

Tannoura

(poetry)

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First Edition: 2008

**Egyptian Books House record number:
2008/22129**

ISBN: 978-977-6262-42-3

Cover Design: Reham Nagy

Malamih Publishing House

2 Eldiwan Street-Garden City- Cairo-Egypt

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E-mail: editor-en@malamih.com,Info@malamih.com

Website: <http://malamih.com>

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Puplishing Depatment: Mariam Ali

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Tannoura

(Poetry)

Samar Ali



To the magician in my life. The woman who
sandblasted my soul and lit up my horizon.
The endless warmth. The swan ...
Sahar Elmougy.

To the fountain of diamonds and pearls...

My mother, Fadia Gouda

To My father... Ali Elmenoufi

Violet

«Many people are too engulfed in the pain so that the lesson passes them by. Others, in the midst of pain, know it is a rebirth.»

From the novel “ن”¹ by Sahar El-mougy.

1- The 25th letter in the Arabic alphabetical..

String of Beads

-1-

A closed door.
A hesitant heart,
And a naive soul.
A soul that once thought
That the world
Is set only in black and white.

-2-

Bitter sea,
Distracted eyes,
Tearful dreams.
An urge to scream,
To fill viscous nights,
With echoless cries.

-3-

Incomplete poems,
Disobedient letters,
On a cursed leave.
A wild wish to sing,
To whisper scarlet words.

-4-

Isolated moments,
Raw drafts,
Drawing another tomorrow,
With no frosty breaths.

-5-

Fresh mint,
Long feather,
Silver dust,
Scribbling sincere songs
On a pink sheet,
Vanquishing loneliness.
Reviving an old laugh,
And a violet kiss.

Duncheon

Four walls and a woman.
Far untouchable ceiling.
A small lamp
Emitting blue thoughts...
Squeezing her heart for emotions,
Empty dreamless veins,
Dry drained soul.
Remnants of pink feelings.
She hits her head on the north wall,
But can't find her harbor.
She lays her palms on the south wall,
But fails to reach her roots.
She stretches a leg to the east and the other
to the west,
But can't smell the cinnamon or taste the
air.

Skimmed Life

Striking colors
Blind her soul.
On the pre-drawn road,
She walks alone,
Takes off her skin,
With every more mile.
Bones and ligaments
Are what she owns.
Scented prayers
Woven in her eyes.
In the twilight,
She cries while dying.

Yearning

Your hypnotizing words crushed my soul,
As your soft lines chilled my mind.
And every time I look at you
I feel thrilled like a newborn baby.
And every time I reveal your aura,
I hold onto life more.
When I smell your words,
I lose my self in the shadow of your land.
And hope tingles my heart ...
When I feel your warm breath on my ear.
In the darkness of the night...
Every cell in me ... is calling out your name.
Anonymous man.

Tossing

-1-

Italian restaurant,
Seaside table,
Wild tides.
Red wine and crystal smiles.

-2-

Long black hair,
Sleeveless purple dress,
Cinnamon breeze.
Rapid heart beats.
Hesitant entrance.

-3-

White teeth,
Brown suit,
Hugo fragrance.
Sweating forehead.
Eager moves.

-4-

Hot gravy,
Molten candles.
Blank feelings,
Rose cheeks,
Curious lips.
A deck of cards!

-5-

1, 2, 3
Shuffle...
1, 2, 3
Cut...

-6-

Shoot the moon!
It's a queen of hearts,
And a king of spades!

Lonesome

I am cold and bored.

My cup of coffee has lost its warmth...

Will you come over and stay with me?

Can you play the chaperone tonight?

Show up at my door and hold me tight.

Can you show off your masculine elegance?

Will you cure the bruises in my soul?

Put the red shawl on my shoulders...

Can you tempt me

To watch the morning rise together?

I need you to tune in my life.
One more time,
Can we dance to my beat?
Shall we waltz all night long?

I am bored and cold.

Can you paint me a portrait
And frame it with your heart?

Temptations

A crystal ball floating on the horizon,
Intimidating.
It shows me ecstatic hallucinations,
Delivers my desires,
Under the harvest of a silver cloud,
On a beach with embracing waves,
And while little pearls caress my bare feet,
I shall taste
The passion of the salty essence,
Listen to the divine temptations hitting my
heart,
Leave myself to the tingling sand grains,
And enjoy those mesmerizing shudders...

Sublimation Cult

(To the dancer in the temple... Hoda Gamal)

In the mirror,
Pale smile,
Puffy eyes,
Dry lips.

Step
On the shattered dreams.
Cross over
The black river.
Seek,
And never hide.

