU.....

SO
NAIL ME
AND PUSH DOWN

IN TO THE TRIGGER...

my man

my jesus....

i am the man

who is looking for a girl

like A TRIGGER

Atef Ayadi
Je Suis Comme See Her Esssa

hey girl

what is up with
ho you
you ho...

i have bee

ing

looking

for you

i have looking for

in my
my heart

for my heart
and you

my only wish.....

do you love me

like this

chanter...

si simplement

pour oublier
tes main
prendre formes entre
et autour
de mes mains
je ne sais
pas
et je ne regret rien
c'est une poème
mais je ne regrette rien
je ne sais pas ou tu mene
ou tu aime.....
dis mois
je veux dormir
...mon amour
Atef Ayadi
What Disturbs Me: Volume II

what job

should I have? ?? ??

.....

i am funny...
flexible (40? one mark....your are fine...)

readable

plastic,

maddie -die for you, babi-

astiiik astech high

tech

no windows vista....

no

little mac

and little no

little fun and show biz fun

experience.....
but excuse my english

a f12 crazi yo ie

me yo with may finger....
or billl eyeee aaan nnnn

mechine chiiliit cheiite sheet

zizi......
easy

ziz zi zee zee babe chou chaaa annnn

owsome some men happen can not beat me....

what is up...yo

Atef Ayadi
What Disturbs Me: Volume I

in french

frenchip is une guelle elle
elle fait des galoooon pppp pe....

a tunisiennnee

sadika
sadaka

frenchip

amitierrr metier

mette le pied

je ten pris

to ward ay ya with

haooowill

will

will
coupe coupe, .......

bill la la la a laar

rud ba ba aaa iii i aa aa aii

li li liikkkkk me
bill lllaa aarrr argent net

at le gratuit.......d

rud ba like

sur tous te tou

and ti

see irrr ur tooo....

(mailly)

le grad tu is..... free stau ff

at aaa fff

f fking free stassss as ass ttttaaaaf

they are not

free

meme pas gratuit.....

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: Mon Triplette Est Ma Chanson....

my experiment

is simply to a dream

of being capable person who

can be

simple

and capable....of defeating

L; E   DIABBBBBBLE

SAN
ETE TRE   LETTRE

MONGEEE

BOUGEEEeee

AND BEING

STILLL EATABLE.....

I WANT TO BE

KH   KAY LA AAFFF
AA  AAA

EFFFF  FI FO ME

FEAR

FAIR

FER FER FER O   OOO

ON INNNN SSI

SIDE

AU OOOO

FOOONNN

FOND....

Atef Ayadi
Please Let The Pain Normal Poem

i wan you

to be

my only

wish...........

je suis

a fly

you and I

may be so fu aaa aaaa kedo like this

you and I

you and i ai

baby

bay

bey

prisonier

UN prisonier

we will have ways

for you
for your eyes
for
every thing beingin beigin ben gin jin jin

i love
you \\ooooo? ? ? song

chantezz chantee

pour oblieeererrr errree

c'est uunnnnnn biennn

que je fait

avec to amour

et beau

et aussi

tu es belll

et je ne regrette rien

you are my love

sans illusion

passion

illisions
un amour infini

un amour

je ne sais pas eileen

beaucoup que moi aa ahhh

au aah ahhh gggg jaaa

jayyy un amour

plus

for

que moi

physicallll

is bed

every night

is not skin

to skin

how the faccck rission vodka

i can not see it

right
fact are fact

i have to be pilite

and the factting bordoms

is killing me......next poem s to be written

eileen

est ce que

keep it tide

ur ass
is mass
my mass

my ass
is killing me
in the groude

i will take bee it che to the groud......

stop this
beeting that killings

me

my heart beats for you
is killing me
give me
a call

if life is not beautiful

plus de toi
pluss la vie....
do not be said

eshhhi pa PAA PAS

plus que toi....
ah aha ha
di moi

you ass is figue

ta fivure
n'est pas une science

un figue

lexperience
quelque soit
what you know

what is history

of woman

women

man to man

experience is somethjing

something? ? ? ?

has to be done

babi and your ar bittchin

follow me here and there

fck to kilo ratalon

i am not you bee it ch

ch ch ech ien de berger

chameau....? ? ? ?

chameau.... sha aha sh shs a aaaaaaa

mo mo ooooo mo

i love you
baby? ? ? ?

are you still

what up? ? ? ? .....funcking me me

me and you
the way you like it....

noise to noise
noise to loise

skin to loise
skin skin bababy bi bi

biii yess i was born yestrdays.....

Atef Ayadi
Loins D'Une Ame

jai na aucun
regret on elle

mes yeux
eileen i
i do not
how to explain to you....
in english,

je j'ai trop
peur peur or peu oooo

suive moi
je te
prends
dans un monde
oo oo

je sing for you

oo baby oo oo

no ooo no ooooo oooo
je tiens mes mots
et mon coeur pour toi

haut

haut

are you kiliong me

loving is inside

are you killing in me some thing
you are plotting son of the beee chi

aaa  aaa aaa bi
e it chi
ch

ech marri marri marri ford not minded

dthis not how you find found it

you

f u c toooo you
uuu

uuuu
fact you

faccaccc u

i am a afraid of marriege
from memories

marri marie
eileen

i hate
you

fact you eileen marrie marie

i dance
with you

fact you trying to dance

with some one else

fact you

and this well that make the heel helll

may best wish.......
what yppppp

with you

i

f

Atef Ayadi
Toute Ma Vie

tou ma vie
toi ma vie

je suis ici

que pour ton amour

et ton bien

elene, helene

hy lin

hi eil

lee?

are a gag eyes

or you

want?

just in time

a true

bileivor

a

lovor and liver lover

beleiver,

can do to me
and i believed! ! ! !

Atef Ayadi
I Am A Pi Pi Robot

I am a Pi pi robot

I am gaga ol la

La ba

Babe

Be be bey bey

How I can claim you

Without

Time for a romance? ??

Your logic should be

Inevitable.....

How logically

I am good in a romance

Time and time
In the bottom
Of three dee (3D)

Dice dice
Crazy lazi romance....how three times
You loved me

And nazi with
A naaisist
Nazi nazist roma roma gag a ol ala

romance?

Atef Ayadi
Black Stuff

she walks
like she
want to express everything with her body....and

all the black stuff and night mares....

she is walking loose,

natti, and nasti black bourgeois dark voodoo stuff...

i can not claim
i do not like
the dark matter stuff....

Atef Ayadi
Do It Again And Again

i do not have time...

let's do it as we talk and as we walk
to down town

and

let is make it more than fun....

i do not have time
to remember or to forget

your hand asking me to go more high or down...

i like to enjoy you pour toujours et a jamais....down fun down town...

while your hand are asking for more turns and downs and ups and down...

Atef Ayadi
A Little More

keep it
tide
close and down...

keep the dance
on the dance floor,

the way

your body
my body
which is your body
either way
get along
fight and keep it tide....

stop
this going
down

stop
your hands
that are killing me....

stop
taking me
more or little
down....

Atef Ayadi
A Long Time Coming

i do not know
when
you come down

and make me crazy,

i do not when
you are going to make me

light hazy and
busey...

not
wasted...

i do not who you
are
until

you make me go
down,
go crazy....

i do not know,

that is the feeling
i have and
i want
when i go down and hazy....

i do not know
how far
i can fight it
beat it
and that is
how i go down and hazy

and i like it.

you

Atef Ayadi
Impossible Connection

impossible
to get along, and
impossible to share
with this
rhythm
of going down....

impossible to continue
the connection

la connection
c'est du passe'
because
zome vodo
dance avec moi
mon cheri

seulement avec moi...
zoumay may may la

il faut
dancer
il faut avancer

vient
lance-toi
dans mes bras
zomey zoo me zoo mi
et coupey la....

toue le mond,

toi cheri

zommey zommey la...

Atef Ayadi
Twilight Red Zone Green Zone Love

Ah man!

Ai man!

She walks like
dancing
in a rocky
high surge
land...

She walk
as the sun goes down

and no one else is around..

she walk so beautifully so right

she walk close to me
around
me

i feel it
it

something to be true.....

cause that
is the way she walk toward
me

while the sun goes down, i am going down
and while she is expressing herself so
beautifully true....
Claim Your Love

relax

if you want to relax

down and do not ask

if you want me really to come...

i do not need your direction

i want you

only to relax, ....so i can

go down

and up

when you come and i come...

Atef Ayadi
Lease And Release My Body

lease and ease my body
or release me

cause i am down

and what is wrong?

to release me

if you are

my love

i do not know

why

i feel
you are the one
who
can

should release
my body
my heart and myself....

cause
you are the one, and

i can not go down without
you...

Atef Ayadi
It Is Only A Soul?

mon ame

mon amie au fond

de moi

dans mon coeur
dans ton coeur,

baby
l'amour

is a dream
in your hands

in your heart
and when you go down....

what your heart
wants

and beats for

inside
and outside

and it is getting tired

for thank you fear

fun ki you

fun nik you

you funny
marri marri marri me

and put me down....

if you need
i need
to be fun ki you
marri marri aa aa

translate my heart beats
to your hearts beats

without chocks and blood....

Atef Ayadi
I Left My World

i left my word in somebody hand...

i forget
my fate in somebody hand....

one love
and i can not fix

by myself

cause it is one
love
one way
one
pain
one
fate

i forget
in someone hand

and could not forget

and this makes it worse...

one love!
one hand!
one memories

days dai-ease and eases...
isis is my baby
beautiful
girl...

baby is beautiful like this

one love
one baby like this...

like this my day is
spent
like this
one love
in a beautiful day like this

baby i love you
when you are hot like this....

so tell me baby do you like days like this

Atef Ayadi
La Terre Au Haut-De L'A

take me
to your land

au-de-la

quelque part,

au-de-la

take me to the land
of great feelings,
great down, low, and high haut terre haute love...

take me au-de-la

et je t'aime pour
la vie...et au-de-la

Atef Ayadi
A New Language

it is a language
i discovered within the radius....
of the bus of my daily life....

it is a language...
i want to share

if you want...
if not
it is a not
not my note not
my nut...

it is up to you

to share
or shy shall not....

or simply
make an arrangement

when, what, how, and where to share and
where to share not
shell not,

you go to hell
if you touch me!

and i should not.....

it is a language of
the land of
all avatars.....

Atef Ayadi
Her Biggest Wish

i have a believe that

"they have to come to me, ...

don't go to them.......

until i saw her

trying to help me brake this

belief...at the border

of hell.....

and her heavenly heavy dirty natty....half way

look..

she said

this is where i stay,

i want you to fulfill
my only wish to come

half away

and we meet

at jupiter,
the esquire,

a cafee coffi,

anywhere half away....
beliefs and braking the power of strong voodoo beliefs

ce que je crois,
ce que tu
crois,

je ne regrette rien

c'est ce que j'ai fait
apres tous? ?

je t'ai aime'

et je ne regrette rien...

Atef Ayadi
You & Mon Coeur

j'ai rien a te dire
mon
coeur,

sauf des mots d'amour

de mon coeur

ou les roses,
les fleurs

grow ow ow oH Ho haut o o h haut....

i can not to be
more gentle

than this

fact and you

i hate

the way you presented me
and you are presenting me

your love....

i am
not

a bee

itching
hate full
trustful
bee

fact you man,
i hate what you do

fact and you
man
are the same....
you only are

franke son of the the bee that itch beautiful merry christmas

i hate your christmas

fact
you
man!
i am confused

not the same...

Atef Ayadi
Day Like This

beautiful

sensual

i like it
baby!

i want it you
in a day like this!
day like this
very beautiful day
to love you

like this

baby

i love days like this

day like this

yeah
yess babi day I this

when you baby

lay beside me

naked

and covering me....

day like this
baby

i love days like this

so do not go

away
from
me

in day like this

day like this baby is
unforgettable

Atef Ayadi
One Love

one love

is only for bee itches

every second and every time

the pain surge and surface...

she wants
one love

she wants a survivor....
to calm her down....

one love

seems a lot
believe it or not

one love

to calm down...

one love

is easy to calm down
put down

and sleep
beautifully

beautiful..down baby down.

one love....high
one love down.
The Hotel Room

who wants me

meet me at the hotel room....

i live there,

i am discrete
privet
jet
fast net

Hi-TAA AK....your neck

entre mes mains!

while i am down

to the very down....from the back to
thy injured

left from time to time beautiful leftover neck.

so woman,

tell me,

combien de fois

combien de jour
de nuis et de soire

vacance, la biche, le sable
et se trouve au de là ? ?

merci

pour l'amour .... LA FLEUR, THE ROMA et L'AROMA!

Atef Ayadi
Miss Pie

look,

that!
lady!
out there! ! ....i can not see you...
So what?
but i can send

you

some LO LO VENUS IS FAR....

I CAN NOT BELIEVE IT

AO
AIEH

EMMM
EMMM

AAH AAHA?

I DO NOT GET IT,

when it comes to

people i do not know,

i have to make it
sound so you can believe it...

so miss pi
paie

bien payer
get busy
crazy
do something
be something
anything
do any sound....
any movement...
any sign that shows
a movement....

Atef Ayadi
If I Meet You

if i meat you and meat eat you

baby

it is going to be
a mess

ra ra ho la la

je suis crimineLE, psychi que...

un peux de physic psychic

fashion MONSIEUX

a little of chemistry

is enough!

or it i will be

a war of peace and revenge....lady gaga -who la la, who and where the hell you are going to be -

Atef Ayadi
Let's Take Down

let is take
take is take it
take it
take it
I take

you
take it?
it is fine

leave me
alone

i am
down

down

with you baby

so
i want you

to take me more down
baby

to your down...down and dam downs....

then take me

ups and downs
tilted down and uphill downs
take me
to your upper
hilly,
bompy
bow be!
bom bee

sock me
lick! me! baby....

Your hand please,
on my neck?

GET IT? ?

Baby?

Atef Ayadi
The Race Ratio-Issues

there is no such thing called

cultural ID,

national ID,

South/North/West/east Block ID,.

or
you are in the right
spot...right place....right family....right woman, ...right man....

righ children....right father....no issues what so ever ID..

There is something called

keep moving ID....do not get stuck ID

no safe Zone ID...

i recognize one thing

Money does not give you,
buy you,   land you in ID...and sorry for this comment!

Atef Ayadi
My French

to tell you the truth,

i am not that french,
i am not that mixed or blinded with the french,

and I am not willing to fight for their
flag or for the British

against the NAZI zest or the hell who they are, were and will be...

due, , , ,

C'EST UNE HISTOIRE QUE J'Y EN NE CROIS PAS....

my french is just

for the wine,

les fleurs,

les cadeaux,

le Mediterranean,
le chamo,
les escargos.

le sable et le desert,

les filles qui parle la langue,

Charles Aznavour,

les etiquettes, .....  

Et c'est la fin de leur histoire
avec la mienne.

Atef Ayadi
Enlightened And Enlightenment

something disturbs
me about the verb
to enlighten and the
word
enlightenment:
as a kid,
-i mean when i was, ....
sometimes I am.... childish and
and unworried irresponsible....party no party gay...-
being enlightened
had to have
some connection with light...
the sun of the day's light,
the candle's light by night,
someone flashes light into your face with force,
or
someone deprive you from light so you can see it better...
as a kid
light and enlightenment
were two identical twins....
it took me
years....
i mean decades....to figure out that

being enlightened

has nothing to do with light
(any form of photonic, electric-magnet, hi frequency vibration, and strings energy....)

a touch is is an enlightenment,

being disturbed is an enlightenment,

freeing you chest is one of the greatest personal discovery....

being nice is an enlightenment...

being a prince-
....high rank, no starts, multi-galaxies explorer, self earned respect-

being a f12-cker, a Woman's energy sucker....i mean the preferable...natural...way

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: Few Featured Things

if knowledge is blank check
to buy inaccessible universe,
then,
how much of it is going to be lost?

Beside purity
there must be an unprecedented question of what is gained,
given,
and lost?

Atef Ayadi
Even the purity of the snow
could not tell me

if

Eileen is happy

or she is crossing the land of sorrow?

Even the purity of the snow
could not tell me

if humanity

means happiness

or it is but a land of sorrow;

If humanity needs its own humanity

or

this is it, the time of great sorrow? ? ?

Atef Ayadi
Get Enlightened

he said:

"there is no such thing called

"get enlightened"

in this century....

'get informed"

is the right word...

instead

Atef Ayadi
she said:

"i want you to follow me

in every
detail and every where my as as assets moves

and do not give me
that

look
of a nice mommy child!"

Atef Ayadi
L'Amour Est Toujours Parfait

the girl who comes every night

in my dreams to dance with me

an talks no sense,

and dance only dangerous love black magic dance

i like this perfect love go too! !

easy going love up and down body dance
touchy
lips
dance...

each night

is a dream come true

too perfect
to let it
go

Atef Ayadi
Laissez-Toi Aller

breath like a man

and dance like a crazy natty girl...

do be caught
in between
or you
lose your breath

and your natty girl gets
loose

put the hands up

and danse avec moi,

from lundi mardi to samedi
dimanche

oh! ow awa

winter and
summer

passant
laisser
le printemp

c'est rops serrey

ici et la
c'est l'amour
qui nous appelle
pour danser

123

viens
danser
avec nous

et laissez-vous aller...

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: Fantesy

i can not shut up
inside and out...
i have been looking without success for a job

that allow me to talk naturally and keep my natural relaxed nature...around and while i am making my path and clearing my way...

the only job is to be, pretend to be, happy to be, my "pleasure! " to be,

fed up to be, a poet of all time....

or,

comedian, stand up comedy?

serious theater main actor, creative one actor theater,
funny woman man show or play? ?

so,
i figured out,

that the best job

that
i can, desire, want and fight for

is simply to talk and
please the listener or the listeners
-girls and boys and in between-

while money poor from the sky.....because i am good at that
and i do not fear competition...and I am going global too! !

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: What Is About Tomorrow?

AAAAAA AH!

i am a day to day person...

the idea,
the question, and

the concept of
'what is about tomorrow'

freek me out! (downward sharp voice: out!)

i have
tONZ of TONZ

of
work, stuff to do,
other stuff i call them 'i do not know.'

stuff i dream to do
and forget to do,

stuff i should do, i must do,

and forget to do....

man! i need a boot camps
to learn to be a machine,
a robot,

a list or script
executor...
so i need discipline,
mastery,

and
creativity as an option or leverage
which i favor the most and every time...

so i keep being busy

and alive
by doing what is close to me....

some times

i resign

leave my mind does what it is designed for

and do the energy field yo gaaaaa!

gaga gg   ggggaa

lady gaga....she is

man! a ga! gaaaa pu   ssi   lipstic on a
a dirty slippery wild lips....

the rest hour of the day,

i train myself to defend against
feminine energy’s ice and electric chocks...

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: A Normal Day

a normal day
looks exactly like

Today:

Wednesday, January 6th of two thousand and ten...

drew few drawing

while braking my constipated procrastination....

-i mean, no major event! -

no major noise
of blast
of joy....outside my box.

dead see people around,

i can feel their death, deff, and thefting of part of my mind....

so i always
act,
behave,
initiate

something sluppy
jumpy
camzy
clamzy
ramzi
ramzis II

fu king owsooM funny things! ! !

as people are still wondering or playing the dizzi
deads...

And I hate
someone, play that
in front of me..

it confuses me.... and i react bad...
i do not how bad....
i am not good in math or logic-they confuse me-
i can not assess how bad...until i cool down

i can not cool down
cause
i can not get down.....

cause,
who ever put it in my mind
was my pathetic dead dad....

the time i witnessed
the many times he got down
down and down without feeling dead.....
that is the beau-dom
bottom
button

batteau

line.....no more no less.....

the rest of the day, i look
wondering in the sky

-the best thing that always happen to me, is to dream facing the sun-

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: Next Move

nothing

will be achieved

without

strategy,
tragedy,

and live long
for a long war

without being hated
or loved
deeply without tragedies...

my first move,

is jump,
without talk

into the battle field of my fear...

Atef Ayadi
few things itch me about humanity,

whether

i cross certain bushes,

i mean bushes literallement and literally for both NAITIVE BORN FRENCH NAITIVE WHITE CAUCASION AMERICAN SOME MINORITIES

qui parle la langue or their own...

freindship,

is sox, see ex girl friend, ex boy friend, someone in the sky, someone now

waah, waaaaah, aaii type of song...

you have just to swing your ear and adjust your head...

the second thing about humanity that itches me
is:
should i be
easy and funny?

have fun first
then ease?

it is a give and take song!

and
the cases
"I"
undertook,

witnessed with a deep
good refreshed breath,

and connected with, through
all the magical secret channels,

said they have
their own danse
to every song...

so what itches here,

simply
i never learned
to sing and to dance...

the last thing that itches me
from humanity side

pushups,
democrassy,
, class, and status
everywhere
in planet
i learned in schools

-what ever
or
where ever it is! -

trust,
kindness,
good heart,

and something ak ak ak ward, for ward

fu ak ak ak! ! ING
bizard word.

very generic,
pathetic
eileen type of
word...

something
like 'Do GOOD! '

or

Help 'others'

or

' do good thing, and you will be rewarded after life'

did you see
how much SH EI It I took
when i was a kid...

big metaphors,
big words,
big concepts,
big rewards, and
big sacrifices,

for a kid

it is a magical world..

with the only rule,
the only law,

is:

Make things beautiful......

Atef Ayadi
Zone Two: An Attempt

I’ve been hyper sensitive

Or
Simply

I start to have
Sharp
Glance
Or feeling

About
How
A language
May
Be.

I start to see,

Hear, senses

All the beautiful
Stuff
Of life...

My deepest fear
Is to

Come over,

My solitude while
Facing
This monster
Feminine dark energy fear.

Atef Ayadi
Intensity Of Desires

yess

yeah and yess!

essa! !

my happy
funny
inflamable
colorful
wonderful
desires
are alive

despite

the cold,

adversities,

and my feelings tactonic quakes.

and me

Atef Ayadi
Revision Of Last Week’s Feelings

I was falling
With the last falling galaxy,

Fearless,
Childish,
A lost case,
Lost cause,
Lost love, and a
Mad man

For a decade....

And so.

How I possibly....and suddenly stopped?

Atef Ayadi
Love-Holic's Last Desires

mon first favorable desire:

being and living

restlessness,

galoppé sur un peau

with my toes,

slapping the walls

knocking

and pushing against closed 'asked to be open' doors

my second lovable desire:

to be left alone,

an

explorer

and

a

biographer

of the universe

and

human smile strategy..

my third desire
is
to be
a
blue
flammable
cube of ice

of
heavenly falling desires.

Atef Ayadi
A Love Teacher

He is explaining

Love

To her

Like
The way
A low wage
Simple
Teacher
Does.

Atef Ayadi
Fine Tuning, Fine Fast Rebooting System

your system seems

ok!

i can see your mom's masculine
signature and dad
poor
vulnerable
easy target soft voice type of man in your voice,
your posture,
and your tilted alignment
between your front and
your 'IT IS OK, BUT need WORK, ' back....

my system if fine;
like fine art;
very
expensive staff...

only picassoo style!

or may be more
crazy,
no one must hear about-except some world famous agencies
kings, builderberg mafia, FCC. and i do not know what i should and i should add!
-
stuff.

do you like

my system to reboot
your fine tuned system.

or keep it
un-rebooted

open

to the hostility of the world wide web..? ?

Atef Ayadi
Une Poeme Sans Enfants

L'
altruisme (emmme)

C'est

Etre (be in the present time, be at and feel the moment)
juge (jujey,)

et (end-and)
rest (stay cool)
Juste (self-posed)

sans pre-jugees.(free of stereo types)

Atef Ayadi
i want solitude

like any warrior
who is not ready

for anything,

only

for mother of all
love's
battles
war;

cause

I am
convinced
by my feelings

that life and death
are two identical twins

like two sweat
hot
ice
tea
lovers

making

natural
great

love?
The Reader Went Nuts Too

this is a little part of what
she copied and pasted as in response to 'here is time' poem

------
Sarah Teasdale
Sarah Teasdale (1884-1933 / Missouri / United States)
Biography Poems Comments More Info Stats
Sara Teasdale (August 8,1884 – January 29,1933) , was an American lyrical poet. She was born Sarah Trevor Teasdale in St. Louis, Missouri. Through.. more >>

147 poems of Sarah Teasdale
File Size: 490 k
File Format: Acrobat Reader
To download the eBook right-Click on the title and select 'Save Target As'.

<< prev. poem Poems by Sarah Teasdale: 8 / 147 next poem >>
---

she wants me
and she is
serious
about that! !

cause sara is dad

or she will

her as sss oil well to me!

too...? ?

Atef Ayadi
She Went Nuts And 'Narrie' At The Same Time

when time is not there;

only me and her are laying down skin to skin eye to eye confronted spinning fluid to fluid trunk to trunk leg to leg hand to hand lip to lip tiny finger to tiny finger

a land escape work

has to be french High tech to be perfectly finished polished a la lettre bien fini bien payer never accurately that perfect done....

she has no escape

she knows that... she no no no than give in like a
lost pray of time...

she become
betti
nutti
angry
burned

wappon
of mass
destrion
error

nuts

predator
nattie kattie, kitty, girl....

Atef Ayadi
She Is Nuttie In Her Own Way

i send her
and electronic
mail (110 volt, 50Hz, american standard)

i wrote:
"
please answer with yes or no
to be my nutty girl
to nigh from 6:00pm to 6:00AM
chicago time....'

she replayed:

'the font of your text is
ariel and not tagged or colored, not html tagged, no picture,
no chatting first
no video con-fron-cing"

and you want
me to answer with
yes or no

who the f z w uk king

of the jungle you are?

it mean yes
oh yes
man! !

yoop
i am dancing! !

my heart is
beating fast! !

she

Atef Ayadi
This Is It

give in to me

time is not just me
or you.

give in
to
me

time can be yource
if i am yource

and time
is your dance
beautiful womam...
give to
me

give in
to me! !

if you can

time

the way you look to me..

time

is the skin
and

the white and dark
stuff
in front and around me...

give in to me
girl!

nutty
girl!
sweet girl
give in to

this your best
time

time!
time!
it is
time
to give in
to me

forever
and ever

time!

time! !
and time

to give in
me.

oh

yeah! !

bay be
bayby yeah!

give it to me...

Atef Ayadi
Here Is The Time

look at my eyes

hear my voice,
or listen to my typing devotion....

and forget this damn thing!

this girl that messed with your head,
or this boy who messed with your head,
or anything before your eighteen birth day.....

concept of time....

and live you f u to z king live

beautifully,

win win or called pro act

and ive, hive, bee the way you want...
Where Is Time?

in USA

we do not use "what is"

we say:

'where is"

time? ?

time is a song

you can sing
if you want to run out of time,
or

if you are bored and want to sleep or take a nap for
as long as you want...
-
as i said before
time is a song, so do let me rewind the tape
of the same time song-

EVERTHING IN
USA IS MECANIC
MACA NICK
IIIIIEIKNI

F uKNI....

LOVE IS MECANIC..AND
COMPUTER
ROUTINES....

look at her eyes
she will tell you....the burning desires
look at his eyes

-cub or calf -

he will tell even though she is a she....
hidden
socially permissible
civilized
California
Saint hose

Santa barbara
the bee
that itches

gay thing...

Atef Ayadi
Lesson Learned

history

is for the
historians
-questionable brave men,
fake eye lashes lady,
gaiez g00z, douze, and SENIORS-

who had
unfinished business....

has unfinished business

and will have
unfished
for the f king of United nation

buisness..

sorry! ! !

Atef Ayadi
Google Me! Please! !

i hate

google

it is a new
government
sucking
bustard
multi

zinion
onions

garlic

and
cash

like
you never see it in your life
flow and flood of information as well as info and FOES...

fishing in the
dead see

smuggling
business..

corporation..

Atef Ayadi
I Am My Hero

Of course! I am a hero,
my hero, your hero,
CNN hero,
Fox Taxis Oil toxic hero

my street mate hero,

my African roommate hero,

United nation hero,

unesco

unicef

moncef
duracef

charl
du champs hero,

picasso hero

mozart,
bethoven

chichina

lovesky

hero,
and everybody hero?

of! course! ! ! !

-not off course-
I LOVE
MYSELF...

DO YOU THINK

OR DREAM

I OR i

WILL SELL MY SELF? ? ?
? ? ?

OR ASK FOR

YOUR

APPROVAL,

SQUARED AND OVAL

AS YOU

LOVE IT TO BE..

Of course i am
my own hero

but,
also

i am sure...
everyone is my hero.

Atef Ayadi
My Daily Journal Of Avatar

she is

like ice...

yak yak ayak kkkkk

-i am used be afraid the cold, the rain....

because

i was cold...child.-

my brother

yak me

ice too! ! !

he is

old,

fat,
two kids

AND GO WITH THE WIND....I DO NOT
I AM MORE BRAVE

AND INVINCABLE...

WITH LIFE IS TUFF

I SHOULD BE

BE IS ETRE
TUFF IS DURE

DONC

TOTAL

LA VIE EST DURE,
JE DOIS
ETRE DURE! !

SIMPLE ET N'EST PAS COMPLIQUE'

TU VOIS

A LA FIN, JE

i COME BACK

to the point--

i though

tough
safe
to
slide
fly
on top (not topping)
or across the land of
her many miles
toes to head
skin to skin
heat to heat
swet to swet

ah to ah
i to i

yes to yes
no to no!

you can take over

if you want! !

no
body land..

Atef Ayadi
Mr. Artist

from an artist
to a past one

-cause'
i mean
I am 3000 years

ahead...with my professionalism-

LOOK! !

''''''life is an option''''''''

''''''art is ''''''

''''''a Life beautiful strategy''''''

you do not need
to know more than that

or be, whatever crazy your father or mother may be? ?

Atif Ayadi
Cutti Or Kattiii Or High Peau Thetique Tactique Lee Katdie

you get that

she is ow key

to the ground

good for discharge

good for skills

good when

i am at
my best
and in doubt
or
when i am
in doubt

what is my best? ?

she fettyy
durty

never talked about
nutty
i need to check by myself type of
girl

Atef Ayadi
The Girl That Scrowed Me To The Wood Tiger Wood That Bed.

That girl?

Hurt me four times.
quality wise, how much and for how long
i've been subject
to torture...
i do not know man!
follow the story and feel me...

That girl is “a once
Got Hurt woman!,
man!
A real woman?
-she is hurt, was
for how long, by whom, how many times, ....i do not know.....
she looks hurt and no more....-”

That girl is
A song;

“pop mr. Z, will make it for you
or you make it out for him, (so what!) no problem
lomo,
lema,
lemo'

but! !
somehow,
i have a
deeple feeling
about her....

man!
i

like..............to f

United kingdom

send her to paris

then
take her
to louisiana
then
figure out

left or right? ?

her!

who many of her is hers?

all the time? ? ? ? ?

Atef Ayadi
Passed Away

i though about

a will.
-imagine i am a rich man! -

I imagined what happen
to everyone
i know,
met,
touched me,
touched them,

burned me,
and gaz oiled them
with my beautiful eyes.

kheekh kh hh khkhkhk
-cat voice-

everyone
and everything

that moves and any
though to be a paralyzed form
of nature

will react

to my death...

is it fu king hoosein
of

jordans
or any hoosein! !

POSSIBLE?

ExPLORE THAT...
CAUSE

IT IS MY DAY TO DAY POLICY.

Atef Ayadi
The Turkish Less American Lady

well,
she is

something!

doing math
deep
not american problem type of math?

-i doubt, america is every where? , what are you talking about! -

the math is for both country?

i am laying lieing,

flip flap,

jack or
toshiba alterniator

alot for the amrican, cause they are the DESIGNERS,
the FATHERS

OF THIS  FZ UK ING SHINA DOES NOT LIKE IT.

world....

and the british

"i love the queen"
american dream.....

give me
brake
america is eating the world.... with robots.....

now you understand
why
a turkiish lady

behave with me...without asking for more details....

do you follow me

that type of gay/guy/? ? /! ! ! who ever yo want to be itchy or pu and see...

one more details....

mixed IDENTITY
from her side....

cause she is euro rising
and muslim aslem taslem
ya AA tika

AJROKA

"DEUx FOIS"

PLEASE
IF YOU SEE
it more clear
or
have similar case
or cases
or
if you live in the aria,
from orion constellation

or
o brian's

O ford,

called me

or contact me

by any means...

Atef Ayadi
Chinese American Girl

Everything is American

Flesh and skin,
Her softness,
And her smile,
Her legs,
Her chest
The hair, and
The lips,
Are white
Snow
American.

Only
Her childish
rize chinese
taiwanese

chiken
marianed
mari
eileen aid ed
and succeeded in the PH=+7

femininity

is made
in
China
jean
levis
500

in dollars.
Atef Ayadi
Rules, Regulations, And Foreign Policies

First rule is:

"To respect the rules.

If everyone

Respect the rules,

Then a regulation

Is

Born.

The regulation of simple
Rule,

Is to make it

A life time
Policies

And that!
is
Only
What makes
rules create
a general
five stars policy...

imagine
now
how many generals

we create
by respecting one rule
and then facing

a monster
policy.

Atef Ayadi
An Observer.

I choose to be an Observer.

It is a getting away,

A neutrality,

A confusion,

Or an emotional impasse.

No rules in
No ruling outs.

I grow up

Like that
To be that

A
Getting away
Child.

My eyes

Away
My voice away
My writings

My casted away stories
And far away jokes

Are
A getting away
Life style.

I am a bird
Which need
Some
Rest,

A nest,
Some where
Anywhere
just
to feel the ground

cause’
a getting away
is like being a
cloud;

A
rainy,
stormy,
lonesome

cloud

that needs
earth,
the wind
and the crowd
-i mean the steam and the crowd-

to make
a journey to the east
a touch down
where the sun sets
and where my story begin.

Atef Ayadi
What Is Up: Uk

he wrote

your pathetic my dear friend..

at last!
at last

i am your friend.

that is what is important? ?

pathetic? ?

toward you?
myself?
others?

it is possible!

pathetic

athletic
ic

ichy
itchy

bit by bite chy

angry

ikkkhhhh

-cat voice-

if you like cats
behhhh behhh

if you like to be a cheap sheep
english no
tail

long ear sheep.

i like you
for being critical
at your age.

Man!

you likes
rules
or making rules
your own rules..

look dean
i will tell you one
thing
not ing
not thi
teachi

listen,

my language is mine
and your language is yours
-like your space, purpose,
your life, your vision,
philo, beauty....-

mine is the same damn thing
nothing
really different!

so it
it is good to listen
to your heart

and load your own matrix

and dream out
instead of
ruling out.

being critical about others
means being self critical, and I
sure you're facing some challenges ahead.

bonne
annee

happy new year 2010,2099,3999...i do not know how far you can go and that is your business.

Atef Ayadi
A Puff Of Confusion

Once
and few times

Each day
and
each
night
I get confused.

i knew,

that it is
a braking through.

Atef Ayadi
Dance-Woman's Spontaneity-

woman!

i know,
as a man

how you
unfold
your true
spontaneity.

i want to feel it
as if i am
truthfully
you.

Atef Ayadi
What Is Up?

what IZ
up
dean

? ?

what are you
it
ching
bee iching
bit by bit ching

about? ?

what is you f f1, f2 f3, f12, enter

plasma tv,
no girl friend
story? /

what issues
shoes
no shoes

do you have?

Atef Ayadi
Global Warming: Algore Algorhythm

your family stopped the tobacco business.
your started the CO2 one.

what is next?
Rare gases?
farting regulations?
selling the dust in the sky?

Atef Ayadi
Chicken Soup For The Soul-My Hourley Ritual-
loose
louss

louisiana

my
head
with
eilee
n
without

head

ack
ik
wik wak
wak

life
is beautifull

zohra
zahra

amriciyya

ayato allah

who give

a damn

i bean told

at the

risk

a broken

i foreget

part

of

my parts

and crossing hell

like

hell boy

dollarsg

partries

party
bore ring

matton type

white

mick

sed

man

....

Atef Ayadi
Chicken Soup For The Soul-To My Planet G Zero, Aa -

the fu UNITEd King dean dom no king
no hope

iking

maa king
making

menking

all men

men kind

be kind

mickle

jackson

died

f aaaa ck...! ! ! ! ! ! !

911

you get it..

i am not talking about that
i like the way he looks

a menkind

beatchi
lione
richi

longue moushtache

ache

you have dream
i have a dream

even
in the past

darker

in
the past
song

he is a funny american
middle
classe
considered

black

what is black
middle
black
zodiac
classs
mafish

for
european

from
the ice

life
is touff

as hell..

Atef Ayadi
just,
really!
i wanted
to be curious

i was dust.
electrified

frozen in the field
themagnetic field

inta omri
read me
or do not

i am un
aventurie

ieeh
i ihhh
i beeh

i bee
i am a be

who can

fly

in the sky

high

risk

hi

person

values

humanity

robot

i am a robot

i am a challenge

a puzzle.

i think i get
now...

yahoo
yahoo
is gone

and google

is god now

woo
wap woopi we pie

algore

al gore

c02 is

a f tu

on

me

i teach me

kid

to f u

yo

yo?
get you nuts
from the back

when

i go

nuts

i am fu

dooud

daoud

chakroun il

haggoon

fakroon

give me a brake

i lived my live

f you

i learned the risk

yu

fa
you and ow yu o?
i can see there
backing
up
yur eye lashed
lashes
yahk yo yi yu
tonigh
tonight to nigh
dark song

you and yo?
f you and y and yi yand io uoooo!
i sh all keep finger

spinnng mi ick sen yu

al ka ho lic in toi u...
simple matic

miss
matic

mathmatic yō…

Atef Ayadi
it is important
to remember
life pay iz
alot
lot
of
what
humanity
may
turn
to be.
Atef Ayadi
Chicken Soup For The Soul-For The Planet You Want-

politich it shen

they lay
lie
on me

lay on me
mee
mi
mee

it itttt taaa

ya

the song is for aha

and american pilishin

chin no chin

on me

they ya

yo

law
satus
lotus
lotto

fuckin

osom,

cool

ass

=

hole

from both sides

Atef Ayadi
Chicken Soup For The Soul—I Mean Eileen, And I Meant It—

i will meet with her

here and anywhere a else

the past i

i am still working hard to let it go

the hole thing or the whole thing?

no no i do talk sex

the 'x' i barrowed from the webpage i am submitting now yu?

I TOLD YU

MY DEAR

ya I

like really

spend my life waking from place
to place
wondering
the york

years
years
yo! !
i like also
to meet
with people
yes and
no people

smiling
cosy
easy
take
it easy

here is a lady
i kiss
first

me and f you u ow you

Atef Ayadi
I Want Un Papiyon

I want un papiyon

Aujourd huit

Huit

Is zitta

I saw
Un papi on

Me

Ameericam

Girl

Dress me
Dress me
Dress me
In the eye?

Ey

Bsby

Now
Bsby

By
b
bi

bay
ya

Atef Ayadi
I am leading a board. 
the board members 
are 
my senses, 
my awareness, 
my memories, 
and other wizards i may need. 

I try to come across 
a pure judgment, a pure thought 
or a simple abstract 
of what 
i see, 
hear 
taste, smell, and conceptualize 
independently of me. 

Atef Ayadi
Abstract: Feelings

parallel lines,
curves,
dashes,
circles,
zigzags,
squares,
rectangles,
triangles,
thickness,
strokes,
big and tiny dots
textures,
shade,
a familiar and strange sound,
a rhythm,
a melody,
a cute smell, and
a tension in the stomach or in the thought;

all
are colored baloons
anchored
down
to a heavy metallic slate of memory.

Atef Ayadi
Cubism: Portrait Of A Thirty Years Old Woman

I draw uncolored
Parallel lines,
Circles, squares, flowers, birds, and
Waves,
Depending on how she is knitting her story.

I shad the area
Where she diverts and suddenly come back
And highlight where she puts more time.

Atef Ayadi
Cubism: Sunshine Over The Pyramids

Her name is made of
Two words;
My name is a symbol.

Atef Ayadi
Impression: Temptation

I am looking
At
The digital picture of a kid
On my desktop;

As if he is
Me or
The kid I never had.

Atef Ayadi
Adventured Mind

She is adventuring
In love
Without
A map,
A compass,
Or strategies.

Only with
Her sunny
Burned lips
And skin
She is making her
Way with fire
To the summit
Of my cold desires.

Atef Ayadi
Irreplaceable

A dream
If it is lost
is
Like one’s yesterday’s
Skin,
Face,
Smile,
Feelings,
A sun flowers field fading into a bog,
Or one’s lost child
is irreplaceable.

Atef Ayadi
Crawling In The Doubt Corner

Fear is
Not
My enemy.

My deepest fear
Is my yellowish doubt.

Atef Ayadi
Caught Between Love And Hate

I am immune
To love
And hate,

And
I am caught
Between a summer
Moon’s croissant
And a winter rising sun.

Atef Ayadi
Caravanning The Sun

She insisted
That I came from the sun,
Even though
I told her
That I came from
The magnetic planet Jupiter.

Atef Ayadi
Forbidden Fruit

Sweating
Your mouth
May sweep off
My intuitive love.

Atef Ayadi
Peace Not Option

You have the motives;

I am drawn in Settlements.

Your peace costs
Bribing my deepest settlement

Atef Ayadi
Riding The Waves

She is a dreamer;  
I am also a dreamer.  
She likes the depth  
Of the sea.

I like surfing  
Across  
Killing waves.

As the eyes  
Intercept,  
She is still  
Reviving her memories  
From the depth,  
I am still  
Feeling the past waves  
Splashing on my skin.

Atef Ayadi
40 Minutes

Her feelings, temptations, and desires are tattooed on her slightly exposed blue tinted rounded belly.

Still, she is afraid. The head is tossed Down Toward her belly As she is waiting.

He is there Few yards, May be light years away. Both are there May be light years away. Both are in different web’s nests.

40 minutes Wasted in splashing at each others red pink tattoos.

Atef Ayadi
Revolting Against My Pride

There were times,
I was doormat, the only thing I
Enjoyed was watching the sun—I still enjoy it, —
People, nature, and moving artifacts.

I was stripped off
From Eileen, my humanity,
And my choices.
I let it happen, cause
I was dormant doormat.

I was simply,

In a Jewish
Concentration
Camp;

Where it was free to move,
to love, and do the other things.

Food, love, and
Freedom were and still cheap
Very cheap and affordable,
And class-labeled
From healthy to non-healthy
Despite the diverse adversities.

Here, I was,
Raped
Like and version
Young woman,
Nothing,
Left except
few personal
Habits and my deadly pride.

Atef Ayadi
Abstract: Self-Reguard

I look at myself
in the mirror,
and talk,
then I draw,
what I do not
like
to see.

Atef Ayadi
Abstract: Empathy

I am listening to her, as if I am crossing a flooding torrent river.

I let the current, take me, while keeping myself in the center of the river.

Atef Ayadi
If I Had A Choice.

if i had a choice,  
I  
would choose  
to be born  
a native American

before the coming  
of Columbus;  
free  
spirit  
in a free  
spirit land.

or

a native Australian.

after  
all

being civilized

is accepting  
the barn  
and not  
accepting being a  
butchered lamb.

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: Sorry!

I know,
you can not digest it,
you have nerves
and you like to butcher me and slice me

thin kosher
or thick jelly crispy Prosciutto or Canadian bacon
type of ham.

so, why do you blame
eastern Taliban
for having
nerves.

I run away
from one type
of Taliban

i found myself
with a cheek
well dressed ones.

is there any difference
or
i have to apologize to
myself

for being self-mislead and mistaking

America
for
being
another
West Afghanistan.

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: Death

I am not afraid of death.

deaht is a thought
formed and left
behind the walls of stillness.

I am not afraid either
from
life -

life is a beautiful game of
conditions,
the game evolves as much as my attitude, -

and some people nervous,
or being sacrificed like a lamb.

it is still a thought
and I have
a choice

to
consider it
or
leave it
bouncing
in the air.

My fear is a thought,
I welcome it,
acknowledge it, and
challenge it
whenever it blinks
or shines.

a warning is
warning
being ready
is always my art of living;

none
has long life
while others has short range destiny.

I won't
live and die
like

an enslaved
lamb
in a black dark hole,
empty of choices

sheep
behind
fences, an insecure dog, and an ambitious shepherd,
paralyzed
by fear and thinking
like a lame.

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: Only To Woman

stop
being the cow
of someone
and asking to be milked, fed,
and left alone.

being a woman
in the right occasion
is a wonderful thing but not everything.

stop seeking
love
from your god
and sucking it from your bull.

stop please!

and get your independence
from rituals, black magic and your waxy shaved
smooth voice skin.

get yourself
a leader position,

like a pope position,
or president position.

before work on your self-esteem

not your on hair,
makeups,
and what you need to put on
to contrast
the beautiful
ham -y yummy, humvy, ya ommy -mother! , momamio! - coshar stakes
between your toes and your chest.

stop the low self-esteem bleeding
and being
a subordinate to man, god, and the son of the preacher.

stop please!

stop talking about god
during periods, your periods,
my periods, and the neighbors' periods
and then
forgot the hole thing when your hot.

stop
saying
i am
Jewish,
or
i am catholic

cause
first,
i am neither a Homo Erectus Soloensis,
or a resurrected Neanderthal.
second,
i stopped milking cows
whether they are
Buddhist,
Jewish
or
catholic cows.

Speak up your mind
in the present
beautifully,
openly, and
assertively,

and stop
this religious flirting

or i will
show
you
the real
god thing.

cause,
you need
to cross
as well

first,
any man's "can do" threshold

and second,

no man's "can do" threshold.

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: Psychology

if you know how you function,
what is this mind thing, memory thing,
and the cognitive things.

you may carry on
or resign.

and there will be no way you resign and
get out of it.

unless you flash your memories out and you
have to start from a scratch like a child and i do not want you
to drift into a deep comma in order to have that.

look,

a mind is like car, and you are the driver.

and sorry to tell you
until puberty
someone else had been driving it, and
someone else have been hijacking it

after that, you look you have to use
that car imposed on you,

can you drive a car
that you do not like,

do you like to use the same

C, C++, Java scriped codes coded into your brain
without questioning whether they fit, buggy, or trash?

so please, write your own codes, your own definitions,
your own theorems, lemma, and axioms.

if you want to be,
be!
i do not see stops signs
neither wall and ceilings walking
over someone's head.

and 'god' bless America
is an entire
psychology.

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: The Miserable Brain Chemistry

see, if you are fine
and I want you to remain that way until
you change that state to a better one-happy, satisfied in all the Maslow pyramid
listed drives and needs.-

but if you screw your own nature,
yourself,
you are not in touch with it,
you do not listen to all the
emotional signals,

and to your guts,

well,

god is there,
waiting in front of your nose,

i am not asking you to balance
but
only to be aware.

god appear
only
when the 'bad, bed, and bold things' happen to you

and
i am sure
you are vulnerable

i am sure,

you are in denial and setback
-it all about them and the pain,
you are not part of it-

i am sure,

god do
act as 
nor as an engine 
nor as a catalysis.

take a breath,

face it,
explore it

and commit

cause

god neither explore nor commit;
if so no one will be judged or sacrificed.

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: The 'Truth'

your slippery
ends up
all the time
to the 'truth.'

I like that!
look
little wizz,
Fishing in a river
it is different from a lake,
and fishing in a lake is different from
a sea -as a matter of fact there are dead, black, white, red, and Caspian sea-is different from an ocean-oceans, you name it.-

Now,

little wizz, and genius of matter of god and not goddess,

the truth without any epistemological framework leads
to absolutism,
absolutism is old stuff as old as the distance between Washington DC and Bethlehem BC and leads to this divine sleeping bored master
thing-personally, I do like to be a slave to anything even a condition, a matrix loaded and reloaded, or a confined space and time.-

If you need it/him/she/they for hope or need to go through a tunnel or a journey cause you do not like to face it and face any endeavor.

or

accept it

and it is personal.
-at least you admit your failure to yourself to grow and evolve.-

I will advice you
to
do theater,
I called
the God
theater,

the divine theater,
or the opium theater.

since you can talk to yourself and stuff has to be poored out.

may be one day you through up

this clogging and clinged

god
between your mind, mouth and long guts.

may be,
you stop this constipating question about
who created it us-try to take me from your us thing.-

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: The Ethic Delema

From Ontology,

Epistemology
-which a good start for you, at least you know what is knowledge, and how do you know what you know and how much is yours from what is not, -

to normative, and meta-ethics.

man!
sorry
woman!
or wo/man!

Do you see, there always a start point?

noah is a Babylon myth, eve and Adam is another one, heaven and hell is a middle east concept of desert as hell and heaven is place where crops can grow, before the egyptian moved it to the sky- hell is hena, a jewish term means dump, where they dump dead poor people who could not afford an egyptian fancy type of burial-

So Mr. Taliban and Taliban woman and anything in between whether it is hot or cold,

hell and heaven are here in this planet,

there will be no
day of judgment, and the world won't end in 2012 as predicted by some smart no frontal lube flat tire theologists.

simply, because
astrology is
not a science
but
a scientology.

it is accepted by the

superstitious who luck responses, initiatives, and will.

so please read,
chinese philosohy cause they are 1,330 billions
Hindu philosophy cause ther are 1,148 billions,
future ethics,
business ethics,

Greek philosophy
Muslim philosophy -the big mess is about globalization versus Islam, and try not
to get into Sufism, or
you will be a third degree Taliban-

medieval,
renaissance
feminism,
modernism,
ethic evolution,

nature and ethics
-not nature of ethics.-

so Mr. Taliban, and miss Taliban,

you have enough
options to choose from
and the easiest one

is to camp in the wilderness
alone,
live cave,
on top of a mountain or
in the center of a salty dry lake.

somewhere where you will be alone
and vulnerable
to your own habits, expectations, assumptions, and old believes.

stop
wishing
and sending people
to hell for whatever reason, or promising heaven,

cause,
you can not be neither a moral character
nor divine
if you harm or wish suffering
to people.

Atef Ayadi
The Brown Room

here
I am,
open chest,
open arm, and
open everything

an ordinary man.

Atef Ayadi
The Black Room

Toute noire et sombre.

