

Poetry Series

menna magdy
- poems -

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A Fact

fact

I have been taught the hard way

That is

Life won't last

'nd days

Have a word to pay

That is

To pass away

'nd death

Is sure to come

But with

Joy and Some

Horrays

As if a sum

Of days

Were Lovely friends

'nd kiss

Goodbye is given

Then Wish

to reach for heaven

What if

They still here

they live

'nd we're the one who leave

Truth is

the one who choose betray

is us

That is

a fact I have been taught the hard way

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Arm Arm Arm Army

Arm arm arm army
But with no chance to wave goodbye
Fight till the end
And shall the wind
Carry a fragrant of our sweaty blood
O'er the far land
Wave wave wave all the way
Now we shall die
Tomorrow we fly high in the sky
And howling be our new cry

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Even Parallel Lines Appear To Meet

Even parallel lines appear to meet
Vanishing point ends their conceit
Align lines, Yet you have a leader
Your length shan't exceed a meter
Follow your angle poor line
Or else, you will declare your decline

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How Dreadful Is A Silent Scream!

How dreadful is a silent scream!
Carries all that heavy emotions
But doesn't carry a motion
it embraces as a close kin
choking slowly the air within
No oxygen
when
in
heaven'
den
Listen
'amen'
'n' Then
my frien'
inhale

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I Shall Wait

I shall wait
Let it be my companion
Loneliness, I mean
Nothing, me can compensate
But let me try to be a champion
Don't yet play the keen

My heart still wants to sing
My blood still runs miles in the veins
So don't
Don't tell me to be weak
Don't ask me to be flushed on the cheeks
stay behind at the backstage and weep

I'm my life heroine
And yet I keep clinging to my rage
Though I have two wings
I never tried to use them
What for, what is the case
I am trapped in a cage

Never thought it only takes one step
My heart flutter then my wings
Forming a storm,
play the horn
and reborn
Free

A good companion, loneliness I mean
My heart freedom me can compensate
In my life script, I am a champion
Maybe in another seen
I shall be
Free

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Last Words Of Weightless Burdens

(Pangs of Remorse and Uncertainty)

I stopped to think a little bit
Of what had passed me
And what deserves regret
Have all my debts been met
And what if I couldn't see
Couldn't make my account set

Couldn't stir the gear
Couldn't reverse the wheel
Couldn't measure what has been far and what has been near

All that stocked piles could end by a whit
Stability, I assume I will never get

And if the tyre leans
Or the deprived words couldn't convey what this image means

This tiny pebble rolling over Oh, gee
Up; faster or it will , let it be
It slipped under the back wheel
The carriage rattled, weight made no heal
And I flee

The pebble is now in the hands of a child
Waiting to lodge in another debris

--

(Pangs of Vainglory and Inevitability)

I ride ignoring whatever my eyes ray hits
The universe revolves around me
All I want, in a second I get
My ancestors were titans, I bet
I order and it will be
I shape and you fit

All my deeds records I tear
But with no glimpse of fear
I just do not rewind, past I do not bear

In my vast, void carriage I set
Nothing deserves worry, my horses do not wilt

My words will fall like rains on the bean
Indeed like reins, ain't that what they are for keen?

This tiny pebble roling over Oh, gee
Up; faster or it will pass me, never to let that be
It slipped under the front wheel
The carriage rattled, no weight to heal
And I flee

The pebble is now in the hands of a child
Waiting to lodge in another debris

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Memories Of A Flase Life

Albeit my strength, I opted to let go.
I still feel my muscles stretched tight.
Smell my abrasions of something once called skin.
And salty I feel my mouth has become
through cracks of that petrified rock within.

Endless sweats evaporating from my heat,
But I shan't dry out nor rot, nay.
For they to condense as reaching my cage of bones.
Into a black hole, encompassed by stars one day,
shall find rest, where no existence shall be.

But for that barren waste remains no hope
Nor remains a leaf nor a seed to grow.
still, I remain a winner in this fight.
though I don't stand tall,
Shall not bent, my might.

If a shape of 'U' is what my back has chosen, but to take,
A shape of you has no choice to take, but my back then
As I am leaving to my eternal rest.
Salvage from the rack, back to the nest.

Shall find my strength.
My might shall not be fenced.
In the endless sweet
I shall grow.
But first I must let go.

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Mirrors Of The Soul

the only thing to remain the same
Is those mirrors of the soul
If they were pent up in earthly vision
That would be true lame
Try to see through God's call
And cross all the sevens

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Plunge All The Sorrows In The Cold Agony;

Plunge all the sorrows in the cold agony;
coldness will numb the agitation.
Multiply the negatives, make a natural num.
level the waves of writhed lamentation.
Over this coldness, hold the icy canopy
Reflect all the heat that dare to come.
Those words are an echoing malady
To my soul, a continuous glaciation,
Literally, a melody; I never stopped to hum.
Don't wonder why; I will freeze.
Because of three I couldn't seize.
a sum,
a consolation,
a remedy.

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Sun Is Just A Yellowish Stain

Sun is just a yellowish stain
Stands on a colored space
of horizon
oh, what a haphazard brush!

River is just a garish chain
With some reflection on the face
of ozone
oh, what a haphazard pliers!

Grass is just a protrusion lain
On the heavy, sick clays
of a zone
oh, what a haphazard chisel!

The air, The dust, The rain
To that work, it just may
emblazon
oh, what a haphazard mind to tell!

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Swords Of My Words

Words I say are ruthless
My tongue is a one-horse shay
But never I say lewdness
Nor I stick to an array

I have cut my tongue's frenulum
With words I, you will lavish
It was like a pendulum
Get ready for the bob damage

I would recommend you flee
And let the beast in its den
I shall count to three
Then hear what's beyond your Ken

The words started to seep
Can't you hear the bleep

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The Two Flowers' Tale

A flower up there on the leafy tree
Mocks a flower in the mud
As she used to be
Saying 'I always have sun light
While your face is always in my shade
Exposed to the blight
While by the finest fertilizers I was made'

The other flower looks down to see
Her sight is always to the sun
As she used to be
Saying 'I always watch sun light
While your face is always down laid
You live as a parasite
While I have a company with all the jade'

A gay cloud passes asking no fee
Dribbles some heavenly drops
As he used to be
Saying 'I always bear sunlight
And Wind to my form happily grates
Flowers need my drops
They will survive because of my fade'

The flowers look to the cloud with no glee
They still mocking and being proud
As they used to be
While The sun is listening through her Sunlight
The two flowers murmur in simultaneous rate
'That even those drops
She gets even more than I would ever gain'

The sun issues its plea
The two flowers are to be satisfied
As they were never be
Saying 'with the same graces
They would be punished
The envy, The mocking, The conceit

Are to be banished

The wind comes in the roughest degree
Shaking and uprooting flowers
As he used to be
The upper flower falls to the mud
The lower flower flies but is never to be laid
No one to tell the story to the buds
And no one about their fate even cared

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Water Is Pure, Is It?

Water is pure, Is it?
A servant who follows
A mirror that reflects
But for our deepest sorrows
We will never know
Its real personage will never show
Water is pure, is it?
Transparency never shows its core
wide 'nd vast, we never see the shore
And to tell, its figure is a gap
Never to say no
Take the form of this and that
Water is pure, Is it?
Whom I to tell
I do not own to sail
Truth is there
Waves can just be waves
Thus, It can be venom of Medusa's hair

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