In the heart,
Blue tears.
Suffocated touches.
Empty arms.

Embrace

Your wild spirit.

Fly,

Without cushions underneath.

In the soul,

Agonising insomnia,

Stabbing chaos,

Sinful needs.

Dip

The brush in the purple shade.

Draw

New pupils for your eyes

Radiance

Is growing under my skin.

Celebrate the pain,

You're not invincible

Tingles run up my spine,
Approaching another land.

*Open that closet,
Induce brighter waves.*

Skin, flesh and to my bones,
I'll perform love rituals,
Kiss the high heavens,
While tucked in with sun rays.

Memoir

On the 25th anniversary of your birth,
I shall set you free my heart,
You have done your time.
In the golden dungeon,
Twenty five years surrounded by my guard-
ians,
Living in the dreamless castle
Where love is prohibited,
And passion is convicted...
I will now open the gates for visitors..
And you'll open your arms to immigrants of
compassion.
All I need is,
Another voice to whisper tranquility,
A hand to take me out of the maze,
And sandblast my soul.
And you - my atheist heart -
Will believe again in love.

State of Mind

Mad distinct laughter.
Feverish tears in your napkin,
Where her initials are sewed with
a sparkling thread.
She's gone to her fame and fantasies.
Uncontrolled swirl of complex emotions
And the famous dilemma is accentuated.
Daydreaming of you and me; in a ballroom
Where I always end up dancing by myself.

Hollow Shell

(To the confident smile.. Omnia Fayed)

Sometimes:

You turn around
On your high heels,
Lose control and stumble.
Your eyes shrouded
And a sharp whistle
Fills your ears.

For moments,
Or as long as it takes,
Light fades away.

Pain is poured in your mouth;
Bitter as it is,
It strangles the sacred purple,
Living somewhere in you.
Cold as steel,
Haters clutch at your words.

Far on the horizon
Roses may blossom,
And given to you as single petals,
To withdraw the black blood
Running between your cells,
Drowning the white.

Yet
You can't sing
Your old notes no more.
Or feel the rain
Like you did before.

Handmade Illusion

Shattered glass on my running track,
Where the grass was dyed crimson red,
And the hopeful heart was shot,
With that golden bullet of illusion ...
I closed my eyes and opened my arms,
Nothing but air has touched my heart ...
That heart, embracing vaporized passion ...
Your blurry laughs are still echoing,
But I will capture a virgin chance,
Stitch my wounds with a holy thread,
Mumble a spell,
To resurrect myself from the ashes of your
delirious smile.

Pathetic Try

The mastermind
Of this doomed world
Granted me:
A yearning heart,
For all the purple shades.
Sprinkled over my words,
An appealing glamour,
Yet all the bitterness
Swims deep in me.

And the secret
Of this hungry soul,
Is my own...
In the pitch dark night,
I shiver and dream...
While the demon of the unknown
Is knocking upon my door.

Tears from the stars
Mute my painful screams,
Careless cold moments
Pass by,
Wrinkling my hopes.
Shrouding my head
With a dull shade of gray.

I'll untie the knots,
And wait for a dawn
That may fill my palms
With petals and dew.

The Seekers

Kill the wishful dreams,
Murder all the charming fantasies.
The ancient spirit,
Prisoner of a nocturnal forest,
Can never float again,
Or dance in her temple.

Those rootless ghost trees,
Stretching their wrinkled claws,
Scratch her wide dark eyes.
Hexagonal red leaves with black veins,
Bursting small foul vacuoles,
Roll in hunger towards her flesh.
With every inch,
She loses her warmth.

Feeding on the vapor of her breath,
Hollowing her white aura,

Drinking her sore voice.
She raises her hands!
Shouts out the holy names!
No echo.

Fragments of torn papyrus.
Every page stained with sinful silence.
And in the hide and seek game,
No one seeks anymore.

Hathour

Violet is in the air.

Despite

Broken vows,

Vague anger,

Yellow faces.

In spite of

A rootless smile,

Holding a brown leaf.

Violet is in the air,

Conquering

Tangible chaos.

Stabs.

Peripheral senses.

Violet will always be there,

Celebrating
Those half goddesses,
Embracing pure hearts.

Painting
Your soul,
My eyes,
Wild wings.
And a dream.

Chanting
Your wisdom,
My passion,
The warmth.
And a sacred song.

Announcing us,
Priestesses,
Carrying the flame of eternity.

Plum

“Hope is the thing with feathers,
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all.”

Emily Dickinson

Premonitions

“Cold breeze
slaps my face...”

