

Poetry Series

# **Najib Altawell**

## **- poems -**

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# Najib Altawell()

Najib Altawell has written a number of short stories and poems, both for adults and children. As an artist, he has produced variety of oil painting and water colour pictures, as well as illustrations for a children book. As a researcher in science and engineering, he has written a number of articles related to nanotechnology, electronic sensors (eNose) and renewable energy – plus, various additional topics; some are related to the field of computer science, others related to business development and projects management.

# A View Of A Grey Silent World

Like an image  
Of black and white photo  
Structured as a storyboard  
Resemble a hospital ward  
Everything silent  
Everything dead  
In a grey empty corridor  
Stillness is the form  
Silence is the norm  
With dark shadows  
Fixed  
On every wall  
In an endless  
Timeless  
Zone

Najib Altawell

# Anonymous Voices

The truth from a  
Child  
Watching intently  
Unknown observer  
Where  
Death in the valley  
And  
Laughter from  
A  
'Drunken' soldier

'Be killed  
Or  
Surrender'

Voices  
Vibrate in anger  
While the silence  
Of weakness  
Chock every soul  
In every  
Corner

Forgotten lines  
Forgotten lives  
Poverty without  
Richness formatted  
The purity of the answer

While the shoeless  
'Wanderer'  
Speechless  
Breathless but  
Somehow  
Still believing  
That  
This round of  
'Humanity'  
Will

Evolve  
Beyond their cruelty  
Beyond revenge  
And  
Beyond their 'hate and  
Anger'

Najib Altawell

# Arches

Shadows  
Crossed the arches  
Of  
Time....!

Golden light  
Higher  
Descending  
To a realm  
Beyond the  
Comprehension of  
The human  
Mind....!

And  
You....!  
You are  
Divided between  
So called  
The past  
The future and  
The  
Dimension of  
Expiring  
Night....!

Living multiple  
Worlds  
But conscious  
Momentarily  
In a spec  
Exist  
Only  
In your lower  
Mind....!

Shadows  
Crossed the arches  
Of

Time...but only  
To recycle  
The decaying  
Of a dying  
Life....!

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# Black Hole Within A Soul

That limitless  
Dark cave  
Shallow and deep  
Mighty  
Powerful yet  
Weak  
Wise and sleek  
The words  
He speaks  
The echo  
Constantly  
He repeats  
The worlds  
He seeks  
Imaginary or  
Real  
They grow within  
They grow without  
That is how he  
Feels  
That is how he  
Speaks  
That is how he  
Peaks

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

Shadows.....

Now  
Not "really" knowing  
What is "really" false!  
And what is "really"  
Real!



The clouds  
Of doubts  
Took over  
Changing the 'pure' 'gold'  
Changing the 'still' 'mind'  
Shutting the 'gate' of the 'truth'  
Drowning  
Gradually.....  
Lost  
Back  
Into  
A  
Limitless  
Dark  
Cave!

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# Black Wax

The gentle flame  
Of your candle  
On a 'black' wax  
Took me away  
On a single ray

Via a veiled  
Wall  
Your soft voice  
Your subtle breath  
Your moving lips  
Brought me  
Back to  
Another track  
To face the yellow  
Of unknown hallow  
Piercing a corner  
In  
A semi darkness  
Of  
A dying  
Night

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# Can Of Beans

Stormy scene in a can of beans  
Wild horses gallop in fear  
Gang of wolves constantly  
Howling  
Blinding 'lighting' flashing  
Insane  
The echo of thunder crushing  
The air

Stormy scene in a can of beans  
Sand storm 'dancing machine'  
Whistling sharply near a beetle  
Then moving higher to  
Vultures  
Team  
The dying sun sinks slowly  
In an orange red yellow  
Screen

Stormy scene in a can of beans  
Scorpion sinks beneath the sand  
As the darkness rule the  
Land  
Ancient memories flooded back  
Of a monk lived  
In a desert cave  
Focusing closely  
On a candle flame  
With deep emotions  
He chanted  
Again and again

Stormy scene in a can of beans  
A golden light filled  
The cave  
As the mantra sound  
'Rose'  
And rose  
All the beasts in the land  
Started  
To 'move'  
Close and closer  
'Toward' the cave  
But these were not real physical  
Forms  
But long lost human souls

Stormy scene in a can of beans  
The monk ascended and  
Left the scene  
Vanishing with him  
The original cave  
But all the holly monk various  
Chants  
Still 'roam' the 'deserts' world  
And some of the world  
'Darkest' 'parts'

Stormy scene in a can of beans  
I wish you well  
And 'leave' you  
Safe  
With  
Much more needed  
Inner Peace

Najib Altawell

# Cyber Space

When do you think we will meet?  
Is it next week or even maybe  
in ten years?  
When do you think we will kiss?  
Or 'have to' continue kissing the screen?

Sending MSN red rose, red heart and then,  
oh red lips  
is no longer will or can 'really' do the trick  
neither their green or blue hugs,  
can make sense to me or you or  
anyone else!

Love you love you and love you too  
I really really and really do  
that is what most we say  
as we talk hours through  
with too many smiling and angry faces  
shooting up faster  
here and there!

Time after time 'sighing' and 'sighing'  
I can truly feel it  
everywhere!

As we approach the end of the chat  
there is a feeling of wanting to be close  
in real life here or there...  
so let us meet up 'soon' at any place  
and....yes, yes, ...anywhere!  
but please please and repeat please  
not just  
via the unreal uncertain cyber space...



# Dancing Silver Light

Reflecting with  
Colourful lights  
Rhythm synonymous  
With the gentle  
Current  
On the other side  
While the river  
Twinkling silver  
Waves  
Coincided with  
The full moon face  
Hastily moving  
From behind  
Scattered clouds

Time is  
'Midnight'  
The crowded city is  
Setting the image  
Of the summer  
For a special year  
For a special moment  
Which  
'Will' always be  
Remembered  
Till the end of  
'Time'  
The sign is  
Dancing  
Silver  
Light

Najib Altawell

# Deity's Rain, Lighting And Thunder

The Deity in the jungle  
Temple  
Whispered to a stranger  
Whose withering darkened face  
Spoke of suffering  
And tender

Rain, lighting  
And thunder  
Signs of the Deity's  
Action  
Not, what they have feared, as anger

Tired words murmured  
At the farthest  
Darkened  
Temple  
Corner  
From a priest crossing  
His chest  
In the midst of incense  
And singers

The singing and chanting  
Grow louder  
As the Deity  
Touched  
And begged  
For a whisper

Emotions do create strangest things  
Where miracles born  
So they think  
But only when intellectual mind  
Surrender

Rain, lighting  
And thunder  
Signs of the Deity's



Action

Not, what they have feared, as anger

Najib Altawell

# Dreams Of The Autumn

Do you remember when the moon  
Stole the sun?  
Do you remember  
How you smiled  
How you cried  
How you ran  
From everyone?

