

Poetry Series

Khalil Breidi
- poems -

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Khalil Breidi(10 June 1984)

Love Is All They Have

Through out the years and over the seas
Lovers shed tears because of fears
That there will be no cheers and life with the dears

Separation from each other by the father and mother
And the longing for one another has one word 'oh brother'
The tears flow without shutter and the love melts like butter.

There are many examples here are some samples
Adam, Eve and the apples
Romeo, Juliet and the chapels
Antonio, Cleopatra faced the gambles
Kaies, Laila walked the rambles

You would've loved the scenes lovers on the green
That is all it seems like peaches and creams
Just like in dreams without the screams

They reached the end of a life with trend
With arms and heads bend all I recommend
In love be tend finally My love I send

Khalil Breidi

No Title

I can be all you want me to be, just look inside me and u'll see
All the love you brought in to me, love big enough to fill the sea

'All I want is time', that is what you say
Just give me a sign, and I'll stay out of your way

That was a dream, that I had seen
I was so afraid that this is the price I paid

For not loving you like I should, give me a chance and I would
Love you forever, we'll stick together
Through out the changes of the weather, like birds of a feather

Don't leave me alone; please don't say you're gone
I'll wait for you at home, till the end of dawn

I'll love you like you deserve, and I'll never curve
From our love path, you are all I have
From now until forever

Khalil Breidi

Palestine

TIS FINE to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, Palestine for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the land is full of martyrs.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome,
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack!
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free, -
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, Palestine for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Khalil Breidi

What's Called Hak

i had two brothers
or that what i thought
Hasan and Ahmad
is what i got
we laughed, we smiled
we played, we enjoyed
had memories from every side
but what we forgot is where to hide
i thought we are HAK
but appeared to have a CRACK
i don't know what wrong i do
but what I know is I cant go through
Friends are no more friends
Brothers are no more brothers
All what left is just trouble
so what's called HA.....K
all what i can say FU.....K

Khalil Breidi