

Poetry Series

Osama Aldeyasty
- poems -

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Osama Aldeyasty()

Hi, my name is Osama Aldeyasty. It's a pleasure to share my poems, feelings and thoughts with every person visiting my page. I'm a man who believes that poetry is a very noble and refined language, and poets are honored when they use it. It's a privilege to express your feelings in poems because, as a matter of fact, every living creature can feel different beautiful feelings but only a few can express them in a beautiful way such as poetry and other kinds of arts. By the way, I'm a Cancer so it's in me to love the sea, the moon and God's beauty in natural scenes. I do love coastal towns and summer resorts where I spend all my vacations. My favorite time is being near the sea or on the beach.

Born in Egypt, but I've been around. After having my degree in English literature, I got a job abroad as a teacher and language trainer where I've lived and worked for many years. I have that passion for English poetry since I was in college. Beside poetry, I write my thoughts about the current international events and mostly about how to bring the Western and Eastern civilizations into common peaceful grounds. My articles about such topics are published in newspapers regularly. I write English poetry and I've written many articles- as a freelancer journalist- posted on the Internet and in newspapers. In addition, the press in the Middle East has issued many reports about my articles regarding the Arab-American relations and some other topics. My poems were published and recognized in United States & Europe by many well-known publishers there. I'm an active member in many poetic and artistic tly, I moved to Milan-Italy, where I am living and working now..My cell in Italy is

Finally, I'd like to say that you're welcome to send me your comments and thoughts about my poems. My e-mail is aldeyasty@ & aldeyasty@. You can also add me to your msn or yahoo messengers' list if you want to have a little chat with , my Facebook account is named (Osama Aldeyasty) Thanks.

A Black Round Table

A black round table, with glass in the middle.
He used it to eat or write or even to solve a riddle.
A five-year boy, so young and happy inside.
A very beautiful lady, sitting by his side.
She's holding his hand, guiding his pencil, with a loving touch.
She's looking at him: I love you dear, I love you so much.
Teach me mama ...
Teach me how to feel, teach me how to love.
Teach me to be real, but take my hopes above.
Hold your pencil dear ... easy not so tight.
Write smile dear ... you make my life so bright.
Draw a flower dear ... draw a loving heart.
Read the letters dear ... I want you to be smart.
A, B, C ... 1,2,3.
Come closer dear ... come to me.
I still remember, as I grow older,
The black round table, with glass in the middle.
A grown up man, old and happy inside.
A very beautiful old lady, sitting by his side.

* Dedication *

With love to the one who taught me how to read, how to write, how to feel, how to love, and how to think. To the most wonderful woman I have ever my mother.

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Osama Aldeyasty

A Broken Heart

A broken heart has the deepest feeling.
A sad eye has the sweetest tears.
A lost ship has the fastest sailing.
A loser's life has the bravest fears.

A lost love could bring a new friend,
The darkest night has the brightest moon.
A bad start could lead a better end,
The saltiest water makes a pure lagoon.

Strange words I'm saying to you,
But trust your heart and start your way.
Say and do to make it true:
Life is beautiful, sad and gay.

So lag no leg young lonely lad,
Find a heart and start your way.
Lonely nights can drive you mad,
So love to live and then you may;

Sit down there next to them,
Having a family round your chair.
Feeling your heart safe and calm,
Feeling home deep down there.

Then you'll know my dear lonely sailor
Before you die, before your fall:
A broken heart has the deepest feeling,
A loving heart has the best of all.

(Dedication)

With love to every lonely broken heart:
Life begins when we begin and stops when we stop.

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A Letter For Her

She asked me to write her a letter, maybe by this she'll know me better. But the point is, that I always miss, her name, her face and every place we've been there together. It's strange, how we started this? How two free souls become tied together?

She asked me to write her a letter, maybe by this I'll remember her better. But the point is, that I'll never forget anything about her...never. She's always there with me... forever.

She asked me to write her a letter, maybe by this she'll feel closer, better. But what matters is that: I have a place in her heart, a place I'll never depart, a place as a start, but will get bigger and better.

She asked me to write her a letter; surely by this, I guess, she's not asking for just a letter. But what matters is, how she feels each time she reads my words and letters. It's the sweetness she feels inside, when she touches my heart and reads my mind. But to be true, I love you so, that you'll never know how much love I have for you.

Strange but true, that love changes you: your mind, heart and soul. Giving birth to a new creature not as before; someone writing letters because she asked so.