Do you remember how your  
Tears  
Moved slowly  
Dropped on  
Your  
Clasped  
Fingers  
Brought the Sun back  
Changing into  
A piercing  
Light  
Changing into  
Pearls of  
Love  
Pearls of  
Wisdom?

Do you remember in October  
And November  
When the green  
And  
The yellow  
Danced in the wind  
Leaving behind  
A naked ego  
As you feared  
The coming  
Of  
Unknown  
Life  
Unknown

Winter?

Do you remember the  
Lazy dreams  
You always shared  
You always  
Loved  
With suspicions  
Every time  
The rain of the autumn  
Brought the lighting  
Brought the thunder?

Do you remember  
The seven questions  
The seven subjects  
And  
How they  
Brought  
All the fears  
Into your mind  
All the love  
Into your heart  
Just as you hoped  
A new time  
A special time  
Soon  
Will come  
When no place nor time  
Neither feeling  
Never  
Need to be  
Remembered?

Now  
You understand!  
There is really  
No October  
No November  
No December ...  
Only "something"  
You cannot explain

You cannot express  
In human terms  
Since "You"  
The "whole" of "You"

Surrendered!

Najib Altawell

# Evil Guns

Anger  
Oh, dear friend  
Is nothing but  
As you know  
A response  
To the negative action  
Of the human side  
Your-positive  
Force  
From within  
And without  
Will cancel evil  
Will set the balance  
Will give the victims  
The total Justice  
Talked about  
The total rights  
They always  
Sought  
Day and night  
The total Freedom  
They never  
Stopped  
Dreaming about  
This will come  
Even when  
Evil guns  
Refuse  
To  
Be  
Ever  
Silent

Najib Altawell

# Evolutionary Path Within Smoking Hands

Living in a  
Jam  
Among smoking  
Hands  
Constantly moving  
Within the 'crowds'  
In a sizzling  
Pan

Living in a  
Jam  
But within  
My soul  
The boundless  
Thoughts  
Never  
Brought  
The misery  
Of  
This world  
To the level  
I Sought

Living in a jam  
The bridges  
I crossed  
The bridges  
I touched and  
Kissed  
Without sadness  
Without regrets  
To what I  
Left

Living in a jam  
The evolutionary

Path  
Somehow  
Once again  
Invited me back  
For another  
Task  
To grasp  
Human's reality  
To understand  
This cycle  
To understand  
The meaning  
Of  
The present  
Path

Living in a  
Jam  
Among smoking  
Hands  
Constantly moving  
Within the 'crowds'  
In a sizzling  
Pan

Najib Altawell

# Fractured Moon

Fractured moon  
In a silver spoon  
Dissolved into the eyes  
Of awakening tiger  
Then moved away  
In a vanishing light  
With a lunar tone

Fractured moon  
Swallowed  
By a flying dragon  
With all fire and no fire  
The fractured moon  
Collapsed in doom

While the souls  
Of the dead  
Still roam  
Closer and closer  
Near the moon  
Around the moon  
Within the moon  
Or what have left  
From a  
Fractured moon

Or maybe  
Another Moon

Like a photo of  
A bright image  
Held by aging fingers  
Of a woman  
Praying in her  
Upstairs Room  
For "long" dead  
Human loved form

Near the bolted



Green back door  
Stood a ghostly figure  
Of an old man  
Weeping  
In the silence of  
An astral night  
Trying for an opening  
To reach her  
Over and over  
But in vain  
For the woman  
in the  
Upstairs room

Darkness born  
In the second shadow  
Of a fractured moon  
And light moulded  
In the old house  
In a special corner  
of  
A very special room

Fractured moon  
In a silver spoon  
Dissolved into the eyes  
Of awakening tiger  
Then moved away  
In a vanishing light  
With a lunar tone

Najib Altawell

# Going For Temporary Physical Creation

Spread your 'wings'  
In your 'plane'  
'Create' space  
'Create' time  
The same duality  
You always want  
To bring  
About

With 'your' newly formed  
Heavenly stars  
Sing  
A song  
And bless  
The water  
'Giving' life  
'Close' and  
'Far'

Keep on 'moving'  
Beyond  
The 'darkness'  
Till 'you' 'create'  
Till 'you' 'awake'  
All the lands

With your  
Song  
Ever active  
New  
Universes  
Instantly born  
'Somehow' always  
Fully aware  
Of 'your'  
Light

Fully aware  
Of every 'world'  
Fully aware  
Of every 'child'

Temporary though  
You have 'imagined'  
Temporary though  
You have 'created'

Najib Altawell

# Heart In A Glass

Glass in a glass  
In a shape of a heart  
Distorted the face  
Lengthen the fingers  
Created madness  
From a crack in a glass

The pink dream  
Connection  
In a blue water  
Reflection  
Shattered reality  
As seen via clouded  
Sleepy half closed  
Eyes

In a black sheeted  
Bed  
The old maid  
Powdered her face  
For one more chance  
To find the long missing  
Long searched  
Dreamt about  
The other half

Glass in glass  
Voidance of love  
Emptiness in nest  
Making the heart  
Weeping  
Leaving the head  
Nothing but with an old  
Love story  
Trapped in a  
Skull  
Trapped in a  
Glass



# Heavenly Role

Two physical forms  
And their  
New Role  
With a  
Fragrance  
Of  
A red rose  
They changed the game  
Created a rainbow  
Without the sun  
Without the  
Rain

In a dusty town  
In an empty lane  
The physical stain  
Of their  
So called  
'Earthly Pain'  
Created for them  
Created by them  
Time and time  
But  
Dear Friends  
As you know  
It wasn't  
'In vain'

Their  
Intentional  
Fall  
And  
The harmony  
Of their  
Two purified souls  
As they merge  
In a Godly call  
For another  
Heavenly

Distant

Role

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# In A Place Where Everything Goes Out Of Date

Crossed the wires  
In a very special style  
For the earthly  
Brains  
Networking from  
Minds to  
Hardware  
To minds  
And  
Back again

The ultimate  
Thought 'trains'  
Contained in  
Devices  
Originated  
From  
Another  
Plane

Then made  
Grossly  
By humans  
From Earthly  
Materials  
In  
Various forms  
And  
Shapes  
With exaggerated  
Marketing  
Names

Last not  
As everything  
In their world



Always  
In a matter of time  
Goes out  
Of  
Date

Najib Altawell

# In The Silence Of The Night

In the silence of the night  
I thought and reflected about you and  
wondered what to write...