No windows,
No light bulbs,
No candles, and without
any guidance or a need for hopes,

Here, is where I face
myself without guilt or pity.

Here I cross
the mother of all the thresholds.

Atef Ayadi
The Green Room

Stability
is my worse enemy.

Here, I wrestle
with all my enemies.

Atef Ayadi
The Purple Room

mirrors
stretch along the walls and the ceiling,
the purple is only a reflection
that takes me to the sharp edges
of my childhood.

Atef Ayadi
The Pink Room

I dance
and jump
following the rhythm
of my red and blue
childhood.

Atef Ayadi
The White Room

Three pure thoughts:

Eileen,
a compass,
and a map.

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: Knewdge Verses Bacteria

it is better to know what you need to know
-knowledge is not believing, check vik or wiki pedia, or just google what you want
-google, microsoft, and yahoo fight for you everyday and work, and sorry for AOL.-

I know, in America most people have credit cards -that is way we are in a damn financial melt down.

so take credit card and buy -not from best buy, not from ebay- a microscope -not a telescope, cause that stage II, like native english 102, and you did not start yet ESL101-

now go to any place you feel that has bacteria; or do not go anywhere, just go to the toilet-sorry-

look man how beautiful that little tiny word.

now,

have you ever hear talking about coalition in CNN

NATO

Northern Coalition in Afghanistan, or of kurds of kurdistan-kurds are like some human spacies, they are almost gone, Jews' population are back to normal, American natives are so so.-

now,

can you zoom out on your skin.
or you may read something like neurons, heart cell, bone, muscles, nerves, liver cells.

do not you think your cell are from Eve and Adam and bacteria are made in china before the mexicans invaded Berlin and then went to fight for Eye rack?

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: The Robot Thing

what i meant
by robot
whether

you,

me,

your neighbor,
my neighbor,
my cousins,

your soccer team,

Tom croze
Micheal Jackson
the five Jacksons,
Reverent Jackson,
Lincoln,
Washington,
Mao Zedong,

Loius xi,
Henry VI,

any bipeds, triped, quadruped, pentaped, who is walking with a stick or wheel chair,
anything or anyone who is jumping like a frog, people who is driving, manoeuvrings machines, pathetic, alcoholic, abusive and serial killers, Plato, or Socrates

is 'organic robot'
it took a while
to develop this organic thing...a while

do not look for an
answer for the existence and jump into the big bang

just jump into your mind

study some gene
DNA, enzymes, proteins, bacteria -"god" bless them and pray upon them, -

cognitive science
at least
try to understand
what is in the brain of an theologists
if he -rarely she -
has a brain!

Atef Ayadi
American Taliban: Latitude And Attitude

the same latitude
the same attitude

more north, Colorado and Waziristan

more south, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Iran, Irak

opium,
Cash in Cash out,

strategic war,
word for word,
verse for verse,
Bible against Koran,

While other abuse zen.

Kids are killed in between,
other jailed or tortured,
the remains are reading the old holy books
waiting to be recruited in the right time
same thing
same old time
shaved, dress, and clean, or with long beard.
.

it is the 21 first century,
for the planet sake

stop
the low self-esteem
and being programmed
like a robot.

Atef Ayadi
My Oath

To be in the present
With all my senses and guts.

To adventure like a child.

To define and set my new theorems and axioms.

Belief is not a word;
To believe is a world without actions.

When i am with a person,
I am that person;
when I am with myself,
I am a typical universe.

Atef Ayadi
The Blue Room

when I head to cross
this universe
to another strange one,

I take a deep breath, close my eyes,

and enter the blue room.

Atef Ayadi
The Yellow Room

The sun flower's field is infinite.

I take my time to touch each one carefully while looking at the sun.

Atef Ayadi
The Orange Room

i have
been
all my life
chasing the sun and in love with.

My orange room is my universe,
where

my guts extend from moons to stars.

Atef Ayadi
The Red Room

fear is a word, and
a thought,
as well as the smell
of the red room.

Atef Ayadi
Rape: Case 304

I said:

"This is who you are,
how you feel about things
your emotions,
your responses,
your channels,
your self-concept and self-image,
your core values,
your priorities,
your ideals,
your compass, and
your map."

I told her also:

"most of the time, I can see, hear, and feel
someone else talking and behaving within you,
sometime, you are yourself."

She said:
"Why you are telling all of this?"

I said:
"If you do not know
enough
about
yourself;

your life would
to be
a bugs of confusion and
cases of rape,

and you would be the master mind
of your own irony."
A Letter To A French Lady

L'histoire
De la France

est une histoire.

Maintenan,

ton histoire est une autre chose
une autre geography
une autre politique,
un autre amour,

une histoire d'une fleure
qui repondre
son ectare
pour quelque temps
envers quelqu'un
quelque part

Atef Ayadi

PoemHunter.com
A Letter To A Woman I Met

Fail me,
I will make you

my
success.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Humanity -Letter Eleven-

We are top predator,
What is next?

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To American Taliban

Same rhetoric
Same book
Same clergy, and
Same audience.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Iran

You are in
Renaissance!
May be a little bit behind

Remember this!

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Humanity -Letter Ten-

Nothing is evil.
Denial, resentment and set back are unexplored natural responses.

Atef Ayadi
The Selfish Gene

Few species
will make it
in this planet:
cows,
salmon fish,
fruit trees like banana, apple, peach, grape, and berries,
opium, marijuana, coca, coffee, tea,
and spices

human genes and other genes
will be taking to outer space by powerful robots.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Humanity -Letter Nine-

If you want to be
a prophet
Be!

if you want to be
God
be!

if you want to be
Life's change
Be and keep
this in mind
Cause,
the courage
is to master both the change and the mind.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Humanity -Letter Eight-

life has its own
language;

death too.

So,
Choose your language,
so I know
how much of you is alive
and how much of you is dead.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Humanity -Letter Seven-

ignorance
is a condition;

condition is an equation;

An equation when solved, is a beautiful world.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Humanity -Letter Six-

Life is not
a myth,

Death is.

Atef Ayadi
Standards are fixed principle.

I still choose change as a principle and not as non changing one.

Atef Ayadi
Old scripts
are old
scripts;

They only carry the beauty
and ugliness of the past.

Atef Ayadi
We are the only unique truth that defeat itself.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Humanity -Letter Two-

I do not 
live for my ancestry,

My ancestry lived 
for me.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Humanity -Letter One-

We always
Have a choice.

Choices
are Made out
of the comfort zone.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A C.E.O

A bullet
is perfected to kill someone.

A greedy profit
Kills the same way.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Poet

Do not be god!

Cause,

God is not a poet!

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Historian

The past
is a gallery
of all forms of life.
Why not enjoy it
now?

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Theology Scholar

if you are looking
for ethics,
ethics change with us.

if you are looking
for justice, fairness, divinity, and goodness,
they are a state of mind.

if you are looking
for truth,
truth is a candle's light that lasts
one or few nights.

if you are a philosopher
be
aware of your own mind.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Friend

I am only asking you to be a child.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To An Aquaintence

You are openly readable
And
I have the choice to
read.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Creature

I am not
different from you.
We only have different
constants and different principles.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To My Child

Take your time
to taste
every bit of life;

time exist only
in your comfort zone.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Musician

Music is hypnotic,

Be a hypnotist!

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Love Seeker

love yourself
first and before all.

be grateful
to
every second,
every breath,
every heart beat,
every thought,
and
every feeling you may encounter.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To My Lover

love
yourself first and be gentle
and at ease;
love the change and the adventure;
then
join me and share with me your crazy dreams.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Painter

The best painting is colorless.  
Colors are memories.  
Forms are feelings and  
Tensions of surging thoughts.  
The escape is to paint what is  
In someone else mind.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To A Philosopher

Freedom is a perfect
Silence
In a perfect stillness.
The ethics are about
Encouraging the mind.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To Eileen

Trust must be
Checked
All the time.

You are my thoughts adviser
My feeling guide, and almost my
My guts.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To My Brother

Like gather-hunters,
The split is eminent.
It is a matter of celebrating life’s change.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To My Mother

I am grateful
to be fully
alive
and always be.

Atef Ayadi
A Letter To The Universe

If my birth
Was a condition,
My challenge will be my thoughtful destiny.

Atef Ayadi
In The Middle

Me:

Do you want a kiss in the middle of this street,
in the center of a jammed traffic intersection,
in the middle of busy rail road,
in the middle of flights takeoff lane,
in the middle of a war zone,

or simply on a shady surface of the moon?

She:
I want some ice, ice with water, ice tea, ice cream....

Anything to cool down!

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: The Ocean

The dry vast salty lake,
The untempered blue sky, and the sun of June
Are my only company.

Silence is the only perfect beauty devouring my memories.

A DROP of sweat
Racing down to the salt,
Brought a cascade of waves of feelings
That turned the white salty surface into a cloudy blue sky.

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: Mosaic

I said:

'Everything on you is maroon.'

She said:
'What maroon expresses? '

I said:

'Caramelized! '

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: Me And Metaphors

If

Knowledge is a tool,

Life is a strategy,
Habits are anchors and nets,
And
Love is the fuel,

What else
I need to know?

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: The Red Golden Gate

Lady,

if you have
Toxic emotions,

A lonely unbearable silence,

Fantasies,

And
A desire for talking,
devouring my feelings, and
sharing your thoughts,

Do nothing
But,

Unleashing
Your retired young bored lips.
toward mine

And let the peace or the war process begin.

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: Ice

Everything I touch melts.

I like to learn the skill and the art of touching
and melting the ice.

How much of your ice,
lady

Do you want me to melt.

how thick, and
large
is your ice?

Do you want me to turn you into the ice age
or turn your planet into Venus?

Atef Ayadi
All the religions,
with all their scripts, clerics, prestigious rhetorics, and songs
vanished

as
the powerful machine: Ultima
Took over the planet.

i wonder,
who is ever
walking on the beaches?

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: A Vibrating Comma

I say it;
Brute,
Wild,
And Choking.

Take it or leave it.
It is still,

A form of life.

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: Eternity

If you want an eternal life;

Imagine!

The time to imagine
Is eternal.

Atef Ayadi
Map And Compass

My compass is my true north.
My purpose is to add to life’s changes.
This is
My map,
This is what I need to know,

Anything else
Are details.
Details are life
In picture, sound, taste, and feelings.

Atef Ayadi
Future Tense

I am following my thoughts
And guts
Elegantly.

My true north corrects
my path.

Atef Ayadi
Present Tense

I am healthy.
My mind is healthy.
My creativity is healthy.
My perseverance is intact.

Atef Ayadi
Past Tense

My past is
Claude Monet’s: “Le Bassin aux Nymphéas.”

Only
Monet remains me of my past.

Atef Ayadi
True North

My Awareness, curiosity, and focus,
My hearten mind,
My intuition,
My will,
My creativity, and
My perseverance
Wrapped with my commitment, my oath, and my word,
And confined in my inner space and my outer rind.

Atef Ayadi
To The Ayato's Dynasty

The fife
Of Renaissance is approaching;

Be
Ready!

Because life's change
Is eminent;

No where to hide!
No where to berry your fear,
and
No where to burn off your despair!

Atef Ayadi
To A Religious Maniac

Be positive,
The courage is to keep that in mind.

Atef Ayadi
To A Dictator

Do not dream in my place,
My dreams are only mine.

Dream for yourself as much as you want,
And do not forget I am also a dreamer.

Atef Ayadi
Initiative

your first response,
your first emotion,
your first thought,
your first belief,
your first question,
your first Answer,
your first compass,
your first map,
your first stop for reflection,
your first dream,
your first breath,
your first denial,
your first setback,
your first exploration,
your first commitment,
your first smile,
your first admiration,
your first deep sleep,
your first beautiful dream,
your first listening
your first gaze appreciation, and
your first quite and slow talk

is an initiative.

being responsible is simply a response
to an initiative.

Atef Ayadi
Before you leave us

and you won't,

We promise you,

all the old shewing wisdoms
and long bearded oracles
will be cracked down
and will
all off

rusted

to clear the way to
your free spirit,
life,
and songs of your sacred name.

Atef Ayadi
A Castle Of Skin

I do not ask for more than
a restless mouth,
a talkative eyes,
and a forbidden skin.

say whatever you want say
with your mouth or without
with your eyes or without,
with your arms and hands or without,
with your legs or feet or without,

I will watch only your skin
for any sign of fall.

Atef Ayadi
Nothing is more beautiful than
to connect to
someone's eyes and inner golden mines
by doing so, a voice of humanity will surge
from the past, the present, and the future.

Nothing is more beautiful than
to connect to a
tree, any tree from the tiniest grass to
El Arbol de Tule or a sherman tree,
by doing so, one learns freedom is not a walking foot print
more than standing up facing all the ironies
and leaving more seeds to defeat more ironies.

Nothing is more beautiful than
to connect to
to the sun,
the moon,
the darkness, and silence;
cause,
at the eclipse,
the beauty does not come from darkness
rather from what it seems silent.

Atef Ayadi
if you want
a build up orgasm or
an extreme one;
imagine
both are two islands,
imagine both islands are far enough and separated with deep ocean,
both have a forest,
both have a mountain,
mine is the Everest -because it is an achievement to claim it and stand up on its summit-
your mountain is Saint Helens.
both have beaches -yours is sandy and mine is rocky and inaccessible.-

imagine with one matches we create a fire,
that wake up our dormant volcanoes
both volcanoes throw off all the lava,
smoke, and aches and melt down any snow on top.

imagine the lava flow down to the sea and fill slowly the ocean
it is slow, but there is enough lava in both side.
imagine the lava unites the two shores,
the two forests,
the two mountains and the two islands.

Atef Ayadi
A Mataphore

Eileen is a woman
like any woman
who tries to move beautifully and realistically
from
insecurity to another insecurity
with a feminine heritage and a burden of a beautiful mind, heart, and body.

Atef Ayadi
A Word To A Teenager

I am hatching my own shell,
between being a child and a fully growing careful man.
It is pleasureful to remain a child while I am
exploring the world,
explore my being,
and all other beings.

I do not deny myself as well as the world.
The pain of setting back is greater than the pain of embracing the world.

So, I keep exploring, until
I embrace my being and feel being protected by the beauty of the world.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: A Phone Line

I observed people while they are sleeping, while they are awaken, and while they are dead.
They are the same, except, the comfort of not feeling dead.

Atef Ayadi
Future High School Teacher

He has only one year left before graduating and start his journey in teaching in high school.

I asked him one question:
"Are you positive about the next ten years?"

He responded fast with unfinished sentences glued with "LIKE" and "YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?"
while his eyes are fixed at the horizon and his head is turning from side to side back and forth.

I do not know what Obama can do about this!

Atef Ayadi
Formations: Sweat's Lahar And Feelings' Lava

She said:
"I am Cold!"

I said:
"You are emotionally HOT!"

Simple matches can ignite
A dormant volcano.
Both have matches, and both
Want to rise, spread, and cool off the inner
Fire.
Both are childishly sliding over our own sweat.

Atef Ayadi
No Big Differences

I do not see
any differences
between you and any woman,

except
the way you are wrapping yourself around yourself
and around my skin.

I do not feel any
big differences between you
and all the women I loved,

except
you fall down on me
like the spring rain
when there are no
clouds in the sky.

There are no
major differences between you
and the women who lost the battle of love with me,
except
in the time of peace,
you are my beautiful and deadly enemy,
and no peace will survive if I do not
crash down my worse enemy;
Here I choose
the highest and brutal power of love.

Atef Ayadi
Formations: Between Feelings And Thoughts

She said:
"What is better, is it the burning incense or pot's?"

I said:
"Your presence already altered my mind, pot will add up or cancel out that effect, which one you prefer?"

She said:
"I want to be your incense,
while your high from cleaning my skin from my natural water mixed with you skin's pot."

Atef Ayadi
Formations: Between The Eyes And The Skin

She said:
"My sign is cancer!
what is yours?"

I said:
"I am the Zodiac,
I was born Oracle,
What sign do you want me to be and I will"

Atef Ayadi
Forty Letters To A Woman – Nineteenth Letter –

dr

this letter
is not that different
from a man's letter in love
with a woman he lost.

I did not loose you, indeed.
I did not loose myself, and it is not about hopes.

This is a type of business letter;
the only profit is to invest in more love,
a new way to structure the fun of loving
and survive all the turbulence and spins.

I am a man of character,
I like the big pictures and tiny ones.
Your face is one of the big pictures.
Your voice is one of the tiny pictures.
Your skin is a turbulence at a maximum pleasureful spin.

You are a woman of many predictable characters
and few are made of fractal yellow and red clouds.

Can you stop
being
predictable
and take me off
high
to enter your invisible
world
of red
yellow
clouds?

or do you want me
to remain
simply
a simple weather man
who is figuring out which drop of rain is falling from which cloud?
Atef Ayadi
Forty Letters To A Woman – Third Letter –

You were the harpist
At the gate of heaven.
I was about crossing that gate
when we first met.

I never though,
felt, or captured your inner songs
that flew with the harp melody
until I left heaven from the other gate.

I never knew
that your were the first picture
and the last sound of heaven
until I left it.

What remains
now in
my deepest memories
an ancient question
- and that is
what I try to get rid of: -

What makes heaven
heaven?
is it a melody,
a woman's melody at the gate of heaven,
or the silent melody in a woman eyes?

Atef Ayadi
Yes-Woman

Not "But", butts, and "No"es
Be-In

in my eyes, people's eyes, in my skin, underneath the planet soil and skin,
be in everywhere
and get rid of all the stop signs.

Say yes!
with more and less stress and blissful bless
to everything
to anybody
to anything

Say and launch your vibrant, exciting, and life impulse
yes! yes! and yes!

Atef Ayadi
To The Lady Who Likes Fish

I know,
unlike the curious scorpions who zero in anything and everything,
you are deeply and in the bottom a fish or Pisces
-Everything is a secret, a wrapped mystery within a mystery. Deep waters is
where your are to be found, where you want to feel your skin, and where you
always want to hide.-

Atef Ayadi
To The Lady With A Cat

I want to know
feel
what cat's breed you are!

From lion to a Sagittarius mice hunter.

Atef Ayadi
To The Lady With A Dog

I want to be
That dog, the dog, and a dog;
whatever your dog's breed is.

I want to know and feel
how you treat yourself and treat me!

Atef Ayadi
To Men

put your achievements aside,

and let your feelings being poured out easy
and in harmonic flow.

Atef Ayadi
Self-Prophecy

take a pen
and be a rebellion
against all your claimed prophecies.

Atef Ayadi
Naivety

There are no haunted hopes, but surmounted desires.
There are no demolished desires, but watery desires.
There are no trampled temptations, but silly childish temptations.
There are no pulverized and vaporized passions, but passion of passions,
nourished passions, and mother of all passions.
There are no whacked wishes, but untraceable path.
There are no dashed dreams, but beautiful moony mares.
There are no fettered fantasies, but a bracelet of golden and pearled fantasies.
There are no amputated aspirations, but one heart, one skin, and one bone
aspirations.
There are no attacked, hacked, and destroyed ambitions, but penetrable and
naked ambitions
There is no Naïveté, but knowing what you need to know, what you want and
need to want, and walking on high winds with long sticks made of desires.
It is all about the pain of seeing and overseeing, solving and confronting,
and give-and-take one's and others' desires, one's dilemmas and others'
dilemmas.
One denies, and sets back rather than explore that desire and then commit.
Hope and hopes are good for one to set back; the pain never sets back.

Nothing is strange or odd.
Beauty is feeling the power of anything in everything.

Naivety is a beautiful thing
When
One faces the pain
With one’s back while keeping desires pulling our chest to the front.

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: Eve And Adem

She said:
"I want you to talk and act the same way you write."

I said:
"Before doing so,
Slow down your breath, or you will have a heart attack!"

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: Marie-Louise O'Murphy

The skin is dark,
She is poor,
Uneducated - her voice and body language is a great witness, -
And
Patterns like:
"you know... What I mean! "
Jesus, "
and "The Lord" are present in her rhetoric.

Her dreams as she is constantly emphasizing
are to be loved, well treated, and
understood as well as her meaningful phantasm and childish dreams.

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: Transformed Face

In one hour,
Her eyes made all the possible acrobats;
Her lips were out side, walking with the moon;
Her voice rose, flattened, collapsed, then vanished into the sandy dune;
Her eyebrow were sometimes playing Tai Chi,
sometimes engaged in a furious ravaging combats;

Her hands were a story of lost and found;
Her face revealed thousands of archives,
a story of a flower, a woman, a human, and
an infant caught between bower and power.

Atef Ayadi
She said'
"I dated men in the number of thousands, but still I am not happy"
I said:
"Could you clearly describe one of them?"

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: Movement

Eileen looks like a child.

Children are creative.

As I look into the eyes,
I see the world's stop signs.

Atef Ayadi
Extreme Surrealism: The Cycle Of Thoughts

My dreams turn to be a reality.
My life turns to be a dream.

I fall when I am awake, I fly in my dreams.

The moon appears in my awakening and flies where I fly.
The sun stops me from falling down.

Eileen is a woman who stands between
my awakening and my dreams.

Atef Ayadi
Heated Crystals

I started
to not judge, identify, or evaluate what surrounds me, whom I face, or whom I met before -it is not a new year resolution.-
I accept things as they are, simply and beautifully.

Am I getting older?
Am I loosing resistance and resilience?
Am I in hold of my emotions and my memories?
Is it my intuitive being that is taking over my survivor instinct?
Am I getting the wisdom I have been looking for?

Or
It just my mind is playing tricks on me?

Atef Ayadi
A Dollar Bill Poem

Lady,
I know there are no excuses
to write you a poem on a dollar bill rather than
a ten, a twenty, a hundred, or a thousand dollars bill.

it is my last dollar. I want to help you with your feelings' financial crisis.

Atef Ayadi
Words Time Clock

If words can fill
time capsule,
which word falls first,
which word falls last,
which word swift time,
which word slow it down, and which word creates the universe?

Atef Ayadi
1986 Tax Act Flue Virus

The virus was introduced to
stop
another virus.

Like AIDS, it was a simple experiment,
now it is an epidemy.

Atef Ayadi
Words That Describe Your Lips

I saw lips from

Afghanistan, Akrotiri, Albania, Algeria, American Samoa, Andorra, Angola, Anguilla, Antarctica, Antigua and Barbuda, Argentina, Armenia, Aruba, Ashmore and Cartier Islands, Australia, Austria, Azerbaijan, Bahamas, The Bahrain, Bangladesh, Barbados, Bassas da India, Belarus, Belgium, Belize, Benin, Bermuda, Bhutan, Bolivia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Botswana, Bouvet Island, Brazil, British Indian Ocean Territory, British Virgin Islands, Brunei, Bulgaria, Burkina, Faso, Burma, Burundi, Cambodia, Cameroon, Canadian, Cape, Verde, Cayman Islands, Central African Republic, Chad, Chile, China, Christmas Island, Clipperton Island, Cocos (Keeling) Islands, Colombia, Comoros, Congo, Democratic Republic of the Congo, Republic of the Cook Islands, Coral Sea Islands, Costa Rica, Cote d'Ivoire, Croatia, Cuba, Cyprus, Czech Republic, Denmark, Dhekelia, Djibouti, Dominica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Egypt, El Salvador, Equatorial Guinea, Eritrea, Estonia, Ethiopia, Europa Island, Falkland Islands, (Islas, Malvinas) , Faroe Islands, Fiji, Finland, France, French Guiana, French Polynesia, French Southern and Antarctic Lands, Gabon, Gambia, The Gaza Strip, Georgia, Germany, Ghana, Gibraltar, Glorioso Islands, Greece, Greenland, Grenada, Guadeloupe, Guam, Guatemala, Guernsey, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, Guyana, Haiti, Heard Island and McDonald Islands, Holy See (Vatican, City,) Honduras, Hong, Kong, Hungary, Iceland, India, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Ireland, Isle of Man, Israel, Italy, Jamaica, Jan Mayen, Japan, Jersey, Jordan, Juan de Nova Island, Kazakhstan, Kenya, Kiribati, North Korea, South Korea, Kuwait, Kyrgyzstan, Laos, Latvia, Lebanon, Lesotho, Liberia, Libya, Liechtenstein, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Macau, Macedonia, Madagascar, Malawi, Malaysia, Maldives, Mali, Malta, Marshall Islands, Martinique, Mauritania, Mauritius, Mayotte, Mexico, Micronesia, Federated States of Moldova, Monaco, Mongolia, Montserrat, Morocco, Mozambique, Namibia, Nauru, Navassa Island, Nepal, Netherlands, Netherlands, Antilles, New Caledonia, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Niger, Nigeria, Niue, Norfolk Island, Northern, Mariana Islands, Norway, Oman, Pakistan, Palau, Panama, Papua, New Guinea, Paracel Islands, Paraguay, Peru, Philippines, Pitcairn Islands, Poland, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Qatar, Reunion, Romania, Russia, Rwanda, Saint Helena, Saint Kitts and Nevis, Saint Lucia, Saint Pierre and Miquelon, Saint Vincent and the Grenadines, Samoa, San Marino, Sao Tome and Principe, Saudi Arabia, Senegal, Serbia and Montenegro, Seychelles, Sierra, Leone, Singapore, Slovakia, Slovenia, Solomon Islands, Somalia, South Africa, South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands, Spain, Spratly, Islands, Sri Lanka, Sudan, Suriname, Svalbard, Swaziland, Sweden, Switzerland, Syria,
Taiwan, Tajikistan, Tanzania, Thailand, Timor-Leste, Togo, Tokelau, Tonga, Trinidad and Tobago, Tromelin Island, Tunisia, Turkey, Turkmenistan, Turks and Caicos Islands, Tuvalu, Uganda, Ukraine, United Arab Emirates, United Kingdom, United States, Uruguay, Uzbekistan, Vanuatu, Venezuela, Vietnam, Virgin Islands, Wake, Island, Wallis and Futuna, West Bank, Western Sahara, Yemen, Zambia, and Zimbabwe.

Then, I saw your lips, and
I saw all the beautiful stuff these people created and shared, their misfortunes and hopes. I saw all humanity is talking, smiling, and wandering from your mouth.

Atef Ayadi
Words That Describe Your Eyes

Sniper, defender, explorer, a supernova, a galaxy, space, the sun, the moon, planet earth, crashing dark sky atmosphere, the blue, a calm ocean, a beach, a dormant lake, a torrent furious river, a green forest, squared field, a lost cloud, tropical rain, water, dew, a lasting rainbow, snow, sun, moon, fire, smoke, a farm, a tribe, a town, an airport, town’s vessels and veins, adds, light, noise, a restaurant, workers, students, sellers and shoppers, trash and dust on the street and in the air, heat, intention and tension stretching out to the end of the avenue, words, awkwardness, fear, anxiety, flying ideas, stop signs, tiny dogs, in bags resisting or following their masters from Affenpinscher, Brussels Griffon, Cavalier King Charles Spaniel, Chihuahua, Chinese Crested, Dachshund, English Toy Spaniel, Japanese Chin, Maltese, Miniature Pinscher, Papillon, Pekingese, Pomeranian, Silky Terrier, Tibetan Spaniel, Toy Fox Terrier, to Yorkshire Terrier, happy faces, heavy faces, cold faces, a flirter, a homeless, caps, pizza delivery man, a ups guy, a mixed up lady in the dress of a man, a shy man in the dress of a lady, a neighborhood, a house, faces I know and i do not know, children, teenagers, a man with white beards, a gang of old ladies, a bar, a salon, an antique shop, a church at the corner of the street, a lost foreigner, a two stairs home with a mailing box and golden four digits number on top, three windows in front, two downstairs and one large upstairs, a wooden door with few squared glasses and a ring bell, a threshold that freezes memories, a smell, an agitated fearful thoughts, From out side, I can see: a hall with a thin wall table, cloths hunger, an anxious Shepherd Breed dog is seeking more warmth, a kitchen, a table, a refrigerator with postcards, letters, and photos stuck to the door’s face, stickers, bills, calendars filled with appointments -some are red underlined, few already green crossed, and some still highly highlighted, - two dry lips covered with light-brown beige with pink orange toned lipsticks face approaches me, A volatile memory melts and crystallizes.

You open the door, you open your eyes large as well. I step into your eyes before stepping into your home. Your house is your memories and shelter, and your eyes are my home, my space, my escape, and my beautiful world. You help me to get in like a blind, the time I was discovering for the first time my blessing shaded world.

Atef Ayadi
An Argument

She:
'I am bored!'

Me:
'No you are not, you look for a love argument.'

She:
'No, I do not.'

Me:
'Do you like to be kissed from the left to the right, only from the right, only from the left, at the center, at random, or where you are in need?

She:
'No I do not, unless you know what is left, what right, what is center, what is random, what is rough, what is soft.'

Me:
'So you like to be kissed?'

She:
'No it is not about my state of mind, it is about your state of mind.'

Me:
'My state of mind depends on your state of mind and my skin is just a skin.'

She:
'No, my skin is not your skin.'

Me:
'Yes, I can prove that your skin is mine. By saying this, I am not stopping you from claiming my skin, the only condition is to be in my left, my right, or in the center; not the past or in the future. I mean fully in the present. Then you may take skin with you where and whenever you like, to the space, to the desert, the beach, on the sand, under the sun, you wet it, you dry it out, you take it to the future or back to the past, that depends on what you want and how clear you are about it.'

She:
'I want just your skin! '

Me:
'How do you want it? '

She:
'I do not know, spiced may be? muddy! Burned without fire? I mean blackened with dust, dirt, smoke and stuff, like a mine worker man! '

Me:

She:
'No, I want you to be Eskimo'

Me:
'Now you want me to be a seal and Humpback Whale hunter, what else you want me to hunt down for you? '

She:
'My skin! '

Atef Ayadi
Sun Set, Sun Rise

The West came up with the extreme numbers, maximum pleasure, minimum pain, the risk of the pain, the risk of the risk, pleasureful risk, dominoes risk, and non-dominoes risk.
If everything moves to the East, first, we will be spiritually transformed into ants, then conveyed into esteem, and then converted into energy. Is this what humanity is looking for?

Atef Ayadi
Between The Burst And The Fall

Unlike the sun,
The global economy works with a basic math of derivatives - while the first derivative provides the extrema, the second is about the sharpness of rise or the fall. A basic math that a child can learn and apply perfectly. The third derivative, the forth and so forth burst at the center of an adversity.

It looks we are putting the risk at risk rather than calculating the risk of the risk. Still, it is the most beautiful time to connect and play with the dots and the air.

Atef Ayadi
Adversity

I bankrupted, the way small businesses bankrupted,
Small businesses bankrupted, the way big businesses bankrupted,
Big businesses bankrupted, the way corporations bankrupted,
Corporations bankrupted, the way global corporations bankrupted,
Corporations bankrupted, the way the government bankrupted.

A true and beautiful rainbow as a gift to child.

Atef Ayadi
Half Ful, Half Empty

I had my citizenship at the exact moment when
Fifty percent of the financial dominos fell.
Should I move to China or Peru?

Atef Ayadi
Few Questions Before Jumping

I like your eyes.
Can I jump into them and adventure into the unknown?
Before doing so, can I have a last lasting breath?
Before that, can I make my last wishes?
Before that, will be there a way out or a way back?
And before that, what I should take with me, and what I should leave behind? Or just I simply jump into them and that is what my guts are telling me and I always trust them.

Atef Ayadi
Anonymous Letter

When you write to me
Lady,
I try to see you,
With your face, hear, earrings, neck, chest, hands, jewelries, skin, the color and texture of your clothes, your legs, your shoes, the ways you walk, sit, lay down, stand up, the way you breathe, your gesture, body language, calmness, and your brutal natural eruptions.

I try to smell you from head to toes, and every part of you smell and talks differently.

I try to hear your natural clock, wind, whispers, gasp, your ice melting, your falling ice crystals, and your snow flakes flying before falling down.

I try to feel you, and feeling you is not touching you, because touching is walking through a peaceful and hostile land; it looks promising and it is not, you see the sun and it is not.

So,
Lady try to be careful about what you write,
And before writing anything, try to include all the above if it is possible,
Or put simply your smell on the paper without writing anything, I can read it better;
Or put your face, I will read your inner rhythms and words;
Or put something else, that ignites my curiosity, because feeling someone starts with a crazy childish curiosity;
Or just choose a blank paper, a rug, a leaf, a wild dry skin, or a metallic natural skin, I will write your feelings down for you, I will paint them for you, or I will just make a perfume that works only for your outer and inner skin.

Atef Ayadi
At The End Of The Day

At the end of the day,
A good breath,
Water,

A human beautiful connection,
Some good food to share,

That is what rejuvenate my skin.

If there is none,

I still have my skin.

Atef Ayadi
A Claim

Some claim
that I am idealistic -Idéalisme (redirection depuis Idéaliste)
En philosophie, l' idéalisme est un courant de pensée qui affirme la prééminence
des formes abstraites ou des représentations mentales sur la réalité, qu'elle soit
expérimentée ou inintelligible.-

If you want me to dig more for the sake of the argument I will state simply that

I am!
Being idealistic is overseeing simplicity as it is, then make it beautifully crafted
and complex.

love means feeling someone, be that person - This is feasible not possible-
I dive and dwell into details;
I like to use all my neurons, the right side of my brain before the left one;
I do not think money -Sorry lady who wants to flirt on and with me.-
I like stress, pressure, cold, hot temperature, darkness, noise, ugliness, disorder,
difficulties, dizziness, playing with words, paraphrasing, reading without sound,
creativity, silliness, patterns, clouds, height, depth, the absence of colors, the
non-sense that makes sens, ambiguity, awkwardness, conditions, future, future,
future, future, and the concept of species and the basic need for evolution, what
makes evolution evolution, wilderness, fire, water, the Sun, the Moon, Jupiter
and my myth of Eileen.

What is wrong with that?

Atef Ayadi
Almost Sacrificed

I lived
A long life with a wrong map - after all it was not mine, it was given to me when
I was a child.
It is like living in a home that it is not yours,
leaving with someone else memories, or having
Someone else words, feelings, and thoughts.

It is ugly to wake up and realize that
I was inhabited by ghosts for decades.
It is ugly to wake up and realize that
I almost lost the growing child inside me.

Atef Ayadi
In Another Word

having a choice,

is
a
choice.

Espouse that choice endlessly.

Atef Ayadi
Two Ways And Other Things

There are two ways
to lead people -I mean the big mass, not mess,
cause, the mess is done at higher levels,
and if you start asking what is more higher then that,
I will tell you right now, god! , and it does not matter how you see it!
cause that is diversity not adversity! -
One, is to confuse them, and tell them there will be no way for an escape
without my help!
Two is to persuade them- it is win-win, better then the 'All or nothing'
with denial and setback.
but persuasion is confusing bit by bit,
it is steaming the emotions, creating a human 'spontaneous' report, and then
looking for weakness to elicit some pleasure -people like pleasure, who does not?
-

Is there anything else, different, futuristic, different from lean on me, or
scratch my back I will scratch your back as if it is mine,

something really beautiful?

Atef Ayadi
I Write Until I Bleed

writing is itching,

so I write until
I bleed.

Atef Ayadi
it is true,  
gas prices went up, not because of  
luck of oil,  
or the nature of demand and supply;  

it is simply greed.  

like diamond, they are everywhere,  
in abundance,  
-literally, as abundant as iron and other minerals; -  

Nevertheless,  

they are expensive, and please to do not talk about love or  
global worming,  

because the rhetoric: 'I came to free you',  
is ancient, and in the old Latin, it means I came to tax you.  

I add: ' Please do not free me, I will free myself!  
cause, nothing is free, you will tax me later.'  

Atef Ayadi
yes, you are greedy,  
no more no less!

yes, you made the worse decisions  
and few wealthy lords,  
as usual,

Bankrupted humanity.

Atef Ayadi
I Am A Survivor

I am
Going to
Survive
The cold, the pain, the economy's meltdown a breakdown;

Because,
I am
Life;

Because,
it is in my nature
to share and be
everything.

Atef Ayadi
The Arrow Of A Woman

A peacock feather,
A golden nip, and
An blue ink from the heart.

Atef Ayadi
New Order: First Golden Rule

If you want to feel me,
Be me,
And do not ask me
To do so,
Cause, I am already climbing
The stuff
Between your Upper feelings
And your inner thoughts.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Old Books

The old books as well as the old prophecies killed our individual and collective intuition and creativity with unchangeable plans and directives to use for our lives.

Think if everyone is a prophet, how the world is going to be?

Think if everyone is connected to oneself, to others, and to the world, how the future will be?

Try not to see the negative projections, cause there are past experienced assumptions.

Think if a child has all the resources, where she or he will be?

Atef Ayadi
Despite The Change

Despite all,
I still can see
her shadow walking and talking
alone in the street.
I still can see clearly
my shadow facing her and walking backward,
so it does not loose her face.

Despite all the changes i made
to get rid of her
rounded face,
I still can feel her around;
she comes in form of ade, aid, and most of time like a maid aide.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: A Story About The Will

The old books tell you:
You can do the impossible, if you can not, in heaven you will complete your will. or
Light is all the manifest of your will. Follow the light, you will find your will.

The new research firms try to induce:
'Now, your will is ours, in heaven, you will enjoy your will.'

All of them affirm a pre-determinism and deny or try to control the free will.

It is clear that the will is about solving a challenge. Either way, there is a price to pay.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: A Question

If a question by analogy, is a Units of Measurement, what the answer might be?

If an answer is precise and chocking why do not you explore the question in terms of may, ought, and should be?

If a question is playfulness, why your answer should be formal as if playfulness is silly and should not be?

If a question is poetic, why do you resist life as poetic as it shall be?

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: An Approach

If one person is similar by analogy to a zillions pictures of one movie, at which the certainty to point to a particular state weakens the accuracy of one particular picture and vice versa. Can you draw, see, or complete that picture in one's mind?
No one says you cannot catch the sky.

Atef Ayadi
If no one is capable of feeling, initiate, making an effort to understand others, how possibly one claims he can understand history as a collection of thoughts and actions manifested in simple and complex ways.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Pyramids

In the past millenniums, thousands died building the pyramids; few enjoyed being berried underneath, thought they will be resurrected in what they created as a rewarding next life.

In the present, few build "the personal luxurious pyramid" for billions to be berried in for the next life.

The future must not contain the term pyramid, because one's body is the only shelter for life, death, and resurrected life.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Human Entropy

Everyone has a tendency to follow, share, and be around who has the same reality. Although, It is boring, but that is a human entropy.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Peace

If you have a new born, forget about all the burdens and enjoy a moment of peace.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The War

Before taking any action, feel responsible for your own thoughts, your own sheltering believes, and spoil your imaginations about all the possible outcomes. If history is a gallery of past actions; the present is your instinct survival; the future will be everyone's integrity.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The True And False

Some are still shewing the word "The truth", where in nature, efficient, stable, dynamic, integrity, and clustering are the real terms.
Other are made of the word 'Wrong' or 'False' a word for sacrifices, thinking the term wrong is derived from the dark side of "The truth."

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: A Job Hunter

No matter how, when, and where I applied for tiny or great jobs in the states, there are always a question mark.

The only enjoyment I had is the tale, the feelings, body language, manhood, womanhood, procedure, the script of hiring, and what we call now the "Human Resources Management."

He or she gave me an hour of his or personal briefing and ask me some stress management, character, and adaptability type of questions;

At the end, I was encouraged to not give up.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: Feeling The Action

It is true -at certain extent- that action is at the tail of its source. At the occurrence of one human action, I feel a person through one's action, as if one's action embodies one's state or a cue of states of mind; as if action becomes what we call the inner 'soul'.
A person who initiates is a high energy person. A person who naturally smiles is a person graceful to life. A person who is curious, aware and sensitive is a natural active form of life.

Atef Ayadi
A Polical Tough Choice

In order
to choose the right
president
for the USA,
is to give every one a pack
of marijuana-$50 to $40-
and let the country decide for itself.

my argument is
based on a fact
that potential voters are always overwhelmed.
the only thing they miss are their own and other overseas people's fun.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Body Of A Strong Mind

As a child, I used to see these tall, with mussel or fat build male bodies as strong in mind or 'they must be strong in everything.'
Now, As a growing man, i see a strong body as a tale for a mindless child. I want to see a strong body espousing or sheltering a strong mind.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: Curiosity Within A Box

I wanted to give Eileen a tiny cubical golden or blue pears colored box. Inside, I put something common sens.
I wanted to make sure that she will never open it and reveal what is inside, because curiosity is the glue of life.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: Emotions As One Impulse Of Fear

The darkness mirrors my fear and prepare me to face it. The light is my high impulse unique fear. Between the light and darkness, there is a threshold, at which my heart beats increasingly as I am penetrating the membrane of fear.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: Fantasy With Common Emotions

Would you be happy, I mean, you practically achieved and did not leave any fantasy or impossible thought behind; you finished them all off at the end of the day. Now, is it a dead end or an open vast ocean end to be happy and alone?

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: Eve's Historical Mind

All what I inherited is to be a good hunter, eve learned to stay back with the elders and the children in the safe zone. I do not know much about her feelings while she is waiting. I am a hunter, I learned to control my feelings and sharp my mind while crossing the hunting zone.
I want eve to be a hunter too, and to experience the roughness of hunting, all the mystery of wilderness, and what is beyond the unknown.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Arena Stadium

To the historians, what is the difference between nowadays showbiz and Ancient Roman arena?
The players -gladiators- are still slaves and famous, aren't they?
Business is business as usual for the few smart bourgeois, isn't it?
The public is the same. One could be among the crowd betting on the game, or making business with the crowd.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Salesman

What is important to the salesman, is it the ending and "closing the sale" with all the rewards and pleasureful outcomes? Do you need to defend the product or fight for it? What is the difference between defending and fighting for such cause? How you can sale without a pity? How you sale with excellence?

For instance, if you are selling guns-in warehouse, or customer to customer street open sale, what pity or excellence are you involving?

If you are selling medicines -from corporations to a simple alchemist doctor, - what pity or excellence are you involving?

If you are selling words, where is your self-pity, excellence, and your new prophetic philosophy?

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Egg Or The Chicken

If I have a concern, can you help? I will help you if you ask, because what is around me is my first concern.

Atef Ayadi
The story of Eve and Adam is a fact, not as it was described by folks. The start of deliberate human awareness was initiated at that threshold—God is what it is expected at perfection—We are not far from this start; we are still crossing the threshold.

There will be more thresholds than god him/herself expected.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: A Robot

When thinking human connection, Think a network of PCs, Laptops, IPODs, Dell, Mac, Microsoft -or something like the Honda walking prototype- type of robots or what the army itself is still thinking 'a high Tech marvel that has to be to classified.'

It is my approach, when I deal with others -it may seem harsh, but I have a practical thesis that will persuade any human robot or who thinks he is not an organic robot.-

When I connect to a person or a group, I push that bottom. I need to be neutral and undisturbed by what I see, hear, or feel. People reveals everything without resistance or luck of expression; their resistance is open, their expressing is discretely open and brought out like a spectrum or a symphony.

By revealing this I am a robot?

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: The Psychic Lover

She handled me her hand - tiny, sharp, soft, moisturized, with few blood vessels, and well distributed reddish a life skin-
I looked into the palm, I saw myself dead or sleeping dead between her arms.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: In The Eyes Of The Beholder

There is nothing called ugliness, beauty and so forth. Sometimes an 'ugly' body can show all its beauty if only if the concept of beauty is only a 'fertile eyes, unearthed lips, or simply looking for a blush.'

Ugliness is a choking and complete, beauty is uncompleted and barely a life. there is also what i call 'beautiful ugliness and ugly beauty' and i learned in the tough way that the eyes of the beholder are as beautiful or as ugly as what it attract itself to: you fly you catch birds, you dive you catch fishes, in other word, beauty is neutral but matches the noise within.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: In The Head Of An Extremist

I need that extreme Act, horrible an by far looks human. I need to blow my self up, alone, and faraway; so I can see myself afterward: shredded into human pieces and thoughts. I need that! From the moment of hearing a crying child in my chaotic vicinity, falling and flying metal fragments, to the tearing of my own flesh. I need that action so I can see my fate with my own eyes; feel it, hear it, and remember it. I need that action, so I can walk, talk, think beautifully and accurately without guilt and fear.

Atef Ayadi
A Brief Short Story: In The Head Of A Sniper

He hired a professional sniper to shut him accurately in the heart; one shut, one bullet, quick and perfectly done.

after walking out from the meeting with the sniper, a cold thought melted his guts:

'why i need to be hunted and shut dead? '
'is it important to die like a hunted animal, or a hero'
'where and when from now? '
'is there anything i forgot? '
'is there anything i need to claim before i die more than claiming my own death? '

'is there anything that will stop this accurate bullet? '
' or should i run away, hide from the sniper? after all he his a human being with at least one unique skill. will he suddenly shift his intention from being a sniper to a compassionate peace keeper or something else completely different?

what is my odds, what is my luck?
it looks, to me life is chasing a bullet from heart to heart'

Atef Ayadi
you are all and every living wish:
half human and half sea dew fish,
without haste or being in a rush.
your fragrance has waves;
it will bring over
all your flamed blue sky unique butterfly lost wish.

Atef Ayadi
Ringing The Bell: The Olympics

You still have fire.  
I also have my fire.

we can take both, one's  
own, or one unique fire and go  
to race in the Olympics;

or we can leave some fire for the next winter Olympics;

so we can both  
sprint run,  
wrestle,  
do all the gym acrobats,  
sand volleyball,  
free four hundreds swimming, and  
ski under the heavy blue sky.

So, do you have  
enough fire?  
or do you need  
to barrow some of my fire?

Atef Ayadi
i though i lost your secret,
while contemplating your vague strata.

are you revealing or hiding
your little hell evil
desire or strata emotions.

i felt and always feet to do
the tapping of the untapped young soul,
who wants to awake up
and find the divulged layered layers
cracked and laid down
like a red rose or orange roses petals.

wake up!
to see
your dew
dripping over
your satanic soul
or if i am mistaken,
your red orange green petals.

Atef Ayadi
Ethics Of Roses' Dew

I can leave you
in my garden
or we can go together
to help me
in my war.

war is war,
nothing is wrong with that.

your skills are not
yet
handy,
neither for harvesting dew
nor for taking care of your own red roses.

so,
first,
you need to learn
how to deal with
enemies,
peace's lords,
and skin to skin war.

Atef Ayadi
Ringing The Bell: The Dew Cycles

Are you afraid of the sun light?
your dew is waiting to meet buds 
and roses along your rainbow horizon. 
Did you check on your roses' petals for 
any dripping or red bleeding escaping butterflies?

Atef Ayadi
Ringing The Bell: The Rain And A Waiting Pine Tree

who is watching the rain,
but a lonely bird waiting on a
sunny pine heavenly tree.
light can spread from a bird wings
pleasing the incensed tears of the tree.

Atef Ayadi
Ringing The Bell: The Ear Of A Tea Cup

Your tea cup's ear is
cold. Did you hear the tea leaves
warning you of his coming?

Or are you still walking talking in
your trance of 'what is told' world?

Atef Ayadi
Troubled Furry Bull

this cat is a trouble seeker;

she wants to scratch the skin of a heavy furry dark angry bull.

she succeeded to lower his heavy silted tangled metallic skull to a furry ball.

Atef Ayadi
Blessful Silver Earings

her face is fairly
harvesting

the many silvery blessed
pears
that are bountifully guiding the ears to the biblical neck.

Atef Ayadi
A Crystal Palace

Through a rainbow door
of
a
Crystal Soul,
the wandering childish feelings stop before pondering heavy thoughts.

this is her place, her face, and skin fire place,
where to ponder
and wander while orbiting around her crystal soul.

Atef Ayadi
Haikued Vinus

Purple 'heartfelt big hugs' roses

and
A purple heavenly welcoming body.

She is my cloudy
acid hot Vinus.

Atef Ayadi
Psychic: 200 Corporates

reading
the fate
of a corporate palm reading industry.
is very expensive

50,000 flat and give
me a brake
so i can give the corporate an
ever lasting
brake..

my psychic is
to insure you

that outsourcing is only the beginning of a
a short economical fun time brake.

ring me
with the 50,000,
i will give you more
unforeseen
brakes and broken baked HUNGARY Budapest hungry Bucharest Romanian poor entitled bank that is sinking the wall street journal down.

Atef Ayadi
Psychic: 200

this is not a class
of psychic.

$200 flat fee,
$300 for my time to read
your hand,
wash them, and
clean them so your life will go
smoothly.

your money: is pure fantasy.
so if you want me to read
or touch your hand

ring me with 200 plus 300 and few ¢ may apply.

my secret is in the few cents i will charge you later on.

Atef Ayadi
As i presented

dear
audience,

i have the staff
to stir the audience mind.

their as-ses-too

for years
to come.

but
i do not like
to see, hear, and feel 'a little pussi asking
me to repeat my self.'

i do not do the staff
in theater

repetition
is to face
the audience with all
the fun.

Atef Ayadi
The First Funny Story

here is an open
personal idea:

i laid out
the structure of my website
extreme surrealism hided 'beautiful surprise'
and high tech surprise surprise idea.

there will be
short and sories
short stories

little seeds
kai ku hit ku be ku ok uk us
poems and

some visual art

done fast

other as i progress...

Atef Ayadi
Rakhi Me

when and when(s)

in a vertical cobra positions

passion, little woman,

time is
'
when you walk like a cobra
talk exactly with a phobia
and lay down
with a red light fully rounded by a peaceful angry 'help me! '
'i will help you'
'
touch with handful wild glance.

this is an indian spice
i need to turn
back as your favor
deepa
or sty...or the entire country
India with all
the 2 billions
human mixed with beautiful holly cows.

Atef Ayadi
A Growing Poet Fay Sal

grow up
wake up!

your mom/dad
the 'ell fysal! '
yell!

or may be your dad softly bell
your taco bell
head.

time is a beautiful life
mehdi
a girl,

and
staff! you name it
from fun to the funniest time and day.

move on!
on
on and on.
with a winning voice,
or a shameful funny sin of all time
and

no regret going back in time.

do it and forget it mehdi faysal,
both, or separately what is the difference?

fun han, or or funny hea haan! ...?

Atef Ayadi
The Bored World

the entire world
is sleeping

while i telling a story.

i am good
or i am

helping
the world
do defeat its boredom.

