

Poetry Series

Fatima Alzhara Rafa

- poems -



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Publication Date:
2026

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

Fatima Alzhara Rafa()

Medical student by day, poet by calling. Fatima Alzhara Rafa believes in the precision of the scalpel and the precision of the word. Her poetry navigates vulnerability, resilience, and the colors we use to paint ourselves whole.



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Therefore I Believe.

Where does all the pain go?
Mary felt it under the tree,
Jonah felt it inside the whale,
and Joseph—the finest of tales.
Therefore I believe.

Jacob saw not by the shirt
'my dearest, who once left'
return to me.

The belief in me was deeply set
before I saw, I had felt.
I have seen hope in all my visions
only in following the true religion.
Therefore I believe.

When despair crawls to me,
I think of Noah in the middle of the sea
Yam on the mountain, alone.
It is a burden no one can bear,
but my God is my shelter and home.
Therefore I believe.

The pain is temporary reign
toward the eternal victory

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Adam& Eve

The brain—it is a really important usage,
but we can't go only with logic.
I think everything must be used:
in the eternal project,
the matter of the heart is as important as the matter of the brain.

How can we know our arrows reached the prey?
Who used the brain in the battle of gut and feelings, and brought victory?
How many people lost using their heart,
with the truth lying before their eyes?

Where does the balance lie?
Can we not trade our heaven with an apple tree,
and by its leaves, not be deceived?

How do I know who is my Adam?
And for certain, I am his Eve

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For Every Soul There Is A Mate

Have you lost faith in love?
Then you have lost faith in God.
Do all the doors you seek are locked?
The greatest gate is your heart.

There is a psyche I wish to cure
one whose soul is crystal pure.
For every soul, there is a mate
and by that, I am secure.
It has been written by the Great

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Love Grew Through Continents

To have XX in your chromatid—
to be just there and wait,
grateful as a lady for your fate.

I miss that man
who came from Asia—Malaysia, Japan.
He made his promise
to keep at the end.

My face to thee remains unknown,
my voice a secret gem.
Shall I be dear in this atmosphere
before I grow wiser?
I didn't know love then.

Will thee be back before a year?
If love grew through continents,
then it deserves a chance

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Colonizing My Empty Chest

Traveled searching for a land
Eve and Adam found love then.
Erikson found America by chance
or by yearning for a land,
as I am.

Yearning for something safe and sweet
I hope it doesn't come late.

The searching comes to an end.
It ought to find me
colonizing my empty chest,
and putting a ring on my left hand

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Wait A Little we'll Cut The Sea.

You can feel it
it's not your psyche, not your soul,
it's not familiar at all.

Pray for every spell to break
all of this you couldn't take.

Die like Pharaoh in the sea
and when you do, I shall speak:
what you've done was never least.

As Musa turned his staff to a snake—
wait a little—we'll cut the sea.

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Kafka & Fatima Alzhara

Kafka said: 'In the war with you against the world, support the world.'
I was young when I first read it,
and as time passed, I understood its burden.

Rest, and take when you have no urge to demand.
Why would you fight against the bull
you are the red?

In silence, so much has been said.
How can we carry the world in our chest?
The heart has only four chambers.
Be patient—you'll find all answers.

Love, and live, and leave the fight.
Even without passing through the tunnel,
you'll have the light

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19th Of July (Sonnet 19)

& when Fatima speaks,
the blooms dance on the lemon tree.
& when Fatima laughs,
the bees start laughing with glee.

Who could write like Fatima?
A pair of eyes that couldn't lie
God forbid you see them cry.

& here comes July
the world is having fun.
July is the month Fatima saw the sun.
The angels wrote her name,
God grant her aims.
The world is never the same.

If Shakespeare started poetry,
if he lived for more centuries,
he could have adjusted Sonnet 19
on the 19th of July,
for beauty's pattern to succeeding men,
and those lovely pairs of eyes.

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Asylum

A tear is a right
& so is speech, or silence.
Is this ache in my heart
from whom my heart was once an asylum?
In silence there's comfort for me.
My spirit will haunt you wherever you'll be—
a doctor that came from Germany.
He's clueless—it's from inside.

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Jackie In Pink

Honey bee, I love thee—
till they see
I'm a human being.
I'm not a toy, neither Marilyn.
I'm Jackie in a pink suit next to Kennedy—
'cause we're the same.
And Jackie dear,
this atmosphere was never your aim.

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Mercy Mercy

Here they stand
on moving sand—
they cannot comfort the whale
while they stand outside the sea.

But in patience, they found mercy.

As Jonah waits inside the whale,
he asks: 'Where is my shade? Where is my pumpkin tree? '

Only Him protected me.
Mercy, mercy.

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Shahrazad, The Salt Of The Tale

Every night I tell a story
for you so I can keep my life.
A thousand nights have been upon me
for you, so you can forget your first wife.

