

Poetry Series

Rita El Khoury
- poems -

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Rita El Khoury(02/10/1985)

Hello, I'm Rita El Khoury, Lebanese now living in France. I went to Melkart school, USJ University where I got a degree in Pharmacy. I am currently pursuing a Masters in Pathological Macromolecules at Paris Diderot university in Paris.

I started writing french poetry when I was 11, wrote till I was 15 then took my 50 poems and threw them in the garbage. That was the only way I could get over that period. I kept writing in French and eventually started writing in English when I was 18. I also wrote some 4 or 5 arabic poems, literary and spoken, but I guess it isn't my strong language when it comes to poetry.

I'll list my favorite poems here, ie the ones I advise you to read:

(If you only have to read one poem, I advise

- Shakespeare's lost letter OR Mystical Fight 3, in english
- A Toi OR La survie in french)

- SI...
- L'ADIEU
- LA SURVIE
- A TOI
- HISTOIRE D'UN OISEAU
- J'ACCUSE LES LIBANAIS
- TU SAIS A QUOI TU RESSEMBLES
- LEGENDE DES CIMES
- LA MALMENE
- AU SEUIL DE LA DEMENCE

- MYSTICAL FIGHT - The trilogy
- FORBIDDEN LOVE
- SHAKESPEARE'S LOST LETTER
- ARE WE STRANGERS NOW
- THAT'S HOW DIES A HEART THAT ACHES
- HOPE'S FUNERAL

And mostly I treasure the poems written to those who have touched my life:

- A DREAM TO REVIVE, A PAIN TO KILL (to Joyce)
- MY SISTER, MY FRIEND (To May)
- A L'INNOCENCE (A Amani, Maria & Patricia)
- REMERCIEMENTS AU COLLEGE (A mon collègue)

I've also added a category of funny poems I've written, at least ones that I consider funny. They're under the name 'Funny -...'. I've also added some of my best productions during the 'A Poem A Day' project.

A Dream To Revive, A Pain To Kill

No more words to speak
No more eyes to seek...
I am once again on my own
Facing this desert of stone
There's only me and my shadow
Lying, deserted, on this pillow.
No more tears to drop
No more fears to stop...
How can I ever smile again?
I am failing to cry, again
And I am a prey of this grief
It's that dream, but it was brief.

I woke up just to realize
The friend I used to idolize
Was just present in my dream
Realities are not what they seem.
I saw her, during my sleep
With her blue eyes, so deep
It was like living a fairytale:
A happiness that couldn't fail.
This would never happen for real,
She's away and the pain won't heal.

Three empty years have now gone by
Since she definitely took her wings to fly.
To Dubai, they told me, she went
Oh, please, can I have a heart for rent?
Because this one suffered enough
It can no longer take an ache so rough.
For three years, the pain stayed the same
While waiting for some news that never came.

All that is left is her photo standing on the sand,
A paper with two words written by her hand
And the vision of her smile, in a dream
That comes back, once in a while, to make me deem.
I have just woke up from one of these
That friendship was a cure, it became a disease.

I can still remember the look in her eyes
On the last hours, the day of the demise,
I guess she already knew it was the end
Of a non-beginned story left to mend,
But still, she was sad, like me
And like a true friend would be.

Don't try to ask me who she were
I truly ignore everything about her,
I'd like to think she's the person I never knew,
The one who always had something new,
She could have become a friend for eternity
Or a simple passenger in my life, like an infinity.
She could have been all or nothing at all
To my abandoned heart ready to fall.
I never got the chance to live and see
We're now separated by lands and sea.

That dream gave life once more
To the sorrow sleeping in my core.
I repeated to myself the memories left,
Some visions taken, like in a theft:
She was with this woman I used to despise
Which made the hate inside me rise
She also had a boy: did she get married?
This question, on my lips, will be buried.
The boy's shirt was colored in amber,
These were the only things I could remember.

Then I asked myself Why
Why couldn't I ever cry?
Wasn't the separation time so long?
Or wasn't the pain really strong?
And why, why did my feeling's echo stay inside?
Was I shy? Was that my weakness or my pride?
Why didn't I tell her she was the friend,
The dearest friend that God offered to send?
Why didn't I say she was the light
Shone in days that weren't so bright?
Why did I seal my lips to my sentiments?
Now, I have to regret all those moments...

Maybe, we never had the courage to use the words
To talk about some feelings, bigger than the worlds,
Maybe we left it all, imprisoned in a hole
Without revealing the truth of our soul,
Maybe we didn't do whatever it takes
Or we fell into some unexpected mistakes,
Maybe it was 'me', maybe it was 'she'
Maybe it was 'none', maybe it was 'we',
And maybe her care was just an illusion
That I invented to accept the deception.

'Maybe's are so many and 'for sure's are a few
But the 'I should have's are standing in queue.

I thought praying would ease the pain
I pray, every night, but I never gain.
I thought I must see her, one day
But the 'I must' is turning to an 'I may'.
I thought the suffering will be erased
With the passing minutes, hours and days
I admit it, this time, I was wrong
To her memory, forever, I belong.

To Joyce, Glow of the Dark
In my heart, lies your mark!

Rita El Khoury

A Poem A Day - Funny Botany Course

Finally we've been taught something amusing
During the course of botanics (usually boring)
The teacher said that plants could move
'Tis caused by chemicals, not by a groove.
Apparently as the sunflower turns to the sun,
Some plants can not only turn, but run.
So don't find it weird next time
When you see an orange dancin' with a lime!

Rita El Khoury

A Poem A Day - Long Way

Stuck in the middle of nowhere
Cold as ice, insensible as stone
No voice to shout, no voice to swear
Stuck with your ugly self, stuck alone

Roaming in the desert of your thought
With bitter delusions you've fought
Unable to see where you started from
Where and when the end might come

Try to get out, to escape
From what you see on the mirror
Your own image, your own shape,
From that terrible horror

Try to demolish what's left
Of the lone soul that's yours
Try to move ahead and shift
Maybe you could see new doors

Open up in front of your eyes
With a new start and a new way,

Yeah, go fill yourself with lies
And all those dreams you say!

You know you'll always be stuck
With nobody, just your own self
Since the start, it's your luck
Don't try to change the books on the shelf

But what if you took the billion pieces to glue
This shattered and broken image of you?

What if one more step was made
Would it fix the damage done
And make a human out of your shade?
Would it let you see the sun?

Or would it feel like a murder?
And make the torture go harder?

All you ever wanted is some company
No one could see the desperate S.O.S you send
Now is the time to stop the agony
And everything you did has come to an end

It's just one little pill
With the immense power to kill
You could lay down and wait
To be picked up by your fate

Then you start travelling at the speed of light
Thinking you could make it tonight
But you know you're just bluffin'
Because it's a long, long way to your coffin.

Rita El Khoury

A Poem A Day - My Gym Coach

My gym coach is a shorty,
A typical lebanese weightlifter and boxer,
Aged somewhere around forty,
Who still ignores the second meaning of 'boxer'.
He exersizes from sunrise till dawn
Neve getting tired, never giving up,
Nostalgic about a glory that's gone
Glory of a boxer who never won a cup.

He had no family, no parents, no wife,
Nothing but his red gloves an beloved rim
So he thought he'd no longer waste his life
And decided to open this small gym.
Now, he's admired by the young boys
Who come ever day to see him train
With his 100Kg weights, his 'small toys'
As he says to whoever thinks he's insane.

Sometimes, while running, I hear a 'boum'
I know it's him, opening gently the door,
He walks like a king in the jogging room
With his feet barely touching the floor.
Then he blows his muscles in my face
Telling me this is how I should look like,
And if I dare to say 'it's a high pace'
He stands offensively, ready to strike.

But still, I think he is hilarious
With his mannors and XXL muscle size
And I love to make him furious
By telling him: 'You should still exercize! '

Rita El Khoury

A Poem A Day - Rap Duel In A Movie Theater

She stopped silently behind his chair
And whispered 'let's play truth and dare'
Shocked as he was, he didn't know what to say
After she interrupted his movie, in a strange way.
So without his agreement, she started the game
And asked him first about his name.