Atef Ayadi
The Most Important Emphasis

the strong holes

is

'you do your life by your own! '

i do mine too the same way'

when we meet

just take or i will take

off

the ground...sweet jesus!
or you can do what ever

you want!

i can handle you

because i already took you

when

and jumped

where ever

i wanted.

Atef Ayadi
A Last Letter Of Another Series

this set

of short

brief talk

is an apology
to you!

yes!
yes!
yes!
Eileen

then to my self,
and finally to the whole word.

Atef Ayadi
Help Me With This

i
will pay you with
half of what i have

in exchange for your help:

I need a denture,
bridge, or

a
beautiful smile
natural looking
'look! here is my teeth i can bite
on the concrete
to scratch the mint of the
skin of your bite.'
type of teeth and smile.

Atef Ayadi
Two Glasses Drink

I prepared two separate drinks
for my first celebration of a victory.

the first is purely gin or jin-gerale,
in long milk glass.

in the second long beer glass,
i put first milk,
than hot sauce
and then added some ginger ale.

i put them on the table
as unique 'only one' glass..

a friend of a my roommate told me it is
creative, social and crazy drink.

Atef Ayadi
She said:

"I liked your smile when I first saw you,
that is the type of smile i am looking for, now you lost it.'

I said:
"i was tribal, with a tribal natural and welcoming smile.
now, I am urban man, my smile is diluted into streets' signs,
advertisement, fliers, and urban etiquettes."

Atef Ayadi
Trade Offs

it happens

that

you asked me to

help you
on
resolving tough decisions
-they are sometime mine too, camarade! -

if you are a lady

i wont add more than what is said.

if you are not,

you are not!

i can not change you
or oblige you to be so.

i will only let you pay me back

for trying to listen to you.

the price is something we need to agree upon.

Atef Ayadi
Funny People

everybody,

average people
'sex in the city' people,
cubs game fans,
pirates fans,
beer fans,

boiled milk, and cold milk fans

are my greatest joke
leaders
when i try hardly to open my fresh head coconut.

Atef Ayadi
Auditing

you can be
a leader
(not a ladder)
and all your subjects
are stiff and stick behind you,

or you can still be a leader
climbing your own owned ladder, and

no body is needed
to remain stiff
behind

or left behind!

you.

or simply
alone
talking to yourself
and supporting yourself from behind.

Atef Ayadi
Stay With Me

She asked me to stay,
one more hour,
then one more day,
then one more month,
then one more year,

I have no sense of guilt to leave,
except I do no like to leave her chest
vulnerable and open to the air.

Atef Ayadi
Numbers Exterminator

inside a civitch
-pronouced with a way at th end-
taco.

what is where i found my place.

Atef Ayadi
The Luck Fanatic Seeker

tell me
lady,

what is your luck?

where is it?

does it have
a shape?

is it liquid, solid, plasma, ....?
what state?

take your time
my lady
the journey
is
just begun.

start dreaming

from your first
alone, to
to the new reborn fresh girl who dreams
within my dreams.

what is up with you now?
do you feel lucky?
or are you my luck?

Atef Ayadi
My Dream Is To Be Sensual

I see
between
a couple

something I call:

"I need you foreigner,"
we both need your kind help!

who is first!

who is the lady now?
who wants to talk first?

who is the wife?
who is the husband
'tokyo victorian hard worker'

'tokyo victorian hard worker'

type of man.

with a company of
a ho ho hi hi in need woman

'where is my choowala dog'
europeen syle
woman?

Atef Ayadi
My Dream To Be Lost

i need
to sleep
perfectly!

woman! , life, and all that beautiful
disturbing
musturbing
french mustar

is a perfect dream
to ease my past
pain.

i have only a promise
one ticket for a wild hash game of my dream then your dream!

Atef Ayadi
My Furthest Dream From Close

can you listen
to me
with all what you got! ?

if you have something from past
simply fix it
or dream
then fix it..

than listen to me?
my dream is to be close
enough
to your dream
it is my own flesh dream.

Atef Ayadi
If You Touch My Skin.....Rivive Every Living Thing!

you are cool

with this pink short until the knees skirt.

Your boo bee ez and your hip falling smoothly are what i want!

the legs are like the hands are waiting for an eternal orange souvenire.

Atef Ayadi
If You Find My Voice.....Revive All The Old Sin-Phonies

her kiss
startedd first like
daam!
baam!

and ended up like
mi do ri mi mi doooooooodi ri
fa!
and some other stuff i do not know!

Atef Ayadi
If You Find My Words.....Rivive Them

if my words
finally
are between your hands.

revive me

as if the are me?

Atef Ayadi
I Like To Escape To The Wilderness

what better
than to be fully
naked

like
walking

one year baby
and kid enough to support oneself

in a wild

jardin repunlican
peak in beijin

gas is over
money is off scinetific scene is this?

that is my escape!

to the new world!

Atef Ayadi
In Short: Great News Girls And Boys

i am comming! ..? -'? ' 

i start or possibly forward to I am turning you off up and down! one by one.

including the pop popee pampe french bebe or german turqich bombe pope.
i will make every body and everyone ho ho

hi hi

me first.

's

festival

Atef Ayadi
It Is My Idea

did
you notice

'i am the greatest'

beautiful dull? ?

what do

you normal average?

feel free to complete my thoughts.

Atef Ayadi
To The Student's Mom

do not do any
thing
for him.

let him go
without a past,
present, or
your own future un-answered western dull questions!

open the door.

let him
go!

if your student
is your girl;

let go too.

girls and women

get this! !

you came late!
in the evolution of mankind....

so what?
get your as you wanted to hear the paatheff eff....!

puff.
poofs
and puffs

let her go!
cause she happy
she left another girl.

Atef Ayadi
I Do Not Repeat

i have time only for
the fun

bring your fun

and enjoy my time,
your baby teeth six month to three years your want to stay there ' time,

the world will still can wait..hopeful in time! ?

did you

hear me
or still confusing your wide open legs?

more less
more less

less
liss as assss my assss

more?

sound
sound ouned owned you from your toes the peak
of your highest mountain.....miss 'who is Zaak! '

Atef Ayadi
I Learned

I want to learn

a
simple sound

i want a child

like me

so i can

first

survive, live
and
thrive

help me eileen

with all your historical skills

tell me
how far are we
from the next galaxy

can you!
stop there
between these two arms
spanish cactus girl?

what you hear is what you
see...

do you see me
or hear
me

you are writing

something?

to the children

of your past tiny old world...

Atef Ayadi
A Word Of Sounds In 'Ali Salah I' Mind

i share music
with any one.

a woman is like eileen

will guide me...

in the street.....of the fulerton     licoln abr ..

hope you help me with your voice? ?

i tryed t o hear you....an only you..

i

Atef Ayadi
Music 1000001: First Class

if your hear me

with

i hair she say Isy yeh

or pricely ahha ahn han ahan

but
the sound belongs to another what all what she wants.

? ?

Atef Ayadi
A Short Story

this is how I simply love you

and it does not matter
the FAQ in you head

and
all
the

"please

help me, I was like a goozy function-take off the n and the tion- fact girls? ? ? mather FAQ no question asked kikki ing king's daughter assasd asd cd....waLA VOILA

VOILA

HAVE IT

AS IF U

I CAN SEE YOU....STOP.PLEASE I AM A gIRLE FORCE
ONE TAHRAN MOTHER FU irarq uCKER"

IF ONE CAN understand THIS

WELCOME to THE PLANET TA RI's club.

Atef Ayadi
A Woman's Painted Fate: A Unique Signature

Fact from her eyes:

ice, rover, roll over, tilt, punch, pitch
itch, and scratch me now.

tangle, untangle, mingle, bungle,
clip, and flip me like any burger,
cause you are the cook, a chef, a healer, my cover, my roof, my ceiling, and my shingles.

turn and burn one side of me
and leave the other side for another day.

Atef Ayadi
A Woman's Painted Fate: Her 'Unique Facing Chest!'

Nudity

The all
and!
everything

thing! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

is! ! ! ! ! ! There

Open
and

A  Re-flec? -Chin-China town happy face
Happy
Open
Chest, .....!
and! ! ! ! ! ! ! ` IIKI! Ok?
slim moothe-i want you by my mouth-
female, island eye!
if you eillel

ei
eely

eli ali ben ali
fun king
kird
bird
berd
merde?
ber va ture
voiture
ton
voittour
voiture
factor
doctor phil eileen!
Here is my problem presented before you'...
think now about the ends!

Atef Ayadi
Private Question's Marks

I opened the door for her:
and said:
i said:
'what do you want now?
my home is for all my private desires

she said:
'what you want from me'

i said:
'i want from you the same thing i wanted
in public.

now it is going to be sharply private,

we can make it public later on.

Atef Ayadi
If Your Soul

If your soul
is or was stolen
-time will tell how you are related to
your fancy beloved built in soul-

what would you do?

you cry in the street
to anyone you meet:
"Oh my gosh!"
"Oh my gosh!"
"I lost my my soul?"

or you make a secure plan
to secured back?

or you will look for a revenge
by stealing someone else soul
in a random desperate act?

or you wish and pray for
whom and who may and will find it
and hope one will turn it back without
triggering
his desire for wealthy possessiveness.

or simply you give up on your stolen soul.

or simply you start from scratch?

.

Atef Ayadi
Stealing A Burden

There is no such
called stealing!

-the action could be off or awkward.-

but what you are stealing
is someone else
burden.

like stealing someone's
soul.

whether one is lost before
or after that. it was a burden anyway!

now let see how you will deal with it!

Atef Ayadi
dear lovely Madonna,

i may have a future exhibition in New York,
i may check you out in there
in time
or I will chase
time off.

meantime,

enjoy your sunny life,
your moon is almost complete.

Atef Ayadi
Orange Poem

sorry I did not first laugh at you,

-I though, you will not make it,
the way you crossed the street.-
as i relaxed my head a
little!
bit!
-45 degree C or F; what is the difference? - 

I start to laugh
at the picture
of your hair
-or my hair what is the difference? -
Turning into orange.

you planned to cross
the street as planned,
on time before the orange light will give you
a blue winkle,
then an orange tropical taste warning,
then a red orange blinking for possible crash.

the street was busy,
I was too
-standing still
watching you crossing the street on your knees.-

Atef Ayadi
I am
Sagittarius.

i like the Scorpion's poison
as a thought,
Leo's brave heart and lasting lust,

Libra's
eyebrows,
Pisces's skin
and eyes,

Cancer's retreat after defeating me in love,

Virgo's magnetism

Gemini's boldness and love's red, green, blue, and yellow signs warnings,

Aquarius's thirst to a watery angry love,

Taurus's perfected fantasy and practical love,

Aries's careless jumpy noisy
goat to goat love,

And
Sagittarius'
biblical,
Adam and eve,
the sin,
the cycles,
the world,
the sun, and
the universe changing love.

Atef Ayadi
The Star That Teaches Me Bending

I am stiff,

eileen, tried to help me
ease that.

for me bending
is prying for a diluted
God. it is not worth it.

now, as
i am tired from
this stiffness,
the back pain of my turbulent head,
and my desperate need for a work out.
i am leaving
my high worlds
toward an enslaving
hell of ground.

the sloap is rough
but it helps me
to adjust my head while keeping my eyes on my feet
so they can walk carefully and stick to ground.

Atef Ayadi
My Oriental Love

My dad
was very much oriental
in his love to mom,
the way he was still a life,
and dealing with the rusted manhood
ironic wrestling arm.

i followed him.
i followed his example.
i love her like loving
a wild harem bough and should be given away
if she does not
put away all her rings
on my chest.

i was skin,
eyes, and
hands
caring type of love
but most importantly
stick with and hide into the bushes type
of lover.

she was
a very
female
type of
woman.

i wanted her
to be sometime like
angry man.

Atef Ayadi
My Teenage Love

I did not grow up really!

or if I put it correctly,
I did not awake yet from my teenage love.

I always, stay form from distance waiting and than watching her walking few yards in front of me. I did not wave or say a word not even Hi!

- I still do that.-

I loved her face as she was silently walking silent or silently talking.-that time I did have the psychic of listening-

now,
I changed to a talking phenomena.

Atef Ayadi
Tête D’enfant

You drew
my face on a your text book
differently from what i expected
-some, they always draw, feel, talk, eat, walk, travel, and listen to their favorite
music in the same way:

like a child
who is looking for
a loving mom.

Atef Ayadi
Both

I will not promise
to explore you
completely
at the extent of a face to face war;

but I can promise
to disarm
myself each time I cross
your face
with
a love warrior's arm.

Atef Ayadi
Jardin D'Orient

my character
is
as fake
as remodeling
a Babylonian
garden,

the time
i need a woman's pearls for luck.

Atef Ayadi
Almost There

I need a balance
between

a start
shaken talk
and a race
for a desired lips
waiting to celebrate the end.

Atef Ayadi
Face Of A Face

Let me see
your face!

you look half of the time living in the past,
and the other half, in the present with unbalanced thoughts;
that is one of your faces.

Now,
give me
lady
your perfect
smile.... this is one of your faces
with a perfect smile.

Now,
dream about a fantasy dream
-safe or unsafe, the fun is always
for the braves, here you need to cross the line....-
i see now one of your faces
almost lost between anger
and a desired heated female's essence.

Atef Ayadi
Angel In Kindergarten

Can you play
like a kindergarten kid?

or you prefer
to be an angel
in your own safety zone.

Atef Ayadi
Shaked Balance

Do you want
a true love:
balanced, still, and in harmony with its wight?

or
a noisy restless
childish love?

Either way,
I am looking for a
changing weathered love.

Atef Ayadi
Sommeil D'Hiver

Sleeping in the fall
is to rest
from a summer
skin's heat
and seeking the shed and water.

the winter
is truly cold
when the skin
looses one wrapped lover's hand.

Atef Ayadi
Signs Of Yellow

this is a tribal rug
I bough for you
to cat it and design it as a robe,
a complete dress.

i remember
you told me
you like tribal family
who dears to cross
the desert
night

and sleep after the sun rise
in a green land.

so i bought you this rug,
so you can be my first tribe,
and my first owned green and snowy land.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: Feeling's Tails

I want you
lady
to
grasp my feelings
as they pop up;
producer to consumer
without
a fancy counter,
or seller's smile

-bread loaf must be bough right
close to the oven.-

you still
lady
have
a choice
to use them
abuse them
or loose them.

they are feelings and
they are not for sale.

so there is no
need for a smile
to turn them back
or leave them where you found them.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: Words From The Prairie

I have roses

i collected.

i left them
to dry out
carefully.

they told me
dry roses are good
to ease my memories.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The No Pity

I you
leaving?

don’t look back!

there is nothing left
for you
to go back and search for.

unless, you are pretending
or you are threatening me
of causal war.

so leave with peace,
cause,
both
fired at the same
time
and both fall down
at the same time.
both have been injured, and both were casualties.

Atef Ayadi
Between me and
Eileen
an ancient vague subject
called
time.

while
i always feel
i have time;

she always
think and feel time.

i see a lighted candle simply as the sun;
she sees the lighted candle like 'the' full moon.

i like to fly and orbit around the moon;
she want to built a safe lovers' colony
on the moon.

she wants less light in the night time, because she is always
hiding in the moon;

i wants wine to be
rested and served on the moon.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The Ultimate Desire

i told her
i vague
or rarely simple.

she said:
'How is that'

I said:
'give me your hand!
trust me!

my request is simple:
i asked for your hand
and your responded.

now reading your hand
like a trusted psychic
a rough youthful love,
few kids,
money never has been an issue.

that is i call vagueness.

do you simply agree
or do you need time
to be start simple and end up seeking for vague questions.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The Surprise

Hope the party
your heading to
with all the pearls around you
will set
your three wheels
tide.

i do not personally
trust
you

with four.

and no way
i will set you
on two wheels.

take your young horse
and have careful time.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The Letter

I was angry
and high.

anger is always high.
-When I brake all my rules and standards.-

I wrote
a vague
letter
to Eileen,

i was vague,
my anger was vague,
as well as the words,
the comma, and the vague spacing between the dots.

I should be simple
in writing
all my letters to her.

the vagueness should be left to the ink.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The Passionate Love

her body
desperately
waving
to the monk lover.

they say:
love could be found in a church
if
all lovers become monks.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The Bordom

Her eyes
barely float

on ground.
they neither take off
nor they touch down.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The Intuitiveness

Being direct
is choking and childish.

that childishness is most
important vagueness
anyone is eager to catch and hold.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The Joyful Love

Joyful love creates a vagueness of simple red roses that builds a sandy tropical beach for youthful innocent lovers.

Atef Ayadi
Vagueness: The Intimate

Vagueness never has been simple when living natural intimacy.

Intimacy itself is simple until your eyes come cross my intimate vague eyes.

Atef Ayadi
Tattoo: Looking In

the eyebrows
are blue marine
as well as the upper half of the chin.

the front is white, yellow gold to silver brown
-the front of the head is reveals the rational beauty of a natural intention-

the lips are burned with blood.

the eye are clear.
the nose is similar to a bull's.

the cheeks support the intention.

Atef Ayadi
Tattoo: Lincoln

Portree,

made by an Artist who think
He knows well
Abraham Lincoln
or they are perfected twins

the beard and head hair
are in pastel
red turquoise to blue and light blue.

the jacket is a always blue marine.
the tide is classical red rose type.

the face skin is a glowing yellow.
-like being burned by the sun.-

the lips indicate
'i am responsible for any defeat.'
with white contrast.

the hair belongs to an
undefeated old tired boy.

Atef Ayadi
Poor Marleen
or eileen
Monro

it is
sad
to
touch the moon

and dream
to have the feet below the earth sky.

it is hard
to be
on the moon alone,
while lovers are dancing
on the earth streets.

your eyes
are always toward
and forward
to catch
someone
who has
nothing

except to bring you back
and feel the earth and without leaving the moon's soft ground.

Atef Ayadi
Tattoo: Power Within

From the side
the woman moves from a human female
to a "I am a free woman" type of butterfly.
the nudity is a simple "unsatisfied old subject"
expressed on her tattooed skin.

From the chest of the standing woman emerges a face.

The lips are turquoise
type of salty rusted red.

The hair too, but curved around the standing lady' awaken nipples.
close to the ear,
a blue pigeon is nesting.

Atef Ayadi
She has
three halves of a vertical feminine curious face:

The middle face is white blue
natural type of woman face.
-the sky is always blue, I want a lover to enjoy it with me-

The first face to the left
is
a standing
waiting
silhouette
of a passionate woman
-exactly like Eileen-
The hair are flying forward
like a wise guide.

The first face to the right

is a mosaic
of vertical blue to larges stripes orange,
a yellow fire
starting from the lips
to blue golden enraged eyes.
The hair are erected or tossed forward,
the way a Gannets bird catches a fish.

It is true,

a woman face is made of three halves of
three different faces.

a man has two twisted faces.

Atef Ayadi
Tattoo: Embrace My Presence

they look
standing up
holding each other
for an eternity.

he wears a mosaic of blue to dark violet and orange

long rug -it is soft, and strips mix up to form new waves of blue, orange and in between colored cloud - sometime you see the body of the woman he loves is leaning on his knees-

her naked body
is yellowish to orange
from the time they touched
to this stage of
remembering all the burned desires.

the sky changes from orange gold yellow
to a green golden yellow.

the mountains as well
the green and deserted fields a 'still a life'.

her right hand
on him are there
to forgive
more than to reconcile.

Atef Ayadi
Tattoo: Surrender Or Resurrection

she looks
sleeping over her hair
-a safe green marine leaves crops ocean-
the skin seems absorbing
more than reflecting the light, or it is a source of light-
or walking with a vast dream long hair.

her naked chest
until the knees
reveals
the smile of a face
a desired wandering eyes.

Atef Ayadi
Tattoo: Portrait D'Une Femme

the blue
is in the background.

the hair forms
a tropical female geese -the tail has the rusted reddish-ness of the feathered head.-

the face shifted -self pose-
centered around her lips
-she wants a simple
vivid human to take great care of her diamond mine. -

the right half of the chest
along with the right hand
are open
for a dance
of the last
sparked peaceful hungry love.

Atef Ayadi
Tattoo: The Tatooed Face

"It's Always Love" said Madonna.
the blue is dominant,
but centered around
the blue eyes.
the blue is waves crashing against
long and slim clouds;
the white could be light
or reflection of light.

the shed of her face
a sleeping un-rested woman
and waiting for love;
from the the right corner on the lower lip
crossing the
two blue eyes
until the un-hospitable wild hair.

the right
half of the face

a blue tropical bird
eating
a fruit
on the nose
beautiful rose, or maybe
on her face-
her most
lost
tattooed red mexican red dry chill peper lips
sadly wanted to smile woman-

so,
when i see
such tattooed face
i will trust my dormant
instinct to desire simple love.
i tr
Intention

I always deal with
living creatures of this planet
with a beautiful and positive
intention.

only with you
my 'LADY, '
my intention is purely utilitarian;
pure starvation
to satisfy my hungry angry anger hunger's
drive
for a fresh flesh skin of a
a beautiful
lady
who ran away with my skin,
my hunger, and my first eternal intention.

Atef Ayadi
Teaching: Math 101

who likes
aez
beez
bee goose and geezes
or beegeeze 'stay a life' song.

now
numbers,
addition,
subtraction -don't obstruct, abstract me, or subtract me now kid! -
and multiplication -multiplication is doing the same thing fast, -

it is simply how you put your hands and maneuver
objects

example:

a cow added to a cow
gives two cows.

a cow added to two friendly cows
gives a friendly three cows-if they stick together, otherwise you sill have simply
three cows that need grass, water, and other stuff.-

a cow multiplied by a cow
is a cow square or a squared cow
-it up to you to see, feel, and conceptualize the square first then the cow or
both.-

now when we are dealing with variables,
sets and operations; it is exactly like a cow barn or farm.

a variable is like a cow -without label
like, juanita is a good cow, or rob is a very bed one: no milk, no kid, and bed
behavior.-

it could be one thing: a unique cow with a unique attributes,
two things if this cow is pregnant, has personality disorder,
or think about her or his cow lover.
do you see now a variable.
it can start simply from cows

you can extend your imaginations
to goats, camels (not tobacco), lizards, and so forth.

we will talk about
rational numbers,
imaginary numbers,
and complex probability and luck later this year!

Atef Ayadi
Teaching: 101

Teaching is easy,
like acting 101
if you ever noticed that?

you do not need a P.H.D
A special certificate
to concentrate or identify your own possible DHA symptoms and eliminate them.

students have to trust you.
if not, take your box anything you brought with you and leave.
trust is self trust
is how you walk
talk
slowly
and how you eat
slowly
-and sometimes what you eat has to do with your own inner
deeper core trust.-

students are and must be
your audience:
they have taste
intentions,
hobbies,
lobbies,
and biased phobia.

sometimes,
you take them like a bench of lambs.
-it is not about 'I have to be tough or they will eat me from the beginning! ', the
last resort or exit,
i have an image to preserve.

not at all!

you must be mythical,

like a judge,
a cap,
Tarzan,
Alexandre the great (even though he was gay, but he lead an entire army to be lost around the block,)

they must believe in you.
i mean you must believe in yourself and know exactly what you are talking about and accept that you are not a complete universe-otherwise it will be an e-harmony romantic lecture-

get that?

now, go to your students
and work like a team,
a family,
a country
a planet, or
one whole
solid universe.

Atef Ayadi
Rap With Me Silently

your eyes are open
your chest is open
your hands are open

to the stranger,
to waitress and possibly male waiters,
to the post officer or the mail box,

to the damn
to the fool
the drunk
to the fun
and to the chat room.

why not me?

you are thinking
but you do not actually thinking
you just wander
about
this tender
stake
-what is between your bones and baked skin-
who will
touch it
with his (her?) golden nails or hands.

i am here
to free you
from your skin,
the golden nails, and from your dream golden hands.

so follow me with your
heart,
listen to me with your deepest thoughs.

i am coming.
i will wash
and clean everything
from your cold war,
your hot wars,
and your little Faluja battles and your greediness for gold,

from your mind,
from your skin,
and from your tunnels, parks, and highways.

Atef Ayadi
Birthday Curiosity Box

Here is your gift

for this year
birthday.
and do not tell
me about the exact date.

cause your birth is a rebirth
and i missed all the sequences.

here is a golden
woody
cubical
two by two
inches
box.

never try
to open it
no matter what.

it is a curiosity
box.

you may hear something clicking,
ringing, or rattling.

do not open it
no matter what!
cause
you will loose
all your rights
for a rebirth
and all your birthdays
love roses
and wish cards.
A Song For My Eileen

take your beer
and follow me to the moon.

or if you like
we will
drink
the rest of wine

on mars or close to its sight.

it is hard
it believe feeling
words

floating
in the
the moon;

so,
follow me
to mars
and

you will see
my lips
breaking down
the redishness
of the wine

as i am approaching
toward your

methane gazer at the north pole
of your lower lip

your chin remains of your upper lip
your eyes remains of the lower one.
so,
follow me to the moon
or make me lost
between the gazers of your lips.

Atef Ayadi
A Free Sky Diving Jump

I AM NOT A BELIEVER,
UNFORTUNATELY
I STILL DO HAVE
A RESIDUAL
HUMAN
NEED FOR CONNECTIONS.

BUT,
MEANTIME,
IN
MY TIME, AND
AT THIS TIME,

YOU CAN PLUG YOURSELF
THE WAY YOU LIKE.

JUST PLUG
AND GO.

RELIGION
IS OLD STUFF,
IT IS TOO ZOMBIES FOR ME.

I HAVE MY OWN BELIEVES,
-NEW AND OLD BLUE PRINT MAPS-

I AM A

FREE
CREATURE.

I NEED TO HAVE
ONE
UNIQUE
MAP
IN ORDER
FIND
EILEEN.
I JUST NEED ONLY TO LEARN
HOW TO BE MORE FLEXIBLE,

TO HAVE A FLEXIBLE STRUCTURE,

SOMETHING THAT
SUSTAIN ITS OWN WIGHT,
ITS OWN GREEN HOUSE,
ITS OWN WIND,
ITS OWN MOON AND SUN,

AND
ITS OWN
FAULTS AND DARK MATTER
AND WARM HOLE FORCES,
LOVE SINGULARITY,
AND LOVE'S IMPULSES
FOR NEW LIFE.

Atef Ayadi
They told me
if you love yourself
with focus,
you will be God made
smart asphalt,
evil,
a briber
blackmailer alpha male,
connected,
monster
dot
com
multi-billionaire, and
pioneer
in your industry.

well,
i have been
focusing
on the love issues
industry,

i am poor.
and broke.
does it sound
fair enough?

Atef Ayadi
it turned out
that i was
visually focused
all this years
and i did not see anything in the horizon
yet.

something must
be
wrong?

i discovered
after denial
and resistance
that i have to explore
the feelings layers.
-in Networking that is equivalent to software layer:
Not TCP/IP, and
Not the rip Rap Ipod iphone for double click touchy dudes and g-spot bee girls.
the layer where you should check your own codes,
structured believes and scopes for any upgrade.

cause surviving
must be "to be focused,"
having new High tech radars catching any signals,
GPS for trucking and zero down any personal lost feelings without a need for
'google' expensive map,
recycling for extra unnecessary papers and folders,
a shredder for top secret private feelings to keep them safe from the hands of a
stranger or spams,
and finally

having the will to manage all this pain in the asphalt.
.
so, it is important to
be flexible
to upgrade your own
softwares
and clean up your feelings' hard drive.
they told me.

- well, here, before everything

who said that must be a survivor or a harry potter

Headmaster Albus Dumbledore: His first name is from the Latin word alba, 'white.' His last name, according to Rowling interviews, is Old English for 'bumblebee.' In color symbolism, white often stands for purity, so the headmaster's name suggests honor and a hard-working nature ('busy as a bee').

if you can focus
for thirty seconds
on something
you will achieves anything
you want in your life.

well, i have been
focusing for 8 years
without a blink of an eye.

i got nothing.

should i stop now?

Atef Ayadi
There is one
and only one
way
to stay alert!

is to focus
on eileen's eyes
for thirty seconds.

after that
going to Mars, or
dancing on Saturn rings
will be easy.

thirty seconds
without count down,
brake down,
攻克 down,
without
hinges
or B.W hydrological no leak System brake.

thirty seconds
long enough
to be in the ice
on the ice
with white starving bears;
if you make it and have to make
you are entitled to be truly a
polar bear
if not,
sorry!
a jailed
failed

Mike tie your shoes you 'jungle tarzan.'

Atef Ayadi
A Crying Visual Artist

(He)
people ignored
my exhibited painting.

(Me)
are you crying over the
death of jesus
over the cross?

it is considered
stupido
lupido
Freud first
crawling
try before he started walking
approach.

do not do that!

A painting
is not like that.

at all,
a painting
is a naked woman
punished for all the sins
and still can breath
without fear,
guilt,
or
tears without a cry,
and wont neither pass out nor die.

Atef Ayadi
A Glance

"Ice,
icy
shredded glasses,
a glazing
gazing
glacier
falling a part,
trembling for
three seconds,
the ocean, and my lake"

glance

from an open heart.

She fired
her glance
at my
rambled
trembling
eyes.
I was
shut
down
dead like a brave soldier.

Atif Ayadi
Radio Station: Chico, Some Potatos Friez

(Me)
hello

(She)
eee yesss!

(Me)
you look excited,
what do you want?
are you calling me
or it is me who dialed your
number?

(She)
what is the difference?
you look fine
and sport like me.

(Me)
i called to
order some french
friez

potatos

or just french potatos.

can you do that?

(she)

of course,
bien sure
avec ma peau et mon drapeau
je t'envois tous ce que tu veux.

do you need my home
number?

(Me)

whaaaaa it?

i do not need
youtube
in my tube

as an exchange for
for a handful
french home made fried
potatos

made
by
a fried
girl?

it is not good for my stomach.

by the way,
are you irish
who can make
french irish
potato friez?

(she)

i can be irish
or bee irish.

what size your irish french pot-at-O.e.S
you want them?

(Me)
the size you want
wether you are irish
or irish french friez.
Atef Ayadi
Radio Station: Chico, The Latest News

did you hear

beside the earth quakes
in chicago

the FBI or F-bee
eye and eyes
-E-bee eyes are C.A.I-

sent
more
eyes
scanners
so you can
go to your work
safe
and free
without pulling off
stripping off
for free
your shoes
your long leaves
your ties

your pens

underwear

sweep you
leap you
one leap year at a time
through the scan
hp
multi-colors
Xphone
iphone
ipod
NFL
YOUTUBE
Netscape

Bill Gate left
Microsoft alone

type of scan..

Atef Ayadi
Radio Station: Chico, Irish History Teacher Go Wild

(me)
hello!

(she)   hi!

(me)
why you hi me for?

what are you doing?

(she)
i am a history teacher
professor
PH.D of that kind
my university

is a fancy catholic community
at the lake shore.

if you plan to put your kids
our kids
into plan
this the right place.

(me)
hoo! hoo!
irish teacher
are you advertizin on my show?
or are you E.R Vad zin  zining trying to
make my show chineeze zin zen type of show?

or you are planning to have
kids
and lead them to your university
with my kids mixed them up
in the same class
of your damn history?
are you killing me?
or are you trying to irish me
with your gloried oiled Professional skills?

sorry woman,
i will give you a 'Z' as a grade
in your own class of latino irish.

because
first your kids
or future kids
wont go to class with my kids

never!
together!
impossible!
take a note and put it in your beard!

ey will rice it up.
falaful it up

and end up
playing irish
bulls
in the class
and make a beautiful bull history.

so, tell me
beside you want kids
or you are teaching kids

what part of the history
you are teaching?

latino kids type of history or
"Rosevelt did not have enough time
to put american in one hand
and kids in his bulls in the other hand" type of history?

is that right?

(she)
do you like to take my phone
or my number?
Radio Station: Chico, The Lawyer Who Misses His Bee-Girl

are you
really a lawyer
or future lawyer
who going to win all
cases
without leaving his brief
and cases
in the bath room
pee-tub
without flushing
the clean water
of his voice
and faces.

his bee
took off
blew
up
up and up
his head
in the sky
of tennessee.

so lawyer
how many lawyer position do you have?
for your girl
are you a professional lawyer
with a professional position.

or you still
study
cases
like english 101

Atef Ayadi
you are twenty and
you wrote this foolish ish tish poem.

for your
ho
up
tide up
slim fast
come back
fast
i missed you
girl.

man
wow sham wow!
this an incredible
tona sand-wit ish tish

lovely
rocking
roll
up
up
yeah poem.

are you teasing me?
are you serious
furious
or crazy
fuzzi
mitshi bitchi burned third degree burns
without possible recover
unless you buy a pig
and take
a liver
to replace your liver
which is burned
with your skin
and your heart.

be more crazy
no foolish.

Atef Ayadi
there is
a place
in chicago,

hidden
and open
only
to the irish

lonely
only rare lonely irish girls.

hey iris,
hello irish,

little natty
nato
bateau
couteau
coto
costo

boulo

bella bellissi si mo
deli isso mo

es ki mo who mo mo mo (s)

so lady
why you are a lady
if you are
only
lonely
and left alone.
so irish
lady
why you are irish
who hates the brit-esh and not the brite-esh
who bit itches and iches
behind the walls.

And
lady,
please my lady,
why are you
staying alone if you
are in love with another
lovely baby
who always
makes you feel
unique
like an
ancient boutique
inside
the history
museum.

Atef Ayadi
Radio Station: Chico, The French Are Coming.

the french

are coming
to the us
you, me, and all of us
will
be
cooked
baked,
french bread,
served red wine
merlo
from picasso to juan miro merlo red wine.

with a french
sicilian defence
that opens
and offensive
less defensive
attack.
your queen
my queen
will ho ow oo up
to the french
and all chico
from the south
to the north
through the shore lake
will

ho ow oo oo up
by surprise
by the french
defense.

Atef Ayadi
Radio Station: Chico Monday

Chico
lake shore
woke
up
with a head ache
from heavy
drinking.

she is always
drinking
dripping
inking and
blinking
winking to herself alone.

so what?
what is up?
what is wrong
girl
with you?

are you
lonely
or alone?

i am in!
your face!
like an ice without a taste

you did not notice!
cause
your were
alone
lonely
alone!

so look
for me

alone
at the radio
show

if you want a lonely
only
radio show or turn off the radio
and the show.

Atef Ayadi
Rap With Me For Love

halaloo ya
sis iss te e  ee er
or girl?

what is the diff! rain in ester.
i am here
bay bey by bey
baby!

bai be bai
bee
bee
be

a bee   eee  eee yea  aaa aa eh!
i want to take u
and i will
take you
piece par piece
peace by peace
assiette par assiette
fete par fete

where ever you
want to go   o oo oo wow wow oo ooo go

i do not
have a car

or a
merci  in the eye  dess
mersaidiss

but only
my heart aa aa.

that
will
take you.

where ever you get wana go oo ooo?

Atef Ayadi
Rap With Me: On The Lake

what is up

girl!

girl
g i r e l e l
el el
el el
el el el el!

the lake
is yours

and you still
looking for another lake.

shake your water
shake your lake

while my right

my right!
hand
in the water
Tasting
your deepest water

hot water
cold water
clean and dusty water!

baby!
in the water
bey
bay
bay-bay
baby

the other hand
is lost
lost
lost-lost and lost

in the lake.

in the lake
euh en
ennn!
euh,
oh!
ennn!

you follow me
baby!
to the lake
to your water er er rrrr.

rap with me!

meeeee e y i yeah!

hip with me now!

now!

or when ever you want.

hop now
hop
up
youp! youp!
up
U up ap.
to the sky

your hands
both u u u a up!

waving to me

and go o o o o ed!

hip hop!

wake up!

dress up!

you'r still
thinking

Go OOOO o ed!

not! Mee iiiiii

yeh! yeaaaaa!

Atf Ayadi
Rap With Me Too

first we
rap
girl!

then we hip
easy,

and then
-ask god to make it faster or easier to go high in the sky
i mean to the next level-
we go hard hop.

now,
shake it
bake it

some skill!
for you!
for me!

for you and me!

ah-he-he
heeehe
ye
ye!

shake it!
take it!
with
the rocking
roll! oo o o el.

now,

breath,
and look at
in the

ey  eye  ail! eiii ze!

in the

ey  eye  ail! eiii ze!

repeat that with me
how
yo!
or I will break your breathing highway I-57 neck.

in the

ey  eye  ail! eiii ze!
whiskey!

Atef Ayadi
Do you need fantasy books to fire your guns and artillery

chico male citizen?

Do you need more hot tubs for fun, chico girls and who is passed that, or girls who want to show what they have to show to the show biz?

warm up your hot spicy tub,

i will finish this radio show biz and come over to tub you, grind up your spices, and bite and cut your chicken hot wings.

Atef Ayadi
the mexicanus

stopped
finally

their
fourth of July
independence day.

honkings and thanks god
no fireworks

after two days

of

vivo maxico.
Necesitamos el lechón.
Necesitamos más burritos y tequila.
y menos nuevos mexicanos del extranjero.

they came back
to work.

Atef Ayadi
Obama promised to cut the crimes in the south side and south west to fifty percent in ten years.

good news cabs, more maria juana is coming from Afghanistan.

the Iraqi good stuff is still in fallouja. the soldiers who want to stay by their own will need more beer and mariana.

so sorry! again lakeshore whiteese, white your teeth with ease, the fordeese, the cabs, the brideeese, O'brieneese, and Mccaineese

for the shortage.

Atef Ayadi
Hello America!

God Bless Me.

Hello single mother,

how many jobs
do you currently have?
five!

hola Americas
How much a dozen of cactus?
¿Cuánto una docena de cacto?

it is winter!
sorry for the question!
but,
you gays, I mean guys, do you still have cactus?
right?

¿usted los gays todavía tiene cacto? ¿la derecha?

hello,

Russians,
Red Bears,

how is the cold
war now?
do you gays sorry again guys, do have special vodka L.S.D
back home or here?
dada!

i got sha!

Atef Ayadi
Look man!

man you are with us
or against us

the Line is clear.

are you corporate?
shamwow, when you sham you wow?

at least
colbert is in the colbert report
-he dreams of being there since he was a kid.
he liked and still like to be politician but his dad told him
you are funny son!
as colbert tried to copy the president Kennedy
before he got shot:
'we are going to the moon! '
'we are going to the moon! '
'not because it is easy, but because'
and he got stuck at the because, cause of cause and
effect lemma and dilemma.

but jon!
you are not that guy
who flips and flaps.

are you?

go to canada man!
they have polar bear. is that what you want?

get some weeds
from Afghanistan.

go to china
and for a comedy central tour
may be
you can french-size it
with some teriyaki.

Atef Ayadi
Rap With Me

A dude
corrected me
in one french written poem.
-he is or was an instructor and poet. i do not
whether he was and is a poet instructor, just an instructor,
free lancer poet with instructions, or a poor poet architect
who failed to have a decent job within a big corporate.-

of course!
i am going to make
mistakes in french.

Are you killing me?

look at the 'Micheal Jacksoneese,
the smitheese,
the Jordoneese,
the Winfieldeese,

they create a new language
out of what this dude call mistakes

what izup?
means
hands up and zipped ho, yo
give something
shake you money
shake me something ho,

ho
ho.

that is incredible beautiful distorted
visual art
surrealistic
music
from the south.

do you feel the pain now?
dude?

do you hip now?
do you hop me now?

instructor!

-ho? -

Atef Ayadi
The french! ...?

hates the American
-excuse my french language! -

the Americans!
-melting pot, the pot is still a white pot-
-claim
the french are nasty (not Nazis, not Nancy regan, not nancy pelosi. they mean dirty and fancy, too much expensive for their little decorated plate)

dirty: do not take a shower regularly.
-well, americans think that everybody can pay for his water bills,
you can not change that claim-

fancy: quality and lowest price.
-have you ever heard: show me your portfolio artist! with a free smile?
-have you ever see a girl stripping off for free? here, they do that for thirty days trial period and then you are in for ever.-

the only exception of this french-american mutual hate -hate not Fund? -
is when and american man's eyes catch a french chick.
-if it is not for the white man,
she will soon between the Jacksonese or The Jordaneese hands

Atef Ayadi
Mexico Stop: 350

Burger King,
Macdonald,
Taco Hell,
Pizza Hot,
Red Lobster,
Noodles, and
KFC

Ahora están empleando.
ellos que exportan a mexicanos a China, La India, Kuwait, Dubay, y suadia de
Arabia,
-Isreal does not have enough space, sorry! -

Dunkin' Donuts
alquileres solamente
Indios
- no estoy seguro
si contratan a pakistaníes también. -

Atef Ayadi
Mexico Stop: 150

highway I-5
15, and
25,
take to the north.

I-10 cuts them all and possible takes to I-55.

No vaya a Canadá,
juegan solamente a hockey.
Micheal Jordon no es de Canadá.

Atef Ayadi
Mexico Stop: 102

I live at the intersection
of two big avenues.

now, beside the landscape of this new world,

there are a hell of
polish,
czech,
and other unrecognizable minorities.
they came after the wall and electrical fences fell down between
the west!
of Europe and the "new European mexicano"
-the rest!
of the European unrecognizable world.-

and also
mexicans,
aztac -not high Tech, that is Indian, -

Colombians,
-some still call them: the uncrackable crack people, they sweep in out and off
without warning.-
but most of them
are the new 'Che' generation
-trabajo para usted barato así que usted puede divertirse con marijuana.-

Atef Ayadi
Hola!
Jesús?
usted cruzó la frontera?

Your father is sick
And Isabella,
Your true love is sick too.

Intenta traer detrás un poco de dinero.

Atef Ayadi
Bartender: The Hot Cold Girl Teacher

look!
When you move
from job
to another
job, leave what belongs to Vegas
In Vegas.

This girl -she still thinks she is 'a girl' or 'the girl.'- is doing the opposite.
The way she articulates in her lecture
is pure bar tendering.

Can you imagine
or at least picture her in Vegas or wherever she may be
or being a bee wherever she flies?

Now, the bad news is,

she wonders why her college students are not enjoying the party
-in the classroom, and whenever they are around her-

I am optimistic about her
and the level of math Niagara or Viagra fall level in the country
But -this is not an objection; this is an abstract, -

please,
do not ask me about the good news.

Atef Ayadi
"If you are hot, I pay.
If you are cold, you pay."

She said:
I am colder than the sun.
And warmer than the moon.

"Well, it is 6:37PM.
The sun is setting, and the moon is rising incomplete."

Atef Ayadi
At The Edge Of All Extremes

if i lost my mind
-i mean, having an alzheimer's disease-

what words, thoughts and feelings i would have;
for myself and
for others?
what form of life I will be?

if i have
everything,

like being alone on the moon.
how i would feel and think
about
Eileen?

if i am dead;
what is the last thread that has my name or
the sound of my actions?
what part of me will survive
all ironies?

if i have
a beautiful idea,
and there are no one left
to share it with or to use it for his, her, and their welfare;
how i will deal with the loss?

i feel
everyone
in details
-i means in details-
but no one feels me back the way I feel them;
how a crowded street
will look like?

Atef Ayadi
Chiken Eggs

some stores
sell a pack of twelve eggs for 99 cents,
other more than two dollars.
so i have to go a mile to get something decent.

i am not looking for
high quality
fish eggs,
crocodile eggs,
dinosaur eggs
cow eggs, or
woman eggs.

i need some eggs for my breakfast, launch, and dinner.

i have all the cooking
treasure to deal with a simple decent eggs.

Atef Ayadi
Super Charged

use all your senses

-may be this is the first time i guide you through it-

now cross hell.

walk with your skin
your ear,
your bed feelings,
your greatest joyful moment of your past life.

try to see, everything around.
hear everything around,
feel the sinful creature around you weeping without tears.

now, i want you to remember god
the term,
the word, or
the idea.

try to argue
talk with what is left from your tongue.
say something as if your mouth is still there.

try to be polite like always-i mean shy or less in control-
or say anything you want,
after all
you are in hell,
with hell boys,
and hell girls
speaking hell words.

try to be persuasive to god
-he has more power to shut you up, he has zillions of reasons to do so-

just be in control at least of your
structured believes
and thoughts -if you do not have, which is not true.-
try to see yourself as god and make your case.

now,
i am super charged
for the same reasons.

i played god,
eileen was crossing hell,
i ignored her for whatever reasons.

do i have a slim chance to be forgiven
for being super charged?

Atef Ayadi
Questions For Myself

my daddy never answered my question, 
or if I put it this way: 
I was afraid of him, I was a boy until my twenty five. I could not ask.

I do not have a boy 
or a daughter or 
a pet to ask me.

so I kept all the questions for myself and 
all the answers;

except few 
are my troubles. 
It takes time to get across the right question 
before looking for a possible beautiful answer.

Atef Ayadi
La Femme Qui Dort Peu

Il est claire
Qu'Elle est fatigué.

Son visage est dormant,
Son sourire est dormant,
Ses mains sont dormantes,
et ses seins sont aussi dormantes.

Il est claire
Qu'Elle n'a pas eu de temps pour rêver.

Atef Ayadi
Du Vin

Je bois
du vin

rouge
qui bouge
or

sparking wine.

there is no bed wine
great wine

or
Du vin d'excellence.

Ça n’existe pas!

Le moment,
L'amour,
la table,
le paysage,
et la curiosité envers l'autrui
définissent et forment

Le vin par excellence.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Chess Board

You are the queen
only on the chess board.

The king is the king,
you can not change that in chess game.

Everything must be done
to save his damn '....' kingdom and court,
Sacrificing the queen -Anne Boleyn-
or exchanging her for lowest price
is always an option.
That is the chess game.

Now,
do you still like to be
a queen

or play
like a king?

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Odds

lets switch!

i like to be you.

at the peak of being you,

you can jump and take over me
cause i still can not trust you for such skill.

I do not have fear

concerns, or

guilt.

i can do that.
i feel you, so i can be you
in parts
or
exactly you.

now,
can
you
be
me

or would you prefer

a race or a take over war?

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Disarm Yourself

Take off all your army artillery

-Your cold war tech, IT, Spy agencies, Satellite dream Networking, your little Nukes, and automatic fire arm guns.-

put them away.

i did not come for a war.

or from a war zone.

i am safe,

but

i can make by myself a new third, fourth, and twenty five thousands war from now,

and do not ask me about the details.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Only You, As If I Do Not Exit

I want
to see

that eve

without mythology
without high voltage
without tensions

without the need for a
resumé
and

"I can do that" B complex.

I want to see
only magnetism,

as if you are my
planet's
magnetic
shield.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Details

Ah!

eve,

you thrown
all your life

on me

with all the details.

should I
catch
you,
your life,
or take care only of the details.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Way You Walk

The way you walk

eve!

is a theory,

a few written dots

with handful words

lost in the desert.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Migic

Can you be
a simple
unknown?

can you walk simply
like an unknown?

can you speak simply
as simple as an unknown?

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Words For Words' Seeker

dear are beautiful words
for your
morning,
afternoon,
and maybe enough for tomorrow,
clean
lounge
with
rose's petals
laying on bed
and on the floor:

Eternally Yours,
Intrigue,
Love Knot,
Empereur du Maroc,
Etoile de Hollande, and
Never Forgotten.

here is
a House Sparrow female bird
bringing you fresh
prairie cherries.

here is a blue
egg

for curiosity.

here is dew
and a fountain
of mountain
fresh water.
she said she is a Czech
i do not know where Czech Republic is and how it looks like.

i told her
i will check
write a check
check an go
or check and go later.

it turned out
she has french grandmother - who still live in France, she does not know when she will die, but she is sure she will get the apartment whenever god scratch his chin and decide to take the lonely grandmother-

she works sixteen hours a day, friday, saturday, and sunday in a Czech Republic sport bar
-it is decorated to house only people who watch sport on dishnet tube tv-
she is in school,
she love languages and she wants to be recognized for her skills - she has no work permit, no papers, no man, and no time for herself-

I told her why you need papers you have a job.

i have papers,
i am american,

but sorry!

no job
yet
in the sky.
niente
no, che cosa cosí mai!

non, absolument pas!
Jamais promis!

pas de bouleau!

Atef Ayadi
Une Trajectoire

j'ai vue

un bateau
à voiles

j'ai beaucoup de raisons
de se concentrer
sur ce bateau particulier.

il est de dimensions moyennes,

un bateau parfait

pour moi et ma belle eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Ma Femme

Le vin

et
la bouffe

ne sont pas

seulement ce que j'ai besoin.

j'ai besoin

d'un femme

durable

et dure,

comme

la femme Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Un Chien Sauvage

Es-ce-que
tu peux
choisir

un chien?

ton future chien?

Un chien
du ciel
ou un chien de cette planète terre?

La vérité,

je suis

un chien
pas comme les autre
ou
comme n'importe.

la différence,
je suis
un chien
fils
d'un méchant loup.

ma mère

est une nature.

Atef Ayadi
The Man Who Talks Too Much: At The End

at the end

i will end up

like anyone.

Atef Ayadi
The Man Who Talks Too Much: The Bottom Line

why some one is talking?
or

discharging?
or naturally charging?

where he is aiming the staff at?

i felt
and experienced

others
charging
left and right.

it simpler
to admit,
or
to speculate.

Atef Ayadi
The Man Who Talks Too Much: The Opening

i am that person.

i have no clue
when it started

as a habit

is really good
or too much
to be a too much of a talker?

Atef Ayadi
Why I Write For Eileen

she is my sister.

she is my mom.

she is a girl i saw
and i forget with a little guilt.

she is crazy and i am too- i love crasiness-
may be more than anyone imagine.

she is dull sometime,

that is what i need most of the time.

she is a female

i am a slack.

she has the staff
for life,

i am like any extremist

i have the staff for after life
-i mean i resurrect myself every minute if i do not see eileen-

Atef Ayadi
I Started...The Endings Are Or Will Be Anythings

I write

for one reason:

to maximize my chances for survival.

if I can do it differently
I would not add a word on top of what I wrote.

if I am
given
the option

to look at Eileen
or to write.

hey!

I will choose the first option.

It is free;
not that free!

but I have the chance

to create my home fences

with the blue of Eileen eyes.
it is like owning a lake, or an ocean;
and
I like to look at a lake thinking
it is an ocean.

