

Poetry Series

**Elsaied abd elghani**  
**- poems -**

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# Enter My Chaos, My Void

you have a lyric face  
from the ruins of the first formation  
have a great poetic inspiration  
buried in the coffin of my vision  
there is no curb in it  
to your undersigned soul  
like a small virgin flower  
in a waterless orchard  
will we meet in our insides  
and approach  
facinated our bodies  
thirsty our soul?  
enter my chaos, my void  
lie down in the skulls of my inside  
in my colors and in my language  
i'm waiting for warmth of your body  
for your exit from reasonable  
you are the melted poetry in the horizon  
you are the light in the deep soles of existence  
i will give you my interior as an offering  
my madness  
my darkness.

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# I'am Getting My Rest Of Mefrom The Well Of Infinity

My angry caves, stare at the world  
Let your dark, hidden shits in the streets.  
Back the world's people and gods in your bucket  
Hold your revolutionary wallpapers  
Let the losers clowns clab in the circus of whole.  
All the roads kicked me out  
And even the crossroad did,  
Kicked me to the inner  
Come in the castaway inners  
Come in all the castaways.  
Everyday, I am travelling and that what keeps me alive  
In the choices of my consciousness  
Of the possible puzzling.  
I am watching the long closed passages to my inner  
I'am killing the shit of the big world with my own small tiny shit  
And, I'am getting my rest of me from the well of infinity.

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# Solitude

You live in my solitude  
That frightens the world too much  
I open my eyes  
And close my conscience  
I need to see solitude in other people  
To rescue my darkness from life.  
I believe in your eyes  
Because something musical gets out from it.  
I believe in your body  
Because immortality keeps poetry alone in it.  
I believe in your labyrinth  
Because it leads to my sorrow.  
I want to destroy your silence  
And follow you in the fog  
To meet Bergman who acts in the hell  
And Tarkovsky who shouts by my name and yours.  
My horizon gets dark from time to time  
But you are in the gap  
Between my soul and body.  
I will leave you destroyed  
On the gate of nebula  
And will not get closer to the blind death.  
I don't own existence  
But I own nothingness.  
Nothingness is a lot of mirrors  
that marry in oneself.  
The non-invasive poems run  
from your right eye to the left  
and it never finds home  
except when I kill the distance  
between your eyes and my eyes.  
my solitude commits suicide  
every time I see you.  
destruction consoles my soul  
and I found its roots in you.  
I will enter the life  
When I die  
And will enter the death  
When I kiss you.

I want to widen the death  
To include our souls in the frightened letter.

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