'Easy woman, he replied, what's the hustle?
You didn't even take time to spin the bottle!
My name is Mike, I drive a grey bike
And if you're up for a hike, I'm here to strike! '

'Ha-ha, funny guy, I see,
But not as much as me.
Bloke, ever since the movie started
You've been stealing my jokes, retarded! '

'Stealing your jokes, me? No way!
I'm just making sure they don't go astray'

'How? By saying them, loud and clear
So that everyone in the theatre could hear?
And so that you take all the glory
Out of my gags and funny stories? '

'Girl, you say your jokes with a small voice,
It's your choice,
But then, it's my own choice
To repeat them on a loud voice.
Plus, it's not like you own their copyright
Right?
So let's just get over it and not fight,
Everything's not totally black or white,
We could co-exist happily tonight
And maybe make a deal, who knows? We might!
Let's see: you make the cake and I grab a bite,
You work in the dark, and I stand in the light'

'Get out of my sight, dude'

'Oh, girl, don't be rude.
I see you are shy, but i am not
So I'll take the glances for you, why not?
You just keep this sense of humor you got
And I'll take it to the public's lot'

'I don't say all those funny things
So you end up flying with my wings! '

'It's so bad, you're a stubborn girl
And i'm getting mad, so I suggest you swirl
Then get back to your chair
And I'll forgive you this intrusion, I swear'

'Bragging braggart with no sense of art,
If I stop my jokes, you'll fall apart
But you know what? I got a heart,
So I'll admit it, you won this part
But your popularity is a heavy cart
Oh poor you, let me relieve you and hit the top chart.
B-bye, I leave you with this fart'

'Hey, wait, isn't there a way to compromise? '

'Mmmm. No, I don't trust boys with blue eyes
I asked you to stop but you weren't wise
Now, I'll say my jokes loud and clear
And make sure everyone will hear,
You'll be stepped on like a pair of used socks
And crushed so small you'd fit a matchbox!
Now sit down and enjoy the show
As you see your fame die, nice and slow.
And people will say: 'Poor ol'Mike,
He had it all, but he lost the mic
To a little girl who was sharp as a pike
And who ate him like a candy of Mike'n'Ike'

Rita El Khoury

A Poem A Day - Shoe Lace And Thyme Bag

He's bending down to tie his shoe lace
Two cars pass as fast as if they have a race
Making the mud fly towards his new jeans,
He starts to rise up but then he leans
Back and hardly swallows his curse
As if he's saving it to a situation much worse.

He tries to tie the lace for the second time
But it gets loose and lands in the bag of thyme
Of the fat old woman standing next to his feet
Waiting for a taxi to pass by the street
But he's too shy to ask for his lace back
So he leaves it with the thyme in the stack.

And not even one damn taxi would arrive,
Would it hurt him if he had learned how to drive?
Sadly, he keeps leaning, looking at the floor
Seeking for a magical stone to take him off shore,
It's noon and the sun hurts his buttocks
A dropp of sweat lands on his Armani socks.

Now he's filled with mud from belt to toe
Thinking how the hell he dropped this low,
He's an unemployed twenty five years old
With a defeated soul auctionned to be sold,
Undone hair, sweating forehead and one untied shoe
Standing like a fool who doesn't know what to do.

He's been waiting for an hour but he doesn't worry
It's not as if he is in some kind of hurry,
He just wants to get home before the night
And cry himself to sleep as he thinks he might.
The lady left with the thyme bag and his lace
But he won't make, from this accidental theft, a case.

He keeps leaning towards the floor with such grace
So no one on the street could see his angel face.

A Poem A Day - Shopping With A Friend

Shopping with a friend is cool
There's nothing forbidden, no rule
And no parents to say what's suitable
Or to tell you what's unaffordable,
Actually you don't need to be rich
To try on whatever your eyes wish.

Shopping with a friend is so nice
You might forget budget and price
And buy things you don't need
Just by habit, not by greed
Like get ten or eleven similar tops
From two or three different shops.

Shopping with a friend is funny
Even if you don't have money
You can try a formal blue shirt
With a long gypsy orange skirt
Pretend to buy them but act lost
Then don't, because they're low-cost.

Shopping with a friend is naughty
You can act humble or haughty
Change personalities between stores:
Be a girl who laughs and snores
Or an english tourist, elegant and neat
Who went walking on the street.

But shopping is more pleasant with a friend
Who has a thousand dollars to lend.

Rita El Khoury

A Poem A Day - Studying Pharmacy

Studyin' pharmacy ain't easy, I've been told
By many people, some young and some old...
Well, let me tell you, I'm not a 'nerd'
So take off your lips this ugly word.

Pharmacy ain't as hard as you suppose
You just need a very curious nose,
A pair of working eyes, but one is enough
Two ears, coz with one you may find it tough,
A sportive tongue ready to pronounce
All the weird names, titles and nouns,
A bit of free space in your brains
And, for the hard days, some chains;
An ability to memorize a lot and a lot
Whether you actually understand or not,
The skill to never object or complain
When a teacher chooses not to explain,
A mouth that shuts up when you're told to,
One working hand, better if you got two,
The faculty of studying 20 pages per hour
The power to feel clean without a shower
And to stay awake without having slept too
(Because you might not find time to) .

That's the indispensable equipment
You might throw in, if you want,
Some scientific knowledge and some intelligence.
Add to these optional a lot of patience
To manage busy secretaries, absent educators,
Curious patients and arrogant know-it-all doctors.

That's about it, but you could use
A pair of nice pants and trendy shoes.

Rita El Khoury

A Poem A Day - Sweet Sunday

It's so quiet here, I can almost hear
Mother earth breathe right into my ear
Sending a gentle breeze, a whisper of grace
And a secret calling of love and faith.
A few voices raise from time to time
Violating the absolute calm, dishonoring crime

My father telling the gardener by numbers
Where to plant the remaining three cucumbers,
Our neighbor calling her five-year old child
Who went with his friends to play in the wild,
My mother wondering, with a loud voice
What she'll cook for lunch, very hard choice,
And a car engine struggling to come up
The hill to our house, it decides to stop.

But the nature knows exactly how to resist,
It's almost like these sounds don't exist,
They get dissolved into the sighing gust
Like thin powder mixes with the dust.

I've been sitting here for over two hours
Watching the same bunch of six red flowers,
I have tried to move a bee away from my ear
But it came back, buzzing with no fear,
I guess this is a way to show her elation
At the sight of this incredible creation,
It's her way of saying 'I love you spring,
I love all the joy and hope that you bring'.

Now, I decide to take a look around the garden
Unlikely, the cherry tree carries a heavy burden
This year, a lot of red is mixed with the green
Making a blend, like nothing I've ever seen.
I can nearly hear those cherries calling me
To savor their taste, mouth watering and creamy,
I can nearly feel their velvet dress in my hand,
Trace of heaven, delusion of a different land.

My father once said 'You should fortify the roots,
This is how you manage to get lots of fruits'
He also told me it was extremely tough
But I notice his strategy worked well enough,
I can see mini-apples, mini-pears, a mini-peach
And a lot of mini-currants still out of reach,
I can also see blooming flowers of every shade,
A once in a lifetime sight I wouldn't trade.

I return to my little white plastic chair
Convinced that there's is so much love in the air,
I can't help but notice the peace is back
And everything has been put right onto its track

My father is hosing the watermelon, hoping it'll grow,
The gardener left but promised to come back tomorrow,
The neighbor's son apparently is still out
But his tired mother decided not to shout,
While my mother finally settled on a barbecue
But whether it's chicken or meat, I have no clue.

I sit down and choose to enjoy the serenity
Of this moment of glory, trapped in the eternity.

It's so beautiful here, I can almost see
The gentle wind roaming to hug the tree.

Rita El Khoury

Au Seuil De La Démence

Comment supporter le cruel silence
Qui brûle et consume le reste d'espoir
Qui dévore la dernière miette de patience
Et laisse le coeur prêt à choir

Comment défier le temps qui vole hâté
Qui grille les secondes l'une après l'autre
Rapprochant l'instant de la vérité
Ce souhait sera-t-il raté ou sera-t-il nôtre?

Comment préparer le moment qui s'approche
Et négliger une douleur encore plus intense
Faut-il que j'oublie tout et que je m'accroche
A des débris moisissés de chance?