I like to feel water,
the rain,
the dew, and the fog.
I like the
snow as an option.
If you add the human elements or Eileen elements.

that is the perfect opium I need to explore and win over the hardship of life.

Atef Ayadi
i write,  
i do not deal with copy rights 

-i know well my rights;  
i know well my damn space- 

i write to trigger  
someone's senses; 

one at the time,  
all at once, 

or  
it is up to you to use  
fairly your senses.  
it is up to you to  
manage  
fairly your responses. 

I write  

because  
i do not have other things to do. 

i write like a kid.  
i write the way i eat,  
walk,  
and I do not see anyone is stopping me  
from  
eating  
or walking  
unless 

it is an urgent matter  
or i let him invade my space  
-it is rare even in my dreams.- 

language is
basically how i feel about you
him,
her,
her or his dog,
her or his cat,
anybody, and anything.

i can kill or create a word
depends on my needs.

sometimes,

i do not need
anything.

i want to forget myself and be in the mind of someone else.
or be something:
a tree, a stone,
a lake,
a bird, ..., anything

i do not need a language to be completely silent.

i do not need a language to take a deep breath
and get to the rescue.

i like to creat from a language
a brutal noise, completely mute silence, or in between
a language like a silent snow or a brutal fire,
or rainy language.

Atef Ayadi
I Have A Enough Poem's Reserve. Is It Enough?

should i write
more,
simpler,

or should i
just
calm down?

writing is my land escape

my visual art corner
my music

all my fantasies
all my explored and unexplored dramas.

should i keep
writing until
i will be empty
and de-hydrated.

or may be by writting
i will find my way.

who knows,
i keep trying until

something will come up

by surprise.

and like surprises
and adventures

i like the unknown

the impossible
so i write for that.

for that unknown.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Bordom

do you have
something to say?

something
to brake my ice or
the world ice
cream

or you ice.

just something
to help me out
help you out
get out of the routine.

though something
on me
toward the sky
a pillow
a glass
a word
a god jesus thing.

something
to help
circulate the blood
around my neck,
around your lips,
and your cheeks,
and your chin.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Game

give a word,

i will make a fantasy out of it
or just give
a glance

i will tell you what is in your heart
or what is in your mind.

give me something
i can think
or feel
i can touch

because
that is my
fantasy

give me a feeling
and hide it
or do a natural
camouflage;

i will try to get into it.

give me

or i will

give you
everything

all at once
poor it down

like a brute force.
To Eve: The Poem That Looks Like A Fantasy

I READ YOUR POEM,
THE DOG POEM.

I HAVE A BELIEF THAT

IF A WOMAN TALK ABOUT A DOG,
IN HER LIFE,
IT IS A Miserable BEAUTIFUL LIFE
SHE WANT TO DESCRIBE,

MAY BE SOMEONE CAN CATCH HER SIGNALS;

A DOG!

IT IS A WAY TO STAY A LIFE,
AWAY OF LIFE AT THE EDGE OF THE COMFORT ZONE.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Lets Walk

Lets go for a walk,
Eve,
Walking is a silent talk,
A way of whispering from the sky to the ground.

Lets have a walk,
walking is like
dreaming with your own choice
and I like to know how you are dreaming.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: A Red Rose Proposal

if you prefer
something else
other than
a rose,

a red rose,
or a handful pack of orange roses
what would be?

because
i am sure after holding yourself
around the roses, you will
feel like one.

after that feeling
of mother natural foreplay,

you settle and breath my nectar
my buds
my skin

you touch my thorns
and horns

you
want more
time to explore all i have.

how much time?

if i adopt you
you adopt me
like a pet
a body guard
a coast guard
a grave yard landscaper,

or simply a boss
or simply you are my boss

what is the differences
do you know exactly what you want
so i make myself ready for such adoption
or being abducted will be fine?

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: After All

Everyone has something to do
beside
making
love,
feeling being loved
and connected in one way or another.

Everyone!

So tell me lady,
what is your vocation?
what stuff you have and you are hiding?
what stuff you have forgotten, and still
wights on your shoulder?
what secret's 'no secret up front' you are fabricating,
lubricating, knitting, and cleaning from the rust?

what voodoo practice,
yoga, or karma discipline of these days you are exhibiting?

what is your nature's instinct?
what is deep below your dress and clogging your veins
what is your dilemmas?
what is your fear and what tears you into pieces?

what is your matter?
what is you substances?
what is your actual location -cause, i am sure you are day dreaming yet,
fantasize ahead of time -

where are you in the time line,
do you still live in the past?
are you in the present
or in the furure

if i can get hold of you
how much of you can I grasp, take, loot, and run away?

how much of you is still left?
how much is left for you?
how much is left for me?

independly

how much of you is available for both of us?
how much of you is left for the whole world?

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: I Have A Dream

i have a dream
to arouse
any eves
and all eves of this beautiful planet;
one by one
or separately,
in her little
temple
or red
mill
house.

Wherever
she is may be.

the how

is my discipline.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Whatever

i will adjust!

just

show me you how
you
look at me

from
'hey i have 'one' in my life and i am not free as you think; '
'i am fine' type of look

to
'you are, and not the one i looking for, i am not sure, let me go through my memories and archives, so i can clearly see you and see my options.'
type of look.

i can see all the spectrum.

my bet

is:

are you clear,
responsible,
sensitive
light enough
to handle my fire and my winds?

because if you do not see it
do not look at me.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Smile

I always like
an eve with a smile.

who does not?

A smile is life within.

I always like to see

all eves walking with
a natural smile.

not because
they are eve

or i am looking afterward
for a breed
of woman with a particular
type of smile.

not at all!

a smile

is everything;

because
without it,
a face is like an ocean
without waves or tides.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Journey Begin

lets fix our
staff
first

and party
the rest of our life.

there will be enough
time.

enough fun.

a lot of fun.
just feel free to creative
team work
connected
and clear about what type of life
your life
you show
your little
youtube.

just play like kid
and play life with me.

otherwise
everything will be a waste,
a miserable time.

and i have no desire

to start
such
fake unprofessional kid game.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Little Insecurity.

Do you think
i need you
to feel
secure?

Do you think
if I see you doing the woman
little insecure
secure
stuff

I will vibrate?

No!
like a red STOP sign

Do you think
I am programmed
to have you, save you, take care of you, and
impress you like all love's stories?

Do you think
if someone take a picture of us
together
it will look we are together
funny looking, or
"Sad-Said" or 'Said-Sad" looking?

Do you think
I am looking
for an eve
too
taxi,
too bus,
a land-rover,
a bulldozer,
a 'mitchi bushy' Japenese Ferrari type of eve?

No!
No way!
And no way to take that way!

I am not a crack dealer
-sorry crack dealer, I do not mean that type of crack,
but still, you get to do what you get to do, and i got to do what i need to do and
that is the difference between us without low self-esteem! -

I want an eve
so
natural
like

eileen.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Fair Enough

there are moment
when
i am bull.

if i catch you;
cease you,
from your neck back
you
will be mine.

no matter what!

what ever
your face
your level
of maturity or
security, or
your level of femininity,

i will grasp
you
from
the neck.

i will bite from there,
hung in there until you give up.
i will not leave you
until you ask
to breath
my skin

mixed with your natural air.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: The Song

you have never been allowed
to be outside the little 'woman' circle

for thousands of years.

now it time

to walk out,
explore that little circle
make it bigger,
or re-sized the way you want.
or simply create your own.

so woman
start your ritual,
by singing
or
dancing

with
your feminine voice
or mimicking my masculine voice.

just get out of that
old cold freezing
circle
and be a hunter.

i have been dreaming
of a woman
who dares to leave her native inner circle,
and aims to hunt me down.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: If You Think You Are Eve

Are you sure
you playing eve

and you do not know
the type,
the brand, or
the band
of eve you are?

Did somebody
tell you
who you are really?
what type of woman you
are?

Did someone
smell anything,
good,
suspicious,
dramatic,
aesthetic,
fancy,
antic,
boutique,

anything a man can sniff out.

after a deep dog
sniffing
from far or
from distance?

cause,
it matters.

it matter at least to me.

it is important to know,
identify,
feel,
see,
hear,

everything?

because,
for me,
Eve
is an empire to build and protect; and
feel each tree, herb, bird, brick, stone, and each grain of sand.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: The Decipline

I hoped and still hope
that you are
a kind of
boxer,
a tchee something
taekwondo, karate
marshal
artist.

I hoped
that you pinched me
in the face to wake up,
or my face
pinched
your little fragile hands.
so we can both be in the present time,
no past and no planning for the future.

I hopped
we both brook
our ice
bergs and melted it in
a tequila cocktail.

I hoped
you burned me,
I burned you-the ice is only to cool us down.

I will only keep
a little ice
on your ice
berg,

enough
to keep your ice as well as your berg
a life...and fresh.

do not worry
about my ice
my berg
my weather patterns
my global warming
or even my
home land security.

do not worry about that.
because,
myself I do not.

I just worry
about
your temperature,
your little fevers, and
your "cool"
ling
Chinese system;

that is all!

your ice
is in peril.

Sorry!
to tell you this.

your ice
is at its melting point.

it may lead to a disaster
if I do not do anything.

And sorry again,
it is good to leave nature take
its course and adapt to changes and this is my attitude and
quite my discipline.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: I Love You Until The Fall

the fall is coming,
and the winter after,
will bring the chill soon.
i am prepared with all
my staff: soul, food, shelter, feelings.
i packed my self and all my staff together.

are you?
do you have some icy feelings

left from this last summer?
do you have some hot spots?

for the next winter?

are you always alone?

no matter
what?

my winter
is also no matter
what.

my summer
is your ice.

my fall

is a fall
falling
without a season

no matter what.

Atef Ayadi
sometime
i want to send a word,
a group of words
like a group of woman to smooth, lean up
cure and possibly make me a way to you.

no matter
how
i tried,

words are meant
to be
writing.

what spoken are flying pigeon word,
what you want is
another
world

i see only of words.

so,
tell me what is really your word
or your worlds?

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: The Last Rational

cut sharp and clean between what I thought RATIONAL

and what I thought about eileen.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: The Lips And The Smile I Am Looking For

her is a deal,

my possible

fate -my darleen, -

it does
not need a prophecy or
woman's voodoo
to "counter band" it,
to high
jack it

off
out
up
and down,

to appreciate,
to love,

or to dream it fully and through.

Do you want an

another word?

another planet?

another set of people-sorry people, I am talking only and solely to my 'lady', the one I created and created me-
another land escape?

Do you want me without all what I listed, with what is lasted in me, what I lost, and my stirred lust with your fantasy?

Do you want yourself, found in me or just a pure self in you?
what do you simply want?

a unity,
a wholeness,
a mirror,
a shelter,
or a simple unknown fantasy?

Do you like to be me,
taking over me,
feeling me,
feeling yourself,

or simply
you want the presence
of forgotten things;

because,
I tried to be you

and each time
I miss the facts that
a woman is always

a mysterious world of
fantasy.

.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: Time Does Not Mater

I know
what time means to you.

You are a woman, you were taught
time is your worse enemy.

I did not
respond to you neither on time nor on your time.

You tried hard with all your seductive methods
still
you failed.

I did
not
respond.

simply,
time is not my enemy,
and what I am looking for is an eternal smile.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: Plasma Tv Reality

why we need plasma tv?

for what?

you are my plasma 342’ screen wide. are you?
can you be with all the options and high resolution?
or do you prefer to be hologram? or

a twilight creature crossing a twilight zone

with an alien fantasy and zies?

why do we need a tv anyway if you have me and i have you;

and with your little

inner and outer circles and my little
'circles'

we can make more
tv
shows
privately

and
may be

a big party for the planet?

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: The Rest Of Story

I am a kind of folk...
who is attracted to magnetic creatures,
and avoid the electric charged creatures
-I mean the 120 to 12000 volts type of people.-

Do you see the picture?
or
still
you are not in the right or left mood?
or you are just highly charged?

Is there Any concern?

While I live in the present,
You live in the far past
-"Is" is was and "Are" is were, this is has been your choice, I can not change that.-

While you are always debating
about the chicago spices
or chico spices
hesus,
jesus,
Korean,
malisian,
californian, native, Hawaiian, and the damn cold north spices.

. 

sub
after sub
subberb
after
subberben.
this let me
feel,

where you grew up,
how you grew up,
and

where the hell you come from?

I start to feel
your past
your
"environmental issues"
"woman" issues
your "chico american, irish, spanish
fantasm" issues
and how all of this
start to
exist.
and how you get stuck in the past.

so what?
it happens and still happens and will happen in good families.

so what?

you are
lost in the past as usual.

the past is part of your clothes and skin.

you saw me
and
you were burned by sun's salt.

was it my mistake?
yes!
a part of it or all of it!
what is the difference?

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: The Last Minutes

You did not stop walking.

I did.

I always stop everything at each encounter, because it is a magical thrill to see the sun crossing a rainbow.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: How Relient I Am

i wont
give up!

it is on my flag
and flags

i signed it,
i put my name or signature,

and the staff on it
that summarize
moral-ized
my dreams and
my anxious concerns.

Atef Ayadi
To Eve: Manners

lets have
a day
or two
to see where it goes.

until now
all what i see
is a woman without surprises;
may be you like to keep your surprises
for the future, or
may be it is a part of a big surprise.

two days are enough for me
to turn your surprises on an off.

turning them on
is not my surprise.

turn them off will be a two days drill.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: The Three Sides Of A Coin

Here is
What I though about you
you
when
I jumped over.

go
wherever you like.
go to your bleached 'Irish-rich-lionel Ritchy- beach
as you want!
go and come back
Whenever you please,
-I know, it is woman thing to feel wanted, hunted, nailed down, and have more
eyes falling on you-
you beach is still mine and
your far away clouds will end by raining on my skin.

Atef Ayadi
To Eileen: The First Minutes

I WAS
A HERO

OR a
another
type?

of hero?

i jumped on
you

lady!
like
a
fake
lion.

or a lion with
oppressed
burdened
african
memories.

i was

walking,
crumbling
exhausted
tired

dry skin
man.
i saw you,
and i saw a first form of life,
a start point,
a picture,
and clustered memories
what i retained now is
your welcoming and wondered eyes' smile
, you! , hell you! hell boy!
what is up! i am here!
can you talk business.
sorry!
i was
blink, blank, drunk, a virgin blank CD, and white blank papers
ruined the rain.

Atef Ayadi
To A Woman I Met

I jumped on you,
like a wild beast,
hungry for love.

you were silent,
a silence of chock and disbelief.

This how we met.
you looked at me and talked
the way the West talks to the East.

Atef Ayadi
Depth: Simplicity

Say
Whatever!
You
Want as you please
or wont;
I will see and feel everything,
As if
It's my own life
lived in one hour and stretched in one day.

Atef Ayadi
I used to hate rain.

it is cold.

my memories are filled with cold,

pictures of wearing rugs, plastic shoes, eating low calories food, talking to pale faces.

now,

the rain

as well as the cold

wash out the dead skin and restore my memories.

Atef Ayadi
From Distance: The Fakeness

When i
LIE

MAN!

I FEEL
I AM SO FAKE!

SO ARTIFICAL!

SOUNDLESS!

I do not like to follow my lie and cover it up
make my life looks complicated like a lie.

Atef Ayadi
From Distance: The Luck

my problem
with
luck
is that
i do not know
what to
do with it if i have it.

Atef Ayadi
From Distance: The Pain

a black electric wire for neutral
the white is for hot

i adjusted

the voltage to 99 volts

then i touched
the white

and i thought about a word to describe it.

it is 99 volt
fast and vibrating word.

i added more voltage
to memorize

more words,
more feeling's words,
more picture's words,
more sound's words,
of the pain;

cause
pain
is
only memories.

Atef Ayadi
A Child Is Born: In Theory

Life can grow
and flourish

in the harshest
conditions.

a child is the same;

a child is a child,

love
is
a fire in wilderness.

Atef Ayadi
A Child Is Born: From Close

if I am a child
and I want to tell my parents
-do not argue about the term parents and how to be one-
how I need them
or what makes a bond
a bond:

I would
say
feed me,
clean me,

leave me where I made a mistake
or let me to do all the mistakes of this universe.

it is my business to make mistakes
I will learn the "get over it"
the "let it go"
the "do it until you fail, then you fail,
then you get frustrated, then you fix it or you fail again."
if I am lost,
it is ok!

but i do not like to be
lost because you are lost and
pay for your losses and failures.

get over it!

Atef Ayadi
A Child Is Born: From Far

there was a TV commercial
about saving a child
from a miserable deadly fate.

as soon as the commercial popped up,

I asked my roommate:

why you do not help
with a dollar or two to save
that child?
look at her,
she is a beautiful child!
- there is no ugliness in a child, just look close. The ugly part is when one remembers oneself as one looks at a child.

My roommate
became angry and agitated
when he saw an African, Latino, or Asian starving child

he always say:

"let them die
you can not help them,
just wait, they will grow up and
will kill each other anyway.
let them die,

it is a waste."

Atef Ayadi
A Child Is Born: Zero Ground

some like to help out children in different ways,

others want to revive their memories of their childhood.

some want to have a child;

just one! and that is it.

others do everything to save a child from his or her misery.

some want to have a collection

or being famous for their new collections of children from around the world.

others want to teach children or teach about childhood development, second by second neuron by neuron, until the child frontal lobe will develop and explode

and ask: leave me alone!

is it really miserable to instruct a child to do what one had done.

is hypocritical to program a child like a robot
and try all the subroutines
and scopes
to succeed in following instructions
and codes
of a miserable programmer
or a miserable growing adult child?

is it?

on top of that
they label that child
with

math labels
musical labels
literature labels
religious labels
race labels

for what?

to do what?

to produce what?

to be an organic vegetable, a
consumable product in one’s kitchen because one can afford it

what is if you can not?

Atef Ayadi
From Distance: The Moon

I am not looking for words
to talk on my behalf;

instead,
I choose silence.

If I can express my silence in words
I would stop at this line.

Silence
is a remedy
for ill words
until
words become a sea of silence
and the sea waves migrate to the surface
of the moon.

Atef Ayadi
From Distance: My Second Jump

my first jump
was like jumping on the sand,

it was soft,
no harm,
or minor scratches,
but i laughed at myself
like a kid.

i could not cry,
cause
it was not in my nature
as a kid growing man.

my second jump
was my first cry.

Atef Ayadi
From Distance: My First Jump

it is good
to jump
from time
to time.

- I see life in crossing the threshold
  of emptiness
  toward the unknown.-

so, I jumped.

It was my first jump.

I was empty.
Your were the unknown.

Atef Ayadi
From Distance

From distance,
You look
Badly taken:

-Ugliness is the beauty
when it is taken
or left to distance, time have not
change it since the ancient time -

From close,
I see closely your beauty
And truthful face.

I am beautifully rigid
From distance

And ugly
As you are
Approaching me.

Now,
What is my options?
What is your options?

Should I neutralize you
First?

Should you neutralize me
First?

Or should I leave it to the distance

Or is there a minimum distance
Between
Your skin
And
My breath?
Atef Ayadi
Chatting: Recursive Thoughts

leave hope

for

whom

hopes

are

god made

stuff.

There is no hope

in the language

of the universe.

Not at all!

There is something called effective and efficient action

between inertia and Dégénérescence.

So, leave hopes for politicians,
and tell me what is your deepest thoughts?

Atef Ayadi
Simply Curious

I try to get to see or think and assimilate an idea a language that looks now magic now

but will be a commodity, an antique artwork, or trash in the next five centuries or so.

Atef Ayadi
Blue Monster

The blue monster
Is always facing your face.
In your back
When you look back.
On top
When you are on top of your head.
Under your feet
When you step on your own feet.

The blue monster
Is blue
When you think
And dark
When you start to feel.

The blue monster
Has no shapes, smell, or
Voice, or makes sounds and vibrates at all.

The blue monster
Tries
And keeps
Trying
To get into you and fight the giant
Within you.

Atef Ayadi
Yellow Monster

The yellow monster

You ignore it,
It will catch you.
You fear it,
It fears you.
You stop,
It stops.

The yellow monster
Is not colored with yellow.
It is colorless,
But has your smell
That is way it follows you.

The yellow monster
Do the same thing you do,
Except
It does not remember what it does
And it does not remembers you.
But it follows your smell
And keeps following you.

Atef Ayadi
Maroon Monster

You do not need to have
Simple partial seizures to see it or to feel its presence.
When it comes and cease you,
it will ask you to not be afraid,
to stop thinking about your breathing.
Stop the fear,
See it as
a stone
or a handful piece of metal,
put it anywhere inside the monster.
then
explore the sound as it turns into colors,
colors turns into fumes,
fumes fall off like shredded glasses and rises to form words of cloud.

Atef Ayadi
Hologram

I created a hologram in my mind.
A beautiful wise guide with whom I can talk and ask for help.

My hologram
Talks when I talk with feelings
Not
with
Abstract,
Not with pictures, and
Not with generalities.

When
She talks
She does not answer my questions
but asks
but also she never
Suggest or debate.

What
Always true,
She talks when
I have to feel simple and
Sensual.

Atef Ayadi
A 13 Years Old Poem

your poem is building a future for itself.
should you be there to celebrate
the future,

your poem future,

or other people's poems future,
is not up to me
or up
to you;

because it
is simply
a future poem.
let it grow and be
the future.

so,
do not stop.

with you or without
you,
your poem can still
flourish and grow.

Atef Ayadi
Mademoiselle Venice

oh!
Venice

your water
is
cozy
and
sensual.

your skin and walls
are almost the same.

I am a half Roman,
half
Phoenician,
and the other half
is made from your
A
hot
Mediterranean

hot
salty
paper
sauce

skin.

Atef Ayadi
Glow And Sun Chine

i want you to say 'let the love's glory glow!'
with your voice
alone
or in public.

say:
lets make
more glow
and glories

cause, time without you saying it
is a glue
and does not glow
and neither grow
glories
nor makes the sun chine.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Here Now

some
irritates me
each time they meet with me.

ey they talk
about any thing
start
from nothing

then ends up
in the middle east.

guys!

i am not
i am not a middle eastern

i do not show up
in the eastern

and i do not care.

i am affrican
and
women!

'picture that'

but also i am
a piece of every things else

my noose is europen
but not from
the Caucasian mountains
my drinking
habits are irish.

my writting
style
is
pure renaissance- reconnaissance.

my body

is damn hot.

are you guys
afraid to take
away your
bland ladies

no!
now and ever

my woman is not bland

as a matter of fact
she has
black dark hear.

but i do not segregate,
I give equal opportunity
to any one.
or including blands and anything that moves
or breathes.

it is a free
country

And i am fully here

now.
Public Mozaic

i made
it
on my own.

the public
are public
on their own.

so, why you
seem
and always
seem to worry

about them?

the public
wants
victories;

cause
it is not common
to have it
and owned by their own.

so your smile
should
 sometime
be public

sometimes
your be on your own.

Atef Ayadi
I Have Nothing To Worry About

I have you.
I have myself.
my mind and heart
are wrapped around you and my skin.

I Have Nothing else
To worry about,

except a long absence of the sun.

Atef Ayadi
She Said I Want To Be Like That.

she pointed
to the hot star
on the tv star
icon channel.

and said:
'
i want to be hot
like that.'

i said:
'well,
the good news
you are hot
enough to be a hot red or blue young star.

be it,

feel that
star
do what she does
without
directions
or manuals

just
stand up
and be hot

like you always want to be
or dream to be.

if you can not do that
i will
and you can ask me
to be
or act
like
a hot bull star.'
light

Atef Ayadi
She Asked Me A Question

she said:

' I am hot? '

i said:

'you mean like a hot paper
red paper
green hot and skinny paper,

or

hot
like it is hot

it boils
and do not put your finger
you have to wait
or it will burn.

or hot
like
hot chocolate

hot late
hot like

the sun

or hot

as

i see you now

sweating.
and you need
my hands
to cool you down?'

Atef Ayadi
Am I Like Someone You Know?
	his is not
about degrees
and majors,

Associates
B.S, and
P.H.Dees

you are not hiring me
and i am not hiring you.

your not my
boss
and the one that could be,

and i am not your ex-boss.

i am may be more tougher
and laughter

dause,
your skills

does not
reflect who you are

under your natural skin.

so do not tell me
you look or
you remind me
someone i know.

dause,

here,

you do not
and really do not
need

to be specialized

and have a major,

a minor,

or a P.H.D degree.

i will give you

the degree

you ever wanted

the skin

you ever wanted;

i will give

a certified

smile and

a certified

skin;

just to confirm

that i am not

like

someone you you know

i am not that person you liked

or you still like.

may be i am

the first one who will

give you

your first certificate

of your first degree.

Atef Ayadi
You Are A Part Of It

do not deny
and cry
and make me
vulnerable
to feeling's wind

and chilly
chocolate
evil
thoughts.

do not
take me
by surprise

cause,
i am slow
when
passion is
my only skill.

do not!

just

hit me
on the face
or hit your
hand
with my face

until i will feel

your both hands.

do tell me
now

you want to do what you always want.

i did not
stop
you

or stopped my fate.

Atef Ayadi
The Blind Spot

take me,
i will be your blind spots,

I will be your skin
and all the
the beauty spots
laying and resting

on your face,
your chest,
neck,
and back skin.

i will
take off your breathing,
habits,
and crazy thoughts.

Atef Ayadi
It Was In 1999

It was in 1989
when i start to love
pour all the love

on lovers
who were looking at me.

nothing seems
strange

and will change
me;

whether you change
or look for and exit
or a change.

i will

make you

crazy
without a major
or minor
change.

so take your whiskey,

your wine

and spilled

on me.

Atef Ayadi
You Do Not Need A Lawyer

you do not need a lawyer
if you want to defend
a case
against me

or to defend yourself?

personally!
i will stand for myself.

i always do.
and will,

cause,

there is no better

and
beautiful way

to

stand up

open,
unshaken,
and

kiss without being kissed!
touch without being touched!

with a well postured confident smile
that does not need
to defend itself.

so,
whether you come
with a lawyer
a kiss,
or an unshaken smile,

I still can defend myself?

Atef Ayadi
She Asked

she asked
to never see her face again.

she did not say that.

there was no
best
or a worse scenario's
eye DROP.

she said
that,

as she looked at
me from one side.
up and down
WITHOUT TURNING THE HEAD.

Atef Ayadi
you and the summer

are the same with minor differences.

you make me crazy
and the summer
is warming up
at the same time.

you burn me
and the summer

steer the storms,

cool me off

and warm me at the same time.

Atef Ayadi
For Now

i know you
left
and gone
for now.

i know you
will not change your
mind
your heart,
your hands,
your
wide and wider eyes,
and your open chest
for me
for now.

but
lady
that is for now
pretty ladies
do the same
to me for
now
all the time
and i forget
for now

but they do not
neither forget

nor live for now.

so do what you want

now

or for now.

Atef Ayadi
She Is Antagonistic

Antagonistically

she asked
me:

'why you look at me? '

I know she is expressing
her interest
And
Antagonistically.

I said:
' you look like

Nelson Mandela
as he left the jail with victory.'

Atef Ayadi
That Evil Smile

Do you really

RODGÉR
me?

do you dig me?
or
Are digging
a hole
for me?

Evil creature!

I RODGER you

indeed!

Atef Ayadi
I Changed My Name

I changed my name.

I am a rock star

who wants to be a rock
and a star,

a great lover,
a great fashion designer,
love designer,

but

I felt no matter how many names I will have

you remain a rock

and my only

rocky star.

Atef Ayadi
If I Miss You

if i miss
you
and i do not
know what part of you
i missed

can i kiss you

on any random spot.

cause i missed

you

and i do not know

what i missed
in you.

Atef Ayadi
Mini Issues

There must be

a little

minor

mini

miniature

tatoo

in your skin

you want to get rid of

so

badly

so

I can

finally

use your skin

as a white

hostile canvas.

Atef Ayadi
Rule The World

rock my world

roll yours
with your tiny royal hands
and rule

the planet.

you are unstoppable,
invisible,
unreadable,
and uncharitable.

but give
me
one
word

before I vanish.

Atef Ayadi
She Lives In Fear

It is never too late
to get off from where you spotted your first fear.

It is never be too late
to start again and get away.

I had my first disastrous fear the first time I saw you.

there are always ways
to escape my fear mixed with your fear.

Atef Ayadi
She Looks For A Real State Piece Of Land

i am going to
look for a piece
of land,
a real estate
for you

and your luxurious
love.

i will bet you,
it will be my surprise
cause
you surprised me
with everything

i will find it
like
the way i found you.

like a luxurious real estate piece of land.

Atef Ayadi
Shelikes M N M's

Is it silly
to be with
a woman

who loves

m n m's

or I am too serious
about
her love.

Atef Ayadi
Your Three Doors Are Open

i dream
of the dream
what we have

when
you opened all your

home
to me.

you opened

all your
doors

except
three
doors

are left closed.

i am just curious

are you
a woman of open doors
or
your three doors

will remain
closed.

Atef Ayadi
Tomorrow Or Today

tomorrow

will be another
day.

i will make
sure
nothing
is left
for today.

i will make sure
I have
what i want
for today,
so,

tomorrow will be just a different day.

Atef Ayadi
Do Not Think Less

i am a kid,
i know
you will laugh if you play like me.

you will fight me
if we keep playing.

we will turn
the room over;

that is what kids do.

and I keep
chasing you
and splash you with

sweated cherry juice
and you

fight back

with

milk.

Atef Ayadi
You Get To Hear My Voice

you
get to her my voice

and see

if you can

a write a song.

i have heard
your voice

beautiful
angelical

and i am writing too
my song.

your voice
were like
the last winter
wind

then
the rain
of the last spring

then
the breeze
of a hot summer
that cool off

my hear
and my brain.
No One Gets To Know You

i feel
something
for you
everywhere.

no matter where,
i always
see you,

like no one else,

cause
you are not like
everyone

and i still feel
the same thing
everywhere

for you.

Atef Ayadi
The Whiskey Lady

are you drinking alone?

whiskey lady

are you from Alabama
sweet corn
cirny horny
honey bee
home
Alabama

or you are Sweat whiskey lady

without Alabama as a sweat as your whiskey little home?

Atef Ayadi
Say What You Need To Say

i see your eyes
are shaking
between being
wide open
and deadly closed to me.

say what you need to say
lady

cause you are free
from me

and this moment will not last.

say what you need to say
as your eyes start to
open
to me
and to the whole world.

say what you need to say
and I will close my eyes
once yours are open
and wants to say
what you want to say.

so
say what you want
to say
all the time
and
every time

your
eyes
are open for me
or open to love me
and the whole world.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: The Fun That Was Not Funny

I remember

she said

'COOL'

because

I was funny.

hey!
lady!

is cool
meant
'cool me down'
fool!
or fool me
down?

or
take me down
to the ground

and cool me down?

if this was

what you meant

i will
cool
and

if you are down
i will
come down
and cool
you
off
down and down.

is that what you wanted
and what you still want?

Atef Ayadi
Felings: The Speed

He said:

"You do not have the speed
of seduction
like me;
I am young
and that is all what I need."

I said:
"my matter
is really classified
and high
profile!"

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: What I Hate

what i hate
is something
like
this,

and
this
actually what i hate:

that!

someone!

he or she asks
me
to read one
or more of his

or her
poems.

wow!
cheap wow!

why i have to read
yours?

RODGER yours

check for
the poetic tone
in yours

cHECK
if it sounds something to me.

hey dude!
hey judy!
i do not read
or write

poems
i design them.

so that

poets
who wants to consume
or being consumed

will

have fun

and relax.

sorry!

i do not read!

and wont.

Atef Ayadi
Felings: The Bordom

every
ting
is fine,

really fine!

fine
indeed!

and sweet.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: The Rain

my
rain
does not
fall down from the clouds,
but
from
her wide open skin type of sky.

Atef Ayadi
Feeling: The Warmth Of Her Presence

ah!
my sun!

my lady!

give a blue shining sky

or
give me a better death

your cold welcome
is as deadly as a white death.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: The Moon

if i am the moon, 

and you!
lady, 
you are who you are, 

can you visit me?

or shall I wait for your tropical rain?

Atef Ayadi
Words To Two Women

look
ladies

you look walking
talking
together

but
you are not

at least when
i showed up.

it looks
that both

think
differently

about fighting
me
separately

or taking me
for both.

because
i like you really to be
together

not separately.

Atef Ayadi
Words I Must Say To A Woman

i may look

cozy

or stuff

but i am not

because

stuff

is not cozy

and your only
stuff.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: Fear And Guilt

An alarm clock,
a crying kid in the neighborhood
-sometimes one prompts the other,-
some lingering voices in one's head,

the day is sunny, and the sun is wrestling with one cloud.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: Sarcastic

I asked

my roommate:

why are you sarcastic?

He responded:
"it is weird,
I have two jobs,
two kids,
one girlfriend,

and it looks I do not make money at all."

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: To My Darleen

I hopped,
I
can

Sea - look at the sea, seaing (with an a) is not what you see! - Eileen

happy.

I mean,
sea her beautiful
face
as she is walking with an
open chest,
open smile,
and
open everything;

I mean,

not
everything!

Cause,
she knows

she may get
into trouble

and she knows
that enough well!

So, I
Hope,

and I will

hope

that she keeps
her natural
smile open.

being open
to the breeze or to
the wind

should not

change the nature of her smile.

Atef Ayadi
Joke: Advertisement

There is a girl who put an add on Craig's list:

I am a great

Craig's list guys are smart,

they sold her name and email to spam companies.

She got nothing but spams from all over the planet.

as a matter of fact Chineese only

sent her
three thousands
billions

emails.

Atef Ayadi
Joke: For The Smoker

if you do not stop

smoking

you will end up

smoking oxygen.

Atef Ayadi
Joke: The Monk

a monkey

prayed to god

to have

a female.

he did not
have a female monkey

for as long as he
remembers.

so god

understood
and
sent

him

a trans
monkey

and told him

i will watch your progress.

Atef Ayadi
Joke: A Mistress

the wife:

did you sleep
with someone else

the husband:

yeaaah es!

i slept
with

a bee that itchs like
you.

do you recognize
your bruises
on my skin?

Atef Ayadi
Hey kid!

when
you are going
to grow
up?

you,
little
two feet
tall
body!

Atef Ayadi
Joke: About Hoos

One ho
-Ho is not like hands up, HO or Hi I want you- met

with a gay
-i do not know how much of a guy is gay or if a gay is guy,
follow wall street-

he told
her that he has
three!

she said
I have two

but

I payed for them.

Atef Ayadi
Joke: The Extreme Laugh

make sure
your belt
is easy on you

or you are ease
on the belt
and you are
relaxed
as well as your shoes,

so you can easily release
yourself
from your belts
or your belt and your third shoe,

because
you want to laugh
to the extreme

eme that!
and if your belt is tight

you will throw up
and your as-sa, essa,
or your 'as' with a double s

unpredictably
can explode

and it is better

that you hold it

from doing that,

because

it will blow up high in longitude, altitude, volume
and in intensity

that

the planet will be affected
and infected,

and it is nasty
to keep
the cloud

the nasty clouds
your nasty clouds
covering

the planet

for
a while.

Atef Ayadi
Joke: Laugh Baby Laugh

this is a joke

it is for babies

I mean

bye bees

bees that fly and you have the right to fly baby,
bees that stay at home and still it is your right to say home.
I am focusing on the bees who stay at home.
There are bees that are babysitters
and bees being baby seated; either ways it is a privilege.

not babies:
the little tiny five to 20 pounds human bees,
or chicks or dogg-eez, goats, gooses, and geese!
do you follow me that type of guy
or lady beeZ?

Atef Ayadi
Joke: The Political Joke

Obama

is not

muslim

but

he can

bee!

Atef Ayadi
Joke: The Religious Joke

she is a catholic

and she shaves
her legs

with a catholic blade.

Atef Ayadi
The Irony Of A Joke

my roomat
dan

like to hear from me

and i like
instead

to her from him
first.

he is young
and he looks like me years ago.

my second roommate
matt

-he hates math, but likes to cook-

i like to listen to him
but i never
helped
or can help
myself
to stop
talking
to him.

my roommate

tim
for timothy

is a shop shopper
antagonistic of great quality

but he is awesome.

all my roommates

believe
or it may leads
to think

that i am

a gay

or a terrorist
of words

all of them are navy
except matt
wants to be a cook,
a chef
in a french world.

who do you thinks is good to be a free lancer for the house?

Atef Ayadi
Side Wise

she looked
at me

from the side.

Is it your new approach?

I remember
you were looking at me, direct:

chest to chest and eyes to eyes;

straight
and from
all sides.

what happen
to you woman?

why one side?

one angle?

did i missed
something?

so, why are you still

antagonistic and pouring out resentment

with one side glance?

i adore that anyway.
i am sure
that one side is the best of all your side.

i am sure
that one side is the volcanic side,
the most volatile, lava, and erruptive side

i am sure
that side is the hate of not being loved side.

Atef Ayadi
What Is In Your Head

What is in deep there
below
your smile
and tranquil face?

What is the secret of your of your glance while your eyelashes are waving without facing any breeze or wind?

Atef Ayadi
Directed Dreaming

as you fall into sleep

do you have
control
of your
dreams
or
dream life in dreams

ok!

do you have a thought

about what is going to happen?

the last time
i remember,
it was
a tense
dream.

i started to fall

and i came to realize
that i can fly

not
while falling
but a real fly as if falling is not an issue.

i flow upward
downward
and

in all direction.

this happened long time ago
it happened
when i went to the rocky mountains
then down into the valley.

now tell me

what is the direct dreaming
what do you try to dream
or direct?

are you balanced

or off the balance?

you started

with some generalities

you end
up
being
specific

now what is your dream
general dream

and your little
abstracted

dream?

try

pull off the pressure from your ears

and start

listening to yourself.
Atef Ayadi
She Is Cool

she is cool!

it does not matter
what cool
means

or what it stands for.

She is a moving coal cold gold mine,
beautiful,
simple, and less complicated.

She is cool because
She always use the word cool
in order to 'cool' me down
deeper and profound.

Atef Ayadi
The Irony Of Time

talk!

you can and will

and it does not matter

what you are talking about!

just keep talking
and i will catch up.

i will train myself
as i am listening

and feel
the words
and your troubled world,

cause
if you do not talk
and i do not let you talk

time
will fly by

and
I will have no more time left
to go back
get back
think back
feel back

catch up
with what
you said
and felt.

if i stop
you
now,
for any reason,
for any causes,
or
for any excuse

like:
'i do not have time! '
or
'please stop
there! '
or
'why you are tell me that? '

it will be a waste
of my
time
your time

and the planet treasured time.

i rather

stick
to you
and listen

cause
that is my time

no more
no less
and i hate
unfinished businesses.
Atef Ayadi
The Skull Red, White, And Blue

my bones
her bones

sinking
into the reddish skins

and emerging
out
together
from the darkness

to catch the clouds

of a a blue and empty

sky.

Atef Ayadi
The Valley

green
and flowery
valley
the moisture
heats
up
the cliffs
and the dormant hills
the valley
is another
place
to feel the escape
and feel
the nature
of
the valley.

as i walk through
as i touch the ground
as i make my way up
i feel it is made only for me
if i can
claim the secrets and maps
of it own irony.

i live in my heaven
when i cross the valley
of a woman

while she looks at me

with an eye
of the sun.

Atef Ayadi
Bleeding Heart

i watch
and focus
my eyes

when i catch
a woman

in a full

bleeding heart
turbulent
soft
torment.

it is a painful
find,

but i keep watching.

i have nothing else to do.
but to feel
the irony.

it starts
with a
an interjection,

a very
breezy
deep
breath,

to a smoke

of
fire and blaze

that eats
the green
purple
and the reddish upper and lower RED feelings.

Atef Ayadi
The Lacemaker

she is

careful,

focused,

trying to forget

the noise
that comes
and go

with the stretches
and fuses between the rag and the thread.

Atef Ayadi
Woman Peeling Apple

look at the hands,

the fingers,

her posture,
the head,

while her feelings
fall off
with each peel.

Atef Ayadi
Walking In An Exotic Forest

women

like big oranges.

i do too!

big leaves,

i do too.
soft grass
and ground

i do too!

blue light
the sun

the wholeness
of the planet

and the wholeness
of the moon
and the sun.

i do too!

women

are exotic
forest.

a woman could be
as exotic
as an exotic
big orange tree.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: Happiness, Mine And Yours

My happiness
is to write.

the way
I feel,
talk,

walk, see, touch, smell, sniff, and the way my blood clangs to your blood to stop your feelings bleeding.

My happiness
is to remain
in mystery
even i reveal everything

out.

my happiness is
to describe
a beautiful world;

like your eyes

Eileen!

with words

that do not match or come close to describe them

but still

do their job

and match up,
line up,

sit on their knees,
and

worship

your

blue

eyes;

like

a two blue lakes,
two blue seas, or
two blue oceans,
merging
and then resolve.

My happiness,

is to write,

and it does not matter

the language,

the temporal,

the age,
the stage, and

the theater.

I want to write
and make it simpler.
I want to trigger your senses
and do not worry about my senses

-They fly, fall down, scramble, and still fine! -

My happiness
is to write

my words
as if they are
my children
from Eileen

or other children I adopt;

I feed them,
strength them,

and let them go.

My happiness,

is reached at its maximum

-and really there is no and will not be
any maximum-

when

others are fulfilled and
satisfied
with or without
reaching their little interesting interest or maxi,
maximum or maxima.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: The Young Kid

I try
and

am
Trying!

all the time
to keep
the child,
infant
cozy
falozy
funky

loizy
duzy

little

evil

inside me

infant,
a child;

because

life is
what it is.

Atef Ayadi
Graceful Hands

When I see you
using your hands
openly

while you are talking
to someone,
i know, they are talking to me.

because,

once,
they were my friends and worse beautiful graceful enemy.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: The Fun-You Name It-

here is the fun

eileen

and do not tell
me about your eyes

my eye
my eyes

and darling
po irsish sissi

the fun

is to have you

around
you
around me,
be with you

have
you,
take you,
between my arms,
shake you,
like coca-coola
pepsi cola
champaign

banana,

tilt you

flip you,
wash you
with water,
or message
you
and take off
all
your sins
and vaccines,
until
your Vatican
becomes
mine.
i will open it
wide
so
the sun
gets
into your deepest
micheal
angelo
chappels
chapel by chapel,
shapel
apple
and your damn
mac
in tosh.

i will
make
the fun

you
want,
you may
want

and you ever wanted

in the darkness
or under the sun.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: The Solitude

There are times, when I need my space in order to connect to myself.

There are times, when I share the very space I have.

In between, a deadly solitude,
like jumping between a dream and another dream.

Atef Ayadi
Feelings: The First Section!

this is
the
feelings

Sections
or sanctions

Session!
the thirst
first
third fourth
action
section!
what is the matter with you?

Do you have questions!
problem?
people?

with

that?

do you HAVE
ANY
QUESTION
....
or
QUESTIONS?

NOW!

WHAT IS YOUR
CLAIM
or claims?
what is your thoughts?
what is in your thoughts?
what color or forms in your thoughts?
what builds and tear down your thoughts?
what is your common sense dream
and non sense dream?

Atef Ayadi
La Grande Jatte

At the sandy beach
of Michigan Lake

slow, fat, and noisy bodies
with darker or pale clothing
came to swim
and party with relatives and children.

at the edges,
slim richer faces of city
bike and run
at the speed of light.

Atef Ayadi
Noah' Ark

the flood is
imminent.

i need to
save myself first.

if i could,
i will save Eileen from her own flood
and then
the world.

Atef Ayadi
The Smoke Signal

She smokes.
the dead is tossed down.
the eyes are covered by sun glasses.
she walks by the wall, while the walkway is wide enough.

It is
The smoke signal

the past is
her war.

Atef Ayadi
The Last Supper

it happens
occasionally
to sit and have
a supper
with a crowd.

some, are new and old friends,
companions,
acquaintances,
and apostles.
friends have always something in mind,
their needs never have been fulfilled or satisfied.
my enemies are at least clear in mind.
my lover is absent or armored by her own tattoos.

They gathered
around the table
for fun or for
something else
out of the blue;
human have
a need for gathering.
My supper
made me feel
like anyone
else,
nobody,
or between
a friend,
a lover,
and an enemy.

Atef Ayadi
The Giant

like a child

i am standing up looking
at the giant lake
as it crashes and spills
against the rocks.
i sit
when it sits
and calm
when it calms down.

sometimes,
i sit
and my mind is still up
and down
until
it calms with the calming blue of the lake.

Atef Ayadi
The Flowers Carrier

do not ask me
about flowers
because i carry them
in a basket
on my back.

i carry only but
the red and orange flowers.
lovers are in need
and i
have to carry them.

Atef Ayadi
From The Lake

depending on the waves
pressing against
the bay's
heavy stones
in the absence of
any disturbing wind,

i deeply know
that Eileen is
in trouble;

cause
she has been my Vostok Lake
hidden, protected,
and undisturbed,

until i melted
the ice and brought the wind.

Atef Ayadi
The Blue Flower

The eyes
And the soul lure
together
From
Dark cyan
to
Aqua;

Deeper,
The chocolate
Falls whiter
Like the
Niagara fall.

Atef Ayadi
Toward The Lake

a beautiful body was walking,

the soul was way behind.

toward the lake, Her body was taking by the waves of her own lake and the blue of her own sky.

the eyes are hidden from people or from the sun.

i tried hard to catch the eyes like catching the disk of the sun.

i tried hard to stop her body from walking so she can catch up with her soul, the big blue,
and the sun.

Atef Ayadi
if everyone
has his or her own
piece,
skelter,
food,
and every piece of drive
is
satisfied,
sleeping,
napping,
or dormant;

bingo!
a classical
peace,

an
oracle
that does not last.

but,
peace
is not only
a simple
drive,
a hormone,
a piece of chemistry,
a piece of history or geography, or
a piece of culture or a nano-culture.

piece is simply
moving from
threshold
to threshold

without awaken
the sleeping giant
of an ugly war.
war!
I mean
fight,
clash,
fire,
words,
and all stirred in one boll.

so, choose
or gather
your piece,
pieces, and
peace,
for a beautiful
or an ugly war.

I still have my peace
in one piece,
in one word, and
in one hand,
no matter
how ugly or beautiful
your theatrical piece of war.

this is

Atef Ayadi
Peace And Pieces

when
Peace
is fragmented,
cut, or
shredded
into
separate
pieces,

each piece
is
a world war.

Atef Ayadi
The City

millions of blogs
billions of people
cell phones and
ipods
in the hands
while walking
talking and
driving.

robots!
everywhere!

clusters
of races
separated
by one street
or two.

each cluster
is a forest,
a jungle,
where lions
hyenas,
cows,
and zebras
live in their natural
habitat.

the same inherited
language,
the same protocols,
taboos,
and etiquette.

tattoos
tattoos shops
tattoos' figures
are common
as common as
the chain of franchised
restaurants, 
retail stores, 
and services.

the big town's veins 
separate 
different 
countries

south is south! 
north is north!

west is wild 
the east is 
from wild cozy to cozy cozy.

it looks, they never 
tore the berlin 
wall.

Atef Ayadi
Another Way

tell me
eileen,
lady,
woman,
and
Madame,
or
Mademoiselle,

why you want me
and expect me
to be more
different
and indifferent
more
than
who i am?

why you make it
difficult to me?

it looks,
you are making it
difficult and
difficult and
hard to yourself.

simply

what
do you want
in details,
in writing,
verbally,
with your unspoken language
or with your skin?

what is your story
secret stories
if there is not secret to your secrets
no lack,
no lacks,
no luck,
no keys?

show me all your smiles
your perfect
whole
wholeness.

tell me
something
and anything
for a start.

tell me
something or anything
so i know if there will be
a stop,
an exit, or an
end.

Atef Ayadi
Sham Wow

I still
have two weeks
to be neutralized.

it is not shamwow
when you use it
you say wow.

meantime,
some
are consistently
and
constantly
lecturing me
English,

the good news
about being minority,
and bad news if i am minority

in high resolution
HD
plasma tv
picture.

shamwow!
shamewow!
shampoowow
poowow!
wow!

Atef Ayadi
The Mine: The Survivor

I survived
my own
mine
disaster.

my memories
scrambled,
fall down,
and collapsed
all at once.

there is nothing left
or to worry about.

i am a life!

Atef Ayadi
The Mine: The Find

When
I am lost,

I look for eileen

deeper
into my mine;
digging more and
carving the walls
and pillars of my golden memories.

i look for eileen's
eyes
to light
and fire the darkness
of my long
and vague
treasured mine.

but,
eileen
is not just

a map
or
a light
for whom lost his way.
like me.

eileen
is an archeological
human
vital
find.

Atef Ayadi
The Mine: The Gold

the mystery
is not the mine
but how to keep
the gold
safe the
in mine.

so lady would you be
my gold
or my mysterious mine?

Atef Ayadi
The Mine: The Darkness

Far from any noise and lights except my inner constant drippings humidity, and bad air.

the darkness is scary at first then, it turns into feeling lonely dark obscure, ambiguous, and alone.

the darkness is light and a treasured gold it is me as a mine

as i left my eyes behind.

Atef Ayadi
But

but
and battle,
bitter,
and bottle,

bat
and bottom
butts
batman,
and batmen

are not good
for
a good
conversation.

I am sure
you have an idea
what a good conversation is?

no buts
and bottoms.

think thread and threads

continuous breath in depth
and at the surface.

no interruption
or
it is a
simple
or a complexe
complete
but.

so, stop there,
take your time,
and talk about that but.

Atef Ayadi
The Sea: The Saltiness

the sea
is basically
is water

like a water pool
a bigger one
as big as the sea.

the saltiness

is you skin.

you are as important

as the sea.

Atef Ayadi
The Sea: The Blue

you are sad!
it said
AND told
in the media
the news
the cable
and on the satellite radio.
i can see
that,
hear that,
feel that,

but still

what is you status
can you rodger me?

blue
is for calm
not

saad,
said,
saadoon,
and the big moon.

is it?
about
saadoon?
the moon?

the tiny moon,
the croissant,
the cross,
jesus,

hesus,
boritos
or any related bluze

do you like
to sing,
dance,
clubs?

or
you want to walk
talk,

and finish
all your folklore?

so are you still
blue
wearing blues
and listening to bluze
or samples of the music
buz?

