

Poetry Series

**Rania Hammoud**  
**- poems -**

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## Rania Hammoud(18/3/1989)

I'm Lebanese living in Lebanon.I have been writing Arabic poems for a long time, but not so long have started with English ones.Im majoring at English Literature, and I work as an English Language instructor.I'm very interested in whatever drags us from the reality to anywhere else..I love poetry, for in poetry, I can hear the silence of your spirits so loud and you can get mine..

# A Coffin To The Lady And A Breath To The Lover

You had never meant a thing to the stricken heart  
And all the years past she has been pretending

It's not 'cause she liked to be a hypocrite  
Never did she want to be cunning

It's not a matter of greediness, selfishness, not a love art  
Not a propensity to be a queen who in hearts chooses dwelling

Bad news! With no return, your heart she'll depart  
Don't show her your dreaming eyes now stunning

Woe! A thunderbolt her confessions to a lonely solace  
He thought to be in the lady's presence lasting

Hard luck! For the lady had turned to her cottage, left a splendid palace  
He died to drag an interpretation of her but salient was her tarrying

No teardrops he saw! No blooddrops! No voice came out! Alas!  
Nothing but a statue she was, he hit, slapped and heard no speaking

He cried her not to forsake his heart in her he put his affiance!  
Deafness in ears is what only replied! He mourned, screamed and got nothing

Left in torture! With no answer and no justification he carries  
She had gone and not justified the crime plus an introduction not convincing

Shall he pray to her to dwell in peace?  
Shall he forgive her for the dramatic ending?

Shall he crush her beneath his feet? or pray God to ease  
her sufferings? Would this heal something? would this bring to the broken heart  
blessings?

Shall he burn the Body and gobble the ashes? shall he her veins squeeze?  
Or say forgiven by me though her pretentiousness all the time to be loving?

For the shock! He had done nothing, then came the breeze  
Proffering the lady a coffin and a breath to the lover to help departing

Rania Hammoud

# A Humble Gift On Your Day

&lt;/&gt;Mommy

When I think of what such a word holds  
I can't help stop my tears fall down  
For I have never fulfilled the right of such a word  
In spite of all what I have done

Light of my spirit you are and today  
I'm coming holding for the princess a crown  
Such a humble gift o her day  
Just a smile on the burning face of the sun

That burned and burned to proffer warmth  
And burned to let others go on  
Just your approval is what I look for  
And just getting it enhances my sick legs run

To heaven which lies beneath your feet  
With the power of your words and confidence  
With the faith you made me breathe  
And with what in me you put of affiance

Today, i'm lighting the candles of my passion  
And I want them to burn the mistakes  
I've committed at your expense from my birth till death  
Requiring your tolerance

Yes, I see the tides of your forgiveness  
In the glimmer of your cuddling  
So, my congratulations for the best mom ever  
And a clap for the birds to dance

On the melodies of your givings

Into a wondrously passionate breeze at this day  
At the lyrics of the blessed deeds  
At the lyrics of the hardship you turned ease

Now, i'll turn the candles off, so glad to do so  
nd on my pillow tonight gold and diamonds lay  
It's just your smile brought them there,  
And held my hands to cross seas

Where not a chance crossing them was  
I'm sincerely grateful, my thanks are far beyond to say  
To whom had never forsaken me  
And of heaven around me always plant trees

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# If You Had Known It

&lt;/&gt;If you had known it  
When you in joy hit towards me your swords  
Killed my heart with your poisonous words  
My soul wept, and you were in another world  
Next to me to be you avoided

If you had known it  
When you were supposed to save me from pain  
And the usage of my weapons i couldn't yet learn  
You were supposed to be my defender  
But you didn't do it

If you had known it  
How harsh the memories stroke my nerves  
How crazy i turned and drowned in curves  
Of conflicts whenever i turned my face back  
But you ignored it

If you had known it  
Were you to save me from the poison i drank?  
Were you to say what from this i get a rank?  
Were you to hold my arms and hit me in the back?  
Would you do it?

It's a wish that sparkles out of a burning torture  
And to know what u would have done is a great desire  
If you had felt the pain the cut me into pieces  
If you felt the air that suffocated my breathes  
If you had known it

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# I'Ve Lost Sensation

&lt;/&gt;Things are neither delicious to eat  
Nor disgusting to vomit  
Everything is tasteless

Whenever I turn around to check the things around  
I can hardly see anything  
All things had turned colorless

A funeral of all my children, Joy, Pain, Hope, and Torment  
Is there at the moment  
Oh, I'm childless!

All the castles I've built for everything in me  
Are now on ground..Damn!  
I turned them homeless

Paralysed I am  
No sensation of grief I feel  
Nor happiness

Laughing at a time  
Crying then once  
As if i'm mindless

Look at the sky which waited my complaints to offer a cuddling  
As if i heard that tonight a moon would bethere  
But i can see nothing.It's moonless!

Oh my heart!  
Where are the burdens that caused you pain? !  
Even pain had turned painless!

I don't know if life is changing till this extent  
Or upon my vision to life a curse is.  
Would it be that everything is alright and upon it is a bless?

So confused to predict and so hard to focus is..  
Once up once down..So scattered myself is..  
I can't even tell if i'm conscious or i have lost my consciousness



I guess i'd rather stop thinking  
Take a turning  
And go somewhere else.

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# Leila's Damnation

It was a pretty goodnight till a thunderbolt hit the sky above the spot where Leila was wandering. It happened, and Leila stumbled down on her knees frozen for good ever could never get up on her feet once many, she was not more than a cursed statue which they blasphemed, and for a poor one whom she intoxicated with her sly, tasty affections a night before her damnation, she was a luminous, holy, blessed shrine that he longed to gaze at a long time before, but not in that, the blame was shifted to him, for he was still unawaken of the gigantic dreams she promised to make moment her news were announced, the women in Leila's country became of them could stand still in her almost lost their sanity at such a were in a daze, confused, shaking, and hitting their heads against the tough ground in panic, frightened that their destiny would be shaped the same way as Leila' for the men in Leila's country, it was such a gorgeous moment, and it would had been an unrepeatable oppurtunity to exterminate all the brutal, immoral, unfaithful dyes presenting beauty and concealing misery. A group of freshly wounded men headed to Leila's spot whispering some cruel and fair expressions at her right.

"I'm gonna quench my blood's thirst tonight. "

"I'm gonna get back my soul out of her clay."

"I'm gonna sweep the thorns she compensated my faith back and pin them to her hypocritic heart."

At that time, the women in Leila's country were busy biting their hands and clearing their sins away with boiling that time, fidelity became the emblem they would never let down.

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