

Poetry Series

Estabraq Al Ahmadi
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Estabraq Al Ahmadi(25/1/1986)

My name is Estabraq (Istabraq) Rafea Gharkan. I was born in Iraq, in Anbar, Ramadi, in 1986. I have MA in English literature from the University of Baghdad/ College of Arts. Currently, I am an Asst-instructor of English poetry at the University of Anbar/ Faculty of Arts/ Dept. of English. Poetry is of a paramount importance to me. I consider teaching and writing English poetry as unique and life-changing experiences which played a vital role in shaping my mentality, gave me an opportunity to explore serious issues and helped me reach a better understanding of life. I firmly believe that poetry, as well as any form of creative writing, can undoubtedly be an effective tool to achieve cultural understanding between nations or cultures. Poetry opens our eyes to the true value and significance of cultural diversity and difference. It also stresses the need to communicate and share our values, interests and knowledge. To me, to write poetry is to write your identity and to expose your cultural heritage, by peaceful means, to the other in order to bridge any cultural gap. Thus, my future goals aim at studying creative writing in order to develop my creative talent as a poet and to help people change their life for the better.

A Candlelight At Midnight

Whenever I gaze at the candlelight
in a silent room at midnight,
with its flickering flame float
my thoughts that freely over rupture gloat.
And to Eden sail in a seraphic boat
tied to the crimson pulse of the heart.

And in a fiery trance, my soul sways
like melting wax, drops in the old happy days,
when, as a boy blessed with glee,
I roamed the fields and felt free
to gaze with wonder at every tree
that drew from me homage and praise.

And when, as a child of nature, I
was never taught to utter a single sigh
or to shed tears at years bygone
or to shun the bucolic beauty of the sun
which, with love, in my veins run,
and dipped in the deep azure sky.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

A Child's Eternal Song

Mama, mama sing for me
On the grass, under the tree.
Let my heart dance with your voice,
And let the world with me rejoice.

Sing for me while I play,
Sing for me all night and day,
For in your eyes I'll live,
And hope your song for me will give.

Sing for me the song of love,
And write it on the stars above,
Or write it on the moon so bright
Or send it with the breeze at night
Where the flowers merrily bend
And their fragrance everywhere send
So that love will melt in the air
For our days to be nice and fair.

Sing for me to sing for you
Songs that fall as the morning dew
On your ears, cheeks and eyes
And on your heart to relieve your sighs.

And I'll sing for you of the years
You kindled for me, and the tears
In sleepless nights you shed
Over me when sick in bed.
Mama with me will be all along
For she is my eternal song.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

A Home Left Behind

Leaving home behind
against one's will
is no thing but leaving
one's own self
with no prospect of return.
leaving home behind
with mother's fingerprints,
kisses and memories
being divided among ghosts,
shadows, absence and loss,
and hang over the walls dangling
like candles turned upside down
to catch fire at both ends.
like icicles in a wintry day
when a lover's teardrops cling
to the eyelids and swing
like bats or berries at dusk
or fall like a fly in a spider's web
that is tired of waiting
between the hazy sky,
the grey carpet of grass below
with its frost laden blades
that open like a colossal
furnace of silence
to receive laughter and singing
that once filled the corners all
where a love story was scratched
and veins drawn in the bricks.

Leaving home behind
is leaving the garden
and the flowers with their scent
that with the redness
of a beloved's cheeks
and the whiteness of a mother's prayer
gave birth to the air Adam
breathed before the fall
once but not for all.
Alas! every thing shrank

and lost color.
with grief lungs were filled
with tears cheeks are furrowed.

Leaving home behind,
like leaving a mother's womb,
is to be left with no choice
but to be left alone
like a tree in a wide, wide desert
burdened by the tears
and the years
with no one to take notice of
or seek shade under
with no one to convince the roots
to feel at home
and to stop waiting for the dew
of the dawn, and the greenness
of what it means to be a tree
for the wind will blow
again and again
to carry its winged leaves,
after they give up and send
their breathes and wishes
to the seeds in their resting place
under a skeleton-like heap
of memories lost and dreams unfulfilled
to bring a life renewed by death.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

A Meeting On New Year's Eve

I met my friend on New Year's Eve,
And said to him: "Why is there no light
In your eyes, no blood and soul inside?
You still stand erect, as a palm tree
with a shrapnel in the middle of its trunk,
As if you are a breath bending
under the weight of untold sorrow,
Your heart is blown by the wailing wind,
your face covered by dark patches
of a night studded with tears and pain."
All what he said was that
his two-day daughter died
at the last day of last December.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

A Retired Us Soldier To His Son Going To War

By the sweet smell of the black flare
Of death flying in the hot air,
With tails trailing madly behind,
Soon, you will know that war is kind.