In the silence of the night  
Fox kits roamed and played  
at my back-garden, peacefully, in  
the darkness....

In the silence of the night  
I called your name  
but the sound of the echo  
left me with no doubt  
that your heart

your spirit  
meant only for one special 'love'  
always in your heart  
you used to search about....

In the silence of the night  
freeing your soul  
for that union of our love  
is 'the' everything, is 'the'  
eternal, for our two souls  
as they unite  
In the silence of the night....

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# In The Year Ninety Nine

Rusty machine  
Rusty barrel  
Rusty fan  
Tell a story  
In an old  
House  
In an old  
Barn  
Where your  
Past  
Active role  
Gave something  
To this world!

Oh...  
The question  
Is ....!  
Where were you  
In the year  
Ninety nine?  
Where were you  
On seventeen  
Of July?  
Where were you  
At exactly  
Ten to nine?

The super dog  
The super horse  
The super rhyme  
Found  
A place...  
... Somewhere  
Everyone claimed ....  
'That is mine'!  
Oh...  
The question  
Is....!

How do you travel  
Now and then  
Our earthly time?

Najib Alkawell

# Just 'human'

Reviving  
Skeletons  
Of past 'incomplete'  
Sweet memory  
Chained their 'lives'  
As they  
Always  
Dreamt about  
As they  
Always  
'Long' desired

Fire and fire  
Ignited hidden  
Love and glory  
Long forgotten  
In a 'childhood' story  
'Creating'  
Emotional illness  
'Creating'  
Self-imposed  
Barbed wire

Fire and fire  
Youthful wanted  
And  
Required  
The young 'grow'  
Stronger  
But they  
Wither  
'Soon' later  
As  
'Old' 'Lonely' 'Sick'  
Earning the human title  
Of  
'Just'

## 'Retired'

Fire and fire  
Born to live  
Born to die  
Born for a purpose  
Easily forgotten  
But realisation  
Could happen  
Once in a while  
But only when  
They silence  
Their earthly  
Minds  
As and when  
In control  
When and how  
They consciously  
Are  
Able  
To  
Decide

Najib Altawell

# Knowing 'material' Duality

Both they 'live'  
Both they 'die'  
The 'good'  
And  
The 'bad'  
The 'happy'  
And  
The 'sad'  
The night  
And  
The day  
The story  
Of  
This world  
Duality  
Is  
The word

The middle way  
For the 'average'  
Some believe  
Is  
The 'safest' way  
But  
The 'shortest'  
Path  
To the ultimate  
Fact  
Is 'detachments'  
With 'love'  
In every  
Thought  
In every action  
In every  
Way  
Till the day

You 'depart'  
This 'plane'  
This 'play'

Najib Altawell



# Last Living Train

Tell me sir  
The departure time  
Of your  
Last  
Living train

Tell me sir  
Why the travellers  
Ignoring  
That lost child  
Badly hurt  
And constantly crying  
Over there!  
And  
Why you have  
Divided them  
As  
Rich  
And poor  
And beyond  
Those so-called  
Sane  
And  
Insane

Tell me sir  
Why the rain  
And the pain  
Only 'come'  
At the door  
Of 'your' train

Part for the  
Rich  
And  
Part for

The poor  
That is not meant  
To be  
In this 'plane'

Tell me sir  
Why  
We are not equal  
Even though  
We are the same

Tell me sir  
The departure time  
Of your  
Last  
Living train

Sir  
Sir  
Sir  
I wonder if this  
Will be ever 'your' last  
Living train

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# Messages Of Pain Received From Another Plane

Crushing feelings  
Originating from somewhere  
But arriving  
And being felt  
With every breath  
Experiencing the same  
Undermining the senses  
Folding the arms  
Dropping the head  
Bending the spine

Again and  
Again

Emotional Pain  
Arriving from the same  
Shaped with strange  
Images  
Rooted in a mixed  
New and  
Long seated  
Sadness  
The feeling is  
Insane

The mental level  
Suddenly pregnant  
With regrets, despairs and  
Blames  
Causing the same  
To collapse  
In deep depression  
Changing the human  
Of an injured soul  
To a mere 'flesh'

And  
Dislocated 'bones'

Long physical distant  
Nor the time  
'Make' any difference  
When 'somebody's emotional' state  
Tuned into  
Asking  
'Desperately' for help  
Not knowing that  
They are sharing  
Everything they 'feel'  
'On every level'  
Directly  
With you

Again and  
Again

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# 'Nano-Souls' In 'Nano-Machines'

Powering  
'Nano life'  
In  
'Nano machines'  
Shedding light  
On prisoners  
Of  
'Nano-realms'

'Nano scale'  
In a twilight  
Spheres  
Counting  
Eras  
Being  
Born  
Evolve  
Then  
The whole universe  
In a flash  
'Disappears'

Prisoners of  
Time  
Crossed the  
Line  
From above  
And below  
Bringing  
Changes  
To the ever  
Increasing number  
Of the  
'Blessed'  
Of the  
'Cursed'  
Time and time  
Now and then  
Till

Another cycle  
'Start again'

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# New Day With Diamonds

Diamonds on black velvet  
Danced between the fingers  
Bursting with brilliant light  
In a summer  
Breezy  
Cool  
'Starry' night

Rahmanov classical music  
Born gracefully  
Out of a silver box  
Enveloping  
Marrying  
The hearts and  
The minds

Crocodile decorated skin  
Rest on a Persian carpet  
Marking the entrance to  
An arched bended passage  
Mysteriously  
Half Darkened  
Faintly Lighted  
With lamps  
On each side