One thousand wings
Will grow on your back,
But you can't fly
Through the silver air.

“Multiple horizons,
loud screams.”

Long road.
Blossoms will be scattered
Under your rough feet.
Lines drawn
On your forehead
Will play your music.

“Heat emitted
from a questionable heart.”

Dry herbs,
Coffee beans,
Will fill your palms,
And the scent of tomorrow,
Will wrap your dreams.

“Mosaic-like spirits
hunt my steps.”

Fragrant blossoms,
Virgin wine,
Will feed the white butterfly,
Sinking in the grieving land.

“Far away smiles,
fading laughter.”

Embraceable joy,

Fearful gestures.
Your fingers will run,
On neat bushes.

“Paradise under the sun,
yet palms are dry”

Orphan's face,
Yellow touches,
Stir of silence,
Invades your mind.
All the stars
In the blue ceiling
Will glow just for you.

Domino

A full moon,
Painted on the dark horizon.
Strokes of a silver brush
Draw a halo,
And strings of love touch the shore.

*There,
You caressed my soul,
And I sought passion.*

Hidden hopes,
In tonight's anger of the sea,
Hit the sandy beach,
In a cunning maneuver
To find a harbor.

*Once again,
I drank from your heart,
Till I was lifted.*

Sand grains,
Carried with the hungry wave,
Reach beyond the dream,
Saving tears of the gone,
And laughter of the coming.

*Those moments
Will revive my eyes,
And in another turn for my heart,
Colorful petals will hold my hand.*

Seashells
Hold flakes of memories within,
And the white pearls
Kiss the footprints
And carved traces,
Of a rosy night.

Bounce

(To the flourishing eyes..Noura Fouad&Yasmin Adel)

Burning throat full of words,
Eyes full of desperate tears,
Reflecting the shadow of the heart ...
Cutting the vein of life
With a razor of dead feelings,
Killing hopes of making love with love.
Every time she sees a four leaf clover,
It vanishes with the hesitant wishes.

Taking painful air inside,
Burning it out with despair.
Fatigue attempts to stand up again,
Looking for a budding light from heaven,
Lost between the lines of the green book,
Where her safety is murdered with no mercy.

A bounce of a sweet dream,
And a dribble of deaf silence.
That silence surrounding her
Hears nothing but the voice of her old man
Cursing his luck;
Radical fragmented thoughts
Hitting her brain,
In a battle with her demon
Who imitates her smell
And how she mumbles
Her old songs.

Selfish!

A knot in the heart,
And even under the spotlight,
Tears are fighting
To expose the boiling core.
No smooth sailing,
Or an orange dusk anymore.
Rotating around a black circle,
Pilgrims are not my language.
And the holy words are fulfilling no more.

Flashes of a cyan tomorrow,
A chill in the air,
And a promising crescent,
Whisper songs
To a pink sheet and a rod of incense.

Chills

I know its winter,
When I think of you
Curled on the couch.
When I long for you
In the nippy sunless days.
When it quivers my soul
Hearing your voice through the phone,
Where I can't touch you.

I know its winter,
When I gloom for no reason,
When I smell your deep purple perfume,
While you are miles away.
I know its winter,
When I send silly smiles all around,
When I hate the vapor coming through my
mouth,
While I am about to kiss you.

Departure Letter

Grieving devoted face
Narrates the eternal story.
Hammers of fake hope
Crush my joyful songs.
Every time I hear your voice,
It gets hard to take the air
Inside that aching chest.

Defeated screams echo in my head,
Your blunt feelings
Gather to stab my fantasies.
Those begging eyes
Convey your torn dreams to my voice.
Insomniac fever takes away my identity.

Those eyes in the mirror are not mine.
A bitter margarita filled my mouth
When you quenched your thirst in my
arms.
Once again,
The wounds of your heart
Heal through the passion of my lips,
Leaving your scars on my face.

Emotional Void

-1-

Cold bed,
Spiral stairway,
A fearful tomorrow.

-2-

Your eyes glow,
I wrap my warm wishes
In your golden palms.

-3-

Dizzy looks,
Hungry fingers,
Shallow breaths.

-4-

Moist lips,
Mute talks.
A pink shadow
On your forehead.

-5-

Your name written
On my skin,
Hiding the thought
Of an eternal shivering.

-6-

Absorbed shock,
Vapor on the mirror,
Sweating heart,
Rushing to an end.

Shivering

(To the beautiful madness... Iman Qotb)

You are a cold breeze in the dawn of a summer night...

A deep breath after a long run...

An emission of innocence from my old blanket.

Hearing your voice feels like coming back home...