Osama Aldeyasty

Being Without You

Being without you, I now confess,
Lost in shadows out of heed.
Your lovely face, that I so miss,
Away from me? Your sight I need.

I thought my dear that I can live
Without someone to love and care,
But you have ordered my heart to give
All his beats to love and dare.

Forget not, because of a dark blind,
Love, hope, smiles and cheer.
Behold life; still life is kind.
Feel, love and live my dear.

Can you see my dear the bees?
With thorns made you feel the pain!
But the taste of sweet can please,
Still the donor is the same.

Smooth waves of the silver river
Do hold so close and kiss,
With shiny warm love lather,
The harsh edges of steady cliffs.

My heart, my pen and my face
With lines from seas in cord;
And words to praise your grace,
All men of letters cannot afford.

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Daydreams

Daydreams are wishes dreamt to please,
Your heart and mind, no one can cease.
A ray of sunshine into your day,
A gust of wind to sail away.
Open eyed or even blind, still you dream with heart and mind.
Wherever you want, whatever you do,
Your wish is true; it's here for you.
All the faces and places you wished: love, joy and glory exist.
I've closed my eyes and laid my head,
I've kept on walking; still I'm in my bed.
I've kissed the star and hugged the moon,
I've stepped on diamonds and gained a throne.
I've danced my love till the morning light,
And ordered the sun to shine love bright.
I'm the best in the world to dance or sing,
I've kissed my love and bought her a ring.
I've lain in a flower and talked to an angel,
I've reached the poles and explored the jungle.
I'm a knight in armor; I'm a royal prince.
I'm the head of a firm; I'm a man of wealth.
I'm the best of doctors. I've designed the tower.
I'm a famous artist. I'm a man of power.
I'm the reality; I'm the dream.
I'm my destiny when I write the scheme.

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Farewell

Her dress is beige, roses in hand,
Dimness in sight, haziness in my head.
What is the matter lovelorn strand?
I have no more hearts to shed.

How often I've told you, my poor little heart,
To leave the dreams of love for truth.
To shield yourself against Cupid's dart;
Once you're hit, no cure can soothe.

Here you come to me once again,
You come to me weary and weak,
Mourning loud her farewell's pain;
Asking me a cure to seek?

Alas my dear, too late for cure,
To break a heart is a legal crime.
Your fatal pain you should endure,
Until your sunset: the slumber of time.

Her tears define the aches of heart;
They wet her cheeks with rain of sorrow.
My love defines when we are apart,
I will not wait for tomorrow.

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Graves Of Grief

A fallen fool, alone and lost,
Lost in a web wrinkled in time.
Tears and grief were the host,
The place: 'Happiness is a Crime.'

A vast cemetery held the name:
Live corpses in broken shades,
Though so dull, it held a fame
Of walking shadows playing charades.

The fool was young but forlorn,
Used to believe in life's motion.
As he entered, they used a horn
To foretell their usual caution.

'You brave loser welcome home,
The horoscope foretold the story.
But if you enter a cloud of gloom,
Will surpass the hopes of glory.'

'We foredoomed to mourn like you,
But you must try to understand
The sacred task: to find a clue,
It will change our cursed end.'

He was told that he is a miracle,
Who will kill grief with glee.
He was thinking though so cynical,
How to be what he should be?

Between the tombs now he walks,
Seeks to find the sacred clue,
Finding lips with no more talks
Whereupon smiles used to grow.

On his way, a man he meets
But the man ignores his sight.
To the man the fool speaks,
With an idea began to light.

How about making a demand:
To ask the man his own opinion,
To help him leaving this land,
To make with life a reunion.

'Hey you fool, how are you?
Your cursed shocks can you recall?
Come on fool; I'm a fool, too.
Let's vent what makes us roar.'

'Back to life, do you yearn?
Shapes of life, can you define?
Back to life, will you return?
Or do you have another design? '

The man lent his eyes to the sky,
And so faint came his answer:
A speech of a man wants to cry,
Filled with seeds of anger.

'I can't count my life's shocks,
Only a mad will count the sand.
Destiny, as usual, always mocks
Every deed we do by hand.'

'The horned devil is the one I adore,
And Adam's race is a plague infection.
Woman on earth is nothing but a whore,
And angels in heaven imitating perfection.'

'Let the curses of heavens fall on earth,
Let the tide in seas never be calm,
Let grief in universe conquer mirth,
But I shall fight with Bacchus's arm.'

'Fie, I say farewell to my heart,
And live my life only in mime.
The entire world I shall depart,
To live forever in Happiness is a Crime.'