So, let them not twist your mind
With resonant words or exact rhymes,
For they have nothing their country to pay
Except lies about 'the war crimes, '
And that's all what they bother to say.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

A Sea Diary

We sailed the dismal sea at night,
With the moon following overhead,
Sending over the watery expanse,
Its ghostly gaze and dim light.
It was the perfect moment to be dead,
And the most painful to resist or strive,
For who would want to cling to life,
When home is lost, and longing left?
I could not bear the heaviness of my soul
Nor was I able of weeping.
As if my eyes
were two abysmal voids of fear
which never felt the bliss of sleeping
Since we sailed chasing the horizon.
fading through the bottom of the night
that was silent and empty like death,
And like black holes, was the vast sea
Vast like our defeat and despair.
Which wants to swallow my heavy breath
Leaving me with a weary mind
Not thinking of how far I became
From the home I left behind
And how near to the unknown I drew.
Yet, how far or near, I never knew,
For I became a shadow afloat
amid rolling waves tossing an empty boat.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

A Very Short Love Letter

I am half a breath
And half a memory,
And the two are woven together.
In-between them is a love story
Written by my mother.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

A Voice Across The Oceans

Dear friend,
It's midnight, cold and dark.
Yet, I'm not, like the rest, sleeping.
Instead, I am gazing at you and weeping.
You might not hear my soulful cries
for they are mixed with your deep sighs.
Though between us the ocean stands,
You could squeeze it with your own hands
to let my heart and hands be near
to get you out of the corner of fear
where you hide to commit suicide.
I can feel your life as a song
sad, but think, suicide is wrong.
I can feel your heavy breath,
But nothing is more heavy than death.
Please, let us meet every day
and I will listen for what you say.
And I will tell you a story sad
About me when I was a lad.
For once I thought I was in hell
for losing my family for one shell.
and thought my life not worthy at all
to mend with hope my cracked soul.
So, if you decide your life not to carry,
think of me, I have nine lives to bury
in graves in my heart, big and small.
So be weak not, for once be brave
and think deeply of your cold grave

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

A Woman I Always Remember

Through a tiny crack in my mind
a wide, wide sea my pensive mood
pours into my memory to remind
me of the blue expanse of her eyes
where death and dust feast now.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

All Roads Lead To Her

Last night, I stared dreamily at the window
The rain was falling,
like the gentle notes of a love song,
And the treetops were swinging
in the ecstasy of the chilling wind.
Which blew them as if they are the tresses
Of girls running happily in the grassy pastures
Where the raindrops on the green leaves
Remind me of my mother's bosom
Which, like the river, I dip my soul in.
I gazed and gazed at the outside scene
Of the falling rain and the dancing trees.
I felt the raindrops
and my soul felt the watery touch
I felt them all in my longing
for a sleep in her lab
And in every wakeful hour I spend alone.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

An Answer To A Fool

The best answer to give a fool
is to give no answer.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

An Arab Tourist In Spain

An Arab tourist guide once told
Multinational tourists heading to Spain
That: "We will start our tour today
By visiting Alhambra, famous and old.
The pearl of the eyes, made a tourist site
Where art and nature in their beauty unite,
Like when in spring in Arabia the rain
Mixes love with the scented clay."

The tourists excited, rubbed their hands
Except one from the Arabian lands.
Puzzled by the name of that place
And the familiar look on the guide's face,
The Arab tourist asked the guide
To tell him more and nothing to hide
About Alhambra and whether to find
There what refreshes his body and mind.
Silent and shocked the tourists were
As if ghosts filled their eyes and the air.
But, the Arab tourist made it clear,
That the heavens will melt in one sphere
With the earth, and that he won't go
To a place he did not know.
He did not speak in English and to all,
But rather let his intent in Arabic fall
In a whisper on the ears of the tourist guide
For he has his true colors to hide,
For the only places he wants to be in
Are those which have whores and gin.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

An Old Man's Musings

The high furious wave is coming,
My last letter is being awkwardly written.
I can hear the wind howling,
I don't know when the last leaf will fall
Or when winter will creep into my eyes.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

An Owl Cries At Night

An owl cries at night:
Pondering over his page
The poet sings a dirge.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Between Two Lovers There Is A Prison"Stone Walls Do Not A Prison Make/ Nor Iron Bars A Cage"

She stands at the window at every daybreak
Like a deep wound in a salty lake.
No scent she feels in the outside air
Except, like icicles, hangs despair.
The cold ticking of the clock behind
Nails loss into her weary mind.
The many days she waited for his return,
Like the fading dusk in her eyes burn.
Yet, still she has many days left
To resuscitate hope or live bereft,
For every atom in her soul longs
For reunion scented with love songs.
Every pulse in her heart, every place
Where she gazes carve his warm embrace.
"But, will he come to see her again"?
While facing the dropping sun she thought.
But as the sky dimmed, and the rain
Tears greening her barren garden brought
And cold spaces for her from darkness to hide
for he the innocent in his lonely prison died.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Children Of The Night

Children we were, waiting for the night,
Under the trees in fields of rye
To throw the stars and their celestial light
Over the black canvas of the sky.

We loved to see the stars and to count
The birds as they the wind mount.
With love and joy we followed their flight
And with wonder glimmering in our eyes
We mixed freedom with that beautiful sight
Which made our hearts fly and rise
As the sky grew dark but not bleak
To play with the stars hide and seek.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Departure

Every thing to die is born.
The fish which floats like a flake
Over the wrinkled face of the lake,
Draws like ripples the pulses of birth.
The raindrops falling from heavy clouds
sing the notes of rebirth aloud
To shake the seeds in the dormant earth
and to wake them for another morn
to be sealed by the last night.
so, if you feel the last hour is near,
Melt in peace and sleep without fear.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Drowned But Not Dead

I always drown
but I do not die
whenever I swim in her eye.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Epitaph Upon A Famous Sniper Who Died

Here he lies, a man brave
A hero who sleeps in his grave.
The love of his land singing still
And his gun never grew shrill.
With a blind finger and a flag overhead,
With his sharp eyes of death and hate
Many beloved children dropped dead.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Flocks Of Snow Geese Fly

Flocks of snow geese fly:
The child draws on the sand
a billowing cloud.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Genesis

From her slender waist
God made all the palm trees.
And from her soft hands
the slim stalks of roses grew.
And when the farmers begged for rain
God sent the gentle breeze
to caress her golden hair,
so, out from their waste lands
rivers of love flew.
and from her eyes fair
black was made the lovers's night.
and from her lips red and tight
words God gave the poets to write.
and from the luster on her cheeks,
fresh, smiling, free and bright
amid darkness the dawn sneaks.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Gifts Of War

Before joy could mix with the air,
Before dawn could breathe the light,
War hurried to our slumberous town,
shrouding the sky with tresses of flare,
Knocking at the doors,
Piercing through the peepholes,
and the tiny cracks of the walls.