Said Shahrazad:

'The problem is not in the XXs,
but how awful your ex is.
If you love my category,
you'll take me to live like a princess.'

Said Shahryar:

'Tell me the end of the story.
Is the king going to forgive this? '
If the moon can meet the sun in less than a thousand days in an eclipse,
then in their hearts there will be forgiveness.

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Existence

They asked if I lived in a third-world country.
I giggled and sobbed and then—
I said yes.
And they said, 'Which one? '

I said, 'The one I'm living in.
Its skies are grey, and so within.
The life I seek has a belt of hope.
I dream of peace, then hear a gun.
I sent peace away with a dove—
but my land is green because I'm in

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Avec Toi Je Sui Moi

What do you like?
Do you like them tall?
Then I'll wear my heel.

Do you like them strong?
Then I'll hide my weep.

Do you like them innocent,
with no one they've loved before?

Then it must be me.
But with you
je suis moi.
No heel. No hidden weep.
Just love among the atmosphere
Just me.

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Yummier Than An Oyster

Rich people, rich people,
where may your house be?
Rich people, rich people,
can I be your spouse?

Rich people, let me wear your pearls—
I'm yummiier than an oyster,
and my gown is prettier than hers.

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A Lesson More Than A Poem

You put your hand in the sea
to test if it was warm.
Test me.

I want someone who can jump right away,
sure that this ocean was meant to be.

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Something Van Gogh Couldn't Draw

Flipped my coffee cup to seek
the phantom of thee—
until I saw
something Van Gogh couldn't draw.

I enjoy myself & I.
But I made it hard for myself
to find that joy of other companionship.

Only thee,
the Giver, makes them be.

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Love& Society

Society has taught us to shame love—
love as an act is forbidden,
and as a feeling, it must be hidden.

Why do we always take love for granted,
even though it is a human need?
Yet we forbid our children from writing about it.

On our society's soil,
love is a forbidden seed.

A child should write all they want about love—
to love a thing, or a soul by name,
to lie upon an aching heart to ease its pain,
and to tell ourselves to be still sometimes—
like an Ellicott, thirsty for the rain,
waiting for love to come again.

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A Girl's Prayer

Oh, the sky above the land,
there is a just God.
Who can give me the one I long for—
the one who understands?

To thee—
I can't say 'I love you' here
in the fear atmosphere.
Let us give our vows to God.

I know you have seen the world,
but have you seen my sensibility?

Come closer, as a stranger
coming back to his land.
Love the girl—I am no danger.

Teach me the anatomy of love.
God, He sees and knows.
He'll let him love me before the snows.

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Love Eyes

Next time someone looks at me, I hope
they will look at me with love,
not with curiosity.
Big arms to hold my naked heart.

A dove got her way out from a cat with audacity,
just to find its lovely other part,
to fly forever with, in peace.

Then every spell will be broken,
as long as it didn't take
my dove, my wildest dreams, and my love.

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Hiroshima

Beyond normal.. no brittle
daisies more yellow a little
But if you heard what happened
you'd understand
what they did to Hiroshima, Japan

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Meeting With Health

In the waiting room of the clinic,
a boy waits with his father.
He and I are the youngest in the room—
the bluest of our generation.

Then, another meeting with health:
he wraps his father in his arms—
'It's a temporary situation.'

The neurologist looks at the scans:
'There's a difference. No harm this time.'

And somehow, in my arms,
the head of someone I love is healed.
God heals. He is healed.

His face turned to bloom.
'No one gets out happy from this room.'
But we

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Be The Y For Me

& when I ask him where you stay
He said: city blessed & green
I said: my land is just grey
Come & color it for me

& If from Adam's rib has been Eve
Then from thou rib I've been made

God, how You create us X & Y
Be the Y for me

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Jupiter Among The Stars

And from dawn till noon, I prayed:
'Make this surgeon notice me.'
And when he asks, 'Who are you? '
'I'm Jupiter among the stars—
your future wife, silly.'

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Anatomy Of Love

My fella, a surgeon— showed me the anatomy of love
kindness, care, and weightless grace—and somehow, I rise above.

Let's meet,
even in anastomoses,
superficial to the subscapular artery

Let us party,
let us be
just you, just me,
in quiet harmony. ??

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Buddha Waiting Under The Tree

Feel it as it is—
the human body learns to adapt,
the smallest truth, the toughest fact.
I am young, I am aware, I rule—
yet some things the nervous system
cannot control.
Say my loneliness ends so soon—
say my face is round like the moon.
Say I'm someone's wife ahead,
and tell the stage of love has begun.
Say you love the girl I am,
say I'm someone dear to thee.
Buddha waiting under the tree,
waiting for love to find me

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With Broadway Tickets

Mind and heart in consent—we gain.
You and me: no love in vain.
Broadway tickets, Turkey, Spain,
two seats waiting on a train.