The man has surely lost his mind;

Glory and greatness are yours my Lord.
The man is wandering with a devil's blind,
I wish his words were kept untold.

Grant forgiveness for me and him,
And every wretched poor little heart.
Grant them subtle feelings within
Their souls, minds and dreams to start.

The young fool is alone again;
Power of grief he did not esteem.
The man's opinion was a refrain,
His own soul he cannot redeem.

This cursed land he cannot leave;
This cursed knot he cannot untie.
If he leaves, the power of grief
All his life will make him cry.

Find the clue before any movement;
Remorse so late cuts so sharp.
If you leave, your self improvement
In your life will be so hard.

He saw them tearing out their hearts,
And closing gaps of light so dim.
In darkness, they shoot many darts.
In darkness, they receive all in them.

They made for grief holy temples,
To last the pain of catastrophe.
They see evil in a baby's dimples,
And in life's love blasphemy.

They refuse the possible notion,
And see the desert so fertile.
They can only bear the illusion,
And see paradise so hostile.

He watched the fools, then smiled;
Suddenly the roses began to grow.
The lofty trees to heaven climbed,

The green spring began to flow.

The lovely birds sang once again,
The smell of love filled the air.
The life is not anymore mundane,
The place is now just and fair.

Now I know the magical therapy;
How to cure the hearts and eyes.
It is a smile; it is the remedy.
In my life will be no cries.

My tedious task I shall forsake,
Man should live his life on peaks.
They will know what they can make
When a loser for success seeks.

Towards the gate he started to walk,
Holding the happiness by its wing.
He will tell, but he will not talk,
He will write to make them sing.

On the gate, he began to write
Few little words about big notion.
Now he feels the light of delight,
As he sums up life in dilution:

'Our lives are shadows, mighty dreams.
We must enjoy it, how dull it seems'.

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I'LI Cry No More

Lonesome? Yes, I am. Lonely? Yes, It's me.
But I won't sit in the dark; I'll be what I want to be.
Tomorrow, I'll go out and look at the sun, smile and run.
Tonight, I won't cry in bed. No, I'll rise and stand in pride.
I'll go up to the attic to meet my ghost. No, I won't hide.
I'll listen to my music. I'll dance to bring me joy, not the pain.
I'll cook my dinner and taste my food, with hope again.
A hope I used to feel: to have a better tomorrow, to pass it with no sorrow.
And I'll wait, to dance finally on your grave,
You cursed misery, no one will save.
I'll pull no knife or trigger, I'll look in your eye, that's my dagger.
I'll stab you twice: once with patience, and once with hope.
And if I failed, I would smile at you, and you will drop.
I'll pray to my Lord: to nail your coffin in hell forever,
Then we all shall no more cry or shiver.
Finally, I'll be born again. I'll feel as before,
I'll live as before: before you walked in through my door.
I'll wait, till patience itself gets bored to death.
I'll fight, till war itself is out of breath.
Then, I'll be dancing on your grave. Then, I'll win.
I'll go home: to the land of happiness and content.
I'll open every window; unlock each door.
I'll sit there smiling, I'll cry no more.

(Dedication)

With love to every person hoping for a better tomorrow: riding patience and wrapped in hope ...Go on ...You're the one ...You will win.

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In Memoriam

Close your eyes, my beloved, my dear,
Gates of heaven with angels are near.
Your shining eyes with tears are bare,
And their lashes are moving by the air.
Between their edges the color of a grave,
Lying in whiteness, I wish I could save.
Now your lips cannot be heard,
Saying hello to the morning bird.
They aren't now hiding the row,
Whereof wisdom used to flow.
Around their sides a track appears,
Showing the nails of so many years.
Saying slowly it is time to go;
Taste of death man must know.

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Marble Heart

Her marble heart fails to sail,
Always stands on a lonely ground.
It cannot receive my eyes' mail;
All its beats have a muffled sound.

Standstill your feelings abide,
As if they were made of solitude.
Or do you have a secret to hide,
That keeps your beats so remote.

What makes you young yet so old?
What makes you seem like someone else?
What makes your streams seem so cold?
What makes your words seem so false?

Marble heart, I have felt your chill
Since the first day our tale to start.
But your ice still heats this hell:
Fire in my heart, ice in your part.

A piece of life I was given as a gift,
A gift from destiny! Is it good or bad?
It took my days to a lasting shift:
One day happy, one day sad.

Fate sometimes has strange ways:
One life living in two separate worlds.
You keep hushing our silent days,
And move your lips with empty words.