Roses blouses shirts and bushes  
Suddenly shine reflecting light  
When everyone moves  
Side by side  
A little tight  
As the place  
Filled with  
'Excite'

The lower part of the heavenly dome  
Brushed with a touch of pale light  
Signalling silently the approaching  
Dawn  
Droplets dew on stems and  
Petals  
Moves down with birds  
Songs  
Singing Greeting Blessing and Telling  
That a new day is  
Surely  
'Coming'

Najib Altawell



# New Life

A bright light burst in a 'dream'  
Carved a shape  
In 'total darkness'  
Creating fire  
Far and near

A spark from the light suddenly trapped  
In a grey cubic strange place  
'Dissolve' slowly then 'appear'  
In a large blue empty sphere  
Attached within  
A yellow green dense realm

The lost spark has 'no control'  
When a planet physical force  
'Imprison' within with 'full control'  
Embedding itself in a virgin matter  
Giving life to a  
'physical forms'

The old spirit sparks fire  
In the emerging  
'New soul'  
Starting life in a fresh form  
A thirst for life with physical role  
Striving to  
Fulfil lingering desires  
'Beyond control'  
Repeating again  
The cycle of birth  
The cycle of death  
Here and  
There

Once more

Najib Altawell

# Opportunities While You Are 'in This World'

Purify your thoughts  
Before and after  
You 'talk'  
Before and after  
Your 'sleep'  
Be in control  
Of your mind  
Your ego  
Be in control  
Of your thoughts  
If you cannot love all the time  
Then  
Neutralise your feelings  
Accept gratefully  
Whatever 'comes' your way  
As you are the one  
Who  
Is 'creating' 'bringing' every 'event' and every 'item'  
To your life  
Always respect and love yourself  
Always respect and love those around you  
And those beyond  
Temporary you are here  
Departure can be anytime  
While you are still in 'your' 'shell'  
It is your opportunity  
To create your own treasure  
By doing your 'best'  
To all the 'others'  
And  
To the 'rest'  
But never  
Never  
Forget the 'deadline'  
It is part of your Earthly 'time'  
Always be 'positive'  
Always be 'happy'  
You have been given the 'opportunity'  
So please

Do not waste your time  
The principle is  
To benefit 'others'  
Before you even 'start' to think  
Why I am here?  
And  
What is theirs?  
And  
What is mine?

Najib Altawell

# Passing-By

Have you ever  
thought about  
someone...mm  
you do not know?

Have you ever  
Closed your eyes  
And shouted strongly  
'I do not know'!

Someone...mm  
...oh, just passed-by  
Don't know who  
....but she looks...mm  
in  
A happy way  
in  
A strange way  
in  
A crazy way  
As she is  
passing-by...

Have you ever  
really wondered  
what is in her mind  
what is in her heart  
as you look back  
shyly.....  
into her eyes!

Yes  
You can smile  
Yes  
you can frown  
but your thoughts  
dear friend  
for miles and miles  
are weaving a carpet

to help you leave  
to help you fly....  
as  
you told me  
time and time...  
when she is  
just  
passing-by....!

Najib Altawell

# Questions From A Truth Seeker

Why I am here in this world?

Why those who loved and  
Scarified most  
Here and there  
Are  
Neglected  
Or  
Prosecuted  
Or  
Imprisoned  
Or  
Even  
Killed  
Just because they  
Tried to help this world?

No one told me  
No one guided me  
No one explained  
The absolute  
Truth  
Apart from  
Their manmade religious thoughts  
And  
Their repetitive Hell and Heaven talk!

Please tell me  
Why I am here in this world?

Boxed in a body  
Like everybody  
In a temporary  
Unjust  
Troubled  
World!

With  
Thought  
After  
Thought  
After  
Thought

Boiling in the mind  
Day and night  
Trying to figure out  
The truth of  
What is this all about!

Why I am here in this world? !

Najib Altawell



# Reset 'human Rights'

Trespass  
The boundaries  
The separation  
Created  
By humans  
From olden time  
To this ending  
Cycle  
Of the 'humans'  
Phase

Trespass  
Whether they  
Say  
You are not welcome  
You are not allowed  
You are not authorised  
Even when they say  
You are nothing but  
A  
Nuisance  
Lower class

Trespass  
Even when they  
Separate themselves  
With  
Barbed wires  
With  
Mines  
Even when  
They threaten you  
With bullets  
With death  
Yes

With their latest  
Imported  
Automatic  
Machine  
Guns  
And  
With their foreign  
Security officers  
They have  
Hired

Trespass  
Their false  
Beliefs  
Their empty  
Power  
Their every day  
Shallow  
Stand  
Trespass  
All the false  
Casts  
To  
The ultimate  
Victory  
To the ultimate  
Freedom  
Rising from  
Within  
The  
Inner  
Power  
The  
Inner  
Trust  
To  
Release you  
To your own  
Rightful

Path

Najib Altawell

# Something About 'palestine'!

In Palestine  
The dying clouds  
Hastily changing  
Hastily moving  
And  
Westerly bound

In Palestine  
A blue horizon  
Is rapidly forming  
Creating  
Unstoppable  
Middle Eastern  
Tide

In Palestine  
The message of love  
Has been  
Polluted  
Loving other than  
Your own  
Has no place  
In the heart  
Nor in the mind

In Palestine  
What is 'Yours'  
Can be 'Mine'  
Even when resistance  
Born out of  
Desperation  
Including from  
Bedouin  
Desert  
Tribes

Force  
Occupation  
Killing  
Deportation  
To the occupier  
Certainly  
They are not  
'Crime'

In Palestine  
The olive tree  
Always survive  
No matter  
What  
Is 'Going on'  
No matter  
What  
Is 'the state'  
Of the 'Minds'

In Palestine  
Is 'where'  
The beginning of the  
End  
Will commence  
For this cycle  
Of  
Humanity  
For this cycle  
Of  
'Time'

Najib Altawell

# Take Me To A Better World!

In a place  
Where love is the inner  
And the outer  
Of the whole  
The fabric of  
Every soul  
In a place  
Where peace is  
The 'making' of their actual  
World  
In a place  
Where happiness  
Is nothing but  
Everyday norm  
In a place  
Where anger  
Hatred  
Greed  
Never heard about  
Before