Atef Ayadi
you got mad
i am too.

you want to add some,
i am too
want to add
an add
a
dam add.

you want
to bleach, leash,
abolish,
abolish, and
demolish?

me too!
indeed!

you rising
ising
mike tizing

so do i?

you want to go deep?
me too!
i have a stone
on top of my heat
and another one
attached to my feet
and one that gives me a head ache.!

are you still
rising
in the horizon
with your voice,

hands
chest
and the other things?

me too!
what is the difference?

Atef Ayadi
The Sea: The Depth

sometimes,
people ask me
who is eileen?
why you write about
love,
and worshiping
eileen?

more often,
i ask myself the same
questions.

who is
eileen
anyway?

is she
a dream
written in my dream by
whoever is,
was,
and still capable?

still,
it does not make
sense,
no sense,
any!
at all?

but,
eileen
is
my ghost
my hands,
my pen,
my ink,
my colors,
my forms, 
my ideas, 
my beautiful idea, 
my little obscure dream.

she is my guide, 
my light, 
the person, 
i could and 
i can 
talk to 
without 
the 
need for time 
and space.

eileen is my nature!

my deep nature!

my bottom 
and my head.

my authenticity 
my city, and 
my town.

she is simply 
hot 
to me;

you deal with hot 
and i hoot!

Atef Ayadi
The Sea: The Calm

I am calm
and you?

can you see a calmness in someone
or recognize such nature?

can you hear
or could you hear that calmness?

if you can feel
being calm
can you feel it
in someone else
simply

for your sake
her,
his,
or for the god good halla-lowa sake?

but
ladies
and
gentlemen,

how you hit
and miss?

how possibly

you think
that calm

means calm?

are you framing,
stereotyping, or
misunderstanding words
and labels?

calm means
being settle,
satisfied,
not subject to
challenges,

or challenges defeater

and

the hole thing is settle
like everything in control
past wise,
future wise,
and one has the wisdom
of being wise.

Atef Ayadi
I said: “are you a woman?”

she crashed into a deep silence for a few minutes.

I said: “if you ask by chance, by luck, and in statistics you grab an average random woman from the street

-here, what you get is what you paid for-you ask her the same shameful hore-ful hoo-ful harmful damn! Ful, and painful question.

she will replay in second daa!

So, Lady few seconds Means

You did not hear The question
-I know it is high voltage question; -
but,
if I do not ask you such,
what my question would be?

Atef Ayadi
Think of three thousand ways to make enough money.

Think of three thousand ways to talk to a child without your own memories.

Atif Ayadi
Woman: The Yellow Book

if i do not
know
how to ease you

woman,

or
i do not
know
where your
feelings resides,

show me
your maps

marked or colored with
a yellow
pigment.

Atef Ayadi
Woman: The White Book

d there is
a white
space,

a free space,

where a woman
can lay down
all her

lost and found
luggage
to rest;

a white canvas
for
drawing and writing
with a present tense.

Atef Ayadi
Woman: The Blue Book

There is a much bluer
much darker,
much clearer, clouded, rainy, stormy sky,
there are
more brighter moons, suns, and stars than the ones we know.

A woman's open sky
has been
forgotten, unwatched, and
unexplored;
only a child
dears to watch and care.

Atef Ayadi
Woman: The Red Book

The red
light,
walls,

wine and fruits,

the scattered and organized candles,
as well as red roses' petals
-some are fresh some are curved and slightly dry, -
and
the silky Satin bed sheets and pillows

are

a full stop;
like
a second in
the present time.

stop there
and be there.

Atef Ayadi
Do you remember
that perfect moment?

take your time
to unfold it.

that is you!

like a perfect orange.

be
that orange,
the leaves,
the branches,
the soil,
the sky, and the land.

Atef Ayadi
Woman: The Green Book

you are
natural
and emotional,

no more no less.

you need to cross
only one green threshold
and
you will seduce
your wholeness
and the universe.

Atef Ayadi
If Am An Actor

Tom cruz
is good,
but with the science thing
that is a very serious matter.

naah!

jumping
on the couch
without
making the public jumping with you.
it is as sad as dramatic as

the vanilla sky.
scene.

The humor and comedy section:

the new generation
rob shneider
adam sandle
steve carrel
will ferrell
in between
dave chappelle
eddi murthy, and

ben stiller
i have no clue where to put him.

gorge carlin
he had really good stuff

he remain me
Charles Bukowski.
the old school.
buster keaton.

girls section:
denzell washington
nicolas cage
george clooney
richard gere
jack nickelson

robert duvall:
i have many things in mind
no pro not con
the French likes him
the Italian do not.

skills and drama:

robin williams.
anthony hopkins

pure seduction

the hot Jewish bee that itch me
sarah silveran;
i want to nail her down
whether in her big little theater or the little big theater;
or wherever she is;
she always remain me
sharon stone
-sharon always states on and on in all her movies that she is a woman with a particular and refined needs, and fewer get it.-

Atef Ayadi
The Play I Want To Play

i wanted to
write a play
called eileen

the idea is beautifully
romantic,
intellectual,
sensual, and
has a turning point,
a boiling point,
a freezing point,
a chance to laugh
for people in need
and whom do not laugh.

it has hypnotic rhythms,
audience penetration,
seduction,
arousal,

political
agenda,
a business goal oriented play.
it is basically
a shakespearean style.

i want to do it,
play it,
write it,
blow it, or
nail it down with a hammer or
Stapler.

really!

help me
light and sound
are not an issue

my voice,
my vocabulary,
my style,
my feelings,

my convictions
whether playing for eileen
or for the audience,
talking to eileen
or to the audience.

both have interests and
my interest is both,
i shall only focus in that.

i like to act
as lover
with a strong
conviction about love
-here, i am not a church dude, -

make the audience
go nuts.

not angry!
nuts!

Atif Ayadi
Mask Xxii

she wants to prove to him her love.

he wants to prove his love to her and to whole world.

the love's dilemma is about feelings in privacy not an achievement and how much you know.

Atef Ayadi
Mask IX

In public
You always
talk to me with
the
thou and thee.

When your eyes gets darker
As the moon shines
your hands
play with my skin
the thy and
the thou become
thine.

Atef Ayadi
Mask Xxxx

if i am
a divine and
a good nature
as i always
claim and act;

my words
shall speak
the truth.

Atef Ayadi
a hand size
glass crystal
clear

reflecting
the ceiling's
color
and amplifying
the carpet design

fall
into a glass bole of water

as the crystal merges completely and
vanishes
into the water

an air bubble surfaces
and explodes leaving a puff of white smoke.

tell me
lady,
is this
my dream
or your
dream
or both?

because
it happened to me
that I shared the same dream
with a woman
who shares my bed, my night, and my pillow.

Atef Ayadi
Mask Xii

She painted
her face:
Dark Sea Green
from chin to eyebrows;

above the eyebrow,
White Green Yellow;

the eye sockets,
with a lighter Turquoise.

I asked her:
'Is it a party?'

she said:
'I want to be
a be
that itches'
to night.

do you have
problem with that?'

I said
'No, you will be
what you are thought to be.'

Atef Ayadi
I saw in my dream
Caucasian
mushroom
turning
into a group
green
yellow
snakes
trying to hibernate,
then
into
dog's tongues

is this a prophecy?

Atef Ayadi
What Is The Difference

If you have to choose between
Touching a holly book
And touching a woman hand.
Tell me
What is the difference?

If you have to choose between
Fighting in a war for personal or tribal cause,
And Fighting a woman lips for the same cause.
Tell me,
What is the difference?

If you have to choose between
Exploring the deepest ocean,
And exploring the deepest woman feelings.
I suppose you know what is a feeling is
And what is an ocean?
Tell me,
What is the difference?

If you have to choose between
Talking for a light year long,
And listening to a woman for a few cosmic events long
Without being frightened and without hiding in your human pride.
Tell me,
What is the difference?

If you have to choose between
Looking at yourself in the mirror
And looking at a woman eyes like looking at a mirror.
Tell me,
What is the difference?

Now,
Tell me
What is life?
What is life with or without a woman?
And what is a woman?
What is a woman with or without feeling life?
And
What is the difference?

Atef Ayadi
Layout

I/ Home: Myself and an empty space.

II/ Love: If it exists, sharing is the definition, stability is the boredom itself. Love is a crazy abstracted dream in the fly when i am dreaming;

III/ Nature: I disciplined myself to use all my senses and not my memories.

IV/ The Higher Life: Detailed feelings

V/ Fancy life: Having sentiments for others.

VI/ History: A gallery of sounds, pictures, tastes, and abstract objects.

VII/ Continuity: A clear view.

IX/ Tragedy: The death of humor

X/ Sorrow: I better think why I lost.

Atef Ayadi
The Jewish Woman

She said:
"I am Jewish!"

And asked:
'And you?'

As she looked into my eyes
For few seconds.

I said:
"I am from Jupiter,
I live in turbulence
And go with the high winds.

What do the terms
Woman
And
Jewish
Mean?
Are they the planet
Earth's
Labels and
Status
Or a kind of children game?'

Atef Ayadi
The Catholic Woman

Your day starts
Like any catholic day.
Your food,
Manners,
Bedding,
Sleeping habits,
Drinking habits,
And turmoil
Are catholic.

Ok!

What does all of this mean?

Your face and hands move
And protest;
Your voice
Betrays your vocabulary

They
Are not that catholic!

Who are you exactly
Beside your
Ancestry?

Who lives deeply
Inside you?

Who is
Talking with your tongue?
And
Moving you here and there?

Again,

What does being catholic,
Being a woman, or
Being a catholic woman mean?

So please,
Explain first, how you feel
Being a woman,
And
Please,
Do not jump into
The catholic
Thing.

Tell me
Something
Without
Heritage.
Something
That
Starts now
And may end
In the next millennium.

Atef Ayadi
Détour Iii

I loved her
As much
As possibly I could
Imagine,
Until I bled
Deeper in my soul.

Now, I feel
Healed,
Despite

She still lives between my
My scarves and
My inner tattooed soul.

Atef Ayadi
Détour II

She cried
Long enough
While I laughed
Until I cried,
Then she laughed.

Atef Ayadi
French Vanilla

I do not have
A lover.
Who does?
But,
If you are a lover,
You are still
My lover,
Because
My face is always
Facing the moon.

Atef Ayadi
Hypothermia: The Threshold

I do not like

Stability;

It is delusional;
heaven and hell
are two twin worlds,

like all the twin words,
peace and war or
fair and unfair;
all what I have in mind
is crossing
this threshold
that opens wide
the space for the unpredicted unknown.

Atef Ayadi
Hypothermia: The Beauty

I am an organic robot.

Now, what is the meaning of pleasure and love?

Atef Ayadi
Hypothermia: The Rescue

I deny and resist any help. Help is a burden; but a burden could be shredded lightened, and washed out. My life have been a burden, half of it is washed out, the other half is left out and is still anchored to the bottom of my deepest ocean.

Atef Ayadi
Rape:   Case 229

She said:

“I am

A raped soul.”

I said:

“I do not pay for someone’s mistakes and
I do not let someone pays for my mistakes.”

Atef Ayadi
Rape: Case 201

She said:

“Do not take me
By force.
I want you to take me
By the force of love.”

Atef Ayadi
Rape: Case 228

I said:

“Who is the mind rapist?
Who has the raped mind?”

She said:

“Man is always
The rapist.”

Atef Ayadi
Rape: Case 102

She said:

“Are you a human lover?

I want a beast lover!”

Atef Ayadi
Rape: Case 101

She said:

“Are you a teacher
Or a general? ”

Atef Ayadi
Hypothermia: The Last Desire

I am facing my enemy.
The war is always a war.
My enemy is myself.
The rifle is waiting,
My mom is waiting,
The country is waiting,
The monks are waiting, and
Life is waiting
For
A complete winning
Without understanding or a conditional withdraw.

Atef Ayadi
Hypothermia: Love & The Rust

The child within
Is walking unstopped
As the rusted metallic junk
Is taking over the skin
More than the ground.

Atef Ayadi
Hypothermia: The Heat

A child is crying,
As the crowd is dancing
Foolishly and singing loud.

Atef Ayadi
Hypothermia: The Cold

A child is
Alone
In the street
And crying,
As the city is blacking out.

Atef Ayadi
My Memories

My memories
Are my soil and my
Ground zero.
It is not important
Where I grow up
Or where I live,
Whether
In
An earth quakes zone,
A lava zone,
A war zone,
A mines zone,
A genocide zone,
A disaster zone,
A meteorite zone,
A god zone,
A love zone, or
A hate zone;
I will build on top of its mountains,
Underneath, or
Near its shores.

As if they all surge all at once;
As if the whole world has no memories;
As if I have the whole world's memory.

Atef Ayadi
Naja Naja

she said:
"The animal that fits my profile is a female Naja naja, or cobra."

I said:
"well, as long as you have the antivenin. you can bite me as many as you like."

Atef Ayadi
Have you ever felt connected to people, to the world, to the sky, to the clouds, to the sun, to anything that moves, Breathes, or just deadly dead?

Any smell or sound of divinity? Any twilight zone? Anything abnormal? Subnormal? Extra, Terrestrial, , Oracle, Electric, Magnetic, or Gravitational?

Have you ever felt connected to a particular person, picture, song, whisper, glass of wine, a no sense word, a heart beat,
one hair,
your hair, or
my hair?

Have you?

Take your time
and walk
with your breath without any of your
surging memories.

One eyelashes' hair
could be
a transitional world
between inner and outer lair.

Atef Ayadi
Emotions II: The Descent

Climb the canyon
Of your fear.
If the ground is a scattered pleasure
Desire is the impossible.

Atef Ayadi
Emotions I: Genesis

Welcome the pain,
It is your first rebirth.

Pain is not ugly,
it is an ugly thought.

Atef Ayadi
Zone V: The Dying Universe

All the
Intelligent livings
Of the universe
Agreed
To look for a way out;

The universe is dying.

It is a matter of
cosmic time.

The escape is imminent.

Atef Ayadi
Zone Iv: The Universe Is For Everyone

The brain becomes
A giant living
Organism.

The past is an open gallery,
The present is a crystal clear moment, and
The future is one of many possibilities.

There are many
Who decided to stay in the old world,
Other decided to leave
To conquer
The unknown.

There is nothing harsher
Then to live by and for what you already know.

Atef Ayadi
Zone III: The World Of Possibilities

The gods
Descend
To the
New world.
After
Each one agreed
To leave
One’s pride behind.

At the encounter of
One challenge,
Each god hands over the challenge
To the other gods
To solve it.

Atef Ayadi
Zone II: The World Of Indifferent Gods

You are by yourself,
With yourself, and
For yourself.
You create your own laws
Your own languages,
Your own conditions, and
Your own identity.
Your are the ultimate survivor,
Against the harsh elements,
Against what you create, and
What you destroy.

You compete with yourself
You are a walking god.
Now,
Think
Everyone
Thinks the same way.

You make it or not,
No one
Will be against,
Stop you, or judge you for anything
As long as you are distant
From and
Indifferent
About
The other gods.

Atef Ayadi
Zone I: The Republic

The lambs,
The Shepard,
The dog, and
The wolf
Live and die unchallenged;
A story more older than
The four elements.

The Shepard and the wolf eclipse the future
The dog lives in the present.
The lambs have only the past to live for.

Atef Ayadi
Magic Mirror V

She said:

'I want love.'

I remembered
this guy who came and talked about
love and
Jesus
and finally asked me for two dollars.

Atef Ayadi
The Three Spheres V

Real,
parallel, and
perpendicular.

Atef Ayadi
The Three Spheres Iv

Birth,
Rebirth, and
Metamorphose.

Atef Ayadi
The Three Spheres III

Death,
Fairness, and
The sky.

Atef Ayadi
The Three Spheres II

Music,
An orange, and
A young cab
Adventuring in the open
Land and beyond the open sea.

Atef Ayadi
She said:

'I wear black, because I want you.'

I said:
'I wear white as long as I do not have the strength to wage a new war.'

Atef Ayadi
Encounter II

I said:

'Tell me in one word what I should know about you?'

She said: 'I love you!'

I said:

that is three worlds, not even three words;
I have been and still in there; quiet
Lost

you are a world, love is a world, and I am another world.

sooner or later, love's dust will take over
my world and your world, and I will loose
my word, all my words, and my own dictionary.

Atef Ayadi
Mosaic I

She said:
' I am an independent
Republic.
I do not need a
ruler or an
emperor

to rule me
and control
my land,
my treasure, and
my skin.'

I said:
'How long
you are going to hold? '

Atef Ayadi
Magic Mirror Vii

Her left hand on my left cheek,
and
my right hand on her right cheek.

my mind is dripping
dew
and ice.

her eyes
is melting
gold.

Atef Ayadi
Magic Mirror Vi

She obviously lies.

And with every lie comes a beautiful truth.

Atef Ayadi
I asked her a question.

She answered me with a question.

If the answer to a question is a question,

why my hands are trapped in her hands.

Atef Ayadi
Magic Mirror Iii

A lie
is richer
then the truth.

The truth is
simpler,
when one
looks at oneself
and beautifully lies.

Atef Ayadi
Magic Mirror I

When I look
At the moon;

I feel

deeply,
she is still

an inhabitable
snowy
Sun.

Atef Ayadi
Magic Mirror II

She likes
    Palmistry.
I do not.

In my last encounter, she got me in from the door and got me out from the peach.

Atef Ayadi
Magic Mirror Xvii

She said:

'I do not have
A dog or a cat,

But I have
Jesus.'

Atef Ayadi
Dewdrops

She said:

“She likes water drops and
Dewdrops
On her face,
On her hands, and
On her skin.”

I said:

“I see a dewdrop
As a shelter;
Which of the dewdrops
On your face,
On your hands, or
On your skin
Are public,
Private,
And forbidden?”

Atef Ayadi
House Of Stairs Iii

An empty
House
Is a giant house
Filled
With a web of stairs.

The more empty
The house,
The more web and
The more added stairs.

Atef Ayadi
House Of Stairs II

She lives upstairs.
I live downstairs.

She wants me
To come upstairs.
I want her
To come downstairs.

We never settled.

But,
I know her from
The way she walks
On top of my head.
Her feelings
Are
Sometimes
Smooth steps,
Sometimes
Rough,
Like an elderly
Wants to end
The suffering of breathing
Step by step,
Loosing and gaining
Hopes of
Reaching the end of a long life of
Down and upstairs.

Atef Ayadi
House Of Stairs I

A woman is
A house
With many exits
And stairs
Some they lead
Somewhere,
Other leads no where.

And you
Lady,
You are a house
Dry and dark,
Your house does not
Need neither exits
Nor down or up
Horizontal,
Vertical,
Waving, or
Flying
Stairs

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night Xiii

The streets are
Deserted for
The entire day.

As the sun sets
Crowds appear
From the all possible an unknown corners,
From the ground, and
From the sky;

Bringing with them
Food, tables, cheers and chairs, wine and other beverages,
Their kids, their music, and their bands.

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night Xii

She said:

“How much space
Do we need
For tonight?

What do
You like
To hear?

What do
You like to
Try first? “

Atef Ayadi
She said:

“Do you like
Anything else
That goes with
The wine? ”

I remembered her question
The next
Few days.

Atef Ayadi
Predestination I

I like that
You oppose and
Say “NO,”
Your best “NO,”
Your big great “NO,”
Your tiny miniature “NO,”
Your strong “NO,”
Your weak “NO,”
Your funny “NO,”
Your angry “NO,”
Your beautiful “NO,” and
Your ugly charming “NO.”

Because,
I specialize
In the “NO” sign and
The “NO WAY” sign.

The longer the way,
The beautiful and diverse is
The gallery of the “NO” signs.

So, say your “NO”
Or your “NO WAY,”
I will find my own way
And path
To your deepest
And highest “NO.”
I will stop and
Feel free
At each sign and look and focus
I will stop or turn back,
Depending on
Whether
The “NO WAY”
Means
Makes your way
Or it is a no trespassing zone,
And I have to rapidly go back
Or to move myself away.

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night X

She said:

“The day is for the sun,
The night
Is for
My skin,
My breath,
My tongue,
My lips,
My hair,
My ear,
My neck
My head,
My bones,
My nails,
My fingers,
My toes,
My limbs,
My blood vessels,
My veins,
My nerves,
My sweat,
My pheromones,
My hormones,
My cells,
My eggs,
My genes,

And all the stuff, and
All my parts
Assembled or
Disassembled
In one, fewer, or
Different parts.

All my words,
That comes out
From my lips
My eyes,
My skin,
My whispers, or
My thoughts
Are yours
Make of them sounds, melodies, and trembling lights.

Be my night;
I will be your darkest winter sky.”

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night IX

She said:

"If you are not eating,
drinking,
laughing,
spilling, or
breathing and coughing
while you are eating, drinking, and laughing;
You are not with me.

If you are talking
whispering,
dreaming,
wrestling
while you are dreaming, or
talking to me,
with your thoughts, or
with your dreams
within your thoughts;
You are not with me.

If you are not moving,
writing,
scratching,
tearing and,
cutting my skin or your skin,
walking,
jumping,
sleep walking
while your enjoying
waking and jumping, cutting and tearing my skin
or your skin
in your night or day dreams
You are not with me.

So, are you
with me,
with yourself,
or half
here,
half
there
trying to catch up with your lost
soul and lost soul dreams,
or somewhere in between.
or
You are not with me.

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night Vi

She said:

"What you hear
Is not what you see.

Your skin
Is not the sky.

You feel me
Or
Not
Does not burn
My skin and turn it into feelings and thoughts.

If you make
My face round
As the moon
You will not
See the sun light."

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night Vi

She said:

"Tell me,
What is money for?

Here are two glasses of water
Taste yours as if it is mine,
While your are looking at me."

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night Vi

He said:
"Music is for the day."

She said:
"Dancing is for the hole night."

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night V

She asked for
Two
Other
Martinez.

He said:
'We do not have money'

She said:
"If we both will die, in the next
Few
Hours,
Should I put it
On my tab or yours?"

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night Iv

We get rid of The Sun!

Yeah!

Yahoo!

Now, will you be my sun?

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night III

The night is warmer;
The day is a glacier
Flying in the dark
Sky.

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night II

The sun
Is a beloved companion
Star,
While the memories are
Burned by one
Shouting
Star.

The moon
Is the darkest spot
In the
Sky.

Atef Ayadi
Day And Night I

The day is darker.  
The night is brighter.  
Noon is the noise,  
Half darker and  
Half brighter.

The moon is  
A crazy lover  
In the sky.

Atef Ayadi
Sky And Water

Birds fly in the sky,
Below the fishes
Swim in the big flat sea.
A bird
Jumps into the water,
Head down, aiming
To catch a fish.
Deeper,
A fish, as it swims up
Toward the surface,
Catches the birds.
As the fish jumps into the air,
A bird catches the fish.

Fishes are birds,
Only water is not like
The air.

Atef Ayadi
High And Low

Standing in front of the high tower,
I see myself standing on the edge of the roof of the tower,
Looking at myself down below,
Standing in front of the high tower,
Still,
Looking up at myself,
Standing on the edge or the roof of the tower,
Looking at myself down below.

Down, in the street, it is noon.
On to of the tower, it is midnight sky.

Atef Ayadi
Gravitation

You step
On
My feet,
I will step
On yours.

You slap my hand
With you face,
I do the same.

You kiss,
I kiss.

You run
I run.

If you are IRAN!
I am a damn IRAQ!

Atef Ayadi
Order And Chaos

She said:

“If love is
Order,
Hate must be
Chaos.

How much do you need from order, and
How much do you need from chaos?

Or
Do you need something else?”

Atef Ayadi
Milking

She said
“ I am Indian”

I said:
“An Indian cow? ”

“NOW! ”
She replayed.

I said:
“Everything in the rear,
And you need to be milked
In order
To take off the tensions
Between
Your bones and your skin.”

She said:
“YES!
But I am not a cow! ”

I said:
“Milking is a skill, and
Your are an Indian beautiful cow.”

Atef Ayadi
Do you believe in
Luck,
Karma,
Fourier transform,
The spectrum of smell,
Emotional topology,
String theory mixed with henna,
The click,
The cipher and decipher with a secondary security key, and
The matrix of feelings?

Do you believe in the
Physique,
Or in the
Chemistry?
If so,
Put these believes away,
Start from scratch, and
Comfortably look in the eyes
And laugh.

Atef Ayadi
If There Is No Moon

If there is no moon,
How possible could it be?

Your lips
Won’t wobble
Far from your chin.
It will be only a gazer
Shouting
Cold words
In a lost deserted Cancun.

If there is no moon,

You won’t irrupt
And spill out
Any of
Your hot and angry lavas,
But a
Liquid of
Dormant
Crystallized feelings;
They awake
And then swoon.

If there is no moon,

Your
Tides
And oceanic waves
Won’t crash
Against my chest
No flood,
No touch down,
No damage done,
No hurricane, and
No typhoon.

If there is no moon,
Words come flat
Undistorted;
Your kisses
Lose its own cycles
Between a croissant
And a full moon.

If there is no moon,

Love’s
Tears will be
Only
A crack of memories
On the ice
Lying strewn.

If there is no moon,

God and goddess,
Supreme Deity, and
Divinity
Will be
A song
Writing
Between Saturn’s
Rings
And the Martian's dunes.

Atef Ayadi
Love At The Edge

Love is
Like a java,
C++,
C
-Bugs are always there, -
Shell script
-More or less
Secure, -
And more deeper,
An assembly language.

You do not need to know
About languages
And
Programming languages,
But,
At least
You should know it is about the
Memory, where resides
A piece of code.

Atef Ayadi
Human Evolution

When I think about
Human evolution,
I see

Australopithecus Afarensis, then
Australopithecus Africanus, then
Homo Habilis, then
Homo Orgaster, then
Homo Erectus, then
The Neanderthals, then
Homo Sapiens, then
Jesus, then
Bush, then

A future genius robot
That will discover
Its own
Orgasm
And duplicate itself.

Atef Ayadi
Neanderthals

Two guys were sitting with
Two ladies.
The entire conversation was about
Jesus, then
Christianity, then
Circumcision, then
Liquors, and

Then silence.

Sometimes,
I forget that I live in the
Neanderthals
Era.

Atef Ayadi
Carl Sagan

When I think
About
Carl,

I think
About
The other people in the
Other part of the universe.

Atef Ayadi
Be More Than Hell And Heaven

Did you come from hell
Or heaven
Or somewhere else?

If you come from
Hell,
Calm down your fire and lava,
And the sparks of your angry
Firing words.

If you come from
Heaven,
Why you are not God
Wearing the clothes of God
Talking the words of God
And shining the beauty of God?

If you come from
Somewhere else,
Why you are
Spilling smiles
And kisses,
Walking and jumping,
Laughing and yelling,
Rising your eyebrows
And eyelashes
From the horizon to the air?

So woman
Be Hell in
Your kisses,
God when you surrender, and
A unique alien
As I breathe the air
Crossing your hair.

Atef Ayadi
As you are freeing yourself,
Do not struggle
Or
You will sink far down and
Take with you the bubbling poems.

Do not ask readers to read your poems,
Let the bubbles
Take over their space,
Their ears,
Their skin,
Their eyes,
Their mind, and
The air.

There is no such thing called
Struggling young poet,
Struggling young poem,

Or

Struggling old poet,
Struggling old poem.

There are only but
The bubbles,
The flow,
The bubbling,
The space,
Their ears,
Their skin,
Their eyes,
Their mind, and
The sad cold and melting air.

Atef Ayadi
The Tail Of A Comet

A figure,

Quoted:

“Where do you get the idea of the self-centered monk (totally cut off from everyone else) ? please do not think that you saw the light and the rest of us are in total misguided darkness. Maybe you're actually finding out about things that are passé? The post modern age is also about solidarity, justice, and most of all community. Granted that you can create your own community wherever you are, but the post modern condition underscores the impossibility to forget, the impossibility to erase the memory. I'm not trying to sell you on an old fashioned and conservative notion of (biological) family, but it is there, and if you're trying to re-invent yourself; others are equally free to refuse.”

I like the Flow, The beauty Of expressions, The heat dissipated from The intensity And tension Among evaporated words, Crystallized Dots, The flying debris of commas, And semi-colons.

I wonder About The ice and dust For how long They are going to hold, Shine and last.
I am an orphan
Like any other orphans
My mother is
Any woman who can afford
To smile.

My family
Is a piece of land
Crowed with anything
Or with almost nothing.

Atef Ayadi
Welcome To The 21st Century

one of my acquaintances
Quoted:

"I think the notion of the suffering lonely artist is such a cliché. Look around you and you'll see that artists are actually entrepreneurs, business people. True it was the case for some in the past, but even Picasso and Andy Warhol were rich. So get it off your mind that you have to suffer in order to create. The suffering artist is old fashioned and totally passé. So wake up and smell the coffee. Misery is not the path to glory. It is the path to self destruction, isolation and loneliness. Nothing is wrong with the list above as long as you're ware of it. Few more points on po-mo (post modern) : there is no center; artist is self conscious (not oblivious, emotional, lost) : enjoyment of little pleasures (like cooking, having someone for dinner; help someone move; help someone paint a house or a wall; gardening; visiting; etc.) welcome to the 21st century."

I took time to explore
The quote,
Words,
Fragments of words,
Patterns,
Intention,
Focus,
The thesis,
The flow,
The contrast,
Techniques,
Conclusion,
His feelings,
Thoughts,
Believes,
Axes,
Foundations,
Human dignity,
Integrity, Hopes, Manhood’s emphasis in achievement, Personal experiences, Ancient, Renaissance, and Victorian attachment, Faults, Failures, Endeavors, and Dilemma and feelings

Then I explored my own feelings Through my past, present and future memories' archives, And checked out all my impulses For a possible Clog or leakage,

Thread by thread and Drop by drop.

The only thing That came out Of my mind

Is the sound Of the impact Of few words Smashing Against the yellow surface of a canvas “Human are connected Through One thin wire of copper.”

The noise is beautiful and Unbearable.

i mean it? ?

and i bet you, this QUOTE is from his cook book, and nice to know stuff like this....
Atef Ayadi
The Monk

I took Eileen
And my mind
Out of the turbulent
Torments and the unnecessary attachments
Of what I inherited and what stuck on my skin:
Love,
Pain,
Sadness,
Pleasure,
Perpetual fear, and
Guilt.

Eileen stands for purity,
Simplicity, and the
Unforgiving change.

My mind
Is the wildest beast
That explores
The seen, unseen, and unforeseen wonders.

Eileen and my mind
Make up
A duality that needs a third,
A forth,
Or more
Elements.

Atef Ayadi
Without Touch And Sight

Tell me
in few words
or one word
About
who your are

without
your family,
your ancestry,
your planet,
your comfort zone
your breathing cycles
without your body anatomy.

tell me
as if I do not exist,
as if I am
only a piece of rock.

Atef Ayadi
Without Incident And Randomness

Humanity will vanish,
The sun will vanish,
The earth will vanish,
And will take with it all:
Water, the crops, and the beautiful things,
And this universe will parish
To leave its place to light.

I am thinking about
An escape;
Like a beautiful woman
Is manufacturing her own exit.

Atef Ayadi
Without Eileen And Earth

The entropy  
Moves between  
Order and disorder;  
Without any gilt or preferences.  
I am flying  
Between the wet earth  
And a heated cosmic dust.

Atef Ayadi
Without Voice And Sight

Without your skin, and
Without your undeveloped
Smell.

Could you
Tell me
Who I am,
Independently of my
Past,
Present, and my future?

Atef Ayadi
Without Love And Hate

The Sun,
Mother of all cycles.

Love is one cycle,
Hate is another.

The Sun keeps burning
Its own hates and love.

Atef Ayadi
The Thread

Time is an illusion
As well as the word love.

I dropped the piece of paper
Into a cap of water.
Time vanished
As soon as
The water started to swallow the ink
And scratch the paper
As it is defending the word love.

Atef Ayadi
Without Fear And Fairness

I am writing
A code
For the future
Humanity;
Where fear is fair
And fairness is the fear of fear.

Atef Ayadi
An Unbearable Cycle

Like the air,
She comes and goes;
With my breathing's cycle
As my memory
Is stretching
With the sound of her
Name.
The sun is there,
Except
The presence of the cold
And the gray flat clouds.

Atef Ayadi
Without Pleasure And Pain

A comma is
Flying behind
The word
Love.
The word love
Is just
The word
Love.

Just
Is as just
As the word love.

Love is sharing what it is.

Atef Ayadi
Kissing You

Kissing you
Is like walking on the
Ground
With naked feet,
And you are
A Midwest lady.
Between the flatness of corn fields
And soybeans
The big towns
Rises
At the speed of your breath.

So, I take my time;
Cause’
I am walking and
Crossing the fastest
High speed streets, vacuums,
And stops
With naked feet.

Stay hinged,
Clanged,
And nailed down to me,
As long as you want;
As long as your feet
Are stepping on mine,
And let me melt the snow, and
And unearth the ground, and
Let the sun and the rain
help grow the corn fields
And soybeans;
So, I can free the ground
From your naked feet
and I can harvest
All the festivals.

Atef Ayadi
Deception - Three

I said:
"Is everything all right?"

She said:
"Do you want me
To tell you all
My secrets?"

I said:
"by saying so,
You just revealed one."

Atef Ayadi
Deception -Two

She said:
"All the love,
The good feelings,
The time we spent together,
The roses,
The drinks,
The laughs,
The fun,
And all the danger
I wished for
And I had
Are but a
Rape.

You never let me
Take a moment
To breathe."

Atef Ayadi
Scare Less And Let

She moves with her body
As if no woman has it.
She is so proud of it,
That her mind
Is reduced to
Her reddish nipple.

Atef Ayadi
She said:

"I love you,
As life starts and ends.
I love my skin,
When you touch it.
I love my face,
When you look at me.
I love the way I
Walk toward you.
I love the world
When you breathe
From me
And then exhale
Words into the clouds.

But,
I am a young woman,
Who likes but the fun."

Atef Ayadi
Fairness

What is fair about
Roses’
Strawberry’s,
And
Blueberry’s trees
Grow up strong and high
At the sides of your feet
And lilies on and between the toes,
While your are standing up like
A hopeful Rhododendron tree.

What is fair about the
Mint merges from your lips
And flourish
On one cheek
And ignored your chin and the other
Shaded side.

What is fair about
Your hair
Falls
And waves
Down
And follows
The sunrise and the sunset.

What is fair about
Your eyes
Are moving sand,
They capture
And kill.

Atef Ayadi
While Waiting At The Station Of Now

One person’s pain
Is everyone’s pain;
One person's happiness
Is everyone's happiness;
In between,
Thoughts are timeless,
No one is born
Graceful and other is insane.

Cause,
We all walk on the same ground,
Breathe the same air, and
Have the same
Sun,
Moon,
The sea saltiness,
And the same rain.

In between,
The sky is
Like a child’s eyes:
Dark at the edges
Of the universe -
The closest or the deepest and the one way far-
Brown at the eclipse,
Blue furious and oceanic,
Red at the horizon,
Green, hazel, amber, and gray
Resolve and merge
Mountains' skin, rocks, rivers, and snow,
And the
Forests' streams, leaves, grass, and fog,
As birds take off and fly,

Children
Are the future,
Mold thoughtful actions and beautiful desires.
Ancestry are the
Spirits,
Through time and tale.
We are eternal seeds and the tiniest grain.

Atef Ayadi
Asian Dumplings

I choose the
Asian
Dumplings
-18 pieces served with sweet chili sauce-
As a friendly mate
To an old style beer.

Because,
I like to touch.
The sauce reminds me
My sweetest and chili love.

Atef Ayadi
At The Beach

She is sitting
With five others
-Three couples total -

Around the same
Table.

Unnoticed,

Her eyes are wandering
Half of the time;
The other half
They are closed.

I wonder,
What do
Courtship and friendship
mean?

I never saw,
The sea
Walking away from
A sun burned ship.

Atef Ayadi
A Beautiful Lady

She is crossed eye.
She walks with one comfortable side.

Man!

She is
Outrageously
Contagiously
Beautiful
From the door to the last window.

If she is my soul
And mate,
I will help her
Walk
Proud and straight.

Atef Ayadi
Fraud

I take
Any painting:
Abstract,
Surrealism,
Cubism,

Brut,
Expressionism,
Realism,
A line
A lion,

A face, or
A posture
And I turn it into
A poem.

Is it a
Fraud?

Atef Ayadi
Chinese Bartender

Kept
Smiling
To me
And almost
To everyone.

This is the first
Time
I see
A Chinese
Bartender;

This is the first time
I feel
A smile,
Truthful and
Chinese.

Atef Ayadi
While Waiting At The Station Of Now

One person’s pain
Is everyone’s pain;
One person's happiness
Is everyone's happiness;
In between,
Thoughts are timeless,
No one is born
Graceful and other is insane.

Cause,
We all walk on the same ground,
Breathe the same air, and
Have the same
Sun,
Moon,
The sea saltiness,
And the same rain.

In between,
The sky is
Like a child’s eyes:
And dark at the edges
Of the universe -
The closest or the deepest and way far-
Brown at the eclipse,
Blue furious and oceanic,
Red at the horizon,
Green, hazel, amber, and gray
Resolve and merge
Mountains' skin, rocks, rivers, and snow,
And the
Forests' streams, leaves, grass, and fog,
As birds take off and fly,

Children
Are the future,
Mold thoughtful actions and beautiful desires.
Ancestry are the
Spirits,
Through time and tale.
We are eternal seeds and the tiniest grain.

Atef Ayadi
Lady,
Clean your house
And cure your memories,

Before
You look at me,
Fall on me,
And poor your memories
On mine.

I do not pay
For someone else's mistake,
And I do not let someone else
Pay
For mine;

This is fairly fair.
Clear your sentiments
From dust,
Polluted air,
Sediments, bedrocks, and all the
Elements,
Like the way you clean
Your skin.

Yes the same way
Indeed!
Take your time
So you will be
Ready
For a new
Wave
Of feelings' earthquakes
And Tsunamis,
So the structure
of your feelings' body will not tilt,
Fall down, or fly.
Bridge

I cross everyday
The Crystal Lake Park twice:
In the morning
When I leave my home
And late in the evening
When I go back.

I stop at the bridge
A look down at
The stream
And tune into the
Water’s sound as it flows
Then look around the river's
Sides.
Then leave and leave
Any hanged feeling
Go with the stream.

I have been
Waiting for the snow to fall
And illuminate
The space,
So
I can
See,
Hear,
And touch
What is inside?
Me.

Atef Ayadi
An Un-Adequacy

She looked
At a couple kissing each other,
Friends!

Her eyes fainted
And
Then she started
To dangle
Her body with the bar counter’s chair.

I followed her movements
Trying to
To spot at which side she stop and
Put more time
The
Center is always the present time.

Atef Ayadi
Christmas

Beers
Wine,
Arums
Voices and cheers
Added to the cocktail,
The music,
That goes with mood of whom
Paid for.

She said:
“Excuse
Me! ”

I said:
“It is Christmas,
You have all
The excuses
Of the whole world.”

Atef Ayadi
Old Maps - New Conquest

Some
Memories

Erupted
In drops

Each 'drop'
Is a burs

I always remind myself
To explore.

The door for conquest is always open

So, I opened the door
To explore
Each burst
Separately,
Case by case,
File by file, and
Archive by archive,
I let myself being
Driven
And taken
By one hand, or
Both,
By one foot
Or both,
By my skin,
My hear,
My neck,
My nose,
My ear,
Or entirely.

I was not in the position to choose.
I just let it take me

That is my pure desire:
I choose
The start
And never worry about the ends.

Atef Ayadi
Rепетитивный Столкновение

Я понимаю
и
Согласен!

Если я вы
Я сделала
То же самое!

Быть с кем-то
И думать
О ком-то
Иначе.

Извините,
Здесь я проводу линию,
Между зеленым и без входа на территорию.

Атеф Аиди
Loneliness In Retrospective.

An empty
Chair and
No
Other details.

Atef Ayadi
A Priceless Diamonds

Tonight,
The trees
Are
Wearing
A beautiful
Diamonds of ice.
Each tree is unique
And more beautiful
With the ice
Sparkling and shining
Under the street light.
I could not resist
My mind taking me
To wander
And imagine
Feeling this beauty
In the wilderness
Under a complete moon.

It is a dream I have been chasing all my life
I have it
Now.

I stopped
When I thought
Which tree
Resembles
The diamond
I have been chasing for Eileen.

I always see
Eileen like a tree.

I closed my eyes and
I tried
To see if she is standing
Up
At the side
Of an important avenue,
At the intersection,
Beside a building,
At a parking lot,
A part of a little
family
Compacted in a little woody house,
Surrounded fairly by abundant light,
Or
Dark lonely street,
Or
In the wilderness
Alone,
Or
Possibly with other trees.

The moon is always following her.

Atef Ayadi
A World To A Feminist

Take off
Your feminine shell
And talk to me.

Man to man,
Lesbian to lesbian,
Gay to gay,
Cow to cow,
In between, or whatever is shaped in your head.

It does not really matter!

Take off that shell,
It is fair that way!
Put it back
When you are in your private sanctuary,
Or when you feel you need to
Be purely woman.

Have you ever seen
A mixed up seasons
Where a tree
Is
Naked in the middle of summer
And sleeping in the middle of the spring?
Well,
That is a tropical woman
And you are not that tree yet.

Have you ever seen
Yellow leaves,
Green leaves- young, refreshed, cleaned with moisture and droplets of water, -
And bulbs switching positions and swinging between the branches
Of the same tree

Or between one tree an its neighbors
Trees?

That is not your case yet!
Until then,
Put off your feminine shell away, and
Hide it;
So, I will not smell it,
And it will not turn my bull on,
Then,
We will start the binary discussion
Again.
On an on
A discussion that lacks
Legs and toes.

If you do not agree
We still
Can consider
A crochet
Session or a knitting session;
We will work on the same
Canvas
With same balls of yarn.
Chose your own
Needles;
I always have mine with me.
Let see if we can use up
All the balls of yarn
And end up at the same knit.

Atef Ayadi
Do You Have Time?

Time is important to me
So,
Be clear, sharp, and pour out all your feelings, thoughts and believes
In order, priorities, or what comes out comes out.
From the most vital
To the ridiculous and beautiful thing.
Do not worry about
Others;
They are like you!

Do it,
The way you like
Or the way it seems natural
To you.

If you fail,
I still have enough time left;
The hole pie of the eternity
I will try
To
Listen,
Feel,
And step in and spouse your soul.

Just do it,
And lets win more time.
To explore and love the hole world.

Atef Ayadi
Hacking Into Your System

Lady,
I finally hacked into
Your system.

The motherboard is
Fine:
Good memory,
Fast and dual processor, and
Giant hard drive;
Except some dust
That blocks the cooling channels.

The OS is
OK;
All what it needs is
new patches and firewall
against Spywares,
Intruders,
And
Trojan
Horses.
It is not about the OS’
Vulnerability
More than about your attitude!

The softwares
Are fine.
Some need an upgrade.
The core is excellent.

It is up to you
Really!
To decide
To clean
The hardware
Softwares
Keep, upgrade, or patch.
Old codes are old codes
New codes are new codes.
Just decide what you want
And I will help you.

Now,
Tell me
What do you want?
Do you need more time
It is legitimate to
Setback sometimes
And
Explore
The possibilities.

Being fast is being genuinely clear,
Hunches or intuition can save lives,
Being beautiful is still being clear.

So
Do what you want
And tell me clearly
What do you want,
I will take my time
With the Hardwares,
The Softwares,
Or the hole system.
I am good at that!
A deal is a deal!

Atef Ayadi
She said: 'you seem always high.'

I said:
'You are looking for excitement.
Look for a letter
or a rope and
Climb
To reach me,
Or look for a way
where you are
To speak up clear, sharp, and
Loud;
or just speak up your mind.

High is always
High.'

Atef Ayadi
If There Is No Mountain

Do not
Stay in your little hole
Or a general
Public
Graveyard.
Swallow it, or
Make it at least deeper
Or longer,
So it looses
The sense
And the definition
Of being a hole.

Dive in
Fly,
Or walk through like the blind,
So, you
Can reach
Your own bottom
-it is still a big public graveyard, -
And complete
Your true senses.

If there is no mountain,
Flatness turns to be
A big hole.

Atef Ayadi
I Do Not Have Time

I do not have
Time
To explain
Myself.
Talking
Is left for
The primates
And for whom
The air is made of words.

See, it is unbearable.

I do not have time
Cause’,
I am falling in
What it seems
Impossible:

My own falling time.

Atef Ayadi
A Piece Of Cake

Everybody
Can take
You
like that!
Like
Piece of
Cake,
Or just for a dollar
Worth of
Easy labor;
May be more easier than
That,
Because,
You want just
To be taken,
And that is it.

But,
I saw in you
A bright future
Spot
To be spared
To gather
And connect
The shredded
Pieces
Of your own humanity
And a part of the universe.

So,
At least
Choose
Which way
You want
To be taking;
The future is always
Open and
Brighter
Like our young universe.
Watch Out

Watch out
For what you say
and -drop- off all the BUTs;
The mouth is not made for
Bats of words.

Watch out
For
What you do;
Sweat
Is not made of rain,
aimed for fear and being fair;
Every drop
Is a work
a genius child
wrapped with
gold, organic
Silver, and special care.

Watch out
And be precise
About what you dream of
The last one may take away
Your breath.

Atef Ayadi
One Light Year Distance

It is all about
Incertitude

To find you
Somewhere
Lost.

It will take me
One light year
To deeply reach you
And pull you out from
Your own
Heart escape.

Atef Ayadi
One Mile Distance

You take off the dress
And you put it on.
Restless
And
Unhappy with the
Desired
Colored
Patterns
And the fit
On the body and for the moment,
Creates ambiguous
Shortage of time
As it runs out.

You want to look perfect
And you are;
That makes time shorter
And the distance more
Than
A multiple of mile.
Love and being taking
Away
By a lover
Is simply
The enigma of the universe.

So,
Control
Your breath
My lady
I can wait
And I can hold my breath
Long enough
More than a mile.

Cause,
I am dreaming
Of you
Inside
My veins.

Atef Ayadi
One Inch Distance

Thrown from
The sky
Into emptiness
Will take your breath
From the back of your head
Deep into your stomach.

Thrown into
My chest
Takes time
Away
From your breath.

You loose
The sense of walking
On your pride.

One inch
Distance
Becomes the supersonic
Barrier of your own desire.

Atef Ayadi
One Foot Distance

Take your apple
Juice
I will content with water
You will
See how
How water
Turns to
To apple
And juice
You will see
The juice
Of the apple
Come back to water.

Atef Ayadi
Along The Seashore Of Your Skin

I will
reach you
where you are
with my finger and
through my flying words.

I will blur
your eyes
with clouds
coming
from a far future;
you will separate
the familiar ones
from the absurdity.

I will
come to you
in your dreams
as a messiah
the one who speaks
your own words.

I will
Espouse
Your body
Mind and heart.
Nothing
Is
Impossible
As long as it is you are
open
like an undiscovered
new continent's shore.

i will come
and you will
see yourself
see yourself
flying like a tropical bird.

Atef Ayadi
Tell Me Woman

Tell me woman
What makes you feel
Woman?

When, where, why, and how
You need to use that layer?
Tell me what do you know,
From the old definitions
Your own definition
And definitions,
And others

What do you feel,
What do you see
And do not
Deep within?
Tell me something simple
And complex,
And try to remain simple.

Tell me
About what you inherited
And still use
Without comprehending it
I am sure it is something
That irritates you sometimes
And you try to deal with it.
Like your holiness
Or a separate organ.

Tell me
About the creature
That lies
Within you.
Tell me
So,
I can use my manhood correctly.

What makes
Qualified for being fully human
And
being
Fully woman.
Tell me so
I can
Redefine
Everything for you
Without confusing you.

Atef Ayadi
Expressing My Desire

I can start right here
There is no end.

I put my hand
On your face,
Or let it float in the air;
There is really no difference

I climb
My desire
Or yours;
What is the difference?

I can talk to you
Or talk to anything else;
What is the difference?

Listen to you,
Myself,
Or anything else;
What is the difference?

Dreaming within your dreams;
Mine are always
My soft pillow;
What is the difference?

My desires are uncertain.
That is what make them
Desirable
And certain;
What is the difference?

Atef Ayadi
Fire Cycle

I will burn
All your desires.
I do not even have to promise that.
I will!
And I already started.
It is in my nature
there are no ethics in desire
It is the only aggressive,
Unforgiving,
Unfair, and
Enslaving, and
Unconventional
War
I know.

I will burn everything in you,

So that you know fear from fairness
love from hate
and all the dual
Junks,
And finally you will have
Your natural
Smile,
hands,
Legs,
Face, and your natural
Hand writing back to you.

So,
You will recognize
What you want from what you do not,
What you want to say and not to say,
So,
You will know
Curves from straight lines.

So,
You can redefine your norms
Adjust your language
And reset your compass.

I will burn everything in you
And i will leave nothing for chance.

You will rise
Like a new
green forest
After a devastating continental fire.

Atef Ayadi
Defenseless Desire

Do not think
I will go to hell
Alone.
I will draw you
with your golden chains
And all your rings and earrings.
I will burn my lips with yours,
My skin with yours, and
My soul with yours.

We will cross the gate
From haven to hell
Together
At the same time
Slowly,
In a rush,
Or like two beings being thrown into hell
Against their will.

Is that what you always want and wish for?
This is not anger;
This is my burning desire.

I left heaven for the civilized,
Who likes to swim in heaven's water,
Dress up and flashes with heaven’s scents,
And speaks heaven's love words.

This is not my type.
I will go to hell and will drawn you with me.
You will like it;

Cause'
My deepest desires are made of light
Of fire.
And
Your deepest desires
Are covered with shields of
White snow,
Light ice, and iron of cold
Resting over
An ancient torrent fire.

So,
Do not resist,
You will brake
Your ice,
Without melting
Your hidden
Fantasies,
Colors, and
Childish empire.