Comment oublier l'euphorie du passé
S'habituer à vivre sans ce rêve
Et bannir cette idée, à jamais l'effacer
La chasser à coups d'épée et de glaive

Tu vois, j'ai déjà perdu confiance
Et j'assume la défaite avant le combat
Mais tu m'as fait danser avec le diable mille danses
Alors tu comprends pourquoi je suis tombée si bas.

Parle-moi, ne mériterai-je pas un mot
Pour l'amour de Dieu, aies pitié
Une phrase attiserai tous mes maux
Pourquoi t'obstines-tu à me châtier?

Ou alors dis-moi comment accélérer la pédale
Comment te retirer cette réponse
Dois-je attendre et étouffer mes râles
Ou bien faut-il que j'oublie ma fierté et fonce?

À l'aube de ma vie, tu m'as infiltré la passion
Tu m'as donné un espoir et un but
Pourquoi dois-je combattre pour en garder possession?
Et pire, c'est contre toi-même que je lutte!

Oublie qui je suis et d'où je viens
Rappelle-toi juste ce moment de confiance
Ce projet qui était tien, fais-le mien
Et je ne te laisserai jamais tomber, aie confiance.

Il faudra que tu croies en moi, en toi, en nous
Mais cette conviction semble jour après jour t'échapper
Accroches-y-toi fermement, je t'en supplie à genoux
Et si elle te glisse des doigts, cours la rattraper.

C'est tout ce qui me reste à dire, je ne peux plus rien faire,
Etouffée par ma prudence, ma sagesse et par la distance
Je prie que tu ne choisisses pas de te taire
Car je suis à bout de ruses, de nerfs, de patience.

Je suis à bout.

Défaillance et déraison, je ne sais plus rien
Entre la seconde qui commence et celle qui s'achève
Il y a mille moments d'une démente qui s'entretient
À force de radotages et de rabâchages, sans trêve.

S'il te plaît, fais-moi connaître mon sort
As-tu peur de me donner le baiser de la mort?
Allez, courage, je t'en supplie, baise
Mieux vaut mourir que de garder d'inutiles braises!

15/09/06

Rita El Khoury

Forbidden Love

Outside, the sun is rising up once more
But she can't find anything to wake up for,
Desperately lying on her little bed
Remembering every tear she has shed,
Trying to console her shattered heart
And reconcile her eyelids, driven apart,
Since last night, she's like a poor bum
Falling apart and no sleep would come.

Missing the rain and missing the snow,
Missing the smile she was pride to show,
The sweet rumbling sound of thunder,
And the happiness she used to hide under,
Missing the unique smell of humidity,
And her very rare moments of stupidity,
Missing the night and hating the light
Missing him although it wasn't so right.

Her one and only joy, her only ray
Is slowly drifting apart, day after day
She could attempt to smile or pray
But to get her life back, she has no way.
Couldn't keep her sorrow at bay
Forth memories of what he used to say
Hunt and ruin her like a lethal decay:
Price of love that she can't afford to pay.

Fell in love at first sight like in a movie
Thought it would be somehow groovy,
Believed the pain hadn't to be found
Until her feet got back on the ground.
Then she felt the ache pushing her inside
To uncover the truth she ought to hide,
Her feeling was about to hurt and sear,
Then destroy her existence and career.

She saw his visage, asleep and awake
She saw him everywhere, real and fake,
She wrote his name with her vein's blood

She adored him and swore to forget her god
Until the sun, of shining, gets tired.
He was everything she had ever desired
But the one thing she could never get
In her destiny, this truth was already set.

She had dropped tears as much as rain,
She had felt this passion like a hurricane
Tried to stop what was meant to maintain:
A huge love turning into devastating pain.
Seeking every memory, she became insane
His virile perfume attaching like a chain,
His eyes and huge smile loading her brain,
She tried to relive what is gone, in vain.

She never should have looked at him
His face was nothing but a cold rim,
Prohibited was he to her deficient soul
Although he was the one to make her whole.
She never should have worshiped him
He was far outside her possession's rim
But on her heart, only he had knocked
After him, this gate shall remain locked.

Those tears were the last ones she'll drop
Even if she knows the hurt will never stop,
Holding on the last memories to her own
She sees the night replaced by the dawn,
Maybe, also for her, it was a new start
Even if these feelings were hard to cart.
In the ocean of fire, she dared and dove
Now she can't get rid of this forbidden love.

She finally urged the desire to leave
Then tried to make herself believe
Love was something she won't find
Because it is simply a state of mind.

Rita El Khoury

Funny - Fat Cat

Once, there was a white cat
Who was really, really fat
So fat
She looked like a bat
Who has eaten a huge rat.

The cat was walking in the street
Following a beat, with her feet
Tic, tac, tic, tac
Tictactictactictac
Looking for anything to eat
Milk, fish, tuna, meat...

But what a pity
The street was empty
So empty
Not even a birdie
To make her get nasty.

The cat kept walking in the street
Following a beat, with her feet
Tic, tac, tic, tac
Tic, tac, tic, tac
Looking for somewhere to sleep
Bed'n'sheets? Get real! Just a seat...

But she didn't find any, what a shame
Because she was really lame
So lame
She had forgotten her own name
And from where she originally came.

So she kept walking in the street
Feeling the heat, and pain in her feet
Tic, tac, tic, tac
Tic, tac
Looking for someone to blame
Same situation, same game...

Then, the white cat
Saw a tiny red hat
One hat
She ran, jumped and sat
In it, what a lucky cat!

But since she was really fat
She got stuck in the hat
So stuck
She looked like a rat
In a cheese trap.

A dog came walking in the street
Following a beat, with his feet
Tic, tac, tictac
Tic, tac, tictac
He saw something red
So he stopped near the cat's head:

'Haha! Cat, you pay the fees
For acting so bad with your peers! '
'Help, please'
'Call me bad boy, I love to tease
I'm getting outta here, say cheers! '

Then a bird came flying in the street
With his wings, following a beat
Tictactictactictac
Tictactictactictac
He saw something red
So he stopped above the cat's head:

'Oh, poor white cat
Are you trapped in this hat? '
'Damn I am! '
'Let me help you, sad little cat
Here, you're out, care for a chat? '

Rumors I heard

Say the cat ate the bird.

Rita El Khoury

Heureuse

De petits frissons secouaient sa peau,
Sa chair tressaillait à tout instant,
Ses cheveux, ayant quitté le chapeau,
Bondissaient à chaque soufflé de vent.
Un joyeux sourire, charmant et discret
Se dessinait sur ses minces lèvres,
Une ombre de joie se faufilait en secret
Derrière son regard brûlant de fièvre.
Ses jambes l'emportaient, enjouées,
Avec un élan de gaieté illimitée,
L'air la frappait comme un fouet
Et l'arrachait d'un coup à la réalité.
Son cœur battait très rapidement
Elle respirait d'une façon saccadée,
La joie se blottissait tranquillement
Dans son esprit, après s'être baladée.
Une paix régnait sur ses pensées
Elle se trouvait vibrante et anéantie,
Des fleurs: orchidées, lilas, pensées
La calmèrent par l'odeur qui en sortit,

Pour réussir, elle avait un bon atout,
Elle était heureuse, un point. C'était tout.

Rita El Khoury

Histoire De L'Humanité

Au début il y avait un Dieu, puis il créa le monde
Au début il y avait un ciel, puis des planètes rondes
Au début il y avait un paradis, puis il y eut l'enfer
Au début il y avait l'océan, puis apparurent les terres
Au début il y avait le jour, puis il y eut le soir
Au début il y avait le blanc, puis on inventa le noir
Au début il y avait l'éveil, puis on apprit le somme
Au début il y avait toi, puis existèrent les hommes.

D'abord il y avait un été, puis suivirent les saisons
D'abord il y avait l'herbe sauvage, puis il y eut le gazon
D'abord il y avait la logique, puis on connut la démence
D'abord il y avait le bonheur, puis on sentit la souffrance
D'abord il y avait le permis, puis il y eut des interdictions
D'abord il y avait l'amour, puis naquirent les passions
D'abord Dieu créa Adam, puis l'être humain a existé
D'abord la beauté était aux femmes, puis tu as été.