Love growing through the years we gain,
kissing softly in the rain—
with Broadway tickets

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Mri

In the MRI,
They did not see a harm
Not even at all

They only found healthy days,
And hope, and love
For every living relative—
Those in the west of Libya,
Those who are like me,
And where I stay.

And the doctor became a part of it,
Making her wealthy in health,
Returning her to me.

I keep praying,
Just for you to say:
'In the MRI,
There is nothing to cry about.'

Bring her back with sight,
With those wide, lovely eyes

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The Surgeon We Love The Most

No soul has been kinder; when their eyes tear, they make the clouds cry with them.

If mercy were given a form, it would be them again and again.

You only find them as you find a gem.

They touch the scalpel as if it weighs less than mass.

In their figure, you will miss it in its absence.

Access to a surgeon is a blessing, only steps beneath the angel guards.

No doubt they are one of God's favorites.

This scalpel is a mercy.

They invent, and what an example they present.

And they will stay well remembered—

with a thousand good prayers their patients sent.

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Fish Never Fight For Water

There is always someone to compensate,
Shall I have another?

But this is life when women must compete
To be someone's lover.

Natural love is greater and sweet—
Fish never fight for water.

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Ascension

I love the fact that I'm green,
the fact that my wings are self-made,
and my love for them is a part of my self-esteem.
I swagger on the human love I trade,
for some of my own gleam.
I used the colors of heaven
to draw myself immense,
to create a future image I desire.
I flamed human help with fire,
yet I hide my blueness—
it only appears in moonless
nights, teen dreams...
You took my blueness away
using an eighth color unknown to me.
Is there a path to learn that color?
To paint it with my own soul?
Or does this one, my dear,
require a human being?
Don't brag of your suffering,
or how you claimed the minister's chair—
there's no contrast you can offer.
I'm a tiny female
who needs love and care.
My wings were made
to ease the way up here—
to rise.

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Sympathetic Proof

I know I'm pretty
not from every word you say,
but from your pupils' dilatation.
Even a fool can tell
this isn't a temporary situation.

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a Prayer Crossing Continents And Skies

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Divine Love

Divine Love

Love is a weapon inside me.

Love is a dove of peace that flies beside me.

Love is the white veil of a wedding bride.

Love is the vision granted to the blind.

Love is a bouquet of roses in my hand
that I will never let slide.

Love is the angel who guards my soul
and knows me from every side.

I am as pure as Mary,
so divine — and so is love.

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Plénitude

Je suis humaine, je ne suis pas une déesse.
Je ne peux pas vaincre tous les revers.
Je ne peux rien y faire quand tu dis
que ton imperfection n'est pas faite pour moi.
Tu lèves les yeux vers l'aube,
attendant de voir le soleil qui brille.
Qui aime un croissant fatigué,
survivant au-delà de son temps?
Je suis la douce pluie d'automne.
Je suis la raison cachée dans la folie.

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The Seventh Circuit

And if you pray
You may pray for that pain to go away
From both of us
And this happiness that supposed to occur now may visit us
And these tears which replicate my eyes now
And this pain that burns out my heart now
Will be cured as I pray for God now
You circle His home 7 times
Don't you know
That wind that blows
your sins away
Will blow mine
You circle his home 7 times
Seven heavens god has made.
What loss trade
That you have made
My heart for your logic
Was this your aim?
Isn't logic forbidden in love land
Is this love which I claimed
My heart for has been scammed
You circle his home 7 times
Seven heavens above the land,
You never heard me say it:
I love you from the depths of my cardiac vessels.
I waited to say it.
I waited for a castle,
for God to declare us one.
I waited like the fasting soul for dusk to come.
I waited... but our clock whispered our time was done.
You circled His Home seven times,
seven heavens above the dome.

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Wholeness

I'm human, and I'm not a god.
I can't beat every odd.
I can't help it when you say
your lack of perfection isn't for me.
You gaze above at the dawn,
waiting to see the sun that shines.
Who likes a tired crescent,
surviving beyond its time?
I am the gentle autumn rain.
I am the sanity hidden in the insane.

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The Horses Are Visiting Us Tomorrow

I have no other place to be
Except for my prayer place
Because in the OR
She's gonna be scared
I know how sensitive she is
She's like ice scoop in may
I got that in my DNA
If she cries when she sees or's lights
I need someone to be there
To hold her hand & tell her it's gonna be okay
She needs to fight
Cause she has so much dreamy nights
And for the horses that might visit someday
For the glory she's about to see
And when this over &
As the Adenoma disappears
& Sight appears
Take this flight
And come back to me
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Osce

You're studying the human heart what about mine
What about my wild loving heart who adores your smile
Do you have a dual?
Do you have someone who came before me and grabbed your soul
But I only saw that your a does your OSCE
Can you see the same sparke of love in me
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13/12/2025

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