

Poetry Series

**Awni Alkhatib**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

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

**Awni Alkhatib(1/9/1971)**

# The Lost Treasures

Up the hill, a serene treasure to reap  
murmuring brooks and jingling bells of sheep  
Up the hill, sure there is a serene rite  
Everyday sure there is a wealthy sight  
One day I went up the hill  
with my papers and a small pencil with eraser  
down the valley a twinkling treasure lie  
I took it rashly, the brook cried but no reply.  
I owned august castles and pens  
But my castle is dark despite all candles.  
and my rooms are hollow despite all bibles  
I took my golden pen and fine papers  
up the hill where the lost treasures lie  
Only dumb bells and all echoes die

Awni Alkhatib

# The Nearest Exile

The nearest exile

Torture is the remembrance of that day

Happiness is the remembrance of that day

When replying to my only gem of Mud

Why my tears in her lap as flood

Why I like only first smell of her perfumes?

Why I like only first smell of drizzle on sand dunes?

Why I like first stair of her oomphy tunes?

But my devout soul steadily replies

Even your creation is for love and lust of blood

But you are created also for the universe to chew the cud

And universe creation is not for humans of blood

For this nymphs will exactly at your lip

And beads will migrate when daggers try to rib

Awni Alkhatib

# Wild December

I visited an exotic queer place  
Where blue with green come into one face  
Where a branch changes into a stem  
and beauty reaches the rim  
Where a tree adopts and usurps a tree  
and rain becomes thunders prey  
Fair orchards are scattered here and there  
and women think they are fair  
Rhyming drizzles, shiny in a jiff of time  
and times cold dull tales are our rhyme  
Impotent lightening kisses lusty valleys in vain  
and virile thunders slept with that plain  
Sun and rain met to contemplate  
and my noon rival sure is my mate  
I saw the face of our creator  
In this harmonious fickle nature  
Ocean cries when he gets bored,  
but mother pacifies with winds of her lord  
Colored buds mingle not with land hue  
Since the Artist put his only verdant clue  
December is the cruelest month of year  
It made our yen our thorny fear  
Darkness shuffles in sigh and joyness  
and cuckoos cuck in joy and coyness  
Dear onomatopoeic devout hue  
I will draw your memory as a passer-by  
Only in December the cruelest month of year.  
Green and blue will be my wear  
At twilight or even late at noon.  
Then you will see heavenly colors on sand dunes  
And be this ever-satanic beauty no more seen  
Since in memory it has been  
And be those poker-faced clowns no more played  
Nor my hyacinth be left peerless to fade  
Among a tribe of malicious arcade

Awni Alkhatib