Au début il y avait le silence, puis on inventa les mots
Au début il y avait la santé, puis on découvrit les maux
Au début il y avait le sourire, puis il y eut des larmes
Au début il y avait la paix, puis on utilisa les armes
Au début il y avait la foi, puis on s'abandonna à l'hérésie
Au début il y avait la prose, puis on écrivit des poésies
Au début il y avait des fleurs, puis on reconnut les roses
Au début il y avait toi, puis apparurent mille choses.

Au début il y avait un chef, puis on le surnomma le roi
Au début il y avait un soleil, puis il y en eut deux avec toi.

Jadis, d'autres feux m'ont brûlé
Leurs cendres se sont refroidies,
Une flamme ne sachant pas reculer
Les a remplacés par un incendie.

Histoire D'Un Oiseau

Il était une fois un tout petit oiseau
Fouinant partout avec son bec en biseau.
Il vivait dans un beau pays en sécurité
Loin des chasseurs, hiver comme été.
Dans son petit coin oublié des hommes,
Il ne faisait rien d'utile, en somme:
Le jour voletant de branche en branche,
La nuit choisissant le repos en revanche.
Parfois, les soirées de solitude ménagère,
Il s'amusaient avec une femelle passagère.
Il n'avait aucun goût pour l'aventure,
Mais pour une monotonie plus sûre.
C'était sa vie, son monde, c'est étrange,
Mais il ne les laisserait pour rien en échange...

Pourtant, une nuit d'été et de pleine lune,
Il s'était assoupi sur un arbre à prunes.
Et il s'était endormi profondément
Quand il fut réveillé par un grondement.
Il sursauta, confondant réalité et rêve
Juste pour une seconde assez brève.
Il entendit le bruit sourd d'un tonnerre
Qui fit trembler la branche et la terre.
Au loin, il vit soudain un éclairci,
Une tempête? Dieu, pas ça, merci!
Pour lui, ce n'était que la foudre,
Il ne savait rien des fusils et poudres.
Mais quand il remarqua l'absence de pluie,
Il eut ses doutes, un oiseau intelligent, lui!

Le ciel était clair, donc pas de tempête
Mais quel nom donner à cela, en fait?
Horrié, il comprit qu'il fallait fuir
Et de ce pays, au plus vite, déguerpir.
Il déploya de toute sa force ses ailes
Et vola rapidement avec son corps frêle.
Malgré les longues distances traversées
Le son des bombes continuait à le bercer.
Et l'image de son pays en effondrement

Le hantait de sa laideur de dément.

Enfin, après une course de kilomètres,
Il vit le soleil se pointer et le jour naître.
Autour de lui, rien que du sable,
Et un paysage hostile qui accable.
Il s'y posa, obligé, résigné et essoufflé,
Avec une crainte assez peu camouflée.
Il avait perdu sa stabilité et sa vie
Et il ne lui restait aucune envie.
Plus tard il apprit que c'était la guerre
Qui lui avait volé son nid et sa terre.
Il apprit que c'étaient eux, les hommes
Qui lui avaient arraché ses prunes et pommes.
Eux, ils avaient inventé ces outils du diable
Qui détruisaient maisons, cèdres et érables.

Aujourd'hui, parfois, de temps en temps,
Il retourne à son joli berceau d'antan.
Tout ce qui y subsiste n'est que ruine,
Et un désastre qui lui donne triste mine.
A vrai dire, il préfère mille fois le désert
Aux restes massacrés de son pays de misère.
S'il le savait, il aurait peut-être pleuré
Sur la beauté qu'il y avait jadis effleuré.
Pour cela il hait les hommes encore plus
Et invente, pour les éviter, mille astuces.

Combien d'autres oiseaux à travers le monde
Ont souffert la guerre et sa cruauté immonde?

Rita El Khoury

Hope's Funeral

All in black dressed, dark procession
Hand in hand, walking in apprehension
Weakened and ephemeral memory
That once was immortality and glory.
All with much unfinished business
Left alone to manage this huge mess
Without a leader, a tutor, a guide
Or the relief of having Hope by their side.

There was Mr Strength, Miss Ambition
Mr Goal yearning at Lady Conviction
Mrs Optimism, perfect household wife
Old Miss Fantasy jealous all her life
Mr Dream, his good friend Miss Inspiration
And the representative of Mrs Salvation
Leading the path of sorrow and grief
Were sister Faith and reverend Belief.

Watching from the distant mist
Tears in his eyes, clenching his fist
Was the lover, passionate Mr Desire
Aimless with no will left to aspire.

Clear sky above, dark hearts inside
All was lost for Hope left, Hope died.

Rita El Khoury

In Your Eyes

You've searched for Him through pain,
Through punctures, needles and agony
Through drugs running in an IV or drain,
Through life's laughs of sarcasm and irony.

You've searched for Him in nurses,
In doctors, pharmacists, technical employees
In people's refusal of your personal curses
In the righteousness you failed to seize.

You've searched for Him through despair
Through the loneliness you felt in company
Through the abandonment you couldn't bear
Through destiny's insensitivity and tyranny.

You've searched for Him in your Mom's face
In the piteous looks of family and friends
In the idea of death you refused to embrace
In the miracle on which your survival depends.

You've searched for Him through tears
Through joys you missed or never felt
Through deceptions, guilt, silence and fears
Through a soul that died before the body melt.

You've searched for Him in the Bible
In stories you read and those you'll never read
In the smile of which your lips weren't capable
In the constant wish of your soul to be freed.

You've searched for Him through time
Through unfulfilled dreams in your heart
Through a body and mind that couldn't chime
Through muscles, bones, hair that fell apart.

You've searched for Him in every place
In whispers around you and unveiled lies,
Didn't it occur to you that by looking at your face
You would've found Jesus in your own eyes?

Inspired by Jana
18yr old girl, cancer
(for purposes of explanation)

Rita El Khoury

Intimes Confidences

Dis-moi, mon triste cœur,
Dis-moi pourquoi tu pleures,
Raconte-moi ton histoire
Est-ce qu'il passe sans te voir?
Dis-moi pourquoi tu t'alarmes
Et tu verses ces flots de larmes
Chaque soir, seul, dans ton coin,
Souffres-tu quand il est loin?
Dis-moi ce que tu ressens
Quand il tourne les yeux en passant,
Est-ce que tu bats très vite
De cette façon assez insolite?
Dis-moi pourquoi tu trembles
Vois-tu quelqu'un qui lui ressemble?
Pourquoi, toujours, tu te caches
Ne veux-tu pas qu'il le sache?
Dis-moi pourquoi tu souffres
Et tu sombres dans ton gouffre,
Comment souhaites-tu en guérir
Si tu ne peux t'empêcher de le chérir?
Dis-moi ces infinis petits secrets,
Preuves d'un amour qui se crée,
Son souvenir te fait-il frémir
Quand tu y penses, avant de dormir?

Dis-moi, mon triste cœur,
Est-ce son absence qui te fait peur?
Parle-moi de tes angoisses,
Ces grands riens qui te froissent.
Dis-moi pourquoi tu te morfonds
Et tu engloutis tout, dans ton fond,
Qu'a-t-il fait pour te blesser?
Il ne te remarque pas, je le sais.
Dis-moi, te sens-tu toujours solitaire,
Veux-tu son cœur comme partenaire?
Raconte-moi combien tu l'aimes,
Quand tu le vois, deviens-tu blême?
Dis-moi combien il te manque
Pourquoi, si tu le vois, tu te planques?

Ne sais-tu pas t'ouvrir pour parler,
Où as-tu perdu ta propre clé?
Dis-moi, parmi tous les paysages
Pourquoi préfères-tu son visage?
Ne peux-tu jamais te lasser
De souhaiter qu'il vienne t'embrasser?
Dis-moi, crains-tu les espérances
Crois-tu qu'elles tournent en souffrances?
Ne veux-tu pas rêver un instant
Qu'il pense à toi et t'attend?

Dis-moi, mon triste cœur,
Dis-moi pourquoi tu pleures?
Tu ne réponds pas à mes questions
Ne sont-elles que des illusions?

Dis-moi, mon petit triste cœur
Quelle fortune pourrais-tu donner
Pour qu'à cette exacte heure,
Il vienne, à ta porte, sonner?