Atef Ayadi
When She Feels Alive

Her feet on the moon,
The hands on Venus,
The beauty is dusted across the universe.

Atef Ayadi
Bad And Good

Bad people!
Good people!

There is no such thing called
Bad people or
Good one.

People are wonderful,
Resourceful,
And mirrors to watch oneself through.

Do you think,
Do you feel, and
Did you ever heard
There is bad tree,
bad rose,
bad mountain,
bad Volcano,
bad ocean,
bad season,
bad desert,
bad forest, or
bad prairie, or
bad rabbit,
bad dog,
bad cat,
bad cow, or
bad pigeon.

People are people;
You can not change, judge, or remove them.

Listen within-self,
Listen to them, and
Everything around;
You learn the many stories
Of this beautiful universe.
A Way Of Life

EiIeen

Is
my north and south pole,
my ice-cups,
my oceanic conveyors,
my shields,
my limestone,
my deepest mines,
my gold, diamond, silver, and minerals,
the rivers mixed with my veins,
the water map,
the rain,
the wind,
The fog of the fall and the spring,
my moon,
my sun,
my planet,
my galaxy,
my universe,
my child and mother,
my rebellion poem,
my fiction and rhetoric,
my soul and essence,
my sight and rebirth,
my peace and patience,
my air, my green land, and the snowy mountains,
my desert and ocean's waves
my fall and my desire
my water of life,
my guardian,
my feeder,

And my unbreakable breath.

Imagine,
None of these exist!
Une Rose

She is
A brutal tropical beauty.

In the morning, she is a burgundy rose,
At noon,
She becomes orange.

Midnight,
She is my sun.

Atef Ayadi
Your Soul Mate

It is not hard
To have your soul match
It is not that hard
And you do not need luck.

You will find one or more
Without posting ads
Chat rooms, or “.com”
You will find the match of the match
And the dearest real one,
You will.

Design it,
Like design your future home
With all the features.
Take a pen,
Pencil,
A lot color are good for creativity
Paper or your journal.

You may not need all
Of this;
Your mind and heart are enough
To design and explore the universe.
Yet,
It is good to record everything

List all the physics and chemistry compound you want
That go with your feelings
And your life style.

If you want a pet,
A robot,
A layer,
A daddy,
A nanny,
A lower back kisser,
A money machine,
Lower –part only feature,
Upper part only feature,
Only the head,
You have all the culture
And races added with
Bonuses and gift cards on top of that

You will have that.
You pay for what
You get!

Do not be in rush,
Patience and passion are
Are the courage, the faith in oneself, and the desire.

Atef Ayadi
My Solitude

My best friend
My dearest soul and mate for better and for worse
My dreams, fantasies, and my peace
My second mother
My greatest second sun
My second moon and honey moon,

My solitude sets
Between
My first love and my last
My first birth and my last eternal death.

Atef Ayadi
Détour I

Ah!
If you can say
everything
without faking it,
without making detours, and
without shortcuts.

Ah!
If you can spare me
and spare yourself sometime
For better fun,
better love, and better life.

Ah!
One second,
One good word, and
One vivid smile
Make a great difference.
Say it and
I will help;
This will save the universe
from its own modesty.

Atef Ayadi
Again!

Again
What do you want
Without extras,
Without looking at me,
Or for me,
Without statement, or judgment;

Flat?

Are you under the surface
or over,
looking at yourself,
Diving,
Sinking,
Or with a calm open body
Floating underneath?

Are you hiding beneath your skin
Or flying without it?

What you want
As
"What I really want?"
With or without fear?

What do you want
in few mute or colored words
or many screams of one beautiful word?

What do you want
from me, with or without the world?

What you want
Without explaining
Without justifying
Or mutilating your feeling?

What you want
As
"What a flower wants?"
"What a tree wants?"
"What a bird wants?"
Or
"What a river wants from the sky?"

Atef Ayadi
A Mirror

Here are
My chest,
My face,
My limbs,
In front of you;

Talk
While you are
Looking at yourself.

Atef Ayadi
Slow Desire

The hands are expressing themselves
Openly.
The face and
Words
Follow the wonderful wander of the eyes;
There is noting between
Truth and lies.

I stopped
Everything At once.
I shutdown everything,
From casing my heart beats and all the protocols
To clogging my veins with my breath.

For the sake of this
Wonderful wander.

Atef Ayadi
Complete Set

I will desire you
When you get rid of
All
the extras;
When you leave nothing
But nothing, your desires, and your
Imaginations,
Then my desire will
Complete your fourth
Element.

Atef Ayadi
How To Make You Funny?

How to make you funny?
And you are always funny,
You hide it and
It is still funny,
And that makes me laugh.

How to make you serious?
And you can not be serious,
Funny is funny,
And being seriously funny is not that funny,
And you laugh.

How to tell you a joke?
And you are the funniest joke
That makes you more funny and serious
While you are drinking and thinking
At the risk
Of spilling the juice of your lips
At my laugh.

Atef Ayadi
How To Make You Laugh?

How make you laugh?
And still, you are still
Laughing
While you are sitting
Presumably calm
Thinking of jumping on me?

How I can make you laugh?
And the only joke I have
Is me,
And you
Are my laugh?

How I tease you first,
Make your lips smile
Under your skin
And then you laugh?

how?
do you have
some weakness in your laugh’s strength,
or
some strength in your laugh’s weakness?
where to begging?
how to make myself laugh before
making you laugh, then cry of laugh?

Atef Ayadi
How To Make You Light?

How to make you strip
off
from your dangerous thoughts,
Your fate and weightless fatty anxious thoughts,
And all your feelings of injuries
In order to make light
And fly and fight
Beyond your own non flying zone?

How do I make myself comfortable,
So I can listen to you
Without
Falling in the well of
Your desirable love.

How can I secure
your skin
And your feelings,
My feelings, my bones, and your love skeleton
In order to build
A shelter
And we sill can gaze at the moon?

How I can make you talk,
The way you always like to walk
Without falling with your heavy weighted feelings in my hands?

How I can make you run
At the speed of light
Without being red yellow blue and violet
That is the speed you at which you like to
Talk, kiss run and come back for skin's fight.
And you always do that and run,

How I can make you run and jump
At the rhythm of your voice
Between serious run and fake
Blue frog's jumping
The way you sing, and paint,
And
The way you always draw and run.

Atef Ayadi
How To Make You Happy?

How I make you happy
constantly,
Make my self happy
continuously,
Make the world happy
eternally

Without leaving
Nothing behind?

How
I can Hold you in my hand,
myself in one hand,
and the world in other hand,
and still I can sense my own hand
Separately?

How I can love you,
Love myself as if it is you,
And love the whole world
As if it is only me and you,
And still
It is the entire world?

How?

How I can keep nourishing your smile,
Feeding my own smile, and
Leave a kiss on your smile.

How?

How I walk in with a smile
Walk out with the same smile
Walk through your smile and my smile
Hand in hand without disturbing their napping
Or stopping their bigger laughs?
How?

Atef Ayadi
Few Things About Your Eyes

I find
Myself
obligated
and determine
Despite the fear of being lost
to jump into your eyes
and dive;

then surge
from your toes.

Atef Ayadi
An Eye, An Island, And One Survived Poem

The sunlight,
An unyielding blue sky,
The drowsiness of saltiness of the sea,
And
My skin, my lips, and guts in a bottle of water.

The wild darkness of the night,
The cold thorny hair pushing against my skin,
The Northern light, and
A fainted form of ice

Arouse me
And take my life.

Her eye is
Still and island
That catches both
Me and The sea.

Atef Ayadi
Forty Letters To A Woman – Eighteenth Letter -

I really forget you.
It was hard for me reach this point
and to do so.
But, at last
I forget.

there are other
women I met
they look like you
and they did the same things
they ask for same drama
and I start to smile to them without specific terms or words.

I am not attracted anymore
to a woman who has your body posture and the philosophy of
your eyebrows.

it is too complicate
for me.

I am not attracted to that
anymore.

Simply,
it is a bad habit to do the same thing.

So I forget
with who I will be happy with,
with who I will be around,
or who I will love.

I forget the leisure, seizure, and the pain.

I have
Nothing to add,
Except,
If I want to kill love by love
The second should be more powerful.
Simple Differential Equation

I derive from you.
You derive from me.

Both
Are
The source,
And both are natural.

Atef Ayadi
Imaginary Numbers

What is between me
And
My
Opposite

Is a part of
Me and
A part of my
Opposite;

the rest is a pure imagination.

Atef Ayadi
Without A Mirror

Stop looking
At
Your face

for A lost smile.

Do it
Spot it,
And leave it where
It happen to be found.

Atef Ayadi
Happy Moments

Believe
It

Or Not,

It always
Happens.

Atef Ayadi
Fill The Universe With Beauty

Sing your poem,
And
Dance with your smile;

You will see the beauty
Of the existence
Comes and goes from nowhere.

Atef Ayadi
Fill The Universe With Songs

Sing,
Dance,
And Chant
Your Existence

That is
How
The Universe welcomes you.

Atef Ayadi
Fill The Universe With Poems

Throw
your poems

Like
The cosmic seeds.

They will grow
And rise with the rainbow.

Somewhere
they recount
Your Ancient story.

Atef Ayadi
Fill The Universe With Smile

Smile
And
Smile,
Against The odds, and
Against your free will.

Smile,
And let it fly by itself;
A smile knows where it flies and where it goes.
Make it happen;
A smile
Is divine,

A chock wave
that crosses
The universe
Half-half
Like two lips
In a full smile.

Atef Ayadi
Fill The Universe With Words

Write
With punctuation,
Without, or less
While you still breathing
While you are crossing a heart feeling attack.

Write
Without pity, praise, or reward.

Let it fall
Like the rain

Let it fall
constipated,
easy,
chilly,
funny,
absurd,
cold,
And formal.

Let it fall
By itself

I am sure
If you let it fall,
It will!

It will
Fill the universe with smile.

Atef Ayadi
Let Me Know

why woman
you want
strong softness
and manners;

On bed
you want
everything
else;

On the street
you want equality?

Do not you think
there must be some order in everything
between us?

Atef Ayadi
Ancient Routine

Why woman
Signal first
and
Man
Aught to respond?

why not the opposite?

why not both signal
Simultaneously
and both
has the right response?

why this routine,
forced
urge of simple needs
turns to a hostile war
of who should be on top
and who should be below?

why woman never tried to
cease
man's achievements vocabulary
and turns them into beautiful feelings.

Why man
never tried
to feel
woman feeling
and build a new language or exotic feelings.

why the rush?
why the speed?
and why the distance?

Atef Ayadi
Remembered Mask

She
chucked me with everything beautiful,
simple, and engaged simplicity.

I do not remember her name,
But what is important
is,
I love her
for what she did,
for her face,
her youth desperations,
her nervous soft skin,
for her induced hidden smile,
for her basic needs, and
for her simplistic dreams,

I love her for her resistance
and retaliation.

I love her
for asking
nothing but
my age.

Atef Ayadi
Falling -The Seventh Second-

A second
Is
An hour,
An hour is stretched in a day,
A day is frozen in a hollowed circular month.
A month stopped following the seasons
And ran away from being called on duty,
From being called a month
Month after month

Time is a beautiful rose
Rising from the soil
The rose seed takes a
Billions light year to germinate

It is beautiful
To see time clung to itself
Like a metallic rode
Wrapping itself
And falls into dispersed dusted nodes.

It is beautiful
To be in this moment
Of falling into the unseen part of life.

It is a beautiful instance
That I desire fear
As a good friend
To be with me
While I am hitting
My own ground
And freeing myself
From my good assumptions
And my bad assumptions

Here, and at this precise moment,
My happiness meets with my truthful pain,
And both walk away.
Atef Ayadi
Falling -The Eighth Second-

I like to feel
The bouncing
On the ground;
The real crash
With a fainted or fake smile.
I like to know
Exactly
My last word,
My last thought,
My last breath,
my last wish,
my last phrase, and
My last word,

I like to see the unspoken truthful smell,
That dark and
Empty
Pride.

I like to touch
What is left of me
After the crash.

I like to see myself
After the impact,
Empty or full of life
Or something else.

Atef Ayadi
Like A Dream

Her feeling
Are touching mine
At the same speed
At the same distance
At the peak of a frozen time.

Atef Ayadi
My New Friend

Lean on me
as
if I am leaning on you.

and take off the guilt
of being there.

Atef Ayadi
Team Work

Freeze the time
and play
like children
Cause,
Children freeze the time;
their unique law is to play.

Atef Ayadi
A Flexible Thought

I tried to measure
The distance
between the two sides of the alley
At the exact moment
Eileen walks in
In the middle of the alley and
At the speed of light.

Atef Ayadi
Sluggish Thoughts

Trashes,
Trashcans,
And gadgets

Are recyclable.

Only human thoughts are
Not;

-Actually,
They do;
It is just not the century’s need for such thought-

Once they are passed,
They bounce,
Triggered and trigger,
Spark
Fire;
The smoke looks
Like a fume,
Sometimes,
More bigger then a mushroom cloud.

Atef Ayadi
Falling -The Fifth Second-

It is a frozen
Moment
In a frozen time,
The head is down
The sun is over the head and
Left behind the cliff.

It is beautiful to leave gravity
For a moment and forever.
It creates the sense of
Being in an endlessly lost,
A lasting last lost,
Facing death for real.
That is the first fear
At the same time
I create the beautiful desire
To watch in this moment
What is behind and in front of me:
The surface of the ground is clear as it is
Without estimation or judgment
A green land tilted over
A prairie,
Some isolated trees
Scattered here in there
And mark the history of the place

I am among birds
A unique instance of a human,
Flying
Free from his will.

At this moment
A desire of achieving something on that
Surface or beyond
Comes to my mind.
My mind
Now
Is so clear of fear
You have the space for
Pure Dreams
Time does not exist
Death is there
Life is there
In one node
In one grape
In one leave
The space inspires you with its
Divinity.

At this moment,
I feel
For the first time
The grace of being calm
And free.

Atef Ayadi
What Do You Want?

What you want
and what else you want?

What type of made in china
you are?
What type of being you are?
What type being you want to be?

What is impossible
What can you do?
What can you possibly do?
–I am sure you can–
What can you make from yourself
for your own sake?

The lilac knows what it can do;
Where it can spread, grow, and go,
and precisely how far
and what amount
of water,
of air,
and how much sunlight sun it need
in order to flourish and grow.

The where, how, and when are simple commodities.

The wine
knows its color
its taste
its fume
and the percentage of everything in this universe.

So,
Tell me
What do you want?

I will tell you What
I can possibly
Do
And I am what I do.

Atef Ayadi
Romeo And Juliet

Juliet was
A Beach of beautiful trees of peach;
I am sure about that!

Romio
Was a son Of the neighbor of the same
Beach of beautiful trees of peach.

What is left from their story
Is only more suffering
For humanity.

So tell me lady,

What do you want?

And
I will tell you,
What I want.

and if you want,
i will start first!
and it is not about love strategies,
or being more or less seductive.

Tell me as if you are talking to yourself.

What exactly do you see
In yourself,
In me, in the world
your world or my world.

Take your time.

Tell me anything you want
And I will tell you
What I want
As a response
To your eternal request.

Here are white papers,
A pencil in case
You could not say it,
Or you could not articulate well
or add something unreasonable
or silly to complete the picture.

Make it very simple
Or complicate.

It does not matter!

Whether, it is in written
Verbal,
Drawn,
Or in mute signs.

Just get it out
And free me as if you are freeing yourself,,
Or just free yourself
And i will free myself by myself
and i
always do.

Here are my hands,
My face,
My mind,
My eyes,
Your hands,
Your face,
Your mind,
Your eyes,

And other things
Which later will surface.

Just be frank;
I do not like to waste time
My time,
And your time and the neighbor time.

there is noting in
your long 'Aaaaaaah! '
While your face is flying somewhere.
or your eyes tilt down or up
toward both sides,
except it looks like a golden neck bracelet.

It does not make any sense
In the dictionary of feelings, the non-sense, the common sense,

and all the absurdities.

It does not make sens to your senses.

Just express yourself.
You should,
You can,
And you aught to.

Just say it.
And die.
Vanish,
Disappear,
Or fly in the sky.

Just say what you want
Breath,
Assure,
Insure yourself,
And take the first step.

Anything else is
Twisting,
Lying to yourself,
About yourself,
To humanity,
About humanity.

So,
just say it.

There must be a reason
For any constipated feeling
And you do have the cure.

Atef Ayadi
A Poem In A Can

I am dreaming
to create a fast
growing
global
industry
Of
Poems
Delivered
In Cans.

I am sure
Share holders
Will like the idea
And will invest heavily.
It is their nature
And the nature of Globalization.

I will sell them
With a reasonable price:
The price depends on the production
and the
Needs and demands.

Each poem is a product,
The big is the poem
the big is size of the can.
Tiny poems go in tiny jars
Fancy poems go in fancy cans.
Life poem go in jars produced by
know and unknown artists.
Love poems go in ancient jars.

I do not need to market them,
it is a poem for god sake!

My authenticity is
to not duplicate
any poem,
unless the poems are twins
triplets, or
quadruples;
They will go in the same jar.

Atef Ayadi
Dismembered Poem

A poem without
Title,
Is like
A human
Without head
Who remains
More human
Than one with an attached head.

A poem with no
Bottom,
Like marching
to the glory
without toes, limbs, and a forgotten head.

A poem with no
Heart;
No toes,
No skin, and
No bones;
you feel it
And
It does not sound anything.

Atef Ayadi
Identity

I do not know
How my voice
Is reaching your voice and
How it sounds to you?

I do not know how my
Face
Is facing
Your face?

But,
I Trust Them.

Atef Ayadi
My Darling Soul

My darling Eileen,
Your falling
Eyes
Taught out me
A last lasting wisdom
Is to trust my
Desire
And fly with it.

Atef Ayadi
Spam: Orgasm Power

the subject is: Orgasm Power
The sender: a courageous woman
she “SPAMS” for living.

How did she know
my orgasm,
the type of orgasm I have,
my orgasm power,
or if I need power in my orgasm
My will,
when I want to have it,
If I had it or if I will.
When and how
to released or
to re-leashed
dry,
wet,
or and empty bullet?

How did she know?

I do not know if
What she is promising
is what she wants,
What I want,
or both want?

Atef Ayadi
Coming Back To My Little Home

I come late to my home.
As I approach it,
I watch for my behavior
my feelings
if they are clean, talk and stand straight.
i make sure
i have no unfinished
business left:
everything is said,
told,
and done.

my room,
my my street,
my neighbors,
the house number
the five street lights bulbs
and my old car
-I do not use or care to fix, -
my 64 feet square garden,
And the silence of the night
make me feel home
and welcomed
to rest,
take off my clothes, and
all the good feelings with it.

my home
my love home
the woman i always see
waiting for me
late,
the child i like to kiss,
the stuck of white papers
needed to be filled,
and the few
articles: the subject does not really matter!

my home
my kitchen
my spared cans
and little milk
a loaf of bread that fills my eyes and hunger;
A jar of herbal tea i managed to make

my home and
my bed
stretching itself over my room

my home
my canvases
need to be recycled
recolored
and reborn
again,
again, and again.

Atef Ayadi
Love is
Within.

You can
give it
Spare it,
Or leave it where you found it
Only for yourself.

The dead is always waiting
For love.

Atef Ayadi
Enigma Of My Emotions

It is built up;
From The second
I started to ask
The sequence:

forgiveness
forgiveness!
I am sorry!
A Lie,
And forgiveness,
Forgiveness,
Forgiveness, , , Please!

A lie,
I do not care,
I can take it,
The blame is a no blame,
or
why they blame
Me?
why me?
why i blame you?
and you blame me?
it never stops.

Then
The big lie sequence:
I tried to keep up with that
live with it
I do not care
So what
what is up with that?

And Then

They LIE!
I DO NOT!
With an antagonistic posture.
Yeah!
I do lie sometimes
Like any body else.
Who cares!

So what!

Now,
My lies are
Like
'I can stop smoking that girl!'
'I can not stop
The girl'
'I can not stop the smoking girl'
'I could not stop smoking'
And
'I am between stopping smoking and stopping the smoking girl.'

Atef Ayadi
Tropical Garden

Her Face
Flatted
And smoothed out
To receive my face.

Distance,
Time,
Cold,
My sweat,
Her whispers,
Her old
Whispers,
And
My troubled world
Made her face more flatted:
A deserted Caribbean beach napping
On a green wild forest.

Mother Nature!

One hand on the sleeping deepening into the sand
The other
Fighting the Beats of Sea.

Atef Ayadi
Falling -The Fourth Second- The True 'I'.

It is beautiful to say
Ah!
If I still have time!

An awful voice surges from your own head and tells you:
"No! , I am sorry, there is not time, will not, no clock, no food, no future"
That is it!

This is the only thing you should hear!
And put it in your ear
As earring! '

Still, it is good to know;
Because
At least
And finally
I hear it,
I feel it,
I see it, and
I taste it,
By my tongue, my fingers, my bones, and my skin!

It is time
To see it clearly.

CLAIRE!
ECLAIRE,
SAINT CLAIRE!
SAINT Joe,
SAINT MARRY,
SAINT PETER, and
Saint Petersburg.

It is time
To see it clear.

It is about accepting
Myself
And having the courage to accept that.
Point carré,
Poincaré,
Point cerclé,
Encerclé,

Point
À LA LIGNE!

Atef Ayadi
What I Know About Woman!

I thought
I know!

I know it!

I am really sorry!
I do not.

I, who is 'Me'
And the whole word
Aught to
Admit!

You do not need to use what you already know
Or
Rise and release your PH.D level
about what you know and 'Sorry I missed That.'
With A French Accent.

I do not know her
In close
Or by
Far.

I did not even know if she is playful
prideful,
Shy, or
LATÉ
type of woman;
Funny
And miserable
than me or two ounces or 4 quads extra.

So I do not claim
I know
something about
woman,
one
woman in particular,
ten,
Eleven.
or ten thousands

I do not know nothing
about woman,
women,
and the man I am?

I can not judge any more,
be out of the box.
Inside the box,
on top of it,
on top of
My feeling, or
My skin,
surfing over my clouds,
swimming through my veins.
I can not judge
and that is enough!

I am
Already out of box
and I am still a box
boxed
wired
weird funny creature.
from a faraway galaxy;
And for me
woman are funny too
except they have plans and exits
even for being funny
and not being funny at all.

So please do not ask
anything about
my experiences,
my skills,
my skin,
my eyes,
just take what you wan t
or just steal my skin
and dry it out.

Atef Ayadi
Beauty And The Careful Desire

She explained
With all the body languages that come
with her infant "DRAM MA, GRAND MA"

Petite enfant!

She Said:
I do not like blow up jobs!
I need love!

I said:

'If you love your job
Blow up every thing.

spare your love
for your best
dream.
blow up everything you want after
awakening from your best dream

blow up your dreams
one after the other.

It is but a blow up beautiful dream

blow
up

all the dreams you have, have not, and you will have;

all!

and

Just dream!

Dream first
Dream,
Dream, and dream.

Of the beautiful job:
you desire."

Atef Ayadi
Falling -The Third Second-

The stage is Critical!
WarnING!
Warning I am F U
UK
(In between there is a complement of object)
Kilogram Esperenza Detergent.

This Message is clear
'It is a Warning'

Check this out!

You are dead!
DEAD!
Not dad!
And daddy!

Weakness and weakened
Light
Comes to clear my mind
Full of stuff of life
kids stuff,
Adult stuff,
And other stuff that are strange to mine.

It actually does not depend on ages
It just come
It leaves you
Releases you
Unleashes you.

Here,
I see myself dead
Without being dead.
Like see
'a dead dog'
'a darling dead dog'
or just
'anonymous dog'
I fall,
Full Fall.

Wake up!

'Reveils toi! '
In French, sorry for that.

And
The fall does not cease
or stop.

Atef Ayadi
Falling -The 2th Second! -

As you are still in the first stage of
I can not face it
'I am in denial! '

You fall;
That is beautiful;
Beautiful fall!
Wow!
Good JOB
People!

Advertiser!

Good
Commercial!

You are still in denial
Whether it is real
Or just a confusion.
of words and worlds,
The static,
Unchanged landscape,
And explosion.
Everything come racing
In rhythm
Like the fall,
The season,
The Sun,
The son,
Love,
Mama,
Dad,

Pictures in an album,
Reflection
A fast retrospective
Type of scene.
You start to think that
They may come
With you
and you should not
Go alone

Type of fear.
This is your first class fear.

here priority is segmented
Or just a flow

Here,
cheating is no cheating.

Here, you brake your own heart
you want company

you want
someone,
anyone, or
anything

Tom!,

Tommy!
Tomas!
liza
liz
eliz
libonia
lesbian
a caw
a tree
the earth
the dust

Whatever is you name?
it does not matter

you do not like
to vanish and
fall alone

Will come with you
you realize

They do not buy it!
They do not like to go with you and

it is not a big deal
a big even
a big shut
no one wants to fall
with you

Even Your - SELF!
betrays you.

You are falling and that is it!
Alone!

You are gone,
Done,
And memory;
A memo
That a CEO send and no body can read
And if they can
Still no one like to
Read
And wont.

You are gone
And It is good that you realize that.
Except one thing:

You need to relax and
Believe in 'it happens'
'Possible',
'To be true'
It happened
And it is still happening
'I ca a an DO IT '
'I am Do In G It'
You are happy and fearful of your own fear.

Atef Ayadi
Falling -The First Second! -

Every
Thing
Can fall
And falls in harmony.

Everything fall
In harmony
Dust, the air, the wind
The light,
The humidity,
The fist DROP of sweat,
The first cry, and
The first denial of falling
Falls in harmony.

The only thing that takes off your breath
Is 'I am falling too?'

Your nightmare and guts
Fall all together

Down!

Awful feeling,
But in harmony.

Atef Ayadi
Despite
The fear
You want to be funny
And a friendly lovely
Creature
And you throw off your fear
Behind as you are trying
To be that creature
Funny creature
You started to see fear as a funny word
In a funny phrase
In a funny talk
In a funny language
As happy and young as
The English language now.

Love affair
Off the fear
Off the air
With and without your ear
fear,
fair,
Fares
'Le Fer',
Le feu, et
'l'enfer'-Hell-

Des Bizoues ziw Like Zooo
ou ou! Oh! OH OH! AN In On www
www www

You did all
You did your best
Without fear

You are busted!
Despite taking off the fear from your ear
And now the fear
Takes off you and over you
And does not leave in you
Any flares
Any fairness, and
Any trace of the original fear.

You are created your own genocide
You are the first one to fall.
And it does not matter for you
If someone else is falling with you too.
That it is the fun of it! .

Still,
You think
That something is not right
As you want it to be
After your heart
Stop
Beating
At the speed
Of light.

Atef Ayadi
Genocides

Keeping
Your angry love
Ravaging
My skin
And my hidden soul behind my bones
While I am watching you,
Your Chemistry,
Your Physics,
And the art gallery of fumes
Sculptures, paintings you brought with you
And the dead ancient mommies.

Creates a genocide

My pretending prideful
Son of the Neighbor of the 'Be A nice gay'
Is one of the angry generals
Who gave me the first RAIFALL

ES, CAPE
RUN, ING, Be In RUN, and
In RUN Ni InGG ING are my first beautiful Abbreviations.
To fall on my head.

I see
Them all,
As I am fighting
The fear of running,
Backing up and running
And the fear of moving forward.

Genocides
Is fear.... to kill myself
With fear,
For the sake of beauty
And remain a living dead creature
Moving with no purposes.
And pretending
I am in life
And it is only fear of a passed beautiful fear.

Atef Ayadi
Beautiful Poem

Leave Me!
With or without
Firing
Your last Glance
On my chest.

I always
Keep
Both hands
And My chest
Open

Maybe that
glance may
Fall
On my hands
After missing
Or bouncing back from my chest.

My
Hands are still holding
Your last lasting glance
As if my they are holding
Your hand.

This Is my beautiful poem
And the only one
I am always proud to keep in my hand.

Atef Ayadi
The Beauty Is Walking Beside Me

I look At the
Beauty
Walking!
As she is crossing
My veins
She fainted my
Heart.

I look At the
Beauty
Walking!
Every step and
Every smile is adjusted
And tuned up
To each of my heart beats.
To each of her heart beats

As she is walking,
Her smile is
Flattering her face and mine.
I am smiling and I am not sure I am smiling;

No 'Hi'
And not descent,
But a DROP of glance
Rushing down like a storm.

The beauty is walking
Transparent and
Soft;
She is awakening
All the beasts inside.

Atef Ayadi
In The Eyes Of The Beholder

There is no time
Or place
To wait for
Love.
There is no season and
No such place called love's Market or Love's Shopping Mall;
Cause',
Love
Comes and goes
From the blind corner
From
Where you think you see
And you do not.

There is not such thing called cheap or expensive love;
There is only you
And the way you color yourself with
Love.

There is no such thing
Called security
Retirement plan
Pension, or
Funds in love;
Cause',
Love is not for profit or
A political agenda;
But hard labor
Without punch in and
Punch out.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Not A Good Tax Payer, But

I am not
Truly a good
Tax payer,

But
I have
My dignity,

I am not a good tax payer,
But
I can bring you
Some fresh roses from
A faraway prairie.
I can help you dream,
I can make you laugh.
And sleep where you never felt a sleep.

I am not a good tax payer,
And I do not see the difference
Did you ever see a rich lover more
Safer than a poor one?

Atef Ayadi
Do Not Try To Compromise With Me

Why you are compromising
Your life,
Your heart beats,
Your love, and
Your beauty?

Are you
In a hurry
To find love?

Why you are looking
At me
While you are with a lover?

Did you forget
Anything;
A past love or
A hidden one,
That still burning?

Why your eyes are still
Fixed
On me?
Why
My presence
Overwhelms you
And fools up your heart
And mind?

Why do send me
Telepathic messages
And kisses?

Why you are sad,
Resilient,
And silent?
I told you before,
I need a hurricane woman
Not a poor silent twister?
An Approach

My approaches
To people remains the same
For decades.
It never changed:
They are human when
They are on top of they head
And little machines
With a corrupted
Programs,
Macro,
Scripts, , and
Bugs.
That is what makes
Them below their feet.
It is not very sad,
It happen to humanity
To have such diversity
And that is what makes humanity more human.

My approach to
Women,
Is almost the same
After all,
They are more than half of humanity and that is really big deal.
They are Human, if they are on top of their head
And little machines if they are not.
And still,
They are beautiful and natural creature in both ways.

My approach
To kids
Remains the same:
They are
Beautiful creatures,
The future,
The next wave of humanity
In skin and bones,
A picture we like to draw of ourselves
Ah!
If the little machines
Can be on top of their heads;
They will know
What is the future is
And if they must draw something,
They let kids
Draw by themselves
The humanity dreams.
That is what makes
Them below their feet.

my approach to pets
ah!
half wants to be class,
An emperor,
Baron, and
Duke.
The other half does not want to be alone.

It is beautiful to see humanity
between the present, pets, and the future.

My approach to nature
Is as simple as nature
And naturally harsh as nature:
You adapt,
You appreciate,
You complete, and then
You vanish.
Nothing is mysterious or comes from nothing.

Atef Ayadi
Do Not Be Bossy In Love

Do not take the boss
Position in love;
Who must submit,
Who must move first,
Who is the good player
Who is the hero, and
Who is the looser;
Because, in love
There is
No master and slave
No god and worshiper.
I already made you already a god,
A pilgrimage, and
A temple.
So, why you want to be bossy and
Show me
You are in control.

Do not!

Leave bossing for the tired and the sad.

Because, in love
There is no
Who must move first,
Who must kiss first,
Who must kill first,
There is
No leader,
No chauffeur,
No real map,
No plan, and
No exits.

Do not get bossy
And show me your "how to be"
But show me your deepest strength
And weakness in love.
Do not get bossy
Because, in love
A character is
A color,
A form,
A different music note,
A peace of literature,
A fearful jungle,
A Niagara fall,
A lost rainbow, and
An extraordinary Persona, and
I want you to be
Xenoglossy
Like Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Do Not Look At The Mirror

Do not look at the mirror;
there is nothing
but a beauty;
the flowers are important than the vase.

Do look at the mirror
if you are not aiming to
to check on your smile
and to kiss your inner and outer face.

Do look at the mirror
but ask me
I will tell you
what I am seeing and
what I am hearing;
My clairvoyance shows only but your grace.

Do look at the mirror
one smile is enough;
it is your mirror and your face.

Atef Ayadi
She Is Always In My Mind

She is in my mind
All the time,
When I awake,
When I go to sleep,
And in between.

She is there;
When I eat,
When I take a shower,
When I write,
When I look at a woman,
When I look at lovers, and
When I look at sad people.
When I look at happy faces.
She is always in my mind;
No matter I tried
To remove her
Or to keep her.
She is a living organ
Growing in my body.

It is hard to remove her
Or to keep her;
Like a fire that burns
And cures at the same time.

She is keeping me safe.
She is pushing me to the ultimate.
She is my saver and my goddess.

She is my beautiful dream,
My nature, and my fear.

She is always in my mind.

She is my beautiful crazy mind.
She is my heart.
She is my guts that take me far beyond when I need to be blind.
Atif Ayadi
I Miss You

I miss you,
And
It is not about my emptiness,
Wholeness, or to complete
My strength,
My weakness,
My senses, and
My masculinity.

I miss you,
Cause' it is a human instinct
to breath life and
to explore the impossible.

I miss you,
and that is what completes me
and strengthen my bones
and arouse my skin.

I miss you
As missing to be you
And I am not asking you to be me.

I miss you
And it is a feeling
I always like to thrust
And then conquer.

Atef Ayadi
The Enigma Of Roses

A field of
Identical
Red
Roses;
Arranged in an optimized
Capitalistic way.
They are meant to be delivered to
To anonymous lovers.
From far, they look the same;
But they are not.
My enigma is still an enigma:
Could one differentiate one rose from another?
What is the difference between this lover and that lover?

Atef Ayadi
Prestige

Like a magicians, deep in the
Heart,
Passion is the only risk
And that is the magic.
The pledge is who I am
The turn is the method, “Average people are predictable! ”
The prestige is to turn myself into seeds of flying words.
The disappointment is anticipated;
Much simpler would be the trick.

Atef Ayadi
Homo-Sapiens

What is wrong with Homo-Sapiens?
In the Muslim world if you talk about their prophet, they kill you.
In the west, if you talk about Capitalism, they take you for evil or Comrade
In Russia, the Kremlin is the KJB head-quarter, Putin is a new rising God King.
Are we really born free: Homo and Sapiens?
Or we just are playing Homo and pretending being Sapiens?

Atef Ayadi
Acceptance

One of my dreams is
Unreachable and
Unachievable.
It was my life dream.
The one that built me from head to toes;
The one that gave me reasons and synergy.

I accepted that with open heart
Acceptance is a not a defeat
Rather than creating thousands of more dreams.

Atef Ayadi
Chasing The Rainbow

I am chasing the rainbow
Without a sky or clouds.

I am chasing my life,
The wonderful smile and the saddest one.

I am chasing the hardship,
My green mint poem,
My vanilla drawing,
The path of Arthur Rimbaud, and
Les Miserables:
My Gavroche,
My Jean Valjean, and
My Cosette Eileen.

I am chasing the rainbow
And it turned out
It is a Papion smile flying between my chin and my eyebrows.

Atef Ayadi
Casa Lima

The house I want to build
with the cement I make,
the stone I carry and I brake, and
the sweat I add to the mixture.

My dream house,
Eileen's house,
my gallery, and her gallery.
It gathers everything
we both like and want
my casa,
my house,
my shelter
my lima.

The sun light,
the space,
the garden,
the bath tab,
the kitchen,
the big table,
the sofa,
the basement staffed with cheese, dry meet, and wine,
the sea is at the horizon,
the mountain,
the river,
the guest room,
a little space for Tango, Salsa, or any new type of dance,
a book shelves
Are added as needed.
we both have dreams
and we will never stop dreaming.

Atef Ayadi
I am half Human
Half beast.
Eileen has been my balance.
She is keeping my beast
Safe and unharmed.
She does not worry about
My human side;
It is human anyway!

Sometimes I revolt.
I want to free my beast
In order to free Eileen.
Cause'
The part that looks human
Is the voice of my inner beast.

Atef Ayadi
She Likes Simplicity

I asked her for her name and
What she wants
She gave me her name
And she said:
'I like simple things'

In my mind what she said is:
'I am tired, everything is difficult.'

I asked her if she wants ice cream.
Vanilla!
Chocolate!
Caramel!
Life is still between the ice and the cream! .

Atef Ayadi
A Dream

I blindfolded Eileen.
I asked her to trust me.
I took her to the middle of the busy street,
Where the traffic is high.
I kissed her until
The traffic was jammed.

Atef Ayadi
Let It Go

The fish is swimming
Like a dreamer.
Fishermen are standing along the two side of the rivers,
Silent and eager to catch something today;
Bigger,
As big as the boredom that reigns their life;
As big as the pride that controls their life.
Their pride is mounted along the rod and ends at the fancy lure.
I am sitting where the river is deep and calm:
Feeding the fishes;
To save my dream,
The river’s dream,
The fish’s dream,
And my boredom.

Atef Ayadi
Scorpio Sign

Your poison is my calming wine;
As I am plunging into your deepest
Feeling's shrine.

Your soul is my Life's reason,
My honor, and my golden medal;
Your love is my beautiful war, my restless peace, and my
Honorable privilege.

Atef Ayadi
Just Smile

Smile,
I will come over to your dreams
And I will.

Smile,
So I know where you are
And how you are;
The smile is always a welcome,
And the inner picture of you.

Atef Ayadi
My Future

The outer layer of my dreams
Are taking me
Toward the desert,
To build and ancient town;
I will call it:
The Republic of love.
In this town, the only religion is love,
Bearded people are clowns, and
Children are gods,
Men and women are racing and competing for fun.
In this town, art and literature works are the only goods
You should be proud of.
In this town,
Fear is an abstract natural painting
Drawing by the gods
Hostility and war sprite from the mouth of a
A poem that is fighting for its birth.
In the Republic of love, if you sow a tree
You are eligible for love.

The bottom of my dreams
Are clear and firm,
They are taking me toward
Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
My Past

My past is inevitable
As a good friend

My past is my shadow,
My tail
My home,
My land,
My moon,
My ocean
My river
My clean water,
My character, and
My dream.

My past is two halves:
One half is me,
The other half is Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Her Last Glance

Her last glance
Hastened
My last supper.

Intense,
Fascinating, and
Fascinated
By life and the agony of the harp loosing its harper.

With her last glance
She passed me her last wishes,
Her thousand nights, and
Her thousands kisses.

Atef Ayadi
I keep my eyes upright and close,
My hands far away,
My breath in a circle,
My words are gifted roses
From heart to heart,
Nose to nose, until they reach the soul
like a whisper that
Unfolds, melts and closes.

My words grow in a moment's season,
Under the light of the tenderness and the
Breeze of the beauty and the reason,
Then, their seeds echo away.

Atef Ayadi
Bottom's Lower Bottom

In one moment;
Everything makes sense to her;
While clarity is fainted.

She is defeated all the time;
While love is fated.

She sees the loss as big as a mountain;
while the gain is deeper within the mountain.

Time is her face reflected by a mirror;
While time is curved by a kiss
That
Gently polishes and distorts the mirror.

She is
Overwhelmed,
Rushed,
Manipulative,
Antagonistic,
Judgmental,
Egocentric,
Liar,
Inarticulate,
Sensitive,
Bored, itchy, and irritated.

The world aught to come to her;
While her feet are an inch away
From the aught to
And the head is filled by words and worlds
That do not belong to her.

She is erupting
From her lower bottom
Or from the
Bottom of her lower bottom.

Almost
Every time
And all the time.
Even in her
Deeper sleep.

Atef Ayadi
Leo Sign

She is Leo;
The lust is extravagant.
I explore the lust, and
Leave the extravagance for Leo.

Atef Ayadi
Incertitude

I keep my distance
Even, when I am under her skin.
Her eyes are my reference;
They reveal the depth and
Tell the difference.

Atef Ayadi
Persuasion

I will keep writing until you realize that my poems are a global spam just meant for you.

Atef Ayadi
Abstract: A Angle

Like the sun,
Eileen Always looks the same
Despite the season
Where I seize her
And how I seize her.

Me and my shadow
walk in different angle.

Atef Ayadi
Revelations Iv

Before I start to hate you
I cover my head with another woman's hair
So I can forget your smell.

I fall on another woman's chest
So I can forget
My secure house,
My old garden,
My promise land, and
My promised heaven.

I will keep love as it is.

I will only change one face with another
The way I used to change a fainted candle with another
Each time your dark hair
Hides the full moon
And reveals my face.

Any woman will keep me away from my rage;
Any woman will wash away your smell,
But no woman can kill you inside me.

Atef Ayadi
The Republic Of Love

My dream is to build
A Republic
Of love,
Where no woman is in need
For love, and

no place for sadness.
Where no woman is abused,
Harassed, or
Raped
Because she is a woman.

My dream is to build
A Republic
Of love,

Where, the only requirement is to know
Love's alphabets,
Love's songs,
Love's dances,
Love's jokes,
And how to smile.

In my Love Republic
There is no religion, no
God,
Or Gods,
And no standards
But worshiping
Your beloved
And love.

In my Love Republic
lovers walk with roses,
Rolls of lyrics,
And begs of fumes of Asian poems.

Atef Ayadi
Revelations II

I learned to
love
All women,
more than one.
two, three, four,
seventy, nine hundred.
ten thousands!

-We all do have a big heart and mind
for love, fairness, and curiosity.-

Why not?

I can deal with each one separately,
by group, or all of them at once.

this is a time of
Mass production,
Marketing,
Public relation,
Corporation,
Globalization,
Network,
UPS,
FedEx,
Google,
Yahoo,
Match.com.
Stock market, and
Stock exchange.
You name it!

Nothing is fair about love

I can even have
Part-time,
Full-time,
Temporarily,
Contract,
On waiting list
Type of love

I can open a type of 'business':
I just need to
put an ad or a flier
"Hiring woman less than 25 year old.
GED preferred but not required."

After all, it is not about hiring and firing
but profit and mutual interest.

Ask any feminist activist, she will say it is fun.

Woman always likes to remain deeply woman.

Atef Ayadi
Blue Print

She wrote me
Few lines
Tilted,
Disoriented,
Sometime vertical,
Sometimes horizontal,
She helped her thoughts with
2D and 3D drawings.

Match like her writing,
She is
Fractured,
Tilted,
Bent,
Burned,
Melted,
Vertically and
Horizontally,
Flashed,
Aroused,
Dripping
In 2D,3D.

She is overwhelmed
In her thoughts, dreams, and drawings.

She is
High maintenance
2D and 3D Blue Print.

Atef Ayadi
The Atlantic Fisherman

He was a fisherman;
Like most fishermen,
He is a brave one!

His life was fractured.

Steal brakes
At the edge of fatigue.

Fishermen are another type of
Alloyed;
They are fragile and can be easily fractured.

Atef Ayadi
A Pocket Of Pride

I do not need to take you
In public
And show how I am proud of loving you.

It does not make any sense!

I rather choose to take you
To the end of the universe, and

Meet with another intelligent specie
And say: 'This is Eileen,
The woman I love.'

Atef Ayadi
The History Teacher

Woman!

Where exactly
Did you put me
In the women's history?

Am I History?
Or a part of it?

And for how long you are lacking me in;
Between
Your History,
Women's History, and
Your archives?

Does time make sense to you
As a History teacher or
As a History professor?

Cause', History, buying time, and rejuvenation
Are for emperors.

Are you making me
An emperor?

Or a Faeroe?
If so,
How precise your are?

And if you can't feel my present presence
how possibility could you feel me through your archives?

Atef Ayadi
The Informational Era

Man becomes an ATM Machine.
Woman becomes a Slot Machine.

A child Is the upgrade
Peace of software,
Few pound of hardware,
And mainly
A true
Profit.

Atef Ayadi
Colonialism

He is resourceful and exotic.
She loves exploration

She stripped him off of
His elephant ivory
His Macaque fur, and
His Whales Oil.

He ended up being
A protected,
Vulnerable, and
Silent
Poem without pride.

Poems can turn sometimes
Into harems.

Atef Ayadi
The Industrial Era

She is Victorian,
He is a Blue Blood gentleman;

Alors que,
L'Entropie et
L'Amour continue encore leurs détente
Avec la même ampleur,
En Afrique
Et partout dans le monde.

Atef Ayadi
Enraged

Did I told you?
Did you realize?

Woman!

We have been
Dating and
In love

For a while;
With an unnoticed gazing,
With only a naked eye's contact.

Atef Ayadi
Forty Letters To A Woman–sixteenth Letter

I will not change.
I will not back up an
Inch!
Not even for a second!

The earth is still there;
The sea's saltiness is still there,
The natural disasters are still natural.

I will not promise you
That I will not change.

You drink from the sea,
You land on the land, or
You survive a natural disaster;

This is your 'thing'
Your life style,
Your hair style,
Your lips, and
Your date's dress style.

Human and god may vanish
But the universe will remains
The same,
Unchanged,
Unresolved,
Mysterious,
Big, grand, and giant,
A complex;
Indeed,
In fact,
Intact.

And I still
Will not change!
The Mother Of Wars

I went to the
Love's war.

I come back
With love's
Hysteria.

Atef Ayadi
After The Circus

The tickets are sold off!
The circus is over;
The show is over.

No lions,
Elephants,
Tigers, and
No human clowns.

Only me and you
And my follower witnesses:
The sky and the sun.

Now,
Just tell me,
What type of circus you want to see?
What types and size of cats you want to see?
What type of elephant you want me to be?

African, Asian or Irish?

Atef Ayadi
Do You Think

Do you think
Love is easy?

You already burned yourself
And you did not learn a lot.

You already
Sold your lips
And blackmailed your hair
Just to buy time and
One Oz of love;

You still
Did not learn anything!

If you think
I am not one of your life pillars;
If you can remember the many times
I showed up in your dreams
You are in denial,
Of the first chock waves
Of the your life Tsunami;

Your eyes, and every muscle
Of your cheeks is betraying you.

And that is your mess alone.
Your problem alone
With your shores,
Levies, and
Habitats.

I am an earth quake and
I do not more than that.
I just wonder about
What happens
At your surface and underneath of your skin.

Love comes on the right time
And goes away on the right time.

So,
Take your boat,
Your breath, and your luggage.

Look for your right wings
And wait for your right wind.

Passion always pays off.

We all sail with the right wind.

Atef Ayadi
Flatness

I child,
Three years old
Fall on a Tiny Pinocchio.
As he ran toward the street.

Everyone in the street cheered

As they hailed that the dog is unharmed.
And feels OK.

Atef Ayadi
Acoustic Guitar

Who is the guitar?
Who is the player?

One thing I am sure about
I never played with a
Missing wires
Or unadjusted

Acoustic guitar!

I do not even try!

So lady go and adjust yourself,
Your wires,
Your bolts,
Your springs,
Your hands
And check the oil if it needs
To be changed.

Everything looks
Like
A musical chaos.

But,
Sometimes
It comes to my feelings:

An acoustic guitar
Without
Wires
Is like messaging the skin
Of a drum.

So lady,
Tune into yourself
Than tune in me,
So we can
play together
A symphony
Starting from a primitive smiling ritual
To a civilized hungry angry love.

Atef Ayadi
The Law Of The Average

Be
Right,
Hero, and
Silent.
Be
Straight!
Word!
Forward!

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Xviii: Uninterrupted

I
Melted with the snow,
And dissolved into water.
It is the month of March.

I have been taking by the stream
Through the sand, mad, and the limestone.

It takes too long to be
Thrown into the great lake.

It is too long journey
Since, I have been dissolved
Melted, and taken.

Eileen turned the faucet while
She is standing naked
For a morning shower.

I awoke up
As her body is splashed by water.

Atef Ayadi
Forty Letters To A Woman – Thirteenth Letter –

I will love you, the
Way no body else
Dear to love you.

I will love you, the
Way you like to be loved
To be explored, and
Invaded.

I will love you,
So the words: peace, war, pain, happiness
May need to be redefined.

I will love you in
Your terms.

I will love you
And take you
To
Where you had never been before.

I will love you
Like a child.

I love you like and old man
Desperate from life
Cause’,
He loves life.

I will love you
In between,
Second by second,
Minute by minute,
Hour by hour,
Day by day,
Year by years,
Century by century,
And
Millennium by millennium.

I will love you,

Cause’,

I do not have other choices;

But to love you,

Worship you, and

Conquer the imaginable for you.

Atef Ayadi
The Third World War: My Generals

My soldiers and
Worse!
My Generals
Failed to understand the kind of battlefield
They are dealing with.
They failed to understand
The difference between
Your skin,
Your Lips,
And
Your eyelashes.

Atef Ayadi
The Third World War: The Roots

My love for you
Woman!
Is not an extended Roman type of war,
there is no need
To come back
To the Crusades to
Capture your skin;
Your heart and mind;
Your face is a moving
Sand dreaming of a new land.

There is nothing
To agree or sign with you
Do not consider another Warsaw Pact,
Or Another Geneva Convention.
Nothing will Help!
You only have to admit
And accept
This forty Thousands
Years old
Rooted Love;
Like the tree that stood between
Eve and Adam.

Atef Ayadi
Love's Scale

Her love
Fall on me.
I am not sure,
If it is
One Hundred fifty
Or three inches of snow.

Atef Ayadi
Vegetarian

She is vegetarian;
But,
When it comes to
My skin,
My lips, and
My chin,
She is carnivore.

Atef Ayadi
The Cold War: When The Peace Comes

When the peace comes;
It is another type of war.

I am still standing firm,
Holding my white flag,
While
She is fiercely kissing me.

Atef Ayadi
Resemblance

Eileen looks sometime
Like America.

Sometimes,
America looks like Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Soft Encounter

The morning sunlight
And night's breeze
Hit me in the face
Like the way
Eileen hit me between
My bones
And my skin.

Atef Ayadi
Perhaps

Perhaps,
You are
An Immortal
Idea.
Perhaps,
You are Immortal.
Perhaps,
Your are a beautiful idea.

Perhaps!