Take me to a better  
World  
No  
Beginning  
No end  
But everyone love  
Encompass endlessly

The  
Whole

Najib Altawell

# Temporary Worlds

As a result of  
A passing thought  
From misinterpreted  
Source  
Temporary worlds  
'Form'  
'Exist'  
Not knowing  
Those 'humans'  
In their  
Duality place  
The actual formation  
Of their so called  
'Universes' and  
Their own individual  
'Worlds'

Momentarily  
'Worlds'  
Momentarily  
'Universes'  
So solid  
So they 'seem'  
In fact they are nothing  
But a passing dream  
Made-up in  
Nano-realms

Temporary worlds  
Forget the 'time'  
Forget the 'Place'  
The whole thing  
Is nothing but  
A brief childish  
Game  
Being played  
Unconsciously

Again and again

Yes, thought and thought  
But  
Thought  
They are all the causes  
Of  
Many  
Many  
Temporary  
'Worlds'  
Temporary  
'Universes'  
And the essences  
Of every part  
In  
Every 'soul'

Najib Altawell



# The 'Arab Spring'

They say  
'Harmony' in the 'world'  
'Peace' among 'men'  
And 'love' is  
The  
'Answer'  
But  
Dear brother  
All we hear is  
The stories of 'killing'  
The firing of  
Bullets  
And  
The deployment of  
Heavy guns

\* \* \* \* \*

Time and time  
The fighting erupt  
In every 'front'  
And the worst of  
Today's killing  
'Iraq'  
'Syria'  
'Egypt'  
And  
'Yemen'

\* \* \* \* \*

The injured

The disfigured  
The displaced  
The orphaned  
And  
The fallen  
Ones  
All for the  
Sake of  
'The  
Only one'

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes  
The 'Arab Spring'  
As 'they' describe it  
The truth is nothing  
But  
The bloodiest days  
With no option left  
Other than  
The 'revolution'  
As  
'Many' 'believed'  
'This Is  
The only way'

Najib Altawell

# The Blast And The Singing Rat

The blue  
The orange  
And the singing  
Rat  
Tuning with  
The shadow of  
A dancing woman  
Vibrating  
Fat

Then

Chat  
Chat  
Chat

In 'apartment'  
Where no one knew  
The meaning of time  
Nor 'can' they hear the  
Sound of bombing  
Nor 'they' care  
About  
The devastating  
Blast

Strangely enough  
Loving songs  
Always 'come'  
From  
'Baghdad'!

No time for your last  
Prayer

The dust  
The toxic fume  
The rusted iron  
Bar  
The melting black  
Tar  
All  
Under the skeleton of  
A bombing  
Suicide  
Car  
Accept nothing  
But  
To bleed slowly  
As you are watching  
Helplessly  
The blue  
The orange  
In the  
Iraqi  
Sky

Najib Altawell

# The Blond & The Ghost

A ghost in a box  
In a blond woman lap  
Moving in and out  
Catching the dim  
Light  
Weaving within  
A cruel mental  
Trap

The pony tail  
Of the blond hair  
Dancing from shoulder  
To shoulder  
As the ghost  
Trying impatiently  
Creating  
Images  
Of death  
And lust

The slim long fingers  
Hold on the 'lipstick'  
Painting the lower lip  
Brushing away  
Mentally  
The creeping  
Ghost  
Back Again  
To the  
Invisible  
Box

Najib Altawell

# The Child, The Hooded Clock & The Rain

Shades fall on a beige wall  
A child smile in his sleep  
As the rain  
Begin to fall  
The Hooded Clock strike  
Again  
And  
Again

The child cry with  
No tears  
While the clouds  
Moves slowly  
Trying hard to hide  
The midday  
Sun  
As being watched  
By a priest and a tired  
Nun

The church yard holes  
Filled with rain  
The old red bus  
Arriving "now" but  
Late again  
Stopping so close  
To the old people home  
Crowed of people  
Rushed towards it  
Trying to catch it  
Trying to avoid the  
Heavy  
Rain

The shades on the wall  
Quickly change  
As the old man's coat  
And the lady's hat  
Moved away

Feeling cold  
Covering  
More  
The sleeping child  
As if he sense  
Someone close  
His round face  
Mechanically change  
As he Smiles  
Once again

The goose bumps  
Cover her skin  
While she is shivering  
She put on  
Her blue blouse  
And then switch back  
The heater on

The Hooded Clock strike  
Again  
And  
Again  
One minute later  
Everything is peaceful  
And  
Quiet again  
Apart from  
The heavy  
Falling  
Rain

Najib Altawell

# The Gentle Rain Of Dundee

The rainbow  
And a timeless game  
And the echo of  
An ancient name  
Merge with the sound  
Of an engine  
Of a far away train  
Dissolving  
Slowly  
With a song  
Of sparkling  
Love  
Sourced from within  
Unknown life  
Unknown soul  
Of unknown name

The gentle rain  
Again and again  
On Dundee's land  
On Dundee's hills  
Time and time  
Bring the story  
Of a child life  
Of a child name  
With the sound of  
The falling rain  
Revealing  
All the secrets  
Of the ultimate  
Master game

The rainbow  
And the timeless name  
Eternal in essence  
But  
Among the crowd is



Nothing but  
A fameless  
A shadow  
Of a mythical  
Life  
Once lived  
In a faraway  
Cold Terrain  
And bathed daily  
In Dundee's rain

Najib Altawell

# The Inner Queen

Looking through your eyes  
A queen was born  
In a crystal room  
Under the wing  
Of a butterfly  
In an imaginary  
Place  
For the humans  
Those who believe  
That 'matter' is the  
Only  
Place

It 'come' and 'go'  
The scent of your soul  
Around a marble stone  
Where your name  
Engraved forever  
Just as our song  
Engraved in the mind  
Repeating itself  
Over and over  
Loving you  
Cannot be  
But  
More  
And more

A queen was born  
So close  
So far  
And nowhere  
But  
Within my soul



# The Rust Of Time, New Epoch And Our Plane

In the darkness  
I mentioned your name  
In the darkness  
I decoded  
The mystery of  
Your present game  
In the darkness  
The whole hope  
Of your universe  
Died  
Then suddenly  
Born  
Again  
In the darkness  
A beacon flashed  
Carrying  
The script of  
Your own  
Name  
In the darkness  
The flame of  
Your life  
Flourished  
Despite the rust of  
Time  
In the physical  
Plane  
Again and again  
Tell me  
Tell me  
Tell me  
Again and again  
What on earth  
During the coming cycle  
Is your ultimate aim?  
Or it is nothing  
But  
Another epoch  
Where your chaos

Will always rule  
First  
Our plane?