Quicker than the children's impatience
while waiting for the morn,
war came to collect the gifts
and to give some to those it meets.
But, it does not accept money nor toys
Nor does it like the taste of sweets.
it steals smiles, dreams and kisses
to burn them with the tears of grief
in the dust thrown over soft cheeks
of children buried at every dusk.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

I Wish

I wish I was the rain
soaking the roof of her room
and the fields far away,
mixing their dampness
and that of the clay
and its gloom
with the trees
that with their canopy
watch her footsteps fade
in her bed
and the leaves-strewn panoply
wreathing the fleeting breeze
that the petals breathe
at every dawn.

I wish I was the water
she drinks and bathes in,
savoring every inch of her soul,
and flowing to the deepest recesses
of her desire to melt in her blood.

I wish I was the air she breathes,
reaching to the farthest corner
of her being.
with her cheeks, lips and eyes
to play hide and seek together
with a shower of kisses
falling like a waterfall
of her golden hair
blowing at the flowers with mirth
teaching them to dance for her
and give her fragrance and love
teaching the birds flying above
to sing
the song of her birth.

I wish I was her heart and mind
and that I was not mine but hers
so that I can love her by her love

and she by mine.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Jesus In Hebron

I saw Jesus walking the dark streets of death,
Spreading butterflies over the cold corpses,
Calling for the sun to shine again
To bury the dead with its light.

I saw him kissing the children on the cheeks
leaving a paradisaal scent over each spot
From which blood and tears gush out.

I saw Jesus whispering a song in the ears
of the breeze to wake the children up,
drawing, for them in the air swings
and paper kites that kiss the moon gently
and invite the children to play with Jesus.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Just Two Lines

The coming of ISIS with the black flag:
Enola Gay giving birth to the 'Little Baby.'

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Let Me Sail Into Your Eyes Deep

My oars are broken, and the tide is high.
And the journey is long, and far is the shore.
In the sea's winding corridors I lost my cry.
Like a lion, the waves madly roar
At my little boat that alone was left,
And of hope was bleakly bereft.

The path is dark, and dark is the moon,
And the fainting stars will so soon
be forsaken and fall from the sky
Into the wide wrinkled expanse of the sea
That into darkness sunk with me.

So let me sail into your eyes deep,
And melt in them, sink and sleep
In the crystal like calmness and divine,
To let your thoughts mingle with mine.

And let my heart with yours be one,
And like a dove my soul to fly above
The slim silken rays sent by the sun
To reach the abode of your sacred love.

Let me smell your heavenly breath
That with joy filled the air.
And to free my hands of the chains of death,
let my hands caress your golden hair.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Like Flowers

Like flowers, we live with hope
That if in winter we wither away
Spring is our eternal realm.
Thus, our prayers with bending done
In beauty's alter with the presence of love.
Our joy the slumberous moon intoxicates
So our tears fall as pearls
Over our sun-baked cheeks.
Though we write our love verses
As if they are our deep wounds,
Their beauty death never tastes
Nor we see beauty in it.
Our blood, when spilled, is a river
On whose banks lovers peacefully sit.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Like The Skylark

Like the skylark when with open wings,
flies in unison with the gentle breeze,
Like the cuckoo when in spring sings
For life in and above the trees,
Open for love and beauty your heart,
Before with Time they forever depart.
And let your smile be like the rain
To water with joy your gardens of pain.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Love And Hatred

Let all the winds of hatred blow,
They shall not move a single tree
Which sprouts from the calm of a sea
In a heart with love and courage aglow.

And even if our eyes bloody tears weep,
Into them hatred shall never creep
To plow furrows in our smiles deep,
For whenever the sun rises above
Our veins shall bathe in the light of love
Which lulls us with the breeze to sleep.
And when our eyes are shut at night,
With each dawn, love shall shine bright.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Lovers Meeting At Night

When the black blind of the night
Is drawn down till it touch the horison,
I would sit in my lover's lap
And let time and light slip away
So that the distance between our breaths
Melt under the sway of the love
That our eyes hide and reveal.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

My Beloved's White Shawl

My beloved's white shawl
Swinging with the wind at night:
Drifts of snow falling.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

My Heart Is His Grave

I dug from him a deep grave
From which he shall never rise
No tears were shed, no flowers laid.
I shut him in a cold coffin made
Of the pieces of my bleeding heart
And Of my tears and sorrowful sighs
Wrapped with a tangle of his lies.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