Perhaps,
From of a doubtful
Street
You appear
Like most impossible ideas.

Atef Ayadi
The Cold War: Art Movement

When I write,
It is always
Your face
That appears
from the words' sweat,
from the ink's bitterness,
At the paper's edge, or
At the end or the beginning of the line.

When I paint,
And I do not know what I paint;
But it is always
Your name
That appears
At the center
Of the canvas.

Atef Ayadi
Immortal Smile

She Smiled to me
Once;
The echo
Is Still trembling
My skin.

Atef Ayadi
The Cold War: The Public

Do not worry about the public!
We do not need the public
to witness
Our fired kisses and
Our lips' street War and guerrilla war.
We do not need the public
In order to settle down,
Cool down, lay down,
Or to run away from our
Love battle field.
We do not need the public,
In order to sign our
love's independence
And build our love's republic.

Atef Ayadi
I gave her my business
Card,
For any comment
About my
Love.

Atef Ayadi
Tell Me More

Look at me,
Face to face,
Lips to lips,
Eyelashes to eyelashes
And
Chin to chin.
Look at me,
And do not say
Anything!

Atef Ayadi
Parallel Universes

Hers eyes,
Her smile,
Her lips,
Her legs, and hands
Are parallel,
And crossing mine.

Atef Ayadi
Elle And The Moon

She is on the moon,
I see her every
Full moon
And at the peak
Of her eclipse.

Atef Ayadi
She Walks
With
The sun,

Like a sunflower.

Atef Ayadi
Phases

When she is
Fretful,
She draws a square.
When she is happy,
She dances on a circle.
When she is excited,
The moon is excited.

Atef Ayadi
Revelations II

Her upper lip
when it listen to
the lower one
Is one of the universe’s
Revelations.
Her smile is still
Original,
And remains an extraordinary
Immortal
Idea.

Atef Ayadi
Revelations I

As she is talking
A picture of her nudity:
Her inner skin,
And outer skin
Emerges,
Word by word,
Comma following comma,
Line by line, and
Color by color

From my own skin.

Atef Ayadi
Do Not Blow On My Eyes

Do not blow and then whisper
To my eyes,
My bottom is fourteen light years deeper
Than your closest sun.

Do not talk to my eyes,
It can not bare
The blush,
When you are inside me.

Do not kiss my eyes
Separately,
You already ignited
Wars between them,
Which buzzes your lips first,
And which remains silent.

Atef Ayadi
Do Not Teach Poetry!

Do not teach poetry;  
Poetry is not a skill.

It is a painting  
that does not need a standard  
To be taught or be drawn.

Do not preach  
To write or use a poem;  
A poem  
Is a baby’s face  
one can not add, or change  
stay by and let it just grow.

Do not look for  
A rhythm:  
Just!  
Center your “self”  
And create  
Your warbling echo.

Atef Ayadi
Define Yourself First

Define your face
without joy or fear.
Define your hands, legs
Your veins, your heart,
Then define
Your center, your place, space,
Before your tears' and sheers' sphere.

Redefine everything!

Your whispers,
Your head,
Your bottom, and
Your twisted skin surface twisters.

Identify first yourself
To yourself,
Cause',
That is the most important thing,
Then see
How the world will come
Toward you
Like a flying book
Hovering over
And adventurous young swimmer shelf.

Redefine everything!
Including your birth and birth date,
Including yourself.

Atef Ayadi
Declaration Of Independence

While lovers
Are looking for love partners
And
Rushing into their date;
Shy, sly, and with some disoriented schmoozing;
With as sexy black dress, or
Flowery intimate type of covers
or make ups;
I am looking for a job,
To pay my rent and
My electric bill.
This is my disquiet torment and
My daily obese fate.

Atef Ayadi
My Poet Profile

You think, and
I write that, with my sweat, my blood,
your lips' preferred drink,
and your red, green, black and white blink.

You dream, and
I paint that.
colors are always born from your skin;
they spray like a young and mature gleam.

You suffer, and
I convert that
into roses, trees, rivers, desert of abundant happiness, and
oceans with or without puffer.

you walk,
I talk about that

you whisper,
I make your whisper, gasp and wind
that blows on the sun
the moon is always crazy
it like to see the sun
a dancing twister.

you run,
I run;
it is not about race, pride, heroism, being coward.
I like the infant you are and I am
fun is always the children's fun.

Atef Ayadi
I Said

They said
the world is born
out of a dense
hot
form of life.

I said
I am born
everyday and every second
on top of a woman's hot red, and
Unforgiving nipple.

they said
love is conditional.

I said
feel it first,
then erase it,
or paint on top of what it looks conditional.

Atef Ayadi
Your Hand Apple's Path And Lines

You close your eyes
Or leave them
It does not take
Me away
From your moon,
Your tides, or your celestial ties.

You exhale me
Or exhale the air
It does not change
My nature of
Being your perfect fume
Or your ideal vapor.

You like the rain
Or the blue sky without it;
It does not change
Nothing!
I am always
Waking under the earth surface
To support your feet,
Your sovereignty and your
Reign.

Atef Ayadi
My Nature

If you look close
Enough
At Eileen.

Beside she is
A complete
Nature;

She
Is my nature.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen's Dream

She want to rest her
Two Apples
And ten fingers
On my face;

So her eyes
Can land on the moon.

Atef Ayadi
Her Pie

When
Eileen
Wants her pie;
She means
A chocolate ice cream cake,
An apple - My apple, her apple, my lips, her lips.
Everything is possible and open with Eileen;
She uses what we have,
What is close,
Between our hands, faces, and our feelings. -

She draws and molts
A peace of her
And a peace of me.

Atef Ayadi
Common Sense

There are good poems
and bed poems;
like us
they are human.

Atef Ayadi
The Love She Can Make

She is still
in training,
College,
Semaphore,
low wage,
slow learner,
As a Love maker.

But I sense
she is a potential
Progressive
Future
love maker,
Giver
and taker.

Atef Ayadi
The Lion

I tried to understand
Why I stopped
Roaring.
Did I killed
Or did someone shut down
The lion
Inside me?

Atef Ayadi
Thank You, And Anyway

Thank you
For saving
Me
And your fate

From sinking
Into
The same river.

Thank you anyway
For kissing me
And saving me
And saving me
From sinking into your lips.

Thank you
For saving my
Titanic
From hitting into your hidden night
Icebergs.

Atef Ayadi
I Saw Her From A Particular Angle

I gazed and
looked
At her
From 360 degree angle
Her hair, lips,
Eyes,
hands, and chest
Are braking the light
Into a strange
Beautiful
Spectrum.

Since then,
I have been looking
From all angles.

Atef Ayadi
Letter To Everyone

I can master my anger,
My fear,
My imagination, and
My feeling’s genome and geography.

It easy to do that!

But I faille
Every time,
when
I try
To be inhuman.

Atef Ayadi
I Shall Not Give You

I shall not give you my lips
Cause' I know nothing
About your drinking habits,
Your eating habits,
Your whisper habits,
Metal does not trust snips.

I shall not give you my hand;
Even it is masculine.
The softness is the strength,
Not the muscle and the roughness of the skin.
Do not ask strands to be brave and stand.

I shall not give you my heart
You may need one beat at a time
Cause’ you are thirsty and
Too much of water will slash your smile apart.

I shall not give you my mind;
Your name is already a mind set
And the damage is unbearable.
Deeper than being maligned,
Cast away, and blind.

I shall not give you my soul
Cause', I am the master of my own
If you take it away
You will be a furious witch, and
I will be the foul.

I shall not give you my fate
I draw my fate on the desert dunes
It is already moved freely with the wind
You shall built your fire and grate, and draw your own fate.

I shall not give you my dream;
Cause', you are that dream
My fortress and my gleam.
I Like Being Rejected

I have been
Defected
Inflected,
Affected,
Injected,
Corrected
Inspected,
Neglected,
Objected,
Ejected,
Selected,
Subjected,
Suspected,
Rejected,
For decades;
I like that.

I am vaccinated now
With the latest
Human attitude virus,
Against pride,
Love's flu, and
The ego's Asthma.

Now,
I feel baked,
Bleached,
Grilled,
Cooked,
Connected, and
Protected.

Atef Ayadi
Happy Valentine

Happy Valentine
Love believers,
Love eaters, and love consumers in general,
Love lords,
Love THIRD WORLD,
Love soldiers, and
Love Marshals and Generals.

Happy Valentine
Wo-Mankind,
Who hates men,
Who hates women,
Who loves love, and who hates love

Happy Valentine
Who entered the SOUL MARKET,
The SOUL MALL,
The SOUL SMALL BUSINESS, and
Who missed it for any reason.

Happy Valentine
Moon,
Sun,
Planet earth, and
The forgotten continents.
Happy Valentine
My Valentine who does not exist
Only in my mind.

Happy Valentine
Who is planning for a gift,
Who has it
And who still thinking
About his or her pride.

Happy Valentine
Fertile women,
Pregnant women,
And who is unique and an exception.
Happy Valentine
America.

Happy Valentine
Eileen.

This is what I can offer.
This is my Valentine gift.

Atf Ayadi
Woman's Heart

Human heart is not made for
The High speed love,
The love vacuum, or
The love's darkness.

Look at a woman’s heart!
It is a simple universe,
With the basic,
Chemistry,
Light, and tenderness,
Waiting for a Big Bang.

Look again at a woman’s heart.
Can you see
From the eyes
The heart beats?

Look carefully!
Put all the senses you have and
The ones you never heard about;
Forget your granted masculinity
And what you know from what you do not know;
Cause’, you do not need to use your hand this time,
There is no need for your eyes,
There is no need for your tong,
Your lips are useless,
Your pride is useless,
And you do no need your flirting skills anymore.
This a new kind of religion
Without belief.
If you can not,
Do not pretend you can love a woman.

Atef Ayadi
Job Interview

She asked me
About my age,
My religion,
If I have a current job,
A car, and past experiences and skills.

I said: “I am not looking for a job
Or trying to build a resume.”

Atef Ayadi
The Poet

The poet is the gospel.
The public is the prophet.
The prophecy is a poem;
A cure for suffering.

Atef Ayadi
Do Not Look At Me

Do not look at me
While being kissed;
I do not lean
Or bent.
I do not go with whom
I saw being kissed
Or taking.
It is my foreigner policy
I will not change it,
And this is not
An apology,
Neither for you
Nor for me.

Atef Ayadi
A Pyramid

I have been thinking
Carefully
About a suicidal
Love.
I called the Natural love, like
The Sockeye, Chum, or pink Salmon's love or
The pets' love.
No need for pride at all,
Nothing matters, and
Nothing is personal;
Exactly like watching TV,
Or having a job just to pay the bills.
Simply a hypocritical type of love.

I change my mind!

Why not two, three, Zillions of women?
Men are polygamist!
Women are monogamist!
I am ambitious!
Why not loving a stranger woman,
With an unknown or a fake name,
No social security number,
No heritage,
Who never claimed being Irish,
Victorian,
Or native to any continent.
As long as my wallet is still under my pillow.
I do not worry if I do not find her the next morning.
I was drunk anyway!
It was but a love under the influence of alcohol.
I do not get a ticket for that!

What is if I meet with a drama,
Hurricane,
A case,
A piece of literature,
A piece of art
A combination of surrealism, cubism with a little of
Brake, Yves. Pollock, Miro, and Foucault.
I like dramas
Geophysics,
animal behavior,

“The stranger,”
The sun,
The cosmos,

Et
La mer.

I will not resist,

I like that lady who
Dares to use my face as a canvas and
Dares to
Format my brain.
An
Inaccessible woman,
Playful,
Unreachable,
A dilemma,
An equation,
A new topology,
Something that keeps me thinking.
And thinking.
Something that keeps me a life.

A Pyramid type of woman.

Atef Ayadi
Do Not Ask Me

Do not ask me for an hourly love
A love with pinch in pinch out
I am not civilized yet.

Do not ask me for a burger love
With bad cheese,
I do not have the taste for it
I can not afford it anyway
With my minimum wage salary.

Do not ask for a minimum feeling
And maximum love
This is a different chemistry,
A different language
And another type of skill that takes time

Do not put my name in a list
On top or in the bottom
It does not matter
Being hired and fired are not options I am considering
This is for the skillful less
And I do not invest in the feeling and utilitarian market.

Do not ask me why I dream of the moon;
Cause the moon is not just
A face,
Full
Of smile,
Or dark eyebrow.
It is the first circle I draw,
The swoon when I am lost, and
Your eyes' tune, sand, and the dune.

Do not ask me
What is my name is,
Where I come from, or
What type job I have;
But ask what name I will give you and
What name you will give me from time to time;
Ask me where I will take you and you will take me
Without plans or exits.

Do not ask me if I could keep
The same smile;
Cause, a smile is like a golden ring
It does not create your hand
Neither my face.

Atef Ayadi
The Reader Is The King

Because of stereotypes
I never had a job
The competitive salary and bonuses
Are but dreams I do not need.
My name,
My resume,
My face,
My accent,
I did not choose them!
They may seem a mask;
But ignorance could bery
The golden facade of
Human dignity.

Because of stereotypes
I lost Eileen,
Since the first few minutes
I met her.
I was told I harassed her;
That is why she is important to me.
I doubt she is important to you.
You are entitled to love
To fantasize,
To have Victorian house,
Victorian Car,
And Victorian fancy dreams,
Great bank account, and
Have apolitical agenda,
But you can not change
Neither me nor the meaning of Eileen.

Because of stereotypes
I was seen as a pilot
Actually, the FBI questioned me.
I never dreamed to see them personally
Except maybe in the big screen.

Because of stereotypes
Some drunken students
Trashed me with beer cans while they were driving;
“Go home Mexican! ” they said.
A police officer stopped me because I bike
Other they give me a glance and disappear
“Why you are here? ” with a paranoid tone and glance,
Not a human curiosity period.

Do I look like a terrorist?
Does a terrorist need a face?
Do I espouse the WANTED profile?
May be?
It is still your belief
Justified or unjustified
You still have the rights to make it a debate.

Because of stereotypes
You choose me to be:
The perfect sacrifice
For Shirley Jackson’s The Lottery
And being mistaken for
The perfect Kate Chopin’s The Awakening
I SILL love myself,
I love nature,
And I still love all living beings
Unconditionally.
I choose to be The Stranger of Albert Camu
Living in the green Midwest of
Ray Bradbury’s Fahrenheit 451
With the mind of Joseph Campbell and Hugo,
And the heart of Arthur Rimbaud.

Because of stereotypes
I am not paranoid;
I read more than ever,
Write more than ever,
Sculpt and paint more than ever.
It may take me to the extreme
It may terrorize you;
But, I do not think
My aim is not that!

Because of stereotypes
I say: “I think”
Rather than “I believe.”
Because of stereotypes
I knew about myself
More than you know about your
Stereotypes.

Because of stereotypes
I made my own heaven
I do not need god for that
God is for the mistaken,
The weakest link, and
For people with a hell of stereotypes.

Because of stereotypes
I feel sorry for your losses
And your discomfort;
Because they are mine too.

Atef Ayadi
Both Are Fanatic

You kill with what you write;
They kill with what is written for them.
Both are negative and fanatic.
They think there are no other choices;
You think you know and that is another problem:
A biased knowledge is like having no choices.

They kill because of the pain;
You kill because of pleasure.

They do not need a TV to kill;
You need a TV
To write and then kill.
Both have fantasies with same pain and the same poison.

Both are programmed,
Burned,
Consumed,
Scarified,
Exhausted,
Tired, and
Brainwashed.
Both are antagonistic to life.

Both should go to the desert,
Dive in the deep oceans,
Or explore the Amazon,
Maybe, both of you could learn the meaning of life.

Both are ignorant,
Angry,
And antisocial
Live in low holes.
Both are paranoid,
Looking for easy life and quick-fix
Both are waging for war,
And burn the white flag,
For an eternal peace.
Both are addicted and
Try to impress.
Both have low energy
Zero Kelvin self-esteem.
In any case,
Both are neither capable of elevating themselves
Nor lowering humanity.

Atef Ayadi
Global Warming

Eileen is engaged
In understanding the great converters:
The planet's heart and veins.
She loves people,
All living beings,
The blue sky,
Oceans,
Seas,
Lakes,
Rivers,
And white clouds and the darker ones
Of this planet,
She has a great mind and great heart for everything.
The moon,
The sun,
The young and the old stars
Are still her favorites.

Eileen frustration is the
Certain
Loss of our
Home planet
About our future children
We will bring them by love

Her persisting and rising fever
Her headache
Are the same
As the planet

She is thinking centuries ahead
As an eternal oracle.
She walks
From home to home,
State to state,
Country to country.
She never lost her smile.
Her love and passion
Are the only fuel she has to offer.
I am proud
To know and love this blue planet
As much as Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Looking

I am looking
In your hand
For faces
Of the many
Women I loved before
I could not forget
Since you always
Ask, If are unique and my
Favorite
And I always answer
“You are a singularity and
Type of hurricane
I always welcome.”
With a pleaser and fear.
After all, I am like a desert without moving sand.”

Between The eyebrows
I can see my stolen
Golden watch and
The time I never had
To finish sorting out
Angry voice from my soft voice
My exhalation from my inhalation
As you invaded me
Without rhetoric
Without policies
Or laws.

In your deep blue eyes
I am only looking
Only
For a refuge
And an exile
That can swallow me,
An ocean
Which veils
The moon
And hides
The sun;
For centuries,
For years to come,
Or for days.

In your soul
I am trying
To explain
The rules
And the darkness
Of the universe
And change
My heart’s
celestial pole.

Atef Ayadi
I Have Only Words

I have only words for Eileen
And nothing else.
No money,
The looks is obviously
Mistaken;
But my desire
For the world,
Words,
And Eileen
Are still obviously
Mistaken.

Atef Ayadi
My Neighbor

My neighbor
Takes regularly care of
Her upstairs apartment;
Everything is in order,
Clean,
Fancy,
Exotic,
And romantic.

Her
Dog
pups regularly on my yard
and she does not care.

Atef Ayadi
My Hope For The Hopeless

Hope

Is
This
Fainted
Light
That comes from
An iris
Within an iris,
And
Still;
I can see and hear
The hole universe.

Atef Ayadi
Dead End

When you stop
Moving,
Contemplating, and
Imagining.
It is there
Within you.

Atef Ayadi
Between Me And The World

Between
The Red stop sign
And the world peace
There is a one year old child
Is walking in the street alone.

Between
Me and the world
A sweet word
Like chocolate.

Between
Me and the universe
Nothing but my hand.

Between
Me
And Eileen
a new policy of
Kisses.

Atef Ayadi
She Left

Eileen
Left
The planet
Without
Worrying about
The Earth's mess
The human mess,
Nukes proliferation,
Population crisis,
The energy crisis,
The ozone hole that is getting bigger and bigger,
The degrading Amazon forest,
Globalization that will never ends,
The poor Africa, and
The poor America Latino.
She left the planet
Without notice
Or warning.

She headed to another universe
More older than our giant Sequoia
And
More bigger than our heads.

Atef Ayadi
Be Alive

Life
Does not stop;
Time does not suffer.
I will not die
As long
As I write a poem
Or
Sculpt a word
To celebrate life and love,
Or to respect
Living beings
And non-livings;

Time will take care of the rest,
It will transform
Poems and words
Into
A kid drawing
That will amuse and rise high
Future humanity.

Atef Ayadi
Irish Woman

Where are you now,  
Irish woman?  
Which universe  
Did you choose for home?  
Which universe  
Did you choose for your tropical adventure?  
Which one is your garden?  
Which universe has your favorite stars and moons?

Which universe is welcoming you?  
Which one is fearful  
From your eyes,  
Your hair, and your lips?  
Which universe  
Will be your next destiny?

Which universe can sustain  
Your impossible love,  
And I still have time  
To reach both  
And buy your impossible love?

Atef Ayadi
Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas
Shoppers, and
Poor women and poor men
With wallets
And without.

Merry Christmas
Whoever is in his or her little cell,
Little box,
In jail for a day
Or for life
For whatever reason.

Merry Christmas
Merry past Christmas
Merry present Christmas
Merry future Christmas
Without exception,
Segregation,
Or exclusion.

Merry Christmas
Believers
Non-believers
people from
earth,
Mars,
Or another galaxy.

Merry Christmas
new born,
Children,
Orphans,
Children who are left behind,
And future humanity.

Merry Christmas
Street’s poets,
Merry Christmas
Low-wage happy faces,
And the running delivery man.

Merry Christmas
Singles,
Single mothers,
Single fathers,
And lonely adventurer
In the wilderness.

Merry Christmas,
Streets,
Trees,
Lakes,
Mountains
Forests,
And prairies
Of America.

Merry Christmas,
Who is attached to the past
And who is planning for the future.

Merry Christmas soldier.
Merry Christmas soldier.
Merry Christmas soldier.
Merry Christmas soldier.
Merry Christmas
Policeman,
And firefighter.

Merry Christmas
My friends
My street mates
My Café mates, and
My bus mates.

Merry Christmas
The cheerful,
The antagonistic
The angry
The bored
The one who feels it is not worth it
The one who is almost there
The one who can not make it.
The one who will not make it.

Merry Christmas
Who is sleeping,
And who is dreaming,
Who is on the road,
Who is traveling
By
Plane,
Boat,
Car,
Or who is orbiting
Around the planet.

Merry Christmas
Mexicans,
Africans,
Asians,
And the European:
The first who came
And the last who are trying.
Merry Christmas
The lost and found
Merry Christmas Native America.

Merry Christmas Eileen.
Merry Christmas
America.

Atef Ayadi
The Diamond Ring

I have been trying to create
A new language
That matches
Exactly
Eileen's
Dress,
Her shoes,
Her pleasant face,
Her smile,
Her dreams,
And her perfect
Diamond ring.

I have been looking for this type
Of solid words,
So Eileen can
Put them in her
Trousseau
For anything that comes up
Like a lipsticks,
A tiny mirror,
Or just something useful for her
To start a new day.

Atef Ayadi
Amazon

Like Eileen,
My mind
Flies away
At the rhythm of the Amazon forest.
I can not stop it
From flying
Or keep it in its golden cage.
Setting it free
Is not an option;
But,
I am sure,
That is the perfect type of
Love chemistry
Both deserve.

Atef Ayadi
The Moon's Cycle

When
I am looking for Eileen
And I do not find her,
My mouth
Retreats back
To my ancient cave like stomach
To hibernate.

When
I find Eileen
My stomach through up my sleeping mouth,
My head rises.
The eyes’ irises spread out
Like a green field
Over a white desert,
And my pupils
Expand massively larger
To capture the new moon’s light.

Atef Ayadi
My Dull Head

My head is empty;
Except from Eileen
A complete vacuum dwells
Echoing Eileen’s name,
Silhouette,
And her voice.
My head
Is thirsty,
Hungry,
And angry,
Eileen is its food,
Drink,
And natural morphine.

Atef Ayadi
Dreaming Big

I am dreaming
To become
A new prophet
A love prophet
Dedicated
Only to Eileen’s tribe.

Atef Ayadi
Confessed Apology

I have been
Apologizing
To
People
I know,
To people I do not know,
To living creatures,
And non living creatures;
Because, simply
And with no justifications
I offended
Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Drops Of Rain

Come
Or do not;
Worshipping you
Does not require
Your coming.

Atef Ayadi
Retaliation

To respond
Naturally
To your absence;
I retaliate
By writing
Narcotic poetry.

Atef Ayadi
Colorful Tattoo

The last picture
Of Eileen
Checking on me
Drew a colorful tattoo;
I can not keep and
I can not remove.

Atef Ayadi
The Rose

The rose
I have for Eileen
Is not swish.
The smile I have for Eileen
Is also not posh at all;
But,
The rose
In my face
And the smile
I hold in my
Left
Hand;
I found them
Inside her
And inside me.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen’s Extreme Surrealism

I start to see
Beautiful pictures
Crossing my front lobe;
They are transparent and clear.
Like Eileen.
I called them
'Eileen’s Extreme Surrealism.'
I have a desire to paint them;
The way I painted
Eileen,
Walking slowly,
Smiling slowly,
Sleeping slowly, and
Dreaming slowly.

All of them
Need passion and faith.

Atef Ayadi
Why Do You Want To Talk

Why do you smoke in my face?
If I am sleeping on
Your rosy lips
Why do you want to talk?
If your skin
Is melting ice,
Transformed into
Cloud;
Then, into rain that
Washes my face.
Why do you need
Your legs,
Arms,
And your chest?
If you already made a good deal
To offer them to me;
Once I nurtured them
And they nurtured me,
They betrayed you.

Atef Ayadi
What Would You Say?

What would you say?
if you give me
Three minutes
To breath and
Focus on your eyes.
I think you will say nothing
but to smile.

Atef Ayadi
I Listen To Her

I like to listen to her
While
She is writing
With her low
Voice.
She is good in writing
Silently
And she always talks
Without papers
Or ink.

Atef Ayadi
Love 225

Love
Does not depend
Neither
On the distance between
Your thumb
And your index,
Your Bank balance,
Nor on how fast you are;
It is only a
Special
Perpetual
Care.

Atef Ayadi
Love 101

Listen to her;
Listen,
Listen,
And
Listen.

Atef Ayadi
Treasure

The only thing
I remember
She left at my place is the
Toilet paper.
I saved it in my treasures box.

Atef Ayadi
Saturn’s Rings

I took Eileen
For a walk
On Saturn's rings.
We walked
On the ice,
Warm stones,
And solid cosmic
dust.
We watched the sun
Burning
Faraway;
It is beautiful
To watch
The sun
From Saturn's rings
And Eileen
Is my only credible witness
And companion.
As we walked,
Eileen
Talked about
Her perfect
Kiss,
Wedding ring,
Wedding dress,
Wedding kiss,
She said:
' Yeah!
I like to be here,
To dance here,
To be kissed here,
At the witness of the far burning
Sun,
The beauty of Saturn,
Its rings,
And the one who
Took me
To walk
On Saturn's rings.

Atef Ayadi
Effortless

I am trying unsuccessfully
To light my cigarette.
The lighter does not fire;
It is out of gas.
Each click exhausts my effort;
Each try takes off the hope for light.

With each try,
I see my life
And my feeling
For Eileen going
Nowhere.
Is it really that bad?

Atef Ayadi
Give Me Your Hand

Give me your hand,
I dreamt enough.
Your hand may bring me
The morning’s breeze.

Give me your hand;
Your hand is always awaken
My hand without it
May fall into deep sleep.

Give me your hand;
In order
To remember my long solitude,
My worries, and the unforeseen.
Your hand is a welcoming
Temple
For lovers
Who could not sort out
Their pure and impure dreams.

Give me your hand;
I want to hide my
Timid hand
So it can reveal all my hopes
And my wishes.

Give me your hand;
So I can feel my veins
Crossing
Your heart bridges
And laying down
Under its blue sky.

Atef Ayadi
Take Me Between Your Arms

Take me between your arms,
And leave me for my dreams.
Take me between
Your arms,
So my soul could rest
And my wars
Find their way
To their eternal peace.

Take me between your arms.
So my infant dreams
Slip into
Your infant dreams.

Take me between your arms;
I want to hide
My masculinity
With its strength,
Its weakness, and
Its despair.

Atef Ayadi
Hurricane Eileen

The story
Ended there.
No love-fare,
No wells of kisses,
No war followed by peace, and
No laughs followed by tears.
The sand took over the green field, and
The wind blew in empty streets.
Hurricane Eileen
Did not make it
To the shores;
It did not touch down.
It was but an African
Breeze.
It was but a wind;
-A breathable air-
Carrying seeds
For dreamers
A cure for
Their love's fever.

Atef Ayadi
My Last Prophecy

The universe
Talked
To Eileen
In a moment
Of deep orgasm.
Sound and light came
To her
With resolved spectrum
Like an ancient rainbow.
Distance and time
Crystallized in one
Ring
That fits perfectly Eileen’s ring finger.

Eileen’s eyes,
Eileen face,
And Eileen body are
A clear water of
An endless lake,
That has no bottom and not silt,
But white sand.
A giant bibles
Surging From the old stars
Bring up with them the perfumes
Of young nebula and
Fireworks of the last big bungs.
This is my last prophecy
To see
The universe
Talking to Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
The Perfect Equation

I have been
Lost
Between
Eileen
And my canvases.
Which comes
First?
Which comes second?
It is an inch long equation
As beautiful
As the universe
The canvases are hitting
Eileen;
It is a normal jealousy.

At the equation’s left side
Eileen is standing
Tall,
Warm,
And laughing.

At the right side
Is
My solitude,
My canvases
Are empty
Like my life;
White without any scratch,
Like a lost young dreamer
From the south
Crossing the desert
With
No fear or calculated risks
Only his dreams are contagious.

I closed my eyes
And I took a profound breath
To see and foresee the equation
And the two sides
Separately.
As I went deep into this day dreaming
The picture of the perfect equation
Popped out
Like a giant bubble
Surging from the deep ocean
I saw Eileen a part of the canvases
And the canvases are
Welcoming Eileen as
A new
Sibling.

Atef Ayadi
Her First Response

For years,  
I have been waiting for  
Her first response.  
It Came in four bits  
“No, No, No”  
And then followed with a  
Breath taken “Yes! ”  
My life has been  
Like  
“No, No, No”  
Followed with an earth quaking “Yes! ”  
I have just to sort the many “No”  
From the single odd 'Yes! '  

Atef Ayadi
My Dream Place

I meditate since I was a child.  
And every time,  
I start by  
Closing my eyes.  
I imagine myself standing in front of a staircase  
That is leading downwards into the darkness  
A dark staircase  
Leading to an  
Unseen  
Closed door;  
Closed since the ancient time.  
A door that opens to my sacred place  
My retreat, my dreams, and peace place.

I do not have fear of darkness  
At all!  
Period!  
But I am curious what is behind  
That door  
And how my sacred,  
My dreams, and  
My peace place will look like

I imagine myself stepping down on the first step  
And stepping down on the second step  
I felt my feet touching each step  
As I counted them 21 steps.  
I finally touched the door  
With two hands  
And my nose;  
I smelted it:  
It is a heavy layer of copper covering wood;  
Cause I know the smell of copper,  
I know the smell of wood,  
And I know the smell of copper covering wood.  
My excitement was to reach the door and open it.  
My excitement is to discover my sacred,  
My dreams, and  
My peace place.
As I opened the door,
I saw Eileen
Holding a red, orange, yellow, and blue roses
And smiling to me.

For five years
I repeatedly
Do the same meditation
I close my eyes
I hope to reach the door
My excitement is discover my sacred,
My dreams,
My peace place.
Once I open the door,
I see Eileen
Holding a red, orange, yellow, and blue roses
And smiling to me.

This is my fate;
Each time I open the door
To my peace
And to my dreams;
I see Eileen
Holding the same roses
Red, orange, yellow, and blue,
And smiling to me.

Atef Ayadi
Brass Rail

Maker’s Mark,
Old Grand Dad,
Wild Turkey,
Seagram’s Vo,
Canadian Club,
Jack Daniel’s,
Jim Beam,
Cround Royal,
Walker’s Delux,
Kahlu’A,
Fire Ball,
DeKuyper,
Du Bouchett,
And Triple Sec,
Are placed on the bottom of the long back table;
Some vodka bottles are placed on the second row,
Popcorn in plastic begs
-To be cooked on microwave for 4 minutes, -
Tiny bottles of Whiskey, and cans of beer for sell
I do not know if it is a Bar or a Liquor Store;
But what I am sure about,
I came to this place
Seeking to feel the presence
Of a dear lost soul.

Atef Ayadi
The Dream I Still Remember

I went to a flower shop
to buy
A red rose for Eileen.
The seller looked at me
And at the red rose, and
Said:
"I think this rose is for Eileen"
And in a second,
He vanished from his shop.
I saw him then
On the other side of the street
Standing on his knees
With the red rose
In his hand
Asking Eileen for same something
I have been preparing myself to say
For five years.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen & Shiba

Shiba
Disappeared under the
Arabian
Satiric sands
As Eileen
Appeared as
The last immortal
Iceberg.

Atef Ayadi
Happy Thanksgiving
Working men, and
Working women,
And
Children,
Who are left behind
Happy Thanksgiving
Street’s poets,
Happy Thanksgiving
Low-wage happy face,
And the running delivery man

Happy Thanksgiving
Singles,
Single mothers,
Single fathers,
And lonely adventurer
In the wilderness.

Happy Thanksgiving,
Streets,
Trees,
Lakes,
Mountains
Forests,
And prairies
Of America

Happy Thanksgiving,
Sisters and fathers
In the big churches
Or in their tiniest houses
Happy Thanksgiving
Soldier,
Policeman,
And firefighter.
Happy Thanksgiving
My friends
My street mates
My Café mates,
My bus mates,
Who is watching me
And I did not notice.
Happy Thanksgiving
Who is sleeping,
And who is dreaming,
Who is on the road,
Who is traveling
By
Plane,
Boat,
Car,
Or who is orbiting
Around the planet.

Happy Thanksgiving
Mexicans,
Africans,
Asians,
And the European:
The first who came
And the last who are trying.
Happy Thanksgiving
The lost and found
Happy Thanksgiving given Native America
Happy Thanksgiving to the lost and found
Happy Thanksgiving
Seniors,
Men,
Women,
Teens,
Children,
And new born babies.

Happy Thanksgiving Eileen.
Happy Thanksgiving
America.

Atef Ayadi
Why I Should?

Why I should be
American?
'Cause
Americans
And this growing young nation
Want me.

Atef Ayadi
I looked at a woman earring
With the eyes of a
Child.
I am a curious creature!
And I am curious about this woman
As well as
Her earrings.
She pulled and put her left earring
In my right hand’s apple
And said: “I do not like my hair”
I said: “that is way you are hiding
The earrings”
She said: “Are you gay?”
I smiled;
In mind, a woman does not talk nothingness;
What she said is like
A harmless poison that defines the concept of fever,
Or shouting me with a golden bullet
That is unfolding itself into the peace’s rose
I said “I am lesbian
Sister,
Do you want me to read your hand.”

Atef Ayadi
What Do You Think About Women?

It may take me
More than three millions years
To know only one unique woman;
A long journey,
So heroic
Journey;
Rosy,
Bloody –wine or real blood; it does not really matter-
With tears or with pure water.
Really knowing her
From head to toes,
Inch square by inch square
One hair at a time,
One lashes at a time;
One breath at a time
One glance a time
And then assemble
All the pictures
Sound,
Vibrations,
Rhythms,
All this poetry,
It looks like
Assembling and disassembling
Coding and decoding,
Reading and writing,
And my problem is to cope with that
To find a harmony between what learn,
My responses and what is
In front of me,
Or what is really in my head.

The lips: the mute soul
Is my new discipline
I am not expecting
Nobel price;
But it is worth the adventure
At least I could understand
The reason of my own lips’ existence;
Or my own existence.

Her feeling:
The one that stays inside
And the one she puts outside
To dry out.
This is a very important matter of life
It is like or more than spirituality
It is like dying without regrets
Making a suicide for the sake of life
Or live at the edge of hell and heaven

See, between her physique
And her chemistry is a
World of mathematics and anthropology.
And do not forget about others major disciplines.

Now if I want to move to the next woman
First, I ask my self if it is possible
To detach from the first one;
I mean: eliminate the bias of the first lady
Is it possible to have the same energy
For a new three millions years trip?

So I can not answer
The question, because I still
Do not have a clear picture
And I am not equipped with
High-tech gadgets
To zoom in and out
To weight or measure
The when, what, where, and the How
Of a woman.
I only have a long breath.

Atef Ayadi
A Peace Of Code

A child is brushing
Potatoes.

A cloud of potatoes is
Surrounding him from all
Sides.

He was asked to do so.
the reason is simple:
It is his job!
He gets paid for doing that!

With each finished potato.
A Drop of sweat
Falls down
With each shredded skin
That bounces on the floor;
His childish fights evaporate
And disappears.

But
He is a child;
A child is always
A wise dreamer;
And a strong fighter;
He will conquer his
Childish fear;
He will learn
That
Patience
Does not come from fear,
But from playing with the cloud.

Atef Ayadi
A Picture In The Cloud

The tobacco Industry
Finally shuts down.
I am thinking
As I am holding
My last unlighted cigarette:
What makes a cloud
A cloud?

Atef Ayadi
Forty Letters To A Woman – Fourth Letter –

Like any woman,
Your were sure
And not that sure.
For a woman,
Adventuring out the safety zone
Is only on a land
Made of a man’s skin.

You did not choose me,
I did.
And what is the difference?

So, I took you
And drugged you
From your beautiful
Black hair,
And drown you
Into the
Non safe zone.
You did not like it
Or you did.
What is the difference?

A woman wants to be taken
Where safety is not secure,
Where security
Is a world of safe words.

Atef Ayadi
I Like My Poem To Be

I like my poem to be
Like a man who
does not give up
On his manhood;
Like a woman who does not
Gives up on her femininity.
So I am steering
Words
In a cup of water.
First!
I want to see how far it goes.
I am thinking how to
create a complete or incomplete Eileen

So I start from there.

and there starts my poem

this how I build it and like it to be

A picture of
A woman,
A child,
I never have,
I may have,
Or possibly I have:
Hey, I am fully human
And everything is possible!
So, I imagine myself in love
With Eileen,
While I am steering my poem
In a glass of wine
-Du Marlo -le vin d’amour.-
I see my face and her face
As the poem descend
And emerges
In and from the red wine.
Ah!
Ah, My poem!
Enfin!
Un enfant d’amour.

Atef Ayadi
Fatal Encounter

A mystery that looks mysterious
Hiding its mystery
Between the two eyes.
Mysterious enough
And no more than that.
Like a Drop of water
Falling on top
Of my head
From a clear blue
Summer sky.

Atef Ayadi
My New Fear

I am looking
For something
Obvious
And does not exist.

Atef Ayadi
Being Followed

The whole world
Is watching me
Every foot step,
Every breath I take,
And every feeling
That takes off
Or settle
On my face.

I do care
Starting from being careless
To extreme care,
Then I settle
As my care settle,
As my feeling takes off
Or settles on my face.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Afraid

I am
Afraid
And this is my first time.
It is beautiful
To be afraid
Sometime.
I am heading to the top of the mountain
As it is heading down
Toward me.
I am afraid
Of the beautiful words,
The cold words,
The vulgar ones,
The warmer ones, and
The fastest and slowest ones.
I am afraid to be taken
By them
And become just a word.

I am afraid of the word
"Dream; "
This my world.
I am afraid of
When the world
Becomes a word
What will happen to my dream?

Atef Ayadi
Transition

It is hard,
And
Mission impossible
To be crazy
By choice.
But, I asked my woman
To be me
And she asked me to do the same.

The only difference,
She jumped into me,
later,
after I jumped in.

Atef Ayadi
The African Lady

Ah!
My continent,
My home land,
My whisper,
And my sparkling tear.

Atef Ayadi
The Asian Lady

I raced with my thoughts
Through the Chinese wall.
In the middle
Of my fight
With my sweat
And my fear;
Your face
Appeared
At the other side
Of my fear,
And halted my running face
To handle me
Another face
To put on
To face my fear.

Atef Ayadi
The White Lady

Ah!
White lady,
You are more beautiful
Than being
White.

Atef Ayadi
Left And Right

In love,
My woman is leftist
While, I am rightist.
So, who cares about
Left and right?
As long as we are
In love.

Atef Ayadi
If I Am A God

If I am a god
What I should do?
I will burn my will
And leave humanity
In peace.

Atef Ayadi
If I Am A Horse

If I am a horse
And sometime I am
With or without
Bridle or reins;
I will run
Like a falling rain.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Evil

Ah!
Who does not
Like
An evil
Child?

Atef Ayadi
I Am The Monkey

If I am a monkey
And I see myself
Like it;
I will choose to walk straight
Across my fear,
Rather than swinging between
My thoughts.

Atef Ayadi
I Am The Donkey

If I am a donkey. 
I think I am
When I am 
Drunk and dull. 
I eat the slow motion thoughts 
And make my drink 
Out of my fast imagination.

Atef Ayadi
I Am The Animal

I am the animal,
The tiniest,
Useless,
And the powerless.
I am what
The wealthiest love to adopt.

Atef Ayadi
The Fisherman

I am standing up
In the middle
Of the lake.
My feet are touching the ground
The lake is soft and tender.
The water is endlessly pure.
The floor is nothing but
Marble.
I came to relax
And stand up.
Yes, I came to fish
In the middle of it.
I only have little yard thread
And a dream
To hold a fish
Between my hands.

Here is my fish!
Out of nowhere,
Rolling and wrapping itself
Around the thread.
Both never expected
To be in the middle of nowhere.
I do not want
To pull the thread
And I do not resist
The picture of
The fish is trying to make her way to my hands.
I held it
Softly the between
My hands;
Then
I freed it
As if I am freeing myself
From the idea of being
In middle of nowhere.

Atef Ayadi
A Poem Versus Drama

How do you know?
Where,
When,
And how much do you feel
If “It is not” or
“It is a poem.”
And if you feel
And you know;
Therefore,
After,
And before,
You already decided
It is a poem
Without
However,
Hence,
And yet,
A poem is
Nothing
But a feeling's decision.
Whether
It is a high poem when you are high,
In the middle,
Or down below.

Atef Ayadi
Pretender

Do not pretend
Nothing;
'Cause once you do,
You are committed to be nothing
And maybe more
Less than you pretended.

Atef Ayadi
Why I Am A Poet?

'Cause,
It is everybody's question;
But it is not the answer
I am looking for.

Atef Ayadi
Feeling's Second Law

Wrap yourself
Around
Your feeling.
And then,
Wrap your feeling around you.

Atef Ayadi
Staying In The Middle

Staying in the Middle
Is safe
But not
As safe
As it looks
To whom is staying
In the middle.

Atef Ayadi
I Am Sure

If I am
Sure;
The word
'Sure'
Comes naturally
More than it sounds
More than it looks:
A ravine
Without any blur.

Atef Ayadi
Vacuum Of Freedom

Freedom
And the vacuum that comes with it;
Is just my first jump
The beginning of my first test.
Without
Light
Or the sound of a drum.

Atef Ayadi
My Niece

Your are truly,
My gene’s
Saver.

Atef Ayadi
My Wine

My wine
Is red
When it is Cold
And white
Under the sun.

Atef Ayadi
Imagination

I start
Each time
With one rule
At a time;
And it does not matter which rule.
I shred it into
Long pieces:
Thin and long.
I take randomly one shred
And give it
To the first child,
Any child I find around me;
And try to predict what
This child will do with it.

Atef Ayadi
The Bored Lady

She has everything,
As far as I can see.
Everything!
And she still
Does not know what she wants.

Atef Ayadi
I Write

I write
And
It is up to you
To decide,
To take it or to leave it;
Like a job
A wife,
A girlfriend,
A friend,
Having a child,
Not having a child,
Buying a house,
Or renting a house,
Go to sleep, and
Not go to sleep.
It is actually your business.

I can not decide for you;
It is your choice.
I am not in your head.
And I do know you.
And I may be I would, or I would not.

I write
As I feel it;
But I can not
Feel it
For you.
I can not wrapped up and sell it
For you.

I write
Because
I can not help it
And you can.
That is way, it is your business
And I can not decide
For you.
So I write
And you decide
What is right
For your own mind, love, health, and your own business?

Atef Ayadi
Ah!
Sister;
Half of my face,
My shin,
My twin,
My mind,
My wind,
And
My twister.

Atef Ayadi
Brother

Ah!
Brother;
My skin and
My bones;
The lasting veins
Of my beloved father.

Atef Ayadi
Mother

Ah!
Mother;
My earth,
My land,
And my tree.
My peace offering
Pigeon,
My wings, and
My feather.

Before I say it;
It took me the world's
Deepest breath
To choose colors,
Brushes,
And the right canvas
To paint it;
So I can see if
"I LOVE YOU"
Looks
Exactly like you.

Atef Ayadi
It Is Exactly 4: 32 Am

Eileen is
A pure water
With a surreal painting
Floating at its surface.
I am
The universe
Without water, and
A surreal painting.

Atef Ayadi
Response

Her response was
Fast
And breathless
Like walking out in a rush
'without shoes and nothing on
Or running without feeling
A single Drop of sweat.

Her response
Comes passing out,
Dizzy, and fuzzy
From a long boat icy trip:
This is her first Titanic voyage
Her response
Approaches me
En flame
And
Aroused
Yet,
Not wet.

Her response was
Weak,
And
Overwhelmed;
An infant
Begging for
Care,
And for a warm
Milk.

Her response
Est
Une réponse,
Sans origine,
Sans question d'origine,
Sans couleur,
Sans odeur,
Sans RENDEZ-VOUS,
Sans parfum,
Sans masse,
Sans désir,
Et sans méfiance.

Une réponse
Ivre,
Un orphelin qui danse
Sans musique,
Sans fête,
Et
Sans espérance.

Une réponse,
Avec des lacunes,
Une réponse,
Qui parle
Une langue
Sans sa langue,
Sans espoir,
Sans titre,
Sans tête,
Sans fin,
Un vrai bazar;
Dis-je non-sens.

Her response is a,
Unique
Drama
She sawed carefully
And beautifully
To fit me
And to welcome my awaken
Renaissance.

Atef Ayadi
The First Universe’s Orgasm

The cold
I never expected
The warmth
I never had
Are flashing my soft
Bones
With pure water
As I am rising in the air
As I am floating
Underneath
My Golden
Skin.
This is the first wave
Of the blast of her
Deadly glance.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen’s Third Law: The Law Of Entropy

Love is irreversible,
It eats both,
And More.
Count your heart's beats and
Your thoughts
You will see.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen’s Second Law: The Law Of Gravity

Love is a dual,
Symmetrical, and unbalanced attraction.
Once you are in,
There will be
No way out.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen’s Game

You are in or
You are out.
If you think you are in.
It is because you are out.
The more you are in,
The more you are moving out.
If you are out,
You will never be in.

Atef Ayadi
Seeking The Thrill

Suspended
In the air;
I am ...
Anchored down by Eileen’s eyes,
Up by my dreams,
Right by my past
And left my future
Blows like the wind.
Less fearful to fall down
The past is unchangeable
My dreams are always fair.

This is my perfect thrill
The fate I am always after
I disregard equilibrium
Stability is ignorance.

I bite on my face,
No tear
And
No fear;
I am seeking the thrill.
I take myself up
And plunge down.
Eileen’s eyes give me an extra breath
The more I go up,
The more I am rewarded down
With a pure air.

Atef Ayadi
Firework

Eileen's eyes are
A firework
I watch
once a year,
And i spend the entire year
Trying to kill the fire.

Atef Ayadi
Randomness

Eileen...
And
....
Randomness
Are my only obsessions.

Atef Ayadi
Shiva And Eileen

Shiva wanted
Parvati;
The world wants
Peace;
I want Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen & The Wind

The wind
And Eileen
Both, blow hard on me.
It is the fall
Anyway.

The wind is predictable
When it comes
When it goes away
When and where it hits
It comes from the west
Or from the south.

Eileen is a Northern
Type of wind.
Hot and icy
That took off my mind
And un-earthed my skin.

Both are two natural phenomena,
And
Both are unstoppable.
If I can ignore the wind,
I can not avoid Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
My letter to you,
Is more important than me
And
It is more important than you.
Because kisses are important than
My cheeks and your cheeks,
My eyebrows and your eyebrows,
My lips and your lips.

This letter bypasses me
And bypasses you.
Because, light is important than the lighthouse,
A color is more important than a rose,
And a poem is more important than the universe.

My letter to you is more important
Than both of us.
It is a record
I left for people
And lovers
To discover
Your beauty
And what kind of crazy man
I am.

Atef Ayadi
The Big Tree

She is growing up
Inside me
Like a new organ
She feeds on my veins
My thoughts,
My fear,
And my dreams.

The more I think,
The more I dream,
The more she grows up.
And becomes bigger.
like giant Sitka Spruce tree.

I thought,
It is but a red rose
That needs a humid corner,
And some sunlight to
Grow.

I looked inside myself,
I realized
She is a giant tree
With white orange and black roses
Red leaves and golden fruits
Exactly what a child is dream to see

Leaving it, will not harm me
Extracting it
Is like extracting my veins,
My fear,
My thoughts,
And my dreams all at once.

Atef Ayadi
Perfect Island

The passion is calling me  
And is taking me  
In a long trip;  
To Eileen’s eyes.  
Since Eileen’s eyes  
Are a my perfect island  
And my dream's destiny  
I’ve been looking for  
Since my first birth,  
And I am looking for a rebirth  
On a white sandy beaches.

It is hard  
To find it,  
Access it;  
Cease it,  
Claim it with my white flag,  
Or own it.  
Because, they told me:  
“A POOR MAN  
With immature dreams  
Does not need a new land.”  
So,  
I painted my dream island  
The same map,  
The same beaches  
The same eyes  
On  
My chest.

Atef Ayadi
Eclipse

A perfect orbital and
A perfect moon,
Me and Eileen
Had been switching
Since the ancient time.

Both, we like the sunlight
Both, we like spinning around
Each other...
Until the sun came between us
A perfect eclipse occurred
The light fainted.
I closed my eyes.
I only open them
To watch the sun or Eileen
Or maybe I was scared;
The eclipse is always seen as
A bad luck.

Hope is it was just
A blink from
A promising universe.
Hope, the moon will return
On its track
Because without Eileen
I am a flat ocean
Without tides,
Waves,
Or lover’s slack.

Atef Ayadi
Seeking Virtue

Loving Eileen is
A fertile virtue...
My green land and flowery mountains.

Having Eileen is
A mature heroic virtue...
Like coming to life
With your own choice...

Being around Eileen is
A spiritual virtue...
The shrine I saw in my dreams
I shall built
And protect.

Keeping Eileen is
The ultimate sacrifice,
An endless resurrection.

Atef Ayadi
At The Edge

Casanova,
Inspire me with your vitality
And your seduction's laws
Because,
Eileen is a hard to seduce,
And I am a brute man.

Geronimo,
Give me your wisdom,
Your strength,
And
Your virtue;
Because,
Eileen is my new land
And
I am not the only
Emigrant
Who is looking for
A raining west's sun.

Camus,
I am the stranger
Give me back Eileen,
My light,
My breeze,
My silence,
And my shrine.