The waves of love have carried me to your shore,

And there I lie down peacefully,

Where I don't want to open my eyes...

Enjoying those tides of passion hitting my body,

I surrender to the enchanted shivering.

Your touchable voice tempts me

To stay in your territory for eternity.

Once Upon a Time

(To the smiley eyes ... Salma El Gamal)

-1-

Dozens of roses,
Secret gesture
from a hopeful heart,
To earn a touch.

-2-

He said it right,
Warmth filled the air.
Her blushing cheeks
Declared the words.

-3-

He found himself,
Flying to heavens,
When he probed her heart.

-4-

His finger tips,
Running through her hair,
Broached her soul.

-5-

Another dancer,
Climbed the stage.
Angry steps.
Torn wishes.
Woven colors.

-6-

Fragile embraces.
Painful whispers.
Black linen
Shrouding their faces.

-7-

Violet is fading away,
Leaving scars.
Grey is crawling,
Drawing numbness.

-8-

White marble,
Loud steps.
And the farewell beats
Are banging the walls.

Fetal Position

Undressing my mind,
Shedding your whispers ...
And a cold bed,
Is all that's waiting for me.

On my right side,
I try to dream
Colorful birds,
Filling the far horizon,
Where salvation
Is no more in your arms.

A stone in my heart,
A secret hiding place
Is what my tears seek.
Tonight, I find it hard
To make the first move,
And smile at the full moon.

Holding the shadow
of a red rose,
Drinking sour wine.
My head between my knees,
Uttering words,
Sewed on blue linen.
Immersing the low beats
In holy water,
Finally lose all the trembles,
And open those eyes again.

Divine Green

I blamed you
For mornings with no mist,
For embracing nothing but air.

Stay on my white ground

Its cold outside,
But
I'll shatter walls of confusion
With a divine knock of love.

You're my plum rescue boat

Hazy road,
And a lighthouse standing.
Walking my own path,
On this planet called earth.

I got no hands but yours to hold

Holding a rose in my hand,
Wishing for a full moon
To glow every night.

The warmth is fading away

Standing on a silver cliff,
Watching a new day,
Stepping on relics of passion.

You're wrapping my heart with a black ribbon

The downpour of rain
Is carving me a gemstone,
To be held in my eyes.

My tears are longing for your fingers

A glance that I've forgotten
Is floating now
On my lips.

Black and White Photo

(To the silent giggle... Kareem El Menoufi)

Unfenced shore,
Saturated with
A salty vapor carrying
An embrace for tomorrow.

Dust and tears
Filling the forgotten years.
Hiding our hopeful smiles
While warmth was inevitable.

Wide eyes open.
Wild dreams
Of creating our own sea,
And taming the black tides.

Elevated souls
Defeating velvet ropes
That may strangle
Our hand-made dawn.

Discreet feelings,
Ridiculous long nights
Spent in the magical mumble
"Loves me ... Loves me not".

And somewhere underneath our skins,
A tangible cloud,
Holding a lilac blossom
Was keeping us alive.

We didn't change.
Under the appealing clothes
We still carry the same smell,
Of innocent petals,
Soaked in a virgin wine.

Ordinary Breaths

-1-

The shadow of a smile,
On the walls of a broken heart,
Takes the beats to a new road,
Where the rhythm is trotting.

-2-

Long fingers,
Touching a frown,
Sweep away ages of pain.

-3-

No long talks,
Just... a captivating gaze,
Delivering an armful of sun shine.

-4-

The deep scream,
Of a newborn,
Scents the mist of a frosty morning.

-5-

White fumes bless the air,
Spread musk kisses,
Gently touching your laugh.

-6-

Wrapped in your arms,
For minutes, passing like seconds,
A fountain of warmth,
Paints my undermined world.

Amusing war

Sparkling green lights,
And a crimson gown.
Your confused wide eyes,
Dazzled with questions.
Cunning hopes drawn on my face,
Victory is warming the air,
Your looks open the door,
Taking a small peek.

A wide room suffering a vicious ceiling,
Red shadows painting the walls,
Dark closet full of dry flowers,
Uniting for the funeral.
Smelling like dust.

Arrange your bouquet,
Wear your agonising perfume.
Put on your appealing jacket,

Smile and turn around.
The velvet blossom with glowing petals,
Heavenly releasing a golden aura,
Waved goodbye a while ago.

In the Tale of Life

Wild.

An empty night I have become.

Tense.

Strings of a Spanish guitar

Crying out the agony I possess.

Steps.

Black bricks behind a forest painting.

The dew wetting my dreams,

Keeps my white