My Mother's Voice

When the voice of my mother the dawn breathes,
ropes of bright butterflies the sky wears.
When the notes of her voice flows, the white seagulls
Fly in circle like a necklace around the sun,
And the dawn drinks the wine of the dew.
When the bugle of spring her voice blows
all the blessings of God's open hand it brings.
When a lullaby at my bed my mother sings
All the stars melt with each other
And dance beyond the loitering and heavy clouds
Which move their waists east and west,
Like an Arab belly dancer, so that their ecstasy,
Like the rain, a drop by drop falls
To wash the wretched face of the earth,
To remove the misery of the rivers and trees
And the fearful footfalls upon lonely lanes.
It is her voice that teaches the flowers
How to fill their cups with nectar and love.
It is her voice which the bees does lead
From faraway places, from distant caves,
Form under thick layers of leaves to the nectar.
To the heart of the bees my mother whispers
And they shudder when a child tastes their honey.
When at midnight my mother sighs and weeps
Of my yesterday's pain or tomorrow's tears
The moon falls in her celestial lap to hear
her breaths like a child spellbound
And leaves all the love stories behind
As if it longs for a love mixed with pain.
My mother's voice tells the earth
That the horizon between the graveyards
And the setting sun is nothing but the distance
between morn and noon when a child
stretches both hands to catch the moon.
It is because of my mother's voice that love
Is counted by the sand grains and
the drops of the oceans,
That the wrathful sea becomes kind and calm,
That that dark rocky ball which is called the moon

Weaves bright threads from the white plait of the sun
To make crowns for the girls who act like princesses.
It is because of my mother's voice that the nightingales
Their chests and wings to the wind spread
And sing full-throat notes that fall
Like gentle kisses on a beloved's eyes
To fill the spaces between the trees and the clouds.
It is because of my mother's voice that the hoopoes
Over their eggs and over cold their feathers spread
Like when the night over the sky scatters
Stars for the lovers to count their dreams.
It is because of my mother's voice that the gurgling water
In narrow corridors, in the fields, under the shade
Of the palm trees and the vine trees
Brings back to me the giggling of my childhood days
Which the straying wind with an empty echo carried.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

My Muse

When the breeze caresses her silky hair,
And when her plaits dance with the air,
Words gently fall, night and morn.
I gather them with love and care,
And a love poem is born.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Never Say The Sky Is Far

Never say the sky is far,
When you are a shining star.
So, let no cloud your light conceal,
For the blind see not, but they could feel.
And shine for those who in darkness sail,
Be visible for those who hope you fail.
The sky is bleak, and fearful is the night
When you sink deep without your light.
Never say that during the day
When the sun rises, your light goes away,
For though unseen, you are always there,
Waiting for nightfall to make the sky fair.
A starless sky is but a mourning gown,
A leafless tree in a deserted town.
And no necklaces for the loves will be made
If the jewels of the night forever fade.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Nightfall

The night falls heavily upon my heart,
And blurs the visions in the space
Between my dreams and awkward sight.
Thus, sleepless I hesitantly measured
the distance left for me to walk,
And the steps to follow.
Fearful to tread that path,
Winding to as far as my eyes could see,
With no moon to brighten the wide
Expanse of the starless forest,
Where leaves fall on either side,
Leaving the trees endlessly caught
In the inevitable nakedness of now,
And tomorrow's promise of new blossoms.
The shadows the bare boughs cast
Above the surface of the wrinkled road
Wanted me to stop
Where I am,
And to accept what to come
With a heart tuning its pulses to nothingness.
Though, at first, not knowing
Where the path might lead,
I walked the darkness
Singlehandedly,
Not because I could not do otherwise.
And while my heart was swinging,
Back and forth, like the old sinews
Of a man whose blood is warm no more,
While my mind was refusing to silence
The echoes of my weary footfalls,
And to erase the footprints
Left behind me,
Out from the heart of the dark void,
A voice gently called to me:
'Surely, there will always be light
For the one who seeks it,
And joy for those who never yield.'

No War Can Kill Me

And no War can Kill me.

I am the marshes and the reed houses of the south
I am the migratory birds dancing in circles
Around the sun that embraces the marshes
That embrace the clay that preserves my name
And story.

And no War can Kill me.

And no War can kill me.

I am the white-clothed mountains of the north
Listening to the choir of the almond trees
And the gurgling waterfalls singing full throat
The eternal song of love the triumphant,
Hearts the defiant and life the celebrant.

And no War can kill me.

And no War can Kill me.

I am the sleeping orange orchards of the east
Awaken by the melting of joy in the bosom
Of the sand grains and water, mixing their secrets
With the roots to shoot flowers with a beauty
That is not terrible.

And no War can Kill me.

And no War can Kill me.

I am the water wheels of Euphrates of the west
Titillated by the soft wind to roll over the water
With which our land performs ablution to cleanse
Its sinews from the malignant footprints of the invaders
And the traitors. And no War can Kill me.

And no War can kill me.

I am the dawn inhaling the breeze of Tigris
As it kingly walks among welcoming farmers,
Leaving behind green-appareled fields brimful with
Love, bounty, hope, desire and ecstasy.

And no War can kill me.

And no War can Kill me.

I am the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Acadian, and the Sumerian.
I am Gilgamesh who never felt tired in his search for immortality.
I am the Law Code of Hammurabi and the cuneiform
Which guided civilization through dark seas to the golden shores.
I am the history that no one can falsify
Or deny.
And no War can Kill me.

And no War can Kill me.
I am the sun watching over the palm-trees
While they pray to God to ripen their palm dates
So that Mary the Virgin, her son and all the hungry souls
Can eat fresh palm dates as many as the stars
That they were told to count to forget their hunger,
And sleep.
And no War can Kill me.