Najib Altawell

# The Ship Of My Dreams Is Sailing Away

For few moments  
There was nothing there  
Nothing except the silence  
.....  
.....

Staring into the darkness  
Moulding creating  
The sum of wild imaginations  
Triggered by  
A nerve cell

Shadows  
Reflected on the curtains  
And the walls  
Human faces  
Animals and monsters  
The beginning of life and  
The end of  
An Earthly war

So, touch me gently  
The ship of my dreams is  
Sailing away  
Behind the mist  
Behind the clouds  
Slowly far away

While a Spanish song  
'Start' and  
Fade away  
In the old fashion tune  
For a bride and a groom  
Visualised on a moon  
Momentarily they are made up

Of nothing but one pure soul  
Encircled within white  
Flowery walls

Then  
The old bells 'start ringing'  
Just as the droplets  
Of the morning rain  
On the church glass and pane  
On a wedding day  
'Move' slowly  
In a strange play  
Signalling the end  
Of a momentarily world  
Created in a 'traveller's mind'  
Then presented  
In unspoken shorthand words

Najib Altawell

# The Silent Poet

The stranger  
Painting with  
Unspoken  
Words  
Moved on  
In a volatile  
Blind  
World  
Where a mirage  
Seems reality  
To the overall  
Majority  
While the  
Actuality  
As they believed  
Is nothing  
But  
Part of  
The  
Poet Imagination  
Nothing  
But  
Part of  
Unrealistic  
Philosophy

Shackled with  
Unspoken  
Words  
And  
Living beyond  
Their time  
Beyond their  
Thoughts  
The silent  
Poet  
Strolled toward  
An opening



Shore  
Shedding  
Earthly vehicle  
Then  
Shedding the  
Soul  
Merging  
Beyond humans  
Forms  
Enriching the  
Evolving  
All  
Enriching the  
Ultimate  
Source

Najib Altawell

# The Third Man

White clouds brought around  
Innocent doubts  
When you 'gone'  
To the  
Other 'side'  
In a 'moment'  
Lost in 'memory'  
Lost in 'time'

The first man 'shook' your hand  
In an empty lane  
The second man 'gave' his card  
Among the crowd  
On a fast train  
The third man  
'Touched' your hand  
Brought a flower  
In a 'blurred' dream

White clouds brought around  
Innocent doubts  
When you slept  
In your car  
Near and  
Far  
Your pale face  
Gently bathed  
In a 'silver' light  
Time and time  
As the moon  
'Stopped'  
For  
You  
Every night

Your ancient secret of  
'Godly' game  
Suddenly  
'Born' again

In a countryside  
In the heat of  
Unusual  
Summertime  
When the image  
Of the third man  
Flooded slowly  
Your  
Inner sight  
Your  
Dying mind

White clouds brought around  
Innocent doubts  
When your dreams  
Became so real  
Shaped miraculously  
A musical sound  
Into a spectrum  
Of  
Arching  
Light  
Telling the story of  
No one  
But  
Your own  
Life

Najib Alkawell

# The Traveller And The Forgotten Delhi Dream

Greeting from Delhi  
The past is still here  
No need to invent the  
So-called  
Traveller's time-machine

\* \* \* \* \*

Cows and dust  
Everywhere  
Children begging  
Crying and whispering  
Here and there  
Semi naked men  
During the midday  
Sleeping carelessly  
In the streets  
While sellers  
In every corner  
Crowded your way  
Crowded your face

\* \* \* \* \*

Delhi in a dream  
Their world is made up  
Of curry and rice  
And spice twice  
They may even  
Add  
What they proudly  
'Termed'  
The 'English Double Cream'

\* \* \* \* \*

Stray dogs  
Laying on pavements  
Eye you closely  
As 'tonight'  
The moment you 'try'  
To close your eyes  
The barking schedule  
Will be on time  
Filling your ears  
Filling your mind  
Till the end  
Of  
A sleepless night

\* \* \* \* \*

Delhi and the forgotten  
Dream  
Floating in a bubble  
To a time machine  
Proving the 'relativity' of  
Space and time  
Supposedly 'discovered'  
By someone called  
'Einstein'

\* \* \* \* \*

Greeting from Delhi  
The past is still here  
No need to invent the  
So-called  
Traveller's time-machine

Najib Altawell

# They Say 'this Is Our Land! '

Dust in the hand  
A smoke rising  
In a dark corner  
In a forgotten yard  
And face to face  
From the  
Same race  
The battle 'continue'  
In the name of  
God  
In the name of  
A piece of land

They  
They  
Always say  
'This is our land'

The Heaven  
Witnessed  
Both 'claims'  
On that very  
Special day  
When 'God'  
Commanded  
Both of them  
To defend their  
'Absolute' 'rights'  
To revive  
Their  
'Golden' past

They  
They  
Always say  
'This is our land'

Silent the day  
Silent the night

Tender the voice  
In 'private time'  
As they 'both'  
Laughed  
And  
Cried  
Believing in their  
Holy  
Right  
Believing in their  
Holy  
Fight

Najib Altawell

# This Way That Way!

Today a miracle baby is running away  
In a misty foggy distant motorway  
While the balloon lion is timely floating  
Wishes born and dissolve straight away

Tearful eyes  
Lost in space  
Lost in time  
Lost  
The  
Meaning  
Of  
A special rhyme  
Lost  
The  
Meaning  
Of  
A new day  
Lost  
The  
Meaning  
Of  
A pure love  
Running in anger  
Running  
Running  
Running  
In  
Dismay

The world they say is rich and resourceful  
But difficult to live in a peaceful way  
Our existence is continuously changing  
Like a river  
Carrying  
Life  
Death  
And  
Decay



Disenchanted in today's living  
The miracle baby  
Want to know  
God  
How  
To live  
How  
To obey

Nothing seems  
Honest  
Nothing seems  
Direct  
Genuine  
Sincere  
Despite what they say!

The miracle baby 'cries' and 'continues'  
To pray  
For all the soldiers killed  
Fighting  
For  
So called  
Peace  
And  
For  
Those  
Scarified  
Slaughtered  
In a religious  
Sway

Wondering  
About  
All these killing  
All these sacrifices  
Ever  
Ever  
Brought to them  
The truth  
They always

Thought about  
Then they forgot  
The next  
Day

Miracle baby is running away  
But not knowing  
Why  
How  
And  
Where  
Just desperate  
For a sign  
For a hope  
For a ray

Miracle baby is  
Running  
Searching  
And  
Searching  
'Grew'  
Old  
Even before  
Had a chance  
To  
Play

Najib Altawell

# To Be In Heaven Read This Poem

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

I was there  
Everywhere  
I was completely  
Very much aware

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

'Your real ticket  
To your Heaven  
Is constantly printed  
And developed  
All the time  
In your mind  
And then filtered  
Beyond the mind

From the starting  
Of conception  
To the last thought  
When it occurs  
Just as you depart  
Your physical time

This is how  
Your own  
Heaven  
Gradually Created

On another level  
As it is daily  
Very much tailored  
Second by second  
By yourself  
Before you reach  
The destined level'

Najib Altawell

# To Understand The Whole!

How can you  
Feel  
What the victim  
Feels  
If you have never been  
Victimised  
Before?

How do you  
Know  
The meaning of  
A true  
Love  
If you have never been  
In love  
And never loved  
Yourself  
At all?

How can you  
Feel  
The loneliness  
The negligence  
The cruelty  
The weakness  
If you use your fellow  
Humans  
In order to benefit  
Yourself  
Alone?

How can you  
Be  
Conscious  
Of others  
When your "Self" is

The only  
Goal?

How can you  
Be  
Aware of  
Other realms  
When your mind is  
Focusing on  
Material possessions  
Trapping you  
To one  
Lower  
World?

Oh dear brother  
To be free from  
The bondage  
To enrich the inner  
To enrich the outer  
You need to experience  
The whole!  
Complete the circle  
So that  
Maybe one day  
You understand it  
All

Najib Altawell

# Unforgettable Words

The sun  
The bun  
The whisky and  
The Rum

A ship has sailed  
A train can run  
The words spoken  
From a muzzle of  
A gun  
Life is precious  
Life is cheap  
Kill kill kill  
This land is fun

Night and day  
The dead.....  
The dead.....  
The dead.....  
In tons

The sun  
The bun  
The whisky and  
The Rum

Don't you know?  
Abu Ghreab has  
Physically gone?  
Don't you know?  
A play in torture  
Will last forever  
Creating a loop  
For a lasting Hell?

Oh dear son  
Don't forget  
To light  
A candle

To pray for  
Peace  
For a good job  
Done

The sun  
The bun  
The whisky and  
The Rum

Najib Altawell



# Unseen Horses & Ethereal Roses

Structural 'loot'  
In suspense  
Without 'root'  
With hybrid  
Unseen  
Wild Horses  
The echo  
Of  
Their unfamiliar  
Sound  
Punching endlessly  
Trying to revive  
Withering  
Dying ethereal  
Roses  
Via  
Primitive  
Cultivated  
Flowing  
Unknown  
Thoughts

Slowly  
The sound of the  
Echo  
Painfully  
Penetrate the  
Emerging structure  
Resembling  
Gathering  
Of  
'Humans'  
Parade  
Causing a scenery  
Of  
Ultimate  
Madness  
Of

Imaginary  
Reality  
In a mobile  
Temporary  
Place

Their space  
So called  
'Outer space'  
Thought to be  
Mysterious  
An infinite  
Is  
Nothing but the  
Actual thoughts  
Of  
Obsessions  
Of  
Desires  
In structural  
'Loot'  
Coloured in  
Living 'cocoon'  
Timed in  
A shape  
Of  
Expanding  
'Balloon'

Evolving  
Changing  
Behaving  
No more  
Than the  
Behaviour  
Of  
Animated characters  
In  
Continuously  
Repeated

Action  
Of  
Unnoticeable  
Software  
Cartoon

Najib Altawell

# Unsettled Nature God

The snow  
The silence  
And  
The sleeping cat  
Everything seems  
Peaceful  
Settled  
Under a faint  
Light  
Shivering gently  
From  
An old oil lamp

While the cracking  
Noise  
From a distant  
Burning point  
Is nothing but  
A coded sound taps  
Sourced from  
Within  
Unsettled nature God

Sustaining the fire  
Courting the wind  
And  
Chanting  
Vigorously  
In every corner  
In every path

Unsettled nature God  
Stalking aimlessly

The grains of  
Sand  
Dancing tirelessly  
With the Highland trees  
Nurturing temporarily  
The newly  
Born  
The darkness of  
The Forest land

Najib Altawell

# Vertical Observations

She 'sat' in a hurry  
On a reserved  
Seat  
On a train  
Touching the  
Side of  
Her hair  
Light brown  
The colour  
Of an old  
Chocolate  
Stain

'This is my seat'  
I said  
'Reserved to Dundee as  
The ticket  
Indicates'  
'Sorry' she said  
Then rushed  
To another place  
Burying her face  
Among the pages  
Of her book  
Pretending to read  
While  
Nervously  
'Over lap'  
Every page

The 'glasses' frame  
Dark, narrow  
And squared  
Touched  
Again  
And again  
Then her fingers

'Slide' slowly  
Feeling the velvet of  
A green jacket  
Resting causally  
On her white  
Shirt

The golden chain  
Round the neck  
With animal figure  
At the end  
Resting comfortably  
Within the gap  
Between her breasts  
Telling the story  
Of a recent past  
A gift from a lover  
She named  
'Dirty rat'

That, of course, was  
In the past  
Claiming  
As she was pretending  
Reading  
While  
Blushing  
Trying hard  
To escape  
A painful  
Unforgettable  
Track

Najib Altawell

# Vortex

From every angle  
Within the human side  
Rocketed  
Their emotions  
From the selfless  
From the average  
From the loveless  
And from the innocents  
Side  
Penetrating  
Enveloping  
The blue planet  
In a menacing  
Volatile  
Sky  
Day and night