My warm touches you cannot feel.
My tender kisses you cannot taste.
My heart's wound you cannot heal.
My lips' smile is painted fake.

I keep smiling at your glassy eyes,
And hide inside my wistful tear.
I tomb in my chest his sullen sighs,
And forbid my sadness to appear.

How can I fulfill our solemn bond,
The bond you have asked me to make.
I have thought that you're a godsend,
But can a heart make a mountain shake?

Watch your deeds marble heart,
My love one day you will lose.
A day will come for you to start;
My heart by then forever will close.

The walls of pride began to rise.
The seeds of pain began to grow.
And one day for your own surprise,
My streams of love will cease the flow.

God bless my heart. God bless my soul.
God bless my life now and there.
I have lived in vice after all,
But from this torture I had my share.

Get back. Get back. Don't follow my track.
Sadness in my heart. A burden on my back.

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Midnight Fairy

Midnight was falling, in its dark cloak,
Lighting each star in the sky chandelier,
And their lights to my heart spoke:
The midnight fairy is to appear.

She stood right there, above them all,
Smiling gently as her lights blend.
She whispered softly: Hey, sweet soul,
Say your wish to be fulfilled.

I wish...I wish...Always in love,
Love and be loved, and never stop.
Always happy and free like a dove,
With a better tomorrow, full of hope.

A perfect health in a perfect figure,
And heaps of money to be there.
To own things can't count or measure,
And make my life a glorious career.

I'm just a fairy not a god,
Even angels can't have them all.
Mortal souls have to gain and shed,
No one is perfect; nothing is whole.

Choose now some few to keep,
And dream of the rest without a frown.
Life is a wheel on a hard steep,
Once you're up; next you're down

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My Dearest Friend

He turned his back and walked on me,
Nothing to say, he walked away.
My dearest friend was a brother to me,
We've grown together, day by day.
I still recall when we sat to talk; he was trying to explain.
But his mask had fallen; I'm in terrible pain.
He was trying another mask; he was doing the usual task:
To make me think that I'm wrong again.
I never thought that he could be like this:
To have all the darkness in his chest,
Black hearted, yet how clever he is,
To hide the evil in his eye;
My dearest friend has turned out to be a lie.
I cried like a sinner on his first day in hell,
I felt so weak like a snail torn out of his shell.
I need a friend to hold my hand, to talk to me, to understand.
I need a shoulder to lay my head, I need a heart, I need a friend.
I need a friend and I need to know,
Am I dreaming or this could be true?

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Places In Her Eyes

Places in her eyes where I can see,
All the colors of the seven seas.
Places in her eyes where I can see,
Visions, valleys, stars and dreams.

Her eyes took me here and there,
Over the peaks and down the stream.
The rhymes of nature now I can hear,
And see the stars of love with sheen.

Her eyes took me far and near,
To the calm of ice and rage of fire,
To all the feelings I used to fear:
Happiness, love, hope and desire.

I'm captured in her eyes, wherever I'll be,
Her looks around me kind and pure,
And though I'm sailing them so free,
Her tides of love still lead my oar.

With you darling, I'm a hero, I'm a legend.
Seeking your heart not a golden fleece.
With you darling, reaching your heaven,
That's the treasure I want to reach.

Places in her eyes where I can see,
All the colors of the seven seas.
Places in her eyes where I can see,
Visions, valleys, stars and dreams.

God bless her eyes and lashes, too
For making a dull heart fills with shimmer.
With them my dreams are coming true,
And soar up high like birds of feather.

How lucky the moon up there will be,
To catch your sight once in a night.
How lucky surely will be my key,
To touch your hand, walking by my side.

Feeling warm is in your arm,
The morning breeze is in your breath.
And they took me by a charm
When I was reaching for a kiss.

I leaned my head against her breast,
And closed my eyes to share her dreams.
I wrapped my arms around her waist,
Am I in heaven? So it seems.

Dedication

Such beauty without fame!
O beautiful eyes! What is your name?