I am the virgin seed of eternity and its first breath.
So no War can Kill me.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

On Her Grave

The Light slips away
from the dismal day,
like a snake
shedding old skin.
And arrows of red gloom
Unsteadily droop
from the dark multitude
of the grey clouds
as the sun drank
the shadows deep
of a dead palm tree
which my tears
and sad memories
like a dagger
nailed on her grave.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Rain And Your Voice

Rain and your voice are alike.
Both fall like a bird's song
To soak sadness with joy.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Red Cherries Ripen

Red cherries ripen:
Dancing around a small tree
Girls in red at dusk.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Remember(A Translation Of An Arabic Poem Written By The Poet Kareem Al Iraqi)

Remember whenever you pray at night
Millions chewing rocks as bread,
Walking on the bridge of the wounds,
Wearing their skin and dying with dignity.

Remember before you sleep on any pillow:
Does he sleep he whose country was slaughtered?
If I die with dignity, my death shall be my birth.
Remember... Remember

My heart aches for the wounded seagull angels
Whom I behold returning from schools,
Kissed on the foreheads by minarets and churches,
They wrote you this call:
Behind the bars of the embargo, my homeland lay wounded
Where tens of children everyday fall
How long... How long will this devastation last?
Their conscience has dried up...
and never dried up the tears of the innocents
Unmoved were they by this call,
Which softened even the angles of the sky.
Their conscience has dried up...
their conscience has dried up.

Translated by Istabraq Rafea

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Rising And Falling

From this land rose the morn bright,
with songs and poems at its breath.
And upon this land fell the ghostly night
stained with all the colors of death.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Sinbad In Baghdad

(After So Many Years Of Sailing The Seas, Sinbad Decided To Settle In Baghdad)

Is this the city that I have
Tamed the perilous seas
and sailed the four corners for,
To teach people how to spell
and sing its lovely name?

Where is the verse that filled the air
And mixed with 'the song of Rain'
That made the flowers in their naked pots
Shiver, sway, shudder and dance
Like a dervish who swirls in a trance
And feels himself out of space?

Where is the music that intoxicated
The narrow jasmine-scented streets
And swam on the patios,
under the terraces,
And into the open windows to meet,
Like blood running through the veins,
the lovers' eyes in the cascading gardens
and under arcaded passage ways?

When I left you, I saw the palm trees
Lining on the banks to salute me,
waving their forks which trembled
Like when your two eternal rivers
wake as the fisherman throws his fish net
only to pour their ecstasy
as prayers songs and poems.

Now, with the flooded streets
and garbage heaps,
And the multitudes of faces,
some strange,
Others fallen apart,
Like a sinner with untold sin,

You are consumed form within
By sinkholes and black holes.

O city of beggars and tin houses
Where the thieves steal in broad daylight,
Where the fall of one idol,
Made room for billions more
who stole the gold, the bread
and the crumbs of our dreams?

I wonder to whom the birds sing,
May be they are doomed with singing,
Or that they mourn the newly-wed couples
carried to the pauper's cemetery,
Leaving their first supper behind.

I used to draw your face on the waves,
In the sky, on the shining stars,
in every story I tell,
In every sea I sail,
In every pearl I gather
To make you a necklace
Shining like thousand moons,
In every kiss I sent you
from faraway shores, on the night breeze,
In the breath of the dawn,
With the call to prayer,
With the sound of the bells
Of the churches,
in the gurgling water
Of your rivers
to which the lovers confided their love
and the names of their beloveds.

O celestial kingdom of love
Where the gold gilded domes
Bathe in the rosy streaks of dusk
That slumber on the leaves
Of the vine trees where
The nightingales
In an orchestra,
Sing full throat

For the farmers in their bowers
And the wheat stalks that bend
With the wind
like some Chechen girls
dancing.

Alas, you are now made of tears
and of the hooves of the horses
of the new Mongols
and the invader's Humvees
That turned your lush orchards
into a graveyard
That even your children escape from,
Preferring to die on foreign lands
In nameless graves.

Now I can only see shadows lurking
In every corner where death,
Like a thief, counts the souls
Stolen from markets, kindergartens
and trenches.
I see dreams blown to pieces,
Smiles shut for ever
With TWO THOUSAND NIGHTS
AND THREE.

Why do I still hear Abel's cry?
Is Cain still beating him?
Why is Cain still alive?
Didn't he die?

Why is Abel's corpse still open
To daggers, swords, bullets, mortars
And smart laser-guided bombs?
Wasn't it buried by the crow?
Is the mission not yet accomplished?

Are the adulterers of the night
Still inviting Cain with his jets
And skull-spangled banner
To your virgin bed

Where you comb your fair hair
To make Shat Al Arab
From your golden plaits?

I see mourners walking every street
Blocking with tiny coffins
The bright sun rays,
Smothering with blackness,
The sun's complexion,
Like rain drops on a dead black bough.
What is that dark smoke
Covering your gold brocaded robe
That I wove from the threads of my heart
To prevent the sea from parting us?

O first song of love
Which, if lost or forgotten
All the languages
and meanings
Of love will be lies
And all the colours of peace
Will be duller than death.

Istabraq Rafea Al Ahmadi

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Street Children

In the dead stillness of the night,
When the moon is fair, full and bright,
On the cold cobblestone children lay
Butted like butts in a filthy ashtray.

Hark!

Alone they are left in corners dark,
There, empty faces at them bark!
And within just a few paces,
In the clean well-lighted places,
They hear mothers softly singing,
And bells merrily forever ringing
To children resting their small heads
On downy cushions in warm beds,
And with kisses and embraces they
Are showered by mothers every day.