Rita El Khoury

J'Accuse Les Libanais

Vous célébrez aujourd'hui votre indépendance
Avec fierté, avec gaieté, avec assurance.
Mais moi, je vous adresse mes condoléances
Car vous ne pensez pas à votre ascendance,
Vous oubliez le pays témoin de votre enfance,
Car vous êtes insensibles à toutes ses endurance,
À ses cris d'aides, à ses demandes de défense,
Car il pleure et vous ne sentez pas sa souffrance,
Car il meurt et vous ne remarquez pas son absence,
Car vous êtes incapables de faire avec lui alliance,
Car vous êtes coupables et faites mine d'innocence.

Rita El Khoury

La Fuite

Souvent, à des heures semblables,
Je m'assieds calmement et je pense,
À des étendues illimitées de sable,
À des plages où le bonheur danse.
Je me bouche les oreilles fermement,
Pour ne pas entendre ces cris haïs,
Et je m'envole vers le rêve calmement,
Vers le monde où la joie jaillit.
Je m'obstine toujours, sans cesse,
À ne pas laisser les larmes couler,
Car je suis en proie à une détresse,
Que j'essaie, en vain, de refouler.

Soudain, vient un sentiment,
Qui s'empare rapidement de moi,
Je me débats, mais avec acharnement,
Il s'empare de moi comme une proie.
La fuite, la fuite, la fuite
La fuite de ce présent méprisé,
La fuite de cette vie détruite,
La fuite de ce calme brisé.
M'enfuir, vers un autre monde,
Laisser derrière moi cette existence,
Aller là où le bonheur inonde,
Les pauvres âmes en défaillance.
Partir de la terre des humains,
Ne plus voir personne d'eux,
Ne plus penser au lendemain,
À ce futur terriblement hideux.
M'enfuir de cette prison affreuse,
Où le destin m'a prise prisonnière,
Retrouver le calme, devenir heureuse
Revoir la clarté de la lumière.
M'enfuir de cette tombe sombre,
Où la vie m'a vite enterrée,
Partir vers un monde sans ombre,
Rester, là-bas, par la douceur, atterrée.
Fuir ces hurlements de violence,
Ce bourdonnement si près de mes oreilles,

Partir vers un monde de silence,
Vers cette exaltation, sans pareille.
Fermer derrière moi la porte,
Oublier ces quinze ans de pleurs,
Partir là où la gaieté l'emporte,
Sur l'accablement du malheur.
Mettre le pied au-delà des limites
M'envoler calmement loin, loin,
Là où la jouissance est un mythe,
Là où je n'aurai aucun besoin.

Mais où pourrais-je trouver le repos,
Où pourrais-je chasser le remords,
Et partir en laissant là ma peau
Sauf dans l'univers inconnu de la Mort?

Rita El Khoury

La Malmenée

INTRO

Et je t'attends et j'attends
Le bruit de tes clés dans la serrure
Et j'attends le temps
D'une autre danse, une autre mesure
Et je t'attends et j'attends
Le bruit de tes pas dans le couloir
Et je t'entends tout le temps
Me raconter la même histoire
Chaque soir.

VERSE 1

Tu m'as promis d'aller dîner au restaurant
Ca, c'était avant
Puis ils t'ont appelé, tu as dit que t'étais pris
Puis t'as dit oui
Alors tu as décidé de mettre ton plus beau costume
Sans amertume [je fume]
Et quand tu as commencé à te doucher de parfum
Je t'ai dit que j'ai faim
Alors tu m'as prise par la taille pour m'embrasser
Puis tu t'es effacé
[J'suis lasse]

Tu aimes le jeu, n'est-ce pas?
Mais moi je ne l'aime pas
Alors que veux que j'y fasse?
Avec moi, ça passe ou ça casse.
[Ca casse]

CHORUS

Avez-vous joué toute la nuit
Sans vous arrêter?
L'as-tu regardée avec folie
Est-ce qu'elle t'a épaté?
Et après viendras-tu ici
Juste pour me flatter?
Et si tu comptes dormir dans mon lit
Dis-toi que c'est raté!

VERSE 2

Tu arrives en retard, ils attendent autour de la table
Ca les accable
Tu t'assieds et secrètement, tu donnes au croupier
Un coup de pied [et à elle un baiser]
Tu gagnes tous les tours, ils te matent avec rage
Ah dommage
L'argent vient vers toi, comme par magie
Et ses regards aussi
Vers 2h, tu te lèves, il faudra que tu partes
Sans ramasser tes cartes.
[Elle t'a suivi]

Tu es mauvais joueur, n'est-ce pas?
Mais moi je ne le suis pas!
Alors je sais que tu me trahis
Et calmement, j'en souris.
[Pas pour la vie]

CHORUS

Vous avez joué toute la nuit
Sans vous arrêter
Tu l'as regardée avec folie
Et elle t'a épaté
Et après tu viendras ici
Juste pour me flatter
Tu comptes dormir dans mon lit
Mais ça, c'est raté!

VERSE 3

Main dans la main, vous avez vagabondé dans les rues
Qui puent
Puis tu l'as emmenée quelque part
Dans un bar
Et avec galanterie (ah oui!) tu lui as offert
Un petit verre [pas très cher]
Sur son tabouret, elle te dévorait avec ses regards
De chat noir
Puis avec amour, elle s'est lancée et t'as embrassé
Sans se lasser
[T'es content?]

Elle aime le Whisky, n'est-ce pas?
Mais toi, tu n'en bois pas,
Alors comment veux-tu que je trouve pas louche
De goûter du Whisky dans ta bouche?
[En t'embrassant]

CHORUS

Vous avez fait l'amour toute la nuit
Sans vous arrêter
Tu l'as possédée avec folie
Et elle t'a épaté
Et après, tu es venu ici
Juste pour me flatter
Tu comptais dormir dans mon lit
Mais ce fut raté!

END

Et je n'attendrais plus
Le bruit de tes clés dans la serrure
J'irais chercher moi-même
Ma propre danse, ma propre mesure
Et je n'attendrais plus
Le bruit de tes pas dans le couloir
A qui iras-tu
Raconter ton histoire
Ce soir?

Rita El Khoury

La Survie

Je m'adresse à toi bonhomme,
C'est vraiment toi que je nomme.
Voici quelques conseils pour toi,
Qui te retireront toute ta foi.
Fais de ton cœur une pierre,
Ecoute-moi, pas un verre!
Le verre est transparent
Et se brise à tout moment.
La pierre, elle, est dure,
Et c'est la seule qui dure.
C'est ton premier conseil à suivre,
Sinon les hommes te feront ivre.
C'est là l'arme de ton cerveau,
Sinon, on fera de toi un idiot.
Ecoute-moi te dis-je,
Ne sois pas une fragile tige.
Toi, qui crois que les lois sont faites,
Que les âmes sont parfaites,
Qui est convaincu que je suis folle
Et assez habile en hyperboles,
Qui fait, face à moi, le sourd,
La vie te montrera dans quelques jours,
Que mes conseils de survie,
Moi, endurcie par la vie,
Sont beaucoup plus raisonnables
Que les meilleures fables.

Dussé-je crier dans les feuilles,
Dussé-je pour toi me mettre en deuil,
Dussé-je me morfondre le cœur,
Dussé-je agrandir ma douleur,
Dussé-je pleurer pour te sauver,
Tu verras les bons et les mauvais,
S'il y a des bons sur cette terre,
S'il y a des bons dans cet enfer!
Les mauvais, on sait qu'ils existent,
Les bons, eux, sont des extrémistes.

Tu affirmes qu'ici c'est le paradis,

Mais est-ce que tu crois ce que tu dis?
Tu dis que celui-ci a bon cœur
Mais là réside tout ton malheur.
Tu diras celui-là est meilleur,
Tu comprendras qu'il est railleur.
Tu fais, à tous, aveugle confiance
Tu te perdras dans ton innocence.
Tu crois sur parole tout ce monde,
Tu découvriras qu'il est immonde.
Toi, que rien ne peut modifier,
Se croyant capable de tout défier,
Toi, que rien ne peut surprendre,
Capable de tout comprendre,
Voici ton énigme à résoudre,
Ce serait pour toi un coup de foudre,
Toi, qui crois la vie jolie,
Demain, tu n'y verras que folie,
Tu connaîtras prochainement l'enfer,
Monsieur est le bienvenu sur la terre!
Tu pensais qu'elle était encore vierge
Tu allumais pour elle tes cierges,
Tu sauras par moi ses infamies.
Ici, ton pire ennemi est ton ami.