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Planting Life In A Battlefield

The smoke came from the burning trees as we marched ahead.
Victorious we marched though tired and cold, the mud was all around.
Me and him with her were walking, but she knew what we intend.
Suddenly, he stopped. She knelt on her knees; eyes both were closed.
She lowered her head and raised her cheek as if waiting to be kissed.
She was in peace with no tears, how brave you are, I thought.
How many nights she filled with delights in her man's arms?
How many lives her womb gave to life and filled her house's rooms?
'But sir, can we spare her to keep our hands clean? She was typing,
She wasn't fighting, we took her from that office over there.'
'Shut up soldier, she's one of them. Can't you see her uniform? '
I recalled the story of my old man about Adam and his family:
It makes him, her and me brothers and a sister in a different country.
He placed his gun on her short tress; she didn't even utter a breath.
'But sir.....'
'Shut up soldier, I have my orders: take no prisoners.'
I said to myself, ' she shouldn't die; I must stop this crime.
I'll interfere with no fear, whatever comes is mine.
I'll plant life in this battlefield by sparing this innocent soul.'
But came the bang, the usual sound, still the ugliest of all.

I wrote this poem about war. It's not about who won or who lost. It's not about who is good or who is bad. It's about us. The three persons in the poem represent that sad scene that kept happening since the dawn of history. But it keeps happening only when we stop thinking, living and loving then we start war to do what we wish to do.

This poem is about life and death, love and hatred, mercy and anger, war and peace inside our hearts. It's a poem about us: about the human nature. It's about this crazy world we're living in where we become mad tools or in other words slaves serving the everlasting demons inside our hearts and minds: greed, hatred, races, nationalities, power, revenge, and getting rid of everything you don't like. Because we still serve those demons the only thing that we can understand is the idea of living happy first and alone. We can't learn to live happy and together. We keep shouting (me) not smiling and saying (us) .

We always answer the call of that angry demon (Anger) instead of thinking of that sweet creature standing right in front of you. Just try to take a deep look at him or her. See how sweet is the smile. See how pure is that look. See that

miracle in the structure. Listen to the words. Try to understand the point of view. Come closer, touch and feel that hand while you shake it. Keep looking into those eyes and trust me if you're human enough you'll know that he or she used to be your brother or sister but your family got bigger and that's why you forgot.

Osama Aldeyasty

She Left In Peace With Grace

She left in peace with grace,
Yearning for love; searching for his face.
She left in peace, with tears flowing from a lonely gaze,
And death was her secret wish; her sacred place.
It wasn't an illness that tore her piece by piece,
It was to know that finding her love is a hopeless case,
So she left in peace with grace.
Look at her, innocent like a child haunted by a woman,
Yet wise and kind; pure as the rain just dropped from heaven.
Being together, we were all there with her everyday.
Then we left, we had new lives to start away.
So do the same, start again, but she missed the train.
Her own train had no name and she ran in vain.
The train of life has no name, you just wait there,
Guessing, hoping and waiting for a flare:
To show you the way to a life time ride,
To be a star or a loser to hide. To be a dad; to be a bride.
Maybe you're in, safe and calm, or a simple mistake:
Under the wheels to smash your soul and more heartache.
She ran and ran to catch her van but stepped on a wrong place,
That's when she came to an end and left in peace with grace.

(Dedication)

In the memory of our beloved friend. We miss you so much. We still love you the same. We still have your place in each reunion. We don't talk about it, but we know it's yours. We hope that you're in a better place now. In our hearts your memory still lingers on.

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The Very Next Morning

The very next morning, after your good bye,
I'm lying in bed; staring at the ceiling.
O God! Let it be a dream, let it be a lie.
Bitterness in throat, what an awful feeling!

Out in balcony, sitting there in a lonely chair.
It's my first morning without you, I hopelessly know,
I know I'll never see you here or there.
It's out of hand for me and you.

Still sitting there in a lonely chair,
Frozen hearted, God it's true!
The sea sunrays burning my hair,
Spending hours thinking of you.

Still sitting there in a lonely chair,
Cold and pale; a tree in the fall.
Day is a daydream, night is a nightmare:
Daydreams of you become so true after all.

Days and nights are passing by;
Still see your face behind each door.
I'll try to live, I'll give it a try,
But my garden's trees are green no more.

Without you near it's a daily wish,
With all your smiles haunting my heart,
To keep my soul with life in touch:
You take my life when you depart.

Every day, in tears and pain,
I kiss wherever you placed your fingertips.
Your hand in mine shall we again?
And take me high to taste your lips.

The tender breeze from your place,
Brings me the roses of your hair.
It takes my heart high with grace;
It takes my heart to see you there.

I keep walking by the seaside,
To find the traces of your feet.
Sand blind, but my heart will guide
To find the spot where we stopped to meet.

Every woman talking is your voice.
Every woman I meet it's you there.
I'll be insane, I have no choice,
Unless you back and feel you near.

I'll wait for you, whatever it takes,
To come one day and touch me true.
My lips' smiles are all mistakes:
Until you back grief is my virtue.