The children hear the heavy footfalls
Of high-heeled shoes in dancing halls.
They knew the rain, they knew the cold
They feel the hope of dreams and joy take hold.
They knew too well the scorching heat
That roughens cheeks and burns bare feet.

The sound of laughter of the passers-by
That mounts the buildings and towers high,
The sighs of the children and their tears,
Shot at their hearts like blinded spears,
The woe and fear in their voices felt,
The pain in their eyes and faces met,
And the tremble in their nimble feet as they ran
Sounded death knell music of every man.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

That's How I Feel

Like a bird bending boughs
to build with joy its love nest.
That's how soul moves
When my eyes meet yours.

Like bees dancing for nectar
My heart leaps and dances
with my love in my veins and breath
whenever you come near me.

Like the leaves of the aspen trees
rattling in the breeze,
with joy trembles my whole being
whenever you say "I love you."

Like the rise of the virgin sun
and the bright glow of the moon
That's how I live with you
and that's how I love you.

Like frost in summertime
or an echo heard no more
That's what becomes of my gloom
every time I meet you.

Like a lyre blown softly by the wind
to let flow melodious tunes
That's how my body feels
whenever you touch my hands.

Like rain falling on barren fields
shaking with life the earth's cold veins
That's how I feel
Whenever you call my name.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Breeze Blows At Dawn

The breeze blows at dawn:
Honeysuckle berries
Awaken the birds.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Colour Of The Moon

The moon is both yellow and white
For a soul wrestling with cancer
That sadistically licks his lips
From corner to corner
Over the helpless and stern body
That is laid to rest,
Like garbage, in his skinny cell
Where the first breaths of each dawn
Hang over him like rusted nails
Nailed to a dead tree
Whose skeleton, like shadows, creeps
to his heart, leaving the coldest of its footprints,
To remind him that another day
Was added to the calendar of waiting
Thus, the long awaited coup de grace
Will never come with just pleadings.

The moon is red
And smells of blood
For a beloved waiting for so long
And wearily dying in the wait
For her lover to return
From doomed trenches
Where death, like an arrogant trumpeter,
With his mouth full of bullets
Hoarsely whizzing and roaring,
And demented shells of blind mortars,
Announce to those waiting at home,
That the dead shall never return.
For death, like an angry ox,
Knows how to amuse himself
By kicking and tossing their bodies,
Blowing them to pieces,
like the small florets of a dandelion
blown away by a howling storm,
and gluttonously snatching
their wretched souls.

The moon is ghastly white

For children escaping death by land
Whose souls they told to carry,
Like hot embers
Over the palms of wrathful seas
That with their mouths,
gaping like the mouth of hell,
Swallow their small bodies
And vomit their unborn dreams
On the nearest shore of oblivion.

The moon is white, white as grief
For an orphan living in a tent
Who keeps drawing his dead mother's face
On the stars that sneak through
The billion holes of his tent,
Until his fear and hunger laden eyelids
Are shut silently and forever.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Cry Of Death

YOU wrote, long ago, of children crying
Today, I write of children dying
Like little linnets, a storm swallows their nest,
And the autumnal leaves among which to rest,
Like the parched stems of a bier,
And the broken and burned strings of a lyre.
You (in your grave peacefully) lie,
They, under ruins, everywhere die,
Not of overwork, not of misery, for no reason
DEATH reaps their souls in every season.
They died before the call could reach their ears,
Or of pain their eyes roll down tears.
To death their vibrant sinews were sent,
So no moment of joy with life they spent.
The children died before their prime,
Before hearing the dawn's nursery rhyme,
Before breathing their first breath,
Their eyes sighted the threshold of death.
Before their mothers' kisses touch their faces,
Before they feel their embraces,
Before they can learn their names to say,
Before it wakes, dies the day...
And marks of death rest on their cheeks,
Of a different revelation every mark speaks.
One mark speaks of 'God's command'
To slay your enemy' by your own hand, '
To baptize with blood your own child,
To make his life sweet and mild.
Another speaks that your enemy is a devil,
So why should he, equally in life revel?
And why should he have his equal share
of love while the mark of the beast he does bear?
Your brothers by Satan were beguiled.
To kill our children and their mothers too.
feeling Cain-like, they heartily smiled.
And with cold blood our children slew...
to build high your hellish empire,
to march among lakes of fire,
on the children's skulls and their little bones,

to ascend your already crumbling thrones.
YET, from their bones a palm tree,
Rose in the Holy Land of Calvary.
Our children are killed by your brothers
In the play time of the others.
YOU, for love, exchanged earth with heaven,
Love that you from grave away had driven,
Can it shake the dust from your eyes?
With a look of pride to realize,
How your brothers and accomplices killed,
Our own children and their Grails filled,
With their own blood, and flesh to dine,
Their FIRST SUPPER, to be pure and divine.
To pluck flowers to wash evil away"
They to their God heartily pray...
YOU, whose eyes the sky soared free.
To behold children's cheeks loaded with misery-
Can your lips your brothers ask why?
They ordered that our children must die.
And must be turned to ashes, the dreams and the joys
Of our angelic girls and youthful boys?
Please, don't say 'I'm dead... I'm dead
And worms ate my heart and filled my head'
If so, then write a curse and nothing more,
And I'll lead it where to soar,
Where to find children dying,
Where to find vultures flying,
It is here, there and everywhere,
Inside me where death does stir,
My utmost being to address you in grave.
So write it if you are honest and brave.
If not, then at least hear,
My last words loud and clear.
From all, death will claim heartbeats and breath
But it forever will spare 'The Cry of Death'