Tout ce monde ici-bas te hait,
Tu feins l'ignorance mais tu le sais.
Leurs âmes sont pleines de rancune,
Pitié, bonté, ils n'en ont aucune.
Ils t'étrangleront avec leur vice,
Toi, humblement attaché à leur service.
Leurs griffes vont t'ensanglanter.
Ils vont te poursuivre, te hanter.
Dans ce monde, il n'y a pas de roi,
Tout le monde est une cible, une proie,
Et le chasseur, ne l'as-tu pas reconnu?
Il a été par toi longtemps méconnu!
La vérité, maintenant je te la dévoile,
Elle t'arrachera le reste de ton poil;
Ce monstre terriblement hideux,
Dont l'acharnement est affreux,
Ce monstre attaché à ton dos,
Cet assez lourd fardeau,

C'est l'homme, l'assassin, le cruel!
C'est l'adversaire de ton duel!

Pille! Massacre! Tue! Ravage!
Tu mourras si tu fais le sage.
De tous les hommes, fais le malheur!
Tu auras, par là, ton propre bonheur.
L'univers n'est pas fait pour ceux qui errent,
Il est là pour ceux qui font des guerres.
Ronge ton semblable de souffrance!
Un de plus, de moins, quelle différence?
Soit le plus fort, soit par eux craint!
Tu seras longtemps le plus sain.
Tant pis si ça te dérange!
Tu auras la vie en échange!
Fais la douleur des autres!
Ne sois ni saint, ni apôtre!
Tu sais, les agneaux ne vivront jamais,
La vie est pour ceux qui y viennent armés.
Prends le fusil de ton courage!
Ton but, tu l'auras par la rage.
Arme-toi de patience, de fureur!
La bonté fera ta plus grave erreur.
Pour que, ton but, tu puisses atteindre,
La niaiserie, tu devras feindre,
Ensuite il te faudra, tous, trahir!
Aimer? Oublie! Pense à haïr!
Personne ne sera digne de ton amour,
Tous devront brûler dans des fours!

Quand tu sauras, de cette terre, l'horreur,
Tu réaliseras, de ta vie, le malheur.
Tu seras guéri de ton énorme cécité
Parce que tu connaîtras la pure vérité.
Maintenant, tu n'es qu'un ange aimable,
Tu apprendras à être démon et diable.
La vérité, me diras-tu, est trop crue,
Mais, si vraie pour que tu ne l'aie pas crue!
Tu penses que j' imagine, je radote?
Mais rappelle-toi les conseils de cette idiote!
Ils t'aideront à sauver ta vie,
Ils t'apprendront la survie!

Dans ce monde de mensonges
L'Amour n'est qu'un songe.

Rita El Khoury

L'Adieu

Le vent emporta le dernier souffle d'air
Où se trouvait son délicieux parfum,
La distance effaça la partie de la terre
Où circulait, élégamment son corps si fin.

Ici, au milieu de la lumière ténébreuse
Gisait, immobile, un cadavre vivant,
Là-bas, au fond de l'obscurité lumineuse
Il vit disparaître son esprit mourant.

Des gouttes incolores de regret
Perlèrent au coin de ses paupières,
Il se souvint qu'elle était, si près
Ses larmes se figèrent et se gelèrent.

Il la revit, souriant aimablement
Durant leur dernière triste entrevue,
Il la réentendit, parlant tendrement
Pour soulager sa peine déjà prévue.

Il ressentit, sur son épaule, sa main agréable
Il se rappela la douceur qui en avait émané,
Il absorba avidement son odeur inoubliable,
Ce mélange de fleurs fraîches et de roses fanées.

Amené à la réalité après ces souvenirs,
Il regarda devant lui, il n'aperçut que le noir.
A la vue de ce désert, il se sentit défaillir
Elle était partie, il refusait de le croire.

Il avança sa main afin qu'il pût la toucher
Elle se tendit sans heurter aucun obstacle,
Il bougea son pied pour qu'il pût marcher
Ses os craquèrent comme lors d'une débâcle.

Il sut que la souffrance allait toujours l'escorter
Et la vit s'approcher puis solliciter l'aide de Dieu
Afin qu'il pût, avec courage, supporter
La hantise du seul mot qu'elle devait prononcer: Adieu.

Rita El Khoury

Le Cercle Vicieux

Tu sais c'est quoi le vide?

Un silence, un calme perfide,
Une absence insupportable,
Une immobilité insoutenable.

Tu sais c'est quoi le vide?

Un sommeil, une paix sordide,
Une existence dénuée de but
Dans une perpétuelle chute.

Tu sais c'est quoi le vide?

C'est sentir un trou insipide
Ronger l'intérieur de ton corps
Comme à l'approche de la mort.

Tu sais c'est quoi le vide?

C'est le creux, le désert morbide
Qui me dominait jusqu'au jour
Où j'ai compris le mot "amour".

Tu sais c'est quoi l'amour?

Un poids pressant, non lourd,
Une lumière contre l'obscurité,
Un passeport pour l'éternité.

Tu sais c'est quoi l'amour?

Un rêve de nuit et de jour,
Un peu de raison, trop de folie,
Une passion qui bâtit et démolit.

Tu sais c'est quoi l'amour?

C'est comme le son pour le sourd,
C'est être plein de l'intérieur
Du sentiment le plus supérieur.

Tu sais c'est quoi l'amour?

C'est une glissade sans recours
Qui conduit enfin à la malchance
Et aux dédales de la souffrance.

Tu sais c'est quoi la souffrance?

Une bataille débutée sans défense,
Une guerre où tout le monde perd,
Un vagabond errant, sans repère.

Tu sais c'est quoi la souffrance?

Un dernier recours à la clémence,
Un appel qui reste sans réponse,
Marcher, pieds nus, dans les ronces.
Tu sais c'est quoi la souffrance?
C'est dire Adieu à toute chance,
Un espoir qui glisse tout droit
Comme le sable, entre les doigts.
Tu sais c'est quoi la souffrance?
C'est comme les crises de démence
Que j'ai, quelques fois, le soir
Quand la journée passe sans te voir.

Tu sais c'est quoi te voir?
Un éclair lumineux dans le noir,
Un retour imminent de la puissance,
Une tristesse balayée par la chance.
Tu sais c'est quoi te voir?
Un instant capable de tout émouvoir,
Puis tu pars et le cycle recommence:
Vide, amour et ensuite souffrance.

Un cercle qui commence
Quand on apprend à aimer,
Malgré toute la patience
On n'en sortira jamais.

Rita El Khoury

Letter From The Depth

You don't resemble any of the others
And surely you would never do
I can tell when something bothers,
Annoys, pleases or amuses you.
In your presence I see freedom
I see peace and joy everywhere,
In your presence I feel a wisdom
Deeper than I would ever bear.

I would never dare say you're a friend
Neither would I say you're a stranger,
You're just dearer than I could ever pretend,
You're the S.O.S light when in danger.
Bringing life into my life is your gift
Lighting up a smile on my face, too
There'll always be, no matter how far we drift
In my depth, an unspoiled memory of you.

Can two soul mates come across
At the most unexpected of times?
Can two glances share, when they cross
A poetry with no verses nor rhymes?

I see, while catching a glimpse at your eyes
What I could've been, my second entity
And it's just then that I clearly realize
What I truly am, my real identity.
So can I ever deny that in you
I can visibly see another me,
And that whatever I go through,
A shelter and a comfort you'll be?

I'm too afraid I'm filled with trembles
Just at the thought of losing this,
We may not have much, but if it crumbles
Every single part of it, I will miss.
Yet, when all is shattered in the night
I know we'll still be standing on our feet
Because we have a bond so tight

Nothing would be able to defeat.

But despite it all, I can't deny my doubt,
Three months without you, that's a lot
I can barely hold myself and not shout:
"I miss you" a lot, how can I not?

You are not like any of the rest
And among all the good that passed me by
You are most certainly the best
And I know, to you, so am I.