Atef Ayadi
La Vie

Eileen
Is standing...
In front of the big mirrors
Naked...
Watching her nudity...

I am lying on my bed
Naked...
Watching this beautiful naked
Empty canvas.

Atef Ayadi
Mint Bite

Why did you bite me
For three minutes?
And then you went away
In a second?
Was it a custom,
Your own way of talking,
Or a woman whispering
Through the rocks?
Why not a kiss
Or waving with your hand?
Is it about pride?
Were you angry woman?
Were you creative?
Or it was just me
Who induced this
Erupted bite.

Atef Ayadi
Sunburn

Ah!
Why this dusty,
Muddy,
Sunny cloudy,
And tropical,
Rainy at noon
Love
At this age
Of
Nothingness?

Atef Ayadi
Eileen's Love & The Milky Way

Your love came on time
Like the fall season.
It fell on my heart
Like Christmas snow;
Everything is possible.

Your love broke me
Like a squirrel breaking
A nutshell
And shredded
Me and my language
Like a cloud
In the sky.
Your love stole my heart’s
Beats,
Hung and dried them
Like figs,
In order to preserve them
For the tough time,
When I have feeling’s heart attack.

Your Love’s gravity
became more and more
strong;
I felt suspended
in the outer limits
of the sky,
Like water crystals,
They cannot melt or fall down,
They just must accept their
Fate,
To remain useless
Suspended
And infertile.

Your love came with
A thousands languages,
Ancient
And futuristic;
Half of them are not spoken,
The other half
Came from the other side of the galaxy
Encrypted,
And I am
Illiterate in the new languages of your love.

Your love taught me
The unpredictable
First, second, and third law.
I am now a master
Of the eleventh sense.
Your love taught me
How to read your eyes language.
Your love became my guide
When I am lost
After our lips’ long lasting war,
And my body clings
Over yours
Like a Candy bar;
I raised the white flag
For peace.

Your love gave me a pillow
To rest my head,
And closed my eyes,
And read me Arthur Rimbaud’s poems,
Like a restless child
Who needs to be put to bed.

Your love took me
To my preferred temple
To meditate
And clean my soul
From all humanity’s sins
In order to be ready
To wear the burden
Of the new prophecy.

Your love
Grind me like sand of papers
Then, molted me into a roman
Fountain
For the thirsty,
Who comes to my deserted town.

Your love
Declines my citizenship
when I crossed the
North borders,
the south borders
As well as from the sky,
And took away
My identity,
My religion,
My birthday,
The moon cycle,
The world map,
And switch the sunrise to sunset.
And changes,
My feeling’s weather,
And my feeling darkest nights.

Your love made me
A moon slave
And exiled me in an open desert
And I am only a fisherman
I know only the salty love water
And thousand of miles of virgin shores.
Now I have to learn how to live
In dry weather
In a desert
Between two breasts
Like living between
The Maya
And the Giza pyramids.

Your love taught me
To enter a poem
Like entering
A holy temple
To clean my old sins
Your love
Yells and shoots
Over the church’s roofs
Announcing
A new revolution
After the industrial
And the informational

Your love surprised me
In my dreams
Like a new prophecy
And promises
A fair crucifixion
A fair immortality

Your love has deep oceans
Few fishermen dare
To explore it
And I have a little boat
And a little water for two days
And the heavens to guide me.

I have been trying
Since the Pharaoh’s era
And Babylonians,
The Greeks,
And the Romans,
To learn your love
Language,
Chemistry,
Laws,
Rules,
Etiquette,
And its politics.
But i failed
To grasp the idea
That is a natural phenomenon
And your love in particular is
A galactic blast,
A giant black hole,
And a supernova.

So help me
Woman
To cope with your love.
Help me not to be drawn
In your love
Quiet Seas
And deep oceans.
Because I am not
An Experienced sailor
Neither fisherman
Who dares to sail
Without your blue eyes"
Compasses
Or give me back my vigor
To face my unmistakable destiny.

Atef Ayadi
One Of Eileen’s Difficulties

Do you want me to be
Quiet?
A slow sandy river;
No stones,
No rocks
A side;
A very slow river indeed?

Do you want me to be
Volcanic,
Restless,
A noisy traffic
With no stop signs?
Or you want me just
From time to time
To be in a hurry
With a bag of emotions
On my shoulder
And a little bag
Of poems in my hand
Asking for shelter.

Do you want me to have
This urbanized love
With different fonts,
Different
Credit cards, and a Ferrari,

Do you want me to be a chic lover?

Or you want this wild
Love;
Racing shoeless
With camels
Along the African Sahara’s
To defeat dunes,
The heat,
And the white sand?
Choose your love Eileen!
Choose the side you like,
The shady
Or the sunny side;
Where you can walk
Sit down,
Stand up,
And talk
Alone or with a crowd.

There is a moment,
When the heat and cold
Melt at the same point
At the same threshold.
And that is your choice!

Are you looking for
a sun
Without breeze
Without light?

Is it the hardest question
You ever want to ask yourself
And
It is still wandering between your lips?

I want to answer all your
Hard and easy questions
so, ask your question, Eileen!
answering you is my life drill.

Atef Ayadi
Skepticism

My ...
... Problem ...
I am too skeptical ...
Maybe ...
It is a family trait, or
Because of my scientific background.
Maybe!
Maybe it is just ...
....“The Eileen’s effect.”

I have a cell phone
I do not use.
I turned the ring volume off
I ignore calls
I never call back
I am brute
And wild.
I do not see the benefit
Of Sprint, or AT&T.
After all,
I never received a single
Call
From Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Inspired

I am always
Inspired
By the sun
And Eileen.

The sun is for everyone
Eileen is priceless
And I am free.

I can not lose you
Eileen!
Because you left
Your fingerprints.
I can not seize you
‘Cause the wind
Is a natural phenomenon
And my veins
Are not fit
For too much rain
And more then 80 knots wind.

Atef Ayadi
Colors' Hysteria

They come scrambling,
Racing,
Competing,
And
Praising each other;
Like people in a big town;
Competition is always hostile.
They entered
The white canvas
From the four corners;
Few from the sides.
They came
Yelling
And cheering.
They invaded the canvas
Like the Romans entered the gates of
Jerusalem;
Like Eileen entered me.
With the same love and
The same human rhetoric.

Colors came first,
Then a wave of forms
Followed them;
Like the Olympics' opening.
I am the only
Public,
The canvas is an unwelcoming
And unfinished
Stadium.
Both colors and forms
Started to draw
Patterns
And metaphors.

I can see Eileen's name,
I can see Eileen's face,
I can see Eileen's smile too,
Building up,
Drop by drop;
I can see Eileen
Laying down
Along the canvas
With her smile of orange
Then, Standing up;
She glanced at me
Then, she walked away.

Colors, ink
And water
Shake hands
And embrace each other
It is really a human scene, ...
Human feast.
Some colors
Clash against a few forms
Others get a long
Naturally;
Others were
In a rush
Vanished;
A dozen were just watching the scene
Only one color is acting
Exactly like Eileen.

I never predicted
How the canvas was going
To look like
I never judged the painting
’Cause it always triggers
My desire
For Eileen.

My colors are my words;
My words are Eileen;
Eileen is the sun
The sun rises
I feel worm.
Eileen is warm too,
And then she runs;
Eileen always runs
when she is warm.

The canvas
Is almost done.
The colors are exhausted,
The forms are drunk,
And I am sober.
The blue sky is there,
Some squared doors
And windows
In red,
Blue, and
Pink
Are open
To let the air
Circulating
And rejuvenate
The sad fireplace.

The painting is done.
I called the painting
Smiling Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Only Eileen

Only Eileen
Dares to tell me
How much I weight
... My self-worth
In pounds,
And In pennies;
In the black market,
In EBay,
Wall Street,
Antic shops,
And in cheap and cheek,
Bazaars.

Only Eileen
Knows
Who I am,
What type of guts I have,
What type of breathing habits I have,
What type of joke I have,
What type of joke I am.
She told me
All of that
So I will not have sunburn
And be immune to the cold feeling attacks.

She told me all
With a closed mouth;
With retreated eyes
What I heard
Is what I am bitterly
Trying to grasp
And see.

Only Eileen
With her unspoken language,
Make-up,
And soft night
Soft dress
Dares to face me
And let me look down
Into my barrel’s bottom.
My own real deep sea.

Only Eileen
Dares to stare at me
Ah!
... With an eternal glance
From the bottom-up
And give me
My forgotten maps
In order to explore
ORION
CASSIOPEIA
VULPECULA
TAURUS
And others
Around
SAGITTA.

Only Eileen ...
Can tell...
What type of cement,
Sand,
Bricks,
titanium
Plaster And concrete
I may need ...
To build my mind,
my veins,
my heart,
my skin
My shell,
My... self,
... My house ...
Over
The one that fell down.

Atef Ayadi
I hate colons, 
Semi-colons, 
Commas, 
All the dots, 
The street’s dashed and bold lines, 
The formal and informal, 
Business and love letters, 
And what worsens my stomach pain, 
The civilized patterns, 
Motifs, 
And jokes and dilemmas.

I hate it all 
I hate to list, 
Lay down, 
Lay out, 
All the focused and structured 
Feelings, 
And etiquettes. 
I hate this inventory of 
What I like 
And what I do not like. 
I like to vomit them all; 
Like a rusted wood suitcase 
Is vomiting its rusted nails.

I do not like to face you 
Eileen; 
Until I empty 
All my guts 
From the rust 
And the antic puppets, 
Heroes, and clowns 
I have been storing 
Since ancient times, 
Since the time my first ancestor 
Stood up 
And walked through the cold 
And the warm lands.
I will not promise you
Eileen ...
Because, you never did
Or you may not be there
Waiting
For me.
For a fancy commitment.
I hate to be prized,
Competition,
Pleasureful rewards,
Fake smiles, and
Boredom;

They Are my worst enemies.

I like to earn you
with my own sweat.

I have to stay away
Somewhere
On the darkest spot of the sun
Anywhere!
It does not matter!
I have to stay away
From the language you speak,
Your perfect grammar,
Your perfect dress,
Your perfect town,
Your perfect healthy food,
Your compulsive food,
And your anxious thoughts
And mood.
I need to breathe first
So I can
Like you first
And then up...
Up ...

Love can grow up
within the guts
and jump starts the heart.
Atef Ayadi
The Only Choice

You have no other choices
Right
Or left,
But to face me.
No regrets,
No hard feelings
No guilt,
No they,
No he,
No she,
No plea,
Will help you
But me.

You face it
Whether
Standing up
Laying down
Or sitting on your knees
You will have it all,
You will have me.

You flee,
To the sky,
To the mountains,
To the desert,
To the sea,
You still remember
Me.

You may think
You will be free,
And
That is the cure,
That is the key.
So run
Fast,
Slow,
Run as much as you can,
Nothing will stop you,
No one will catch you,
Except,
The shadow
Of you
And me.

Atef Ayadi
Migrating To The South

I crossed the Mexican
Border
Heading south
No one stopped me ...
No one asked me ...
For an ID,
A passport,
Or even my social security Number.
After All,
I am heading south
To the heat
And dry lands.
They told me nothing is
Left
Over there,
Except elders
With their friendly
Dogs,
Unfriendly DOGS.
And dozens Of orphans,

Eileen told me...
One day, ....
Like Columbus
You really missed
The south.

Atef Ayadi
9: 00 Am Blue Movement

The feminist crowd
Is blocking
The streets;
Every street,
In every town,
In every county,
And in every State.
The strike is inevitable
They are shouting:

"FREE, FREE. OUR CHILDREN ARE FREE! "
"FREE, FREE. OUR CHILDREN ARE FREE! "

Eileen is up front,
Holding the crowd together.
A few men
Are outside,
In the same streets
Supporting
The strike,
And distributing bottles of water
And juice.
Others
Laughing ... cheering with domestic beers
In bars,
In Their homes
While they are watching the news
On CNN.

Atef Ayadi
5: 25 Pm Dreams Come True

Me and Eileen
Hand in hand,
Africa is free,
North Korea is out of danger,
The ecosystem is back to normal,
The magnetic field
Flipped
With no major disaster,
A new form of energy is discovered,
Dualism is over,
A futuristic ethical system
Is approved by the majority
At the United Nation's building,
And
Millions of people
Walk together
To cure obesity.

Atef Ayadi
5:06 Pm

I am looking at the rain
Trying to catch
Eileen's face
Falling with each drop.

I wander ...
Why should Eileen appear
only from the sky?

Atef Ayadi
Like water, 
Eileen 
Does not like 
The pain 
Of altitude, 
Or being suspended in the air. 
She chooses 
To fall down; 
Water is always falling down 
Toward the land and deeper, 
Back to where it grew up and 
Back to the roots. 
The air is for breathing 
Not for feigning. 

I came from the desert; 
Water is good 
Only for the sweat.
I need water, 
Because 
Without it
I am a dry land.

Atef Ayadi
Emptiness

No cloud
No storm
No humidity
No dust
But a clear night sky
Indeed!
No stars
No nebula
No moon
No sparkling at all!
Much like
My mind
Without Eileen.

Atef Ayadi
Iii

The wind is weeping
Because
Eileen was taken.
I am watching Eileen
Being taken,
And my heart is
With the wind.

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Xiv

... The sun is burning the ground;
... The ground is burning my feet;
.... I am burning a cigarette;
... The cigarette is burning my head;
.... My head is burning words;
... Eileen is looking at the sun.

Atef Ayadi
She put her fingers
On top of each other
To mimic
The octopus' arms movement
They Expel
And retract.
Her tongue
Swept her lips
Every five rejections
She exhaled four words:
Derive,
Stimulus,
Inspired,
And ultimately.
They remain suspended
And
Echoing
In the air.
This is an impressionist portrait
Of a woman
Explorer.
Who simply asked
to be explored.

Atef Ayadi
The Darker Path

Three solitary colors:
Red,
Blue, and black;
One straight line,
No circle,
One scratch,
The name of Eileen:
Four times and
In three different sizes,
And one metaphor
Are laying down,
Waiting
Between the white canvas
And my exiled journal.

What I could not say
I wrote.
What I could not write
I painted.
What I could not paint
I scratched.

The painting exhaled
A breath of life;
Like Eileen
Exhaled me.

Atef Ayadi
Failure

I failed!
I failed!
I also failed my failure.
I cannot move
An inch up
Or an inch down.
At the surface,
The white
Old
Shark already swallowed Eileen;
Maybe,
Eileen swallowed the white old Shark
I stayed
Suspended
In the bottom
Of the ocean
I created.

Atef Ayadi
Shopping

I went shopping
In Wal-Mart.
I aimed to buy a woman,
Or love;
A woman soup
Or love soup;
A woman receipt
Or a love receipt;
Something that makes
My sex drive go away
Or cool it down.
Something I can find on the shelves
Or in the deli section.
Like beans,
Milk,
Juice,
Eggs,
Or sliced beef.

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Xiii

Eileen lit a cigarette
In a moment of a cascade
Of memories
Love,
Fear,
Judgment,
And remorse.
The smoke erupted
From her pomegranate lips.
And invaded the bar space;
Like a Pyroclastic flows
At the speed of light,
And finally fell on me.
Her eyes were fixed
On me;
Like a star watching
An orphan moon.
I felt my skin
Half burned;
But,
I still kept watching
This beautiful
Natural phenomenon.

Atef Ayadi
I am a male;
100% straight;
I am looking
For a job,
A House,
And
An unbreakable
Hurricane
Woman.

Atef Ayadi
Gifted

She is standing on my eyelids
And her hair is crossing mine
She took the shape
Of my hand
Then she dissolved
Into my eyes color
And swallowed in my shadow
Like a storm in the sky.

Atef Ayadi
You And Me

My love is the sun
Rolling over the dunes of the desert.
Your love is a flooding rain storm.
No one can promise
The splitting
Or the unity.

Atef Ayadi
The Anxious Lambs

The lambs are following
A few goats
To the highest
Mountain
Of the ancient Sinai.
They become tired
Of the shepherd’s expectations,
And his restless smart dog’s barking.
They like to be free.
They like to adventure
With what they know
Into the inaccessible,
And into the wonders
Of a new magic green land.
They like to be taken
With force
To the unknown.
The goats are well
Adapted and
Skillful in the matters of
Heights
And follow the old paths.
They think "Me first and
Then the lambs."
The lambs still are lambs.

The shepherd closes his eyes
Sometimes
He knows the goats’ nature
And ambitions.
He uses them
Sometimes
To challenge his lambs
For the welfare
Of everyone.
He knows their past.
The lambs know their own past.
It is rare to find a lamb that
Recognizes that it is a lamb.
The goats know both.
The dog is seeking only a reward.
It is a renaissance way of thinking
For both goats and lambs.
The shepherd is always a shepherd
The dog remains a dog
The past remains as ancient as Sinai.

Atef Ayadi
Twin Poems

Sweat mixed
With pain
Time of first
Labor

Push!
Push!
Breathe now!
Breathe!
Push
Again!
Push again!
Here it is
the first of the twin's;
It is a male
Poem.
Breathe now!
Take one more
Breath
Push now!
Push!
Push!
Push again!
I can see the head.
Breathe!
Breathe again
And push!
The second twin is
Coming out.
Push!
Push!
Do not stop!
Push!
Here it is!
The second twin baby;
It is a
A female poem.

What names
I am going to
Choose for them?
This pregnancy
Is not the fruit
Of a romantic
Love;
It comes
With a big pain
And two
Healthy
Heavy
Twin poems.

Atef Ayadi
Zero Gravity

□
A wasteful effort
In the waste.
A retired General
Is smiling to his public.
A lover buried
His expensive gift of red flowers
in a public graveyard.
The moon is looking
For adoption
By the old sun.
Pilgrims
Are curious about a new prophecy
and the religion that follows it;
I am tying up
My feet
With a robust trusted cord;
My legs are above my head now;
I am attempting my last yoga suicide.

Atef Ayadi
Absence

The time
You are away
I came back
To
My cave
To rewrite
The Torah,
The Bible,
And reread the Koran.

Atef Ayadi
Division Of Labor

I finished it!
I finished it!
... It is finally done!
This rosy, blue, and pink
Constipating Painting;
With a lot of focus
And support
From my own professors
And few devoted
Customers ...
I deleted it
As soon as I finished it.

Atef Ayadi
Lucent Thoughts

Some ...
First and second grade
Professors
Put their hands
On the lexical dictionary
To harvest their oath
For TO BE OR NOT TO BE
Puzzle.
The time Balzac
Is resting his feet
In a hot and salty water.
Others are walking in the same
Mainstream
In wonder,
Are there any human connections
Between the professors,
First grade,
Second grade,
The lexical system,
The price and the benefits
Of such dictionary?
Balzac is still enjoying the warmth
Of his feet.
I am still questioning
The oath.

Atef Ayadi
Love Revolution

Too many questions
Came to my mind,
And rushed against my veins
Like an oceanic bubbles
Surfacing with the hope to catch the last tropical rain.

Why is love not for everyone?
I mean:
Everyone!
And every being!

Like the sunshine reaching
All beings
Like the sea’s waves,
Reaching all virgin shores.

Why is love not like
Water,
Salt,
Spices,
Wine,
And perfumes,

Or simply a
Commodity
Anyone can afford?

Why is love not like
An infant water stream that
Comes from a titan desert
With a big dream
To reach a big lake or
To sweeten a lost pensive old sea,

Like a cloud and rain, or
Like grass and flowers
For everyone?

I thought
It is for all
Human and
Any being!

Without exception,
No etiquette,
No protocols,
Or political debates.

Why is it not possible
To have a natural love
Like a red rose
Rising up from
The sand?

Why can love not
Grow up naturally
Over
Our chests,
Our hands,
Our legs,
Our backs,
And our shin
Like our
Black,
Soft,
Yellow,
Long,
Short
And curly hair?

Why is love not
given with our
birth certificate
As a second
Personal ID?

Why love is not
A necessity
Like poetry?
Atef Ayadi
Second Of Madness

A second
Of extreme madness
Took me at high speed.
No red lights will stop it.
Neither adults' guns
Nor children's fireworks
Will absorb it.
It Turned with me over and over
From Market
To Main street.
.
I woke up
After a long
Period
Between coma
And apathy;
With minor injuries
I realized
I killed three love poems
Paralyzed four young
Verses
From the neck down.
I cried when I heard
I lost
My best friend
Eileen's
Holy secret poems.

Atef Ayadi
Accommodation Of Desire

I broke the dozen eggs
I bought a few weeks ago.
Only two of them are badly reddish.
My eyes are fixed on the good ones.
I forget to turn the stove on
As Eileen's face appeared
From the back side of my brain.
I sit there glancing at
The unmixed eggs;
Thinking...
Why are the reddish eggs
Considered bad?

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Ix

This morning is awkward
The sun is not rising at all
My pain turned into an orgasm
My breath is slowing down
My thoughts are numbing
Eileen is standing up
On the other side
Of the river
Looking north
It becomes more eloquent
The river has been flooding
Constantly
For three years
The water never reached me
I was told the desert disappeared
Ever since
I am still watching my feet
My worries about Eileen
Interrupt my attraction to my dry feet.
She is always in my mind
Even though we never met
We never talked
My obsession with my feet
Turned into an obsession with Eileen
Time dissolves into the flatness of the space
Eileen dissolves all the absurdities

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Viii

I was focused on the chess board
Eileen is an unbeatable opponent
I could not tell her anything
About my feelings for her;
A feeling As old as the game itself
Chess is the game of life
My life game
A male was standing around our table
With a persisting smile
His eyes were solidified around Eileen
As I tried to move
My bishop
To a check mate
Eileen asked me if we can
Postpone the game
She has neck pain
She left
And vanished with our table host.

I waked up;
It was just a dream!

Atef Ayadi
The Hand, Remorse

Eileen is sitting at the café entry side
Big table
Unfocused
It is around sunset
The blue is mixed
With darkness
I went out
To take breath of smoke
My ultimate orgasm
For Five minutes
Two cigarettes in a row
Three times.
An attempt to swallow
Eileen's face.

Atef Ayadi
Persistence Of Memory

Eileen left the town
One snow flake is falling
Vertically
Toward an oak tree yellow laying leave.
The streets are deserted,
Except from the cold.
I am looking from the windows;
My only escape.
My coffee cup is waiting for my hand
To warm it.
My young journal is afraid of
The shrinking table.

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Iii

Her naked face
Aroused me.
I was helpless
Looking
To find a
An unexposed seat
To sit down.

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Iv

Words are eating commas,
Phrases are eating the page,
Pages are eating the Parallel Space.
The end of Quantum Mechanic
Is reaching its fatal absurdity,
And its maximum entropy.
It is cold;
I have to burn my journal.

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Vi

A gray serpent hit
The isolated farm
In an isolated land
The night shaded the land
It ate only one cow,
The youngest
The fattest
One chicken,
The youngest
The fattest.
And left the lambs.
The gray serpent comes back
Every night
The farmers gathered
At the last victim house
Nice touch down big town boy?
Laugh the crowd.
My companion Eileen crossed my hear
Tenderly
And said
Do you like this TV commercial?
It is about the last football game
An advertisement for Miller Light
Wake up!
Sober man.

Atef Ayadi
Surrealism Vii

The war is raising.
Who started first?
The ambitious youthfulness
On behalf of Alexander the great,
The Romans who were looking for
Refined salts,
The crusades who were
Escaping from the orthodox eagles,
The new RAP globalization, or
The cons and pros bring their
Breezes and winds.
The only common
And absurd denominator:
They are lambs,
An organized group temptation,
And a low class heavy iced mind
With calculated steps.
All the eyes and tongues
Are fixed on the new
Martinez Cocktail;
Anything else
Is the absurdity itself.
What I am sure of
It is getting hot and hotter
The battle field is getting crowded
And flatter.
My mind is taking me
To watch this cat
Crossing this noisy party
Looking for something?
maybe she is trying to escape from the noise or
She is chasing a mouse?

Atef Ayadi
Siege

Your love threw me
In the land of wonders.
It took me by surprise
From my neck
While I was
At my preferred café,
At my preferred table,
While I was teasing my poems,
While my poems were teasing me.
I forgot my preferred café
And I forgot my preferred table
I forgot my poems
I forgot whom I was teasing
And who was teasing me.
.
Your love surprised me
While I was reading my hand
For luck
And fate.
I forgot my hand,
I forgot my luck,
And I forgot my fate.

Your love invaded me
the same way a tsunami
Invaded the moon
In its ecliptic wedding
With the sun.
I woke up weak
Thirsty,
And thirty million light years faraway
From my birth galaxy.
I forgot the moon,
I forgot the sun,
I forgot the wedding
And I forgot my birth galaxy.

Your love surprised me
Like the Christ surprised the ancient world
I forgot Christ
And I forgot the ancient world.

Atef Ayadi
The Last Empire

I came to this land
As a liberator
With new alphabets,
New poetry engineering skills,
New love roses:
Red,
Coral,
Orange,
And Pink;
For the moon,
And for the sun.
I came with new DESKTOP SUPPORT
Ideas and concepts
For lovers who lost their tongues
With new love vision,
New Fine Art theory
With less mathematical tensions
More aesthetic
Less binary.

I came with a dream
To be the last emperor
Of a last empire
That expands beyond
The Milky Way and
The super clustered galaxies.

After 7 years of cheap labor,
I realized,
I am the only one
Who is holding
The white flag
Of my own irony.

Atef Ayadi
Why You

Why you?
Why particularly you?
From all women
You changed my days’ rhythm
My life engineering,
My physics,
And my chemistry,
And I did not oppose or resist.
Why I love you particularly,
Desire you particularly,
And let you
Slide between the blue papers
Of my journal
To sleep with my poems.
Why you particularly
I let you sing on my cheeks
And dance on my eyebrow
And I did not oppose.

Why you particularly,
I let you
Kill all the beautiful women
Inside me
And I did not oppose.
Why I favored you
From all women
And I gave you
My town,
My closet
My secret box
The keys to my secret gardens,
Secret gods,
And to my secret water falls;
No woman earned
Such high rank before.

Atef Ayadi
The Last Emigrant

I came to this new land,
To this old continent,
Following my natural;
My instinct.
I did not hear cheers
No smiles,
No welcome signs,
No fireworks,
No one was there to receive me,
Or to shake my hand
As I anticipated,
Except this sign
That says:
“NON-CITIZENS must cross this gate.”

I came with no sense
Of attachment,
Identity,
Religious freedom,
Love freedom,
Big numbers, or
Freeing freedom.
I am just seeking the warmth.
I am looking for
A piece of land
Under the sun.

Atef Ayadi
Agitation

After the tides
After the French revolution
After the mannish history
After a feminine geography
After a long career in women’s politics
After the boredom,
After the wine,
After all the complements I made,
After the poetry I wrote,
And the few verses written to me,
After the flood of kisses,
After the national disaster,
And after pouring out all the anger;
I made a plan for a new trip
To an unknown continent,
Where I wont crave poetry
And my poems won't crave me.

Atef Ayadi
Antagonism

He gave her a name:
Pearl,
Atinite,
Whisper,
Stream,
Chamomile,
Daffodil,
Papillion,
Spring,
Spring’s flower,
Sun's flower.

She left,
And left him a note:
'You do not need a name.'

Atef Ayadi
Broken Face

My face fell down
On the floor
I took my broken face
Between my hands
And I dreamed
Of a woman
Who can buy it
And hang it
Somewhere.
But who care about
An antique
Clayey
face?
They told me,
A woman never buys
A sad
And broken
Face.

Atef Ayadi
Une Femme Unique

I saw you
In all women's eyes,
And I saw
All women
In your eyes.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen Eyes

I am absorbed by this galactic
dual
black holes
as dark
as Eileen's eyes.
They sucked me in half of a second.
I cannot stop it.
It is an unmistakable fate.
I like it!
Let it be!

My body stretched
like a river escaping a glacier.
My feet walked alone.
My eyes are still fixed on hers
before falling.

Eileen's eyes
are a cosmic event;
a human
dominant myth.
They sucked everybody and everything.
Nothing remained,
except the echo of a passing universe,
And my eyes
Are still fixed on hers
And hers on me.
I face it;
I like it;
It is my fate;
So let it be!

Atef Ayadi
Your Name's Letters

The letters of your name follow me,
Hide in my pocket when I walk out
Cling to my gloves,
Lay down close to the chimney,
And disperse over my journal's
White pages;
Like a friend who is waiting for me
For a drink or a cup of tea.

Your name's letters shadow my fate,
Soothe my withered solitude,
And draw my odyssey.

Your name letters check on
My forehead,
My cheeks,
And my hands
For possible fever,
And they also check on
My heartbeats;
They are my doctor and my medicine.

Atef Ayadi
I Will Tell You

I will tell you
I love you
When all ardor's languages
Will vanish.
When all lovers will loose
Their tongues,
Their hearts,
And their lips.
Then I may say it
because the language of
love remains forever
A Kiss.

I will repeat it
As many as
The kisses
You give me
And as many as
Breaths
You take from me.

I will say it
When I feel
The rivers need your permission to walk
The seasons need your permission to change
The snow needs your permission fall down and melt
The earth needs your permission to crawl and rotate

I will tell you
I love you
When I see
All the world’s languages
Come for an urgent meeting
To discuss your lips fate

I may say it
Deliberately
And
Unconditionally
If I feel
You are my last
Exile.

Atef Ayadi
I put my Face For selling In a public Auction On EBAY. I added a digital Picture For honesty, And A starting price $0.99. I checked Seven days Later, No one! No one made A bid. But I received only one Private Question that looked like feedback From a buyer Who identified herself as a face seller she wrote: 'No woman buys a sad face.'

Atef Ayadi
I Wish

I wish...
I wish I could write you
A poem,
A circular one.
Within,
The language changes
Like a flower emerges from a dot,
Like a young squirrel gnawing a comma;
Like a child crawling over letters,
Frivolously tearing words,
And arranging them into cubes and pyramids.
A child is always a genius.

See,
Whatever is
The poem's geometry,
Its relief,
If it is a harvest,
Raining,
Freedom,
Love,
Woman,
War,
Or spiritual day;
A poem remains a currency,
A God's work
Never revealed,
Never finished,
Never done.

I wish
If you let me go back
To the day
You were born
To write,
Between your infant eyebrows,
And
On your lips
A song
A happy and dancing
One.
And extract from your red cheeks
A rare wine.

Atef Ayadi
Face It

Free your lips
From the daily etiquettes
And the charm of ancient veils
Do not run away
No one runs after drawing ones' fate
Did you ever see
The sea running away from its tides
And hiding behind the shores.

Take off your veil
Your rings,
And the Indian henna,
You may not need them
Love journey is like
Crossing an ocean
With a rebellion young boat
And with little water.

Show your feeling's face;
No need for hate.
Hang your hate against the wall
Like a Victorian painting
Or an African lion's skull.
Convert your hate
Into a roman wine
Or a Chinese ink
To use later to write a future language.
Plan for new fates
Life is held between your hungry lips
And your tattooed eyebrow.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen

Eileen...
Is a complex phrase
Made out of simple words.
She turned me into a simple phrase
Made out of complex words,
And commas racing foolish dots.

Eileen is a woman with whispering eyes
That defeat the galactic distances,
And penetrate through the human skin.

Eileen is an ancient woman
Her destiny is a future station;
And I live only in the present
And I am stuck in the time of
Duals between barons and
Pimps of poetry.

Forgive me
Eileen;
If I could not
Catch your flying whispers
Nearby the heavens.
I agree!
I am a failure!
I am still trying to figure out
How many dots
And commas
I need
To make my first speech.

Atef Ayadi
Second Day In Heaven

... Oh no! 'F.u.c.k? '

Police again!

Atef Ayadi
Love Gravity Effect

I am falling
Vertically
Under the effect
Of gravity.
I like it.
I am falling rapidly,
And
I still like it.
I am not scared
From the
Great impact,
From
This deadly impact.
The attraction is so
Intense
As well as
The impact.
I wake up
After the
Crash
After
A breathing animation
And High voltage
Heart re-animation
I found myself
Melted
On top of you.

Atef Ayadi
Between Us

Between us
A corn field
And
A little stream
Dreaming to be
A river.

Between us
The sun is running
From the east
With a torch
To hand it
To the moon
On the west

Between us
Shallow waters
Are
Racing
To reach
The Atlantic

Between us
Hot
And cold climates
Are melting
To form a fine
Golden line
Between hell
And heaven

Between us
A war
Of
fireworks
And infant poems.

Atef Ayadi
Three Job Opportunities

The Army,
The Church,
And Jail.
Three jobs
Are posted
Every day,
Every week,
TV,
Newspapers,
Fliers,
And fairs, and everywhere in the planet.
Three manufacturers
Are good at manufacturing
And packing
Death.

Atef Ayadi
The Network

I turned
The TV
On.
The first five minutes
The CNN news:
Two prostitutes
Were
Found
Decapitated
And dumped
In two separated
Bags
After being
Beating.
This I call
Peace time
Casualty.
Followed
By five minutes
Of commercial:
Drug for obese
The next five minutes
The war on freedom
In Iraq
Local news
Car bombing
Injured one USA
Soldier
And killed 19
 Civilians
Most of them were
Children.
Then
Another five minutes
Of commercial
This time
Bow flex
With 30 years of
Warranty
Then the
Local weather update,
With no warning!
Popped up
With
A noisy
Warning Message
TURNADO WATCH
Affective till 9:47 PM
In the following
Counties:
LOUISVILLE,
PARIS,
CHAMPAIGN,
And 6 other
Counties
I do not remember their names.
I hear the heavy rain and branches
Falling.
I have been
In this town
For seven years,
No tornado
Touched
Really
Down.

I switched to CNN
Still,
It is about
Denis,
It became
Type four
Hurricane
As it got
Close to Alabama.
The head
Of Alabama
Asked
His people
To leave
And drive north.
Poor Alabama,
Poor people
In Alabama.

I turned the
TV off.
I took
My bicycle
And I headed to
The closest bar.

Atef Ayadi
Headache

I wrote
This poem
In a rush
Like
Making love
In a hurry
It is bored
Boring
And disobedient
Poem
And
A very young one

See
I neither wrote it
to celebrate
nor to cry out

It is
A poem
That has no
Breath
No dots
And
No commas

I want just
To escape
From this
Persistent
Headache

Atef Ayadi
$2.00

My pants
Are falling
Down;
Even though I
Tied
My belt
Twice
since this morning.

Both
Shoes
I bought
A week ago
For $2.00
Are kicking
Me.

Both my pants and the pair of shoes
Are not
Worth
A week of pain
I have been going
Through.

Atef Ayadi
Telepathy

I am
Sure
You are sitting
now
Around a coffee shop table
Like me

I am sure
You are
Writing
Your daily
Diary
Exactly
Like me

I am sure
You stop
Each time
Your pen
Scramble
On
My name
And creep after few lines ... 
Exactly like
My pen
When it meets
The first
Letter
Of you name

I am sure
Your breath
Is taken
Away
For ten seconds
Like mine
And your eyes
Take off
And fly
Nearby
For a moment
Like mine

I am sure
You smile
And then
You get angry
Exactly
This is
How I feel
Right now

I am sure
You end
Your diary
With
A
Hope
The same here
I wrote
At the end
Of the page
Of my journal
I hope ...
Three consecutive dots
For you,
may be four
Followed
By
I will meet with you
Again.

Atef Ayadi
Adulthood

Ok!
You come to this world
with a big cry
like any healthy newborn.
Your parents,
your single mother,
your single father,
your lonely step father,
or your grandparents
Took care of you
And your mess
For few decades.

Now you are
An adult.
So,
Welcome
To the adult web site
and to planet earth,
You should have
A username,
A password, in order to login
And
Fix your own mess.

Atef Ayadi
Where Do You Come From?

In most parties
I go to,
Or in some public
Gathering
Around coffee shop
Table;
The most
Frequently asked
Urgent,
Predictable
And routine
Questions
I have been subject to
And
I have tried
Unsuccessfully
To digest
During these
Last five years
Is
"what is your name? "
“How do you pronounce it? ”
“where do you come from? ”

See,
They come
In a bundle,
One pack,
The same sequence,
Same wavelength,
And
The same algorithm.

I do not know where people
Learned
The stuff?
Was it in first grade?
Second?
Fifth grade?
Maybe
To deal with the country’s
Urgent
Need
For diversity.

Atef Ayadi
War Time

I closed my embassy;
Before that,
I laid off the staff
With no written warning
Or excuses in advance.
I laid off the security guard too.
It is a shaking time.
A lot of bloody feeling bombs,
Harassments,
And body language threats.

I tried traditional diplomacy
To save this ancient
Mutual love's
Interest.
I tried really
To preserve
This bilateral
Romantic partnership
That flourished
Since the Babylonian era.

I want to stop
Our lips shaking
With too many love
Etiquettes.
I want to stop these
Cold and
High temperature
Collisions
And earthquakes
Between the north and the south.
You did not
Give me too many choices
And you rejected mine.
See, there is nothing between
Hell and Heaven.

I closed the embassy.
I locked its oriental door.
The only thing I took with me is
The last six years
Of our secret poems.

Atef Ayadi
Roast Beef

I checked two
Food stores
The COUNTRY MARKET
And
YOUR HEALTH store
For the same
Roast beef pack.
YOUR HEALTH store
Added $2
Over the
COUNTRY MARKET
Price.

Atef Ayadi
Woman Of Thousand Myths

I dumped all the history books
The ones I own
The ones I do not
The ones I have read
The ones I have not
Because your arrival
Marks
The starting point
Of human history
As well as the universe.
And, with your hands
You redrew new maps
To give birth to
A new kind of geography
Less flat
Less salty
That joins
Tigris River
And the Mississippi.

Your smile
Is this big bang
Of alphabets
That redraws a fair
Language
Where geometric
And organic
Poems are equal.

Your lips give order
To build this town
And enough streets
And temples
And to raise a wall
Around this town
As high
As the Chinese wall
To slave all the lovers
Around your temples.
Everything in this
Town
Is buried in your eyes
And there
The bubbles of civilization
Are waiting passionately
To get the torch
And run, and
Run with all the feet
And wings
They have
For this perfect moment
To start a new
Beginning.

Atef Ayadi
Feedback

Woman!
This is a feedback.
It is about
The little time
Our hands were
Drunk and electrified.
It is about
The little endless time,
When we opened
A little window
Wide enough
To catch the sky,
And weight it
Like weighting
A healthy new
Born.

It is not important
That both
Should drink from the same fountain
At the same time
At the edge of the universe.
It is important
To worry
About the heavy carriage
Both we have
Or how much
Weak is our strength
Or how much
Strong is our Weakness
Or how much
We are proud of our
Pride.
This is simply a
Feedback
Like a fraction
Of light beam
Reflected by one crystal
Standing inside
Me,
The rest of it
Is possibly still echoing
Within my veins
To preserve
A sharp memory
Of your divine lips.

You do not have
To be ready
To take it,
With more or less temporal
It is you, indeed.
And not about you.
I am just a mirror
Much more like the one used for
Make up.

It is enough for me
To be in harmony
With the crystals I still have
Inside me.
This feed back
Is simply
A poem
A young and invincible one,
A new kind of concrete,
Of words,
Jelly of roses,
Alien geometry,
And immortal synergy.

Atef Ayadi
Friday Night

A fog of silence
Invaded my
Table
For couple dead hours
the cafe
Looked like a deserted temple
the server is bored with his long
lasting boredom
A Lady
came across my table
Her eyes were firing
At mine
She said
"Beautiful night?"
"Is it?"
I was busy sharpening my pencil
Against the concrete slab
She dumped her cigarette
In my ashtray
And added "Have a good night"

Atef Ayadi
Siberian

Who said
Siberian hills
Are cold
And frozen?
Who saw a fire
So white
In Siberian eyes
And green breast
So bright and warm?
A land
For compassion
A shining crystal
That melts
To deliver a whisper
And a hushed water
Of life.

Atef Ayadi
Echo

You come to this land
Like a storm
Without rain;
To devastate my town
And all hearts.
Your voice
Is an echo,
So soft
Echo.
It tells
You are and forever
Here.

Atef Ayadi
Delirium

Your love overcomes
Time,
Space,
The conventions,
The reasonable,
The seasons,
Human values,
And,
Alien morality.
So forgive me woman
If my tongue is lost
And I forget what
I want to tell you.

Atef Ayadi
Suppose

Suppose
Hypothetically
We never met
Suppose!
Life would be
A phrase
Without words
And literature
Without poetry

Atef Ayadi
La Femme Eileen

Woman!
Tenderness
Dissolves
Through
Your eyes' glance
Like a young water stream
That makes its way
To catch the Mississippi.

Time,
Space,
Big towns,
Villages,
Corn and soybean fields,
Desert and dunes,
The Atlantic,
The Caspian Sea,
Dissolve
At the edge
Of your lips.

Atef Ayadi
Hope

I hope
You are safe
From your desire
From the tattoos
You drew on me
From the name you gave me
From the name I gave you.

Atef Ayadi
My little jewel,  
My crystal,  
My city,  
My rescue when i am lost in the wilderness,  
My passport,  
My travel,  
My exile,  
My sixteen wings,  
My ocean's waves,  
My big desert,  
My dunes,  
My palm tree,  
My olive tree,  
My numbers,  
My alphabets,  
My book,  
My new Bible,  
My new language,  
My lost and found,  
My earthquake,  
My energy,  
My music,  
My mosaic,  
My guitar's wires,  
My heaven,  
My Hell,  
My paper,  
My Pen and my ink,  
My laugh, and  
My bag of jokes.

Atef Ayadi
You Are

I am
A body
A stone
A dry clay
Sand
Volcanic desert
Dust
Red Sky
Emptiness
Fading Vacuum
An orphan darkness
A lonely cloud
A silence with no mouth.

You are
Sweet breeze
Rain drops
A young water stream
A new born crying
A full moon
A star
A blue sky
A prairie
the sun flower
Life symphony
The Joy
The creation
God’s dark side
Light.

So Woman
When will you come
To start my creation?

Atef Ayadi
Saturday Night

For instance
Time is timeless;
My table is deserted;
My coffee cup
Is drunk, tired, and exhausted.
What remains from
This endless day:
Some 67 cents
In my pocket
And a broken cigarette.

Atef Ayadi
The End Of Day

Like a young cloud  
Is trying to catch the storm  
My life is on the run  
Never reaching  
The big storm  
Or resting  
Like a tired dune.

At the end of the day  
Rain and sweat  
Dust and heat  
Draw my new face  
To catch the next day’s  
New storm

Atef Ayadi
Long Trip

It is a body
Beside me
And two nice eyes.
Green, or
Blue
Maybe?

I am sure.

Her compassion
Is surrounding me;

Her hair
Is calling my hands,
And it is my heart
That melts
Over her salty
Chocolate
Chest.

Atef Ayadi
White Rose From The Atlas

Now Paris
Is washing its eyes
With August rain
Paris is now
A woman
A Babylonian bride
Her wedding
Is set on Christmas
I hear you in Paris
And emigrants cheering
And applauding
To welcome
These eyes of marble
This is your day woman
You will hug
Another man
A Parisian
Black-feet
Who does not respect
The rain

In my little house
There are many essays
And poems
Some I do not feel I need
Some are not mine
They are still
Standing up
The way I left them
This morning
The fireplace is silent
Like a grandmother
Who knows when she should talk
Too many books
In different languages
Agitated
Like me
Even your journal
As you left it
It still keeping
Its preferred place,
Its blue color
And the smell of your burned desires

The first December snow
Is falling in a rebellious motions,
It is embracing the town’s big avenue
And dancing with the last falling leaves
Against its will
This is not very important
The town is not
My town
I am an emigrant too

Time in my house
Is yellowish
It creates its own dunes
Just to get lost
This is trouble my house’s door.

Before you left
This town
I drew a plan
To settle and colonized this town
I planned to build
Another Paris
A barbarian one
So you can take me
With your eyes of the Atlas
Through its streets of marble
And to our Andalusia’s house
Then we go
And visit mosques
Churches
And temples
To wash our souls
With the town’s walls
And gates.

Now
And after you left
I burned all the plans
The town’s saltiness is all that remains
And the smell of your burned desires.

Atef Ayadi
Delighted

I am delighted
To see the town
In passion
And peace.
What makes me more delighted,
Your eyes are the secret
Of its passion,
And the peace's white flag.

Atef Ayadi
Your Smell

Your smell
Is watching me
It penetrates my skin
The easy way
The fanatic way
And even against my will
It walks where I walk
It follows all my moves
And repeats the way I talk
It counts my breath
And my heart's
Three thousand beats
It reads with me
My preferred books
And writes with me
My journal
It chooses for me
The type of poems
I should write
And asks me to
To sort them later
Into vertical poems
Oblique poems
And then into
Audacious
And cowardly ones

Your smell
Is always here
It takes my hand
Whenever I am lost
Whenever it rains
It flies away
Whenever it is a sunny day
To bring me some
White and red roses

Your smell starts to be
My shadow
Starts to be me
Dictates my thoughts
And my livelihood
I am rebellious
More than the desert dunes
But I am still in possessed by
Your tyrannical smell.

Atef Ayadi
Lies' Pigments

Few millenniums of lies,
Beneath a gray ice,
Years and years of lies
Are covering
The town’s streets
And all previous winter blue skies.
I can see that
In her eyes;
The watch’s hand
Told me
They are lies.

The stream of words
Is walking through her golden gate bridge-like lips
Come and vanish in lies.
She is sick
With words and
With lies.
She is trapped
In her past,
Stories, and lies.
It is dark
Inside her,
She can not hide it.
She can not compromise.

It is a dusty and salty
Moment,
When she walked away with
Her face.
My face shredded
Into tiny pieces
Like fireworks
In the dark northern sky.

At my birthday,
She came and
Delivered me.
It was my only gift,
A gift from a woman
In love.
After a long walk of hate
She gave me
My new name too.
She left
For a century.
She came back
To take back her gift.

I felt
I should wait
An eternity
For a new birth,
A new horizon,
And new open sky.

Atef Ayadi
$1 Pair Of Shoes

With $1 I bought
My pair of shoes.
No more than $1;
But still,
They are my shoes.

Atef Ayadi
Falling Down

All what we learn
Is to not fall down
And we fall down.
We want to stop being standing up.
We want to be away from our feet.
We want
A falling
With noise
Or noiseless,
Or just
To fall upside down.
It does not matter
We look for a web
Of a royal spider
To hung up
We look for heaven
On earth
And underneath it.
So let’s fall
Whether
It is up or down.

Atef Ayadi
Eileen's Breath

An ancient
Breath
Came into my lung
Weak
And interrupted.
A breath of pain;
A breath of love;
A breath of forgiveness.
It struck first my heart
And shattered my rusted veins.

The snow is falling,
Enlightening the streets.
I kept walking ...
Following this
Ancient woman's breath.

Atef Ayadi
The Seven Pillars

After a deep love
After years of separation
After the last millennium is wrapped up
With white and rosy candles
You come back
With an empty face
And with dropped hands
To ask me for
A break up
With no more confusion
And a solid conclusion
I accepted the deal
After all
This everlasting ancient love
Grows up like a seven pillars
Of a new religion
Neither me
Nor the Romans
Could stop it.

Atef Ayadi
Her Smile

She opened the door
And let me in.
Her smile rose from her lower lip
Like the morning star.
This alone took off
Thousand years of my boredom.

She opened the windows for me
To let heaven get in
To welcome me.

Like a warm hole
Her smile is spinning around the place,
And everywhere,
In the town’s streets,
The public parks,
In the water fountain,
And
In all my life

I ringed at her door
At my life
She screamed
She smiled
She jumped on me
Like a playful
Young rabbit
Jumping over
A lost old turtle
She offered me
A beauty seeds
And a colorful kisses

Atef Ayadi
Hopeless in love
Is like writing vertical poems
They just fall down.
Hopeless in love
Hopeless in poetry
Hopeless to take oneself
To the old east
And get some spicy words
Hopeless in love
Like going through
The desert
And not distinguishing yourself among the dunes
I do not blame
Who is in love
Who is hopeless
I blame who
Defends his love battle field
With an armory of geometrical poetry.

Atef Ayadi
Conditional Love

Do not wish for love.  
It will not come  
As you wish.  
Love wishes are not writing  
On the spring butterfly wings.

Do not count on hopes,  
Love guidance,  
Or a flood of chaotic sorrow  
Assurance.  
Love has its own weather,  
Its own battlefield,  
It has Castles, knights, bishops,  
And its own popes.

Bypass this ancient language writing on your lips.  
Bypass the ancient old scripts.  
Bypass your heart surgeries  
And feelings' burns and attacks.  
Bypass your orphan poems.  
Bypass your fate.

Hold your breath;  
Love's ocean is deep  
You need to take a deep Breath  
As you dive down.

Hold yourself  
Like holding the clock hands,  
And the town streets.  
Make a list of new colonies  
To invade.  
Throw off your shadow.  
Be a simple titan  
Without tribe support.  
Be an indulged new shah.  
Take off the shell of being  
A classical woman,  
A Bach symphony,
And pour out the bad water,
And what makes you a night soft Harem.

Atef Ayadi
The Comfort Of Pain

Pain and bags of agony
Accumulate
On my table
And build up
Like volcanic rubble
And expand like a sea coral
Around my virgin island

This is my only recipe
The only seeds from the last summer’s harvest
I have for my daily livelihood

My mind flirts
With my heart
In trouble
And sore from pain
It teases it
Without taking over
Mind's and heart's fights are always
About pride

I bribe my pain
And beg it
to stay for a night chatting
I hug my pain
And cross its black hair
Like a child who is afraid from a past nightmare

My darling pain
Do no not disappear
You are the cement
The stones
And the bricks
Needed to build
My new fortress
Against the next feeling attack.

Atef Ayadi
Spark Of Darkness

Writing in the darkness
What hides in my nights
Makes me see more clearly
What is in the obscurity of my thoughts.

Composing a work,
A reflection of my vanity
Helps me to lose the imagination
And free all my contemplations
Just to escape from the freezing time
I am already far from the present
And yet close to the nearest past
I am living without my existence
This is my best moments
Of being suspended
In a zero gravity,
And in a vacuum of thoughts
These are my best moment of
Making the first crystal
Of simplicity.

Atef Ayadi