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Dogs Of Hell

Like Gog and Magog they attack
With a black flag and faces black.
Like cancer they quickly spread
Into rotten minds of hearts dead.
Their creed is killing and fear
The slaves of Bush and Tony Blair.
They on corn and oil feast
sucking the blood of the one-eyed beast.
With devilish attire and beards serpentine
They claim doing the will divine.
Those they kill they put pile over pile
To make a hiding place for Chris Kyle.
They by heart sing the Skull-spangled banner
For they bore the mark of Charles Graner.
Of tin are made their hearts and livers
For they drink from their bloody rivers.
Our land hates their footsteps, the air
Abhors their breath and smell,
And the water curses their thirsty hell,
Deadly darkness and fiendish flair.
Death marched before their ugly faces
And from behind counted their paces.
They are nothing but Satan's seed
And the first offshoot of Cain and his breed,
Of the Zombies and the vampires:
The progeny of the prince of the liars.
They claim to be the vanguards of Islam
While they are the servants of uncle Sam
Who further walls the sandy state
With bloodshed, destruction, rape and hate.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Fish And The Frog

Once a frog saved a fish.
We ate the fish and killed the frog.
The defenders of the human rights
Backed by those who defend the animal rights
killed us and wept over
The frog that saved the fish.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Full Moon Shines

The Full moon shines:
In roofless huts, the children
Dream of a white loaf.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Girl Who Knows All About It

They said I have WMDs, though hunger, that unwelcomed guest,
For many nights, over my weary eyes sings its mournful dirge.
At every dawn, it wakes me up and stays beside me on my pillow,
Not to wipe my tears away, but to listen to my sighs and prayers.
Many tears did I shed to bother it, to forget it, to ignore it.
Yet, it never left, as if it has fallen in love with me.
So, I decided to return its love, for my illiterate mother once
Told me that the equation of life will always be love
Thus, I learnt to count love with everything I see and do.
I learnt to see it in the wet fields that I roamed barefooted,
In the singing of the little sparrows swinging on the wet boughs,
In the sun rays that the clouds and the leaves bathe in.
But, alas! I soon forgot my mother's equation, for the many fighter
Jets hid the complexion of the sun, the many laser-guided smart
Bombs and the many Humvees, tanks and troops
Drew the earth's wrinkles, plunging our green fields
Into darkness, turning our playgrounds into deep pits of hell
Where I saw bodies blown in the black flare like dandelions in a storm.
I've seen death posing with naked bodies and corpses,
Marching, like a tyrant, the deserted streets with its mouth
Full of obscenities and lies, searching for pupils on their way
To school, or worshippers kneeling down in the House of God.
Many times did I try to learn my mother's equation once more,
But she was not there to teach me. There she is, in her grave,
dead with my kisses still over her cheeks, and those two holes
One in her forehead, the other in her heart, those two holes which
the Democratic machine gun of a cowardly sniper of the devil's Legion
made for the earth and the worms to engulf the equation of love.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Last Statement Of The Arab League

Enough is enough!

We will....

take an overdose of Viagra and

We will....

name our enemy.

We will....

not keep waiting for the coming of Jesus.

We will....

liberate Palestine.

Because it is 'the bride of our Arabism.'

And the cradle of prophethood.

And the brand of both our victory and defeat.

We will....

save the last olive tree.

And we will....

plant many more.

We will....

unite to bring all

The Palestinian refugees back to

The land of their fathers, their grandfathers,

their sons and their grandsons.

We will....

bring them to the land

They were born in and for.

And to do that.....

We will....

Ask the help of all our Arab fat comrades

Who worship their bellies, their pockets

and that which is between their thighs

And we will....

Ask the help of all their paper armies.

We will....

Ask the advice of Bashar Al Assad,

Hezbollah, the Iraqi militias, ISIS, and Houthis.

We will....

fight our last war, hand in hand

With our Arab youthful face bookers and

The football fans of Messi and Cristiano Ronaldo

And we will....

be hailed by the dancers

Of the Pyramid Street of Egypt.

Before

The

last

word

was

delivered,

The news came out that USA and Israel

Are ready to offer help to the Arab League

And that they wish the Arab Leaguers good luck.

The latter cried shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom,

Shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom

Shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom,

Shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom,

Shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom,

I can still hear them crying shalom.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Long Season Of Sadness

There is a still lake in my heart
That faints and sinks in its sad retreat
Whenever the sun or the moon
With their bright hands its wan surface touch.
It sinks like a turtle's head inside a circle of fire.
The look on its face is as sad as death
On the face of a bridegroom whose bride
Was denied the first hot kiss.
Sometimes I feel as if I am a bare twig
That throws its naked shade
Over that lake in my heart.
Sometimes I feel there is a smile
Over the complexion of the lake
But, the waves and fog blur my sight,
Thus, all the pieces of that smile sink
Deep in the black hole in my heart.
Sometimes I feel that the lake is so calm
That I feel my heart's emptiness.
Thus, I hurl my tears as stones
To disturb the deadly stillness
And to spare my heart another day.
Sometimes I hear the wind singing,
Over my aching heart and weary mind,
The song of the birds of the south
That echo the wailing of the marches
For lovers and their lips no longer trust
The reed to give the blown wind
The likeness of the sad notes of the flute.
Sometimes I feel my heart is a marsh
On whose banks the boat of longing
Still tied to the clay and the white shawl
That a mother wraps her dead son with.
Sometimes I feel that tears are my smell,
And that darkness is my colour and attire.
Thus, my heart always tastes sadness
As the swift arrows taste the deep wounds.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Snow Bends The Boughs