To you.

Sorry for mixing up my ideas,
I just wrote them as they came
4/4/2006.

Rita El Khoury

My Fifth Element

Like the weightless invisible air
Something you can't grab nor hold,
Something at which you can't stare,
But which you'll need until you're old,

Like the graceful translucent water
That will slip through your fingers,
Of Mother Nature, the humble daughter
Whose melody defies the best singers,

Like the shimmering delightful sun
Too much far away beyond your scope,
That will hunt you wherever you run
But that you can't own even if you hope,

Like the solid undefeated ground
From which you come, to which you return,
That stays stable while spinning around
On which you fight, lose, win and learn.

You're to me like these four elements
As necessary as the water and the air
As far as the sun and my sentiments,
As close as the ground and my care.

You're the fire, the love and the guilt
The unreachable even though you're near,
The tower that will never be built,
The slipping, the spinning and the dear.

You're the trophy I could never win,
The fight I will never lead nor prevail,
My most sacred forth uncommitted sin,
You're the land to which I will never sail.

You're to me like the wind and the light
Something to rescue me or make me burn,
You're my home, my compass, my sight
I come from you and to you I shall return.

Rita El Khoury

My Sister, My Friend

Today, I feel like I've spent all of my life wandering
Waiting for some kind of miracle, for someone or something,
I feel like being a unique child was written in my fate
Because meeting my sister wasn't meant to make me wait.
I know that now the waiting is over, no more emptiness,
Because I met the one who could take me from my loneliness.

I know you are not perfect, but who would care
Perfection is nothing but a heavy burden to bear,
I know that since we became friends one year has gone by
But I've stopped counting the days: time is a lie,
I know that I knew you before I breathed my first breath
And that I will know you long after my death.

It happened almost a year ago, a second I won't forget
It was only one or two months after we really met
During a class, I was sleeping then started to open my eyes
You were half asleep, half sitting-half lying with no ties,
But the moment I looked into your eyes, I knew
That for you, anything, just anything, I would do.
That feeling struck me, like a full speed train
I was still sleepy, but I was far from being insane.
Then I completely woke up, and I understood, that day
That my life was just a path leading me to your way.

I might not know anything about your past
But I feel like I know every second you got past,
I might not know everything you have been through
But I know that the sorrow I see in your eyes is true,
I might not know how to erase it for a while
But I know that I can always try to make you smile.

I do not want to know your life or your story
Because to me, you will always be a mystery,
The present is all I care about, and you are the present
You are the reason that makes every day pleasant.

I don't know how many friends I lost through the years
I don't know how many times my eyes have poured tears

But I know that when I met you, I lost every single fear
Because you gave me more than a million reasons to cheer,
Because you gave me peace, and you gave me security
Because you knew how to throw in my life some serenity,

Because you were ideal in a single word
And you were unique in an immense world.

I know that I never told you what is on this paper
And that I always told myself: it should happen later...
But time is going by, and losses are all my fright
So I should say what's on my heart, before this night
Since speaking is not my strength, I am using my rhymes
Forgive me, but I tried to talk and failed so many times.

There are so many things I would like to say
But I can't seem to get them out in any way,
These are buried in me, and there shall they stay
Until the end of eternity plus one day,
You got into my life and brought with you pleasure
Every moment I'm allowed to be with you, I treasure
And every moment I have to say goodbye, I hate
But I know that our next meeting won't be too late.

I now know that I was blessed since the start
Because in my life, you were meant to play a part.

I am really short of words and expressions...

I would like to add one sentence:

Thank you for being you,
For crossing my existence,
For everything that you do,
For being sociable and shy
For every moment we did share,
And the joy I couldn't deny,
For your attention, your care
For every smile, every word
Thank you again and again
For being in this world
My sister and my friend.

To May.

Rita El Khoury

Mystical Fight - 1 - The Valley

Outside, it's the same view and hill
Deserted land from which the grass has gone,
Inside, it's the same thirst to kill
Can't go back to reverse what is done.
Once, I thought I had found
The secret source of eternal happiness,
Now, my feet are back on the ground
The only thing I have is a life in mess.

I've been out of love so many times
Forth honesty is lost in this world,
Searched for a synonym to "love" that rhymes
Never knew that sadness was the only word.
Funny how you only stumble and fall
Just when you reach the highest peak,
Funny how you continue to climb and roll
Even when you feel you are really weak.

In front of me, I saw a small sign
Standing alone on this empty road,
Written on it, there was only one line:
"Beware! Valley of Mortakrawd! "
On my right, stretched a wonderful dell
A fairy tale land with a grace so rare,
To describe its charm, no word would tell
Too much beauty contradicting the "beware".

On the weird sign, I put my left hand
Suddenly appeared four mystical verses,
My eyes burned into ash and sand
While I silently read the secret curses:
"One road in, but no road out
Read this and wait for the bell,
No matter if you cry, beg or shout
You are eternally trapped in HELL."

I heard an evil laugh resonate
A bell rang so loud, it woke the dead,
Was that my unavoidable fate

Coming to get me, like the curse said?
I felt my feet walking down the hill,
The valley changed its colors to black,
In the air, grew a strange thrill
Like there were ghosts following my track.

Rita El Khoury

Mystical Fight - 2 - The Battle

The phantoms are getting near
On my cheek, crawls a tear
My worst nightmare is now real
If I had strength, I would kneel.
Their voices make my stomach churn
They promise me to crash and burn
Because nothing could make them pleased
Other than a soul getting teased.
They take out their swords
My tongue speaks no words
Grass under me gets slippery
Visions and memories become blurry.
All I can see around is blood
Leaving my body to flood
And my injured skin like a map:
Between me and death, there's no gap.
Whom did I hurt or offense
To deserve such a bad chance?
There's no one else to blame
I close my eyes in shame.

Whispers in my ears
Growing my deepest fears
Making them get huge
Stealing my secret refuge.
Candles in my sight
And shadows I can't fight
Digging my grave of stone
Am I surrounded or alone?
Echoes of the death
Taking my last breath
Cutting my throat with a knife
Killing the remaining life...

Right next to the mill,
In front, up on the hill,
I see a strange light wink
For a second, I stop and think
There's no reason to feel this guilt

Never have I destroyed but built
After my steps, flowers grew
Everywhere around me, rivers flew

I fought those ghosts and I was proud
Like a real demon, growling loud.
Nothing shall beat me again
Not the devils, nor mystics, nor men!
Among humans, some think I'm a pearl
But I believe I'm just a girl,
I may have overcome the worst
But still, I wasn't the first
Many have been cursed before
They stood like me and won their war.

Finally I stare at the night sky
And scream to God while I cry:

Can you find me an efficient cure
Or have mercy and make me pure?
Can you tell me what to pray
To turn this black into gray?
Can you believe there's no hell
Worse than the one in which I fell?
Can you guarantee me eternal love
In the heaven you say is above?

Rita El Khoury

Mystical Fight - 3 - The Abdication

Once again, I stand in the valley
Released slave, back to his galley
Into the past, my thought delves
Searching every memory on the shelves.
Here, I have battled and have won
But the taste of glory is now gone
I have nothing left but the throes
And their haunting screams and echoes.
Why did they release me after all?
They should have kept me in thrall.

Now, there's no life left in the meadow
The only tree shed its leaves like a widow
Tears from the sky start to pour
I look up and my eyes get sore,
Then I bend beneath the rain, so sour
Forth this is the unleashing power.
Their roaring soughs in my ear
Sounds I was longing to hear,
Down my spine, runs a shiver
Thence I know they will deliver
Me from the sorrow and grief
Even for an instant so brief.
I reach the ground and grab some dust
Then I kneel, fulfilling their lust:

"I was a kid, but I have grown
And I am ready to give up my throne,
To pay my debt, this is the price
I know it is not a huge sacrifice.
My knees are weak, my body is torn
I have nothing left, I am forlorn.
Here I stand, in your private field
To protect myself, I have no shield
I am not a fighter, nor demure
Give me back that pain I couldn't endure! "

I threw the dust gently in the air
Wishing they would answer and care,

Through the dust I saw their scary faces
Invading all the empty slots and spaces.
Then appeared their horrible chief
The sun vanished, he was the thief,
While he spoke, he stopped the rain:
"Thou shalt not resist nor complain
Leave thy body burning in the flame
Without a word, without a claim.
Thou art forgiven thy last fight,
Thou shalt have the gift of foresight."