To the heart so warm and sweet,
To the eyes so charming brown,
I dream that again we'll meet,
To place on them a crown.

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The Way She Makes Me Feel

The way she makes me feel,
To feel again the beats; to feel the love so real.

The way she looks at me,
Like a child looking at her Christmas tree.

The way she gives to me;
Hope, love and feelings to be.

The way she touches my hand,
As if I was her dream from wonderland.

The way she kisses my lips,
And runs through my hair her fingertips.

The way she watches me shave,
As if I worked on a masterpiece or a fashion wave.

The way she feels with me; the way I feel with her:
It makes both of us flying high up there.

And when she wraps her arms and whispers,
She wraps a lifetime love around my shoulders.

And when I kiss her hand, she helps me to understand:
That you're never the same when you fall in love again.

Dedication

To a woman I pray to hold each day.

To a heart with bliss, I dedicate with a kiss.

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To My Love

For you only, I'm writing these lines.
For you only, I in love now dive.
With you only, words fall in rhymes.
With you only, hearts feel alive.

Only one smile made me feel the rhythm and rhyme.
Only one touch filled me with music and sound.
Your heavenly eyes charmed me with magical black wine.
Your rosy lips made me feel the taste of love more profound.

A look at you made me a victim of yours:
An eternal lover of a nightly lightsome hair.
Knocking with tears at your heart's doors,
Only of me now please take care.

If sweet love words were in the price of blood,
And heavenly love birds flying in cold dark cloud,
The magic of your charm would make me feel no pain,
The warmth of your arm would bestow the sun again.

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When

When you give it all, and want nothing back.

When you light them warmth, and burn your hands black.

When you spread to hold, and they spread to smack.

When you hug so tight, and they stab in the back.

When you stand behind, and then they leave you alone.

When you give a smile, and then they give you a moan.

When you see all this in friends, and it repeats again and again,

Then you'll know what real life is, and how it's mean and mundane.

Osama Aldeyasty

Why You Do?

Me and you, hand in hand,
Walking together in the morning dew.
Two love birds in a peaceful land,
I whispered softly: 'I love you.'

She held my hand close and tight,
Looking at me with a tender look.
Her charming eyes: a pleasing sight;
A sweet love scene in a fairy book.

Her hair is floating then down with grace,
It's kissing my face with a tender touch.
Then something beautiful filled the place:
Flowers of life in her hair are much.

She asked gently: 'why you do'?
A smile of love was on her face.
If she smiled only once at you,
She'd take your heart to a secret place.

'Why I love you? I don't know!
Many facts in life we can't explain,
The beauty that your merits show.
About our love do you complain? '

'Why the birds yearn to fly?
Why the singers like to croon?
Why the trees climb so high?
Why the lovers love the moon? '

'Why the waves meet the strand?
Why the wind always blows?
Why the sun shines on land?
Why a diamond always glows? '

She smiled and said: 'it's only words,
You sweet men always say,
To make us feel like heavenly birds,
Later on our hearts pay.'

'No, sweetheart, my love is true.
Ask the stars and ask the moon.
Trust my words and if you do,
Deep in heart you'll be sure soon.'

'Words last more than voices;
When you say the truth, not to lie.
Words choose and make the choices:
To love, to live or even die.'

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Yes, She Kissed

And yes, my lips she kissed,
And I guess I haven't noticed,
Coz I was somewhere, not here on this planet.

And yes, I've tasted her wine, so divine, just for me,
Coming through silky dew; ripe lips as red cherry,
Dazzled by the light of shining pearls from every sea.

And yes, my lips she kissed,
And I guess I haven't noticed,
Coz it wasn't like any other kiss.

It's not just a kiss, that leaves your heart blessed,
That keeps you thinking of a woman who gave you a kiss;
How could she, bring in me the light after a long eclipse?

Osama Aldeyasty

You Are The Best

You are the best dream I have ever dreamed.
The best destiny I have ever claimed.
The best name I have ever whispered.
The best heart I have ever captured.
The best feeling I have ever shared.
The best melody I have ever heard.
The best verse I have ever composed.
The best vow I have ever deposed.
The best fantasy I have ever chased.
The best truth I have ever traced.
The best word I have ever talked.
The best road I have ever walked.
The best throne I have ever mounted.
The best days I have ever counted.
The best season I have ever spent.
The best reason I have ever meant.
The best pearl I have ever treasured.
The best rose I have ever gathered.
You are my love. You are my life.
You gave me a heart to bring a poem alive.

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