The snow bends the boughs:
The old man watches his hair
Turn whiter day by day.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The Sun Is A Child's Eye

The sun between the thick black flare ascends
like a child's eye covered with blood, dust and fear.
The ceaseless shelling, raids and his tears
Pour poison into his blasted ears.
The moon, like a ghost, its deadly light sends
Over his white lips to mock his breath
Which Dissolves in the darkness of death.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

The True Language Of Love

She never said " I love you, "
Not because her love was untrue,
Not because it lives like the morning dew,
But, because in her deep eyes the glow
Was enough for me to say so.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

To Geoffrey Brock

'Let's get this straight.' Charles Graner is not America. America would never detain Iraqi people. America is not That kind of a prisoner. America would lock them for awhile, just to teach them the value of freedom and democracy. America would cross the perilous seas and risk her men only to liberate them. America is this kind of liberator. America would never torture or maltreat naked Iraqi prisoners. America is the Land of the free, and the home of the brave... Charles Graner.... is not America. Nor would America send her troops With tanks, guns, and fighter jets to scare children. America is not that kind of scarer. Am I right? Or what? America would never ever invade a country to wipe it from the map. America is not that kind of invader. And let's get this straight again. America would never throw punches at ca would buy them ice cream and bloody nectar from Hannibal Lecter. America would never kill criminals, let alone peaceful worshippers or prisoners, and poses with them. America is not that kind of a killer. Am I right? Or what? America would never destroy mosques, and burn the Holy Quran, for America Trusts in God. America is not that kind of a worshipper. America would never let a cowardly sniper shoot bullets at innocents. Am I right? Or what? Nor would America call him a hero. America Would never honor war criminals. Nor would America be led by a psychopath to do God's work by waging war at civilians. And do not talk to me about George Bush. Please! Let's get this straight, over and over again. I and Ali Shallal al-Qaisi, not you, know who America really is and is not. 'Let's be absolutely clear about all of this.' America is George Bush, Chris Kyle, Black Water, Charles Graner, Lynndie England, Arthur Showcross and Paul Tibbets with his Enola Gay and the Little Baby. Is this all clear? Is this all clear?

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

Two Names On A Paper

Her father wrote her name
And the name of her lover
On a sheet of paper
Thin as the air,
Soft as the rain.
He wrote the two names,
Each one on each far side.
And he tore the paper in two
With a name on each part
To tell her that she
and her lover shall never be
together as two names
On one sheet of paper.
Or two lovers in one heart.
Out of the window,
The two pieces flew
Floating gracefully in the breeze
And heading toward the same place.
They were for her
Two lovers dancing,
With an eternal embrace.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

We Are The Leaves

We are the leaves
Of the same tree.
Tied to the same root
And the same force
That brought us forth
And hailed our birth.
That gently cradled us
At different branches,
Gave us the same color
With different degrees,
And different size,
Making us beautifully diverse,
With love united,
With compassion blessed.
That same force that kept
waiting for our arrival,
kept vigil at our departure
When yellowed with death's
Different guises we travelled
In the same chariot
From different heights
Through different gates
To the same destination
Along the same path.
Some of us had already gone
And stopped waving their hands
For those who are about to leave,
For those preparing to leave,
For those refusing to leave,
For those who never thought of leaving,
And for those who want to leave
By bending their edges
Against the sun and the sky
to the face of the earth below
And the wailing wind between,
Hoping that gravity
will bring them
An unnoticed and an easy fall.
All making room to their buds

To come and knock at the door,
Impatiently emptying
The last remnants of waiting
wet and cold,
In the about to leave
Oblivion of winter
And the shimmering breath
Of the coming spring.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

We...They

We are the followers of Yazid.
They are the followers of Abu Lu'lu'ah.
we are the murderers of Hussein.
They are the traitors of Hussein.

We are in hell.
They are in hell.
Our killing is halal.
Their killing is halal.

We are the sons of Nikah al-jihad.
They are the sons of Nikah al-muta'h.
We are Al Qaeda and ISIS.
They are the militias.

We are the dogs of Israel.
They are the dogs of Persia.
We are bathite, saddamite and wahhabis.
They are the persians.

We are Al Rawafidh.
They are Nawasib.

We worship Allah
And they worship Allah.
We believe in Mohammed and all the prophets
And they believe in Mohammed and all the prophets.

We pray
And they pray
So why not we be they
And they be us.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

When I Will Meet Thee, O Death.

When I will meet thee, O Death
I will never beg thee to spare my breath,
For though my body under thy sway,
Like a once-blooming flower, will wither away,
in fields of light my soul shall forever shine
In realms of joy and love divine.
And though thy blows my life will end
My will to love God will never bend.
Thus, come and I will meet thee with a joyous heart
Like when lovers meet after being torn apart.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

You And Me

You think you left
nothing for me
and when you left me
nothing remained of me.
But, I assure you
that without me
nothing was left of you
for nothing of me
was left for you
and nothing of you
was left in me.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi

You Are Inside Me

You are inside me like a thick grove
full of soaring sparrows and love.
your breath dancing the dawn brings
and full throat your name the nightingale sings.

Estabraq Al Ahmadi