I nodded my head and agreed
Leaving my soul, prey of their greed.
Like I promised, I did not resist
While they covered me with mist.
The suffering was back, so was the pain
Over me, for eternity, they shall reign.

Rita El Khoury

Shakespeare's Lost Letter

Dear Lady, deep in the sand and the dust
My soul was meant to burn, rot and rust
When I met thee, in me, arose love and lust
For I found a heart, to worship and trust,
Would I be Shakespeare, would I not, I must
Describe you, for your charm not to be lost.

Thy voice, sweeter than a violin or a bird
A melody, like nothing I have ever heard
Unique in its softness, sole in these worlds
So banned be I and banned be my words
For I no longer am a poet or Adam's son
Until to thine open arms, I can freely run.

Thy face, brighter than the moon or the sun
A prize worth fighting for, worth being won
An unknown aster, gleaming high above us all,
Dare to look down at me, Darling, dare to fall
For I am ready to tear down every single wall
And rush, blinded but blessed, to answer thy call.

Thy lips, darker than blood, lighter than wine
Beauties, that made the seven wonders nine,
I am just a boy's shred, Lady, give me a sign
Awaken the lover in me and let thy lips be mine
I shall then stand and shout to God that he
Never created such grace as when he created thee.

Thine eyes, softer than anything I am to see
Soldiers, captured me, begging for their mercy,
Lady, thy lovely warriors slowly made me melt
For such passionate love, my heart has never felt.
I defy all men, strangle me to death with a belt
If with more beauty, thine eyes have ever dealt.

Dear Lady, my existence was barren and bitter
Now that I met thee, my days are better

To me, nothing and no one shall ever matter
More than thine eyes, in which I found my shelter.
Voices haunt my sleep, I beg thee, shut the chatter
Answer this boy's call, sent in this humble letter.

Would I be Shakespeare, would I not, I ought
To talk about the eyes in which my heart still is caught,
Finding love would never happen to me, I thought
But thou art the one my soul has always sought.

So long, Lady.

Rita El Khoury

Supposed To

I was supposed to be dead,
But take a look at my vein,
There's still blood, and it's red,
You tried to empty me: in vain

I was supposed to be dead,
Lying forever on the floor,
But there are still thoughts in my head,
There's still life in my core.

I was supposed to be dead,
But there's still beating in my heart,
Even without love, without bread,
Even without you and that's the hardest part.

I was supposed to be dead,
But I'm still breathing,
I remember the fights that I've led,
Here I go, on my feet, I'm standing.

I was supposed to be dead,
Crawling, defeated by the pain,
But how did I LIVE instead?
This riddle is driving you insane.

You thought I'd surrender
And send you a white dove,
But I became a commander
And gave up your love!

Between me and death
There's an eternal match,
Coz hell, me and death
We can never match!

Rita El Khoury

T'Aimer

Etre vide
Vide limpide
Se chercher
Se perdre
Se lâcher
Merde!
S'isoler
S'ennuyer
Se morfondre
Se fondre
S'esquiver
Dériver...
S'effacer, passer, repasser, dépasser

Se chercher
Se trouver
Dans toi
Des bouts de moi
Eparpillés, gaspillés, envolés, recollés
Te chercher
Te trouver
T'admirer
Te respirer
Te goûter, se douter
Te murmurer, se rassurer
Te dompter
Te chanter
T'envahir
Te séduire

T'aimer
Etre plein
Etre nain
Etre humain
Etre géant
Etre Dieu
Etre néant
Etre Feu
Etre Deux

T'aimer
Devenir Un

Te voir
T'avoir
Te céder
Te posséder
T'appartenir
Fuir
Rire, pleurer, se souvenir, effleurer
Moi, toi
Unité, fatalité

Enfer
Démons
Vie à refaire
Perdre son nom
Plus d'identité
Plus de vérité
Sans toi
Sans nous
Sans foi
Vie de fou

Te chercher
Te perdre
Te lâcher
Merde!
Ne plus exister
Se détester
S'évanouir
Se haïr
Se détruire
Partir
Repartir
Revenir

Me chercher
Me trouver
Te retrouver
Nous retrouver

S'aimer
S'adorer
Se dévorer
Savourer

Etre Creux
Etre Deux
T'aimer
Devenir Plein
Devenir Un.

Rita El Khoury

Teach Me

Can you teach me how to live
When I am apart from my air?
Can you teach me how to give
If I don't have any more care?

Can you teach me how to fly
When I dropped all my wings?
Can you teach me how to cry
If I forgot the relief it brings?

Can you teach me how to adore
When the one I love is away?
Can you teach me how to roar
If I have nothing to shout or say?

Can you teach me how to fret
When I am surrounded by danger?
Can you teach me how to forget
That I am in love with a stranger?

Rita El Khoury

That's How Dies A Heart That Aches

It's seven o'clock in the afternoon
Somewhere on the country side
A man lies staring at the moon
With his black eyes open wide.

It's almost night, the sun has gone
But the light left hides no lies
His battle he fought, but never won
The doom of a hero who couldn't rise.

Strong, he once was, and whole
In a time of careless selfishness
Until she whispered in his soul
Words of tender in a gentle caress.

Love, he loved, like never before
From his shallowest surface
All the way through to his core
Not foreseeing the roaming menace.

Void, he is now, and will remain
For she took her eyes and went away
Leaving this shattered insane
Struggling, lost and going astray.

Before his eyes, wanders her face
Memory of what he never had
But will always follow its trace
Like a hunting dog, eager and mad.

Love, he loved, like never he thought
Every moment, every glance
Every lost battle, every one fought
Every feeling of despair or trance.

Never did he expect ending up alone

She was his promised land, his goal
Now he's a defeated king without a throne
With countless scars in his soul.

Cruel destiny, killer knife
That murdered his unique wish
Life, what importance is life
If not to be spent with whom you cherish?

Love, he loved, like never he will
For passions like this don't come twice
Devastating with an endless thrill
And an immense power to entice.

It's seven o'clock in the afternoon
Somewhere alongside the lakes
A torn man lies, he'll be gone soon
For that's how dies a heart that aches.

Rita El Khoury

Unsolved Query

So long, since the beginning of time,
Since the discovery of the first rhyme,
Poets always wrote about their woes
Proclaiming them as their razing foes.
With ruinous, they qualified their anguish
Oh, how unapprised and how foolish!
Did they, by neglect or with bad intention,
Disregard the other side of the question?

How could they forget that their hunting grief
Was the source of their fructuous relief,
That their books and poems were the result
Of the wound they used to ungratefully insult,
That their unforgettable words and verses
Came from nowhere but what they called their curses?
Or did they ignore that sorrow was the pen
That narrated the poems adored by all men,
And all that made their compelling celebrity
Were the ache's jewels, abhorred with ferocity?
Or did they purposely overlook every hurricane
Emerged with their mounting tears and pain,
And forget that the steaming fury eating their heart
Was cultivating ideas, not driving them apart?

Oh! What outrageous felony and blasphemy
For a poet to consider soreness as an enemy!
Throbbing torture is for the sincere writer
Like the courage for the invincible fighter,
Like the letters for a meaningful word,
The land for the tree, the melody for the bird
The rain for the cloud, the sun for the flower
The water for the sea, the all-mighty power...

Why did they never talk about their joy?
They were not very modest neither coy.
They didn't shut up their glee by chance,
However this wasn't some kind of offense
They, simply, would never find the line
To describe the euphoria of feeling fine.

Only fierce grief could revive the genie,
Simple hazard or derision of the destiny?

They were able to laugh for an hour or ten
Without ever needing to search for a pen,
But after just one second of suffering
They wrote pages and pages, everlasting!
These words will turn them into immortal
Despise an end that could be very fatal.

What is the secret that makes words flow
Just when you relinquish to your sorrow?
This matter will remain with no answer
For every lyricist, it is a ravaging cancer.

Through the gloom of November
Glittered two irresistible faces,
Describing them would be so hard.
My misery with delight embraces
Instantly turning me into a bard
This, I shall always remember.

Rita El Khoury