The beginning of  
Of a journey  
But somehow  
Disguised as  
Nothing but  
Everything is  
Right  
While the  
Uncontrolled minds  
Dismissing all the  
Signs  
Not knowing  
The vortex is  
From within  
Projected and materialised  
Without  
Powered by  
Them  
Growing from  
Them  
Progressing in



Time  
The vortex of  
A material self-destructing is  
Alive  
To help to begin  
The cycle of  
A new  
But  
Another  
Temporary  
Life

Najib Altawell

# When....Then....Then....when!

Remember  
In every day  
When the 'clouds' 'arrive'  
Then  
The sun is  
Always 'behind'  
When the storm and the thunder  
'Scream' too loud  
Then  
Quietness comes 'next'  
In 'no time'  
When the pain is 'unbearable'  
Then  
Comfort will 'follow'  
Regardless  
Of the physical 'state'  
Or the 'state' of the flowing  
'Thoughts'  
Within the mind  
When so called 'death' is  
Naturally 'accepted'  
Then  
Freedom back 'home'  
Is the ultimate  
'prize'

Najib Altawell

# Who? When? Where And Why?

Who?  
When?  
Where  
And why?

Sometime  
we wonder  
who we are...?  
Sometime  
we wonder  
where we are...?  
And sometime  
life seems so  
objective...  
And sometime  
it looks so bizarre...

Yes, so bizarre...

Who really  
you and me  
are...?  
And who are those  
you can not  
see  
with your physical  
eye...? !

Who?  
When?  
Where  
And why?

Ah, many orphans  
ancient  
old  
new  
questions..  
born

live  
And eventually die...

Wanting to know  
who, where when  
and  
why and why?

Like  
Hell and Heaven  
Which are  
made in dozens  
In the mind of  
many humans  
for an answer  
to a really  
stubborn  
of a question  
about  
God...  
and  
Devil...

Who?  
When?  
Where  
And why?

Najib Altawell

# Wolves Of Your Time

Complex as you are  
But  
Simple  
When you try....  
One moment alive  
Then  
The next  
Dying with  
No cry....  
Life and death were  
Your  
'Circle'....  
Time and time  
Always  
You 'come' back  
Almost  
Just  
On time....

But  
Not  
This time!

Your hat  
Your books  
Your glasses  
Your mat  
Left as a sign of  
Who you were  
In a dark corner  
In your barricaded  
Deserted  
Top  
Flat....

Cry no more....

Your dusty desk  
Your dusty mirror  
Your dusty curtains  
Closed the chapter  
When the wolves  
Of your time  
Ended your story  
In a moonless  
Silent  
Night....

Najib Altawell

# X-Planet Once More

Earth  
A prison floating  
In a space  
In a temporary  
Place  
The case within  
A lower phase  
For the very  
Young and  
For the ancient  
Souls  
Residing within  
Material forms  
And  
'Living'  
'Believing'  
'Worshiping'  
Something they  
Know nothing about  
Until their Earthly  
Vehicle  
Function no  
More  
Their 'passing'  
To the other side  
Is  
Continuous  
Their 'Higher Souls'  
'Sending'  
To this side  
Is  
Continuous  
Related levels  
Related realms  
New personality  
To be born  
Once more





# Yellow Fields

In a place where  
The East meets the West  
And the North meets the South  
Where the end of polarities  
And the birth of singularity  
Where a 'human mind'  
View 'thysself' history  
Nothing but the beginning  
Of the ending  
Of  
A  
Personality  
Disintegrating, disappearing  
No difference than the death  
Of  
A  
Human, animal or even  
A  
Plant  
Physical body

Yellow fields  
In the mind of a deity  
As it creates multiplicity  
Via subtle  
Delicate  
Primordial energy  
Creating once again  
Another level of  
Diversity  
With the never ending  
To the cycles  
Of  
Chaos  
And  
Creativity  
Fulfilling the so-called  
The forgotten  
Ancient

Yellow fields  
Prophecy

Najib Altawell

# You And Me

Do you know what the man in the dream told me?  
Do you know what the winter rain showed me?  
Do you know why an angel with your aura  
visited me?

No 'reason' anyone will know or understand!  
but...you and me!

As the stars in the heaven shoots and travel  
far away...  
to the tune of our songs, but, no one can ever hear or see  
as everyone pass us by with deafness, blindness  
to the sound, to the light  
to their souls  
to their lives

No 'reason' anyone will know or understand!  
but...you and me!

In the darkness when you whispered and I smiled  
to what you said!  
when your lips touched my lips in a stormy crazy way  
I forgot who am I!  
I forgot where am I!  
I forgot what to say!  
As my mind suddenly stopped...and died  
straight away!

As the soldier who really died with no cry  
left his boots and uniform so determine not to die  
as we watched him far away beyond the truth  
that is how why we know what is the 'truth'  
it is the secret  
in our spirits  
in our hearts

No 'reason' anyone will know or understand  
but...you and me!

Do you know what the waves in the sea told me?  
Do you know what the sun at dawn showed me?  
Do you know why a baby in the crowd smiled and smiled...at me?  
No 'reason' anyone will know or understand

but... you and me!

Najib Altawell

# 'Your' World And 'Their' World

Too sensitive to live in a human world!

A single word with  
No sincerity or genuine love  
Can easily injure badly  
The delicate purified soul

The world appears  
Through the eyes of a higher  
Soul  
As a "Coarse" "Gross"  
"Dark" "Dense" place  
Even the shining bright Sun  
To them nothing but  
A dying very dull flame

"Aggressive" raw world  
Killing others in so called  
Liberations wars  
Part of being a hero  
When humans kill humans  
Victory over the weak  
Is their ultimate goal  
Impossible for them even  
Just to say the word

Too sensitive to live in a human world!

Najib Altawell

# Zig-Zag On A London Train

Shifted her  
Glasses  
To rest on her  
Head  
Closed her  
Eyes  
Tried to  
Rest  
But  
In vain  
On a slow  
London train

The case  
Is  
Uneasy feelings  
Uneasy posture  
Uneasy place  
The case  
Of  
A rainy  
Afternoon  
On a crowded  
London train

Not possible to  
Rest  
She opened her  
Book  
Searched for page  
Forty four  
Where she stopped  
Before  
A  
Romance  
With a  
Distant

Stranger  
Would bring a  
Smile  
To her  
Tired  
Face  
On a London Southbound  
Train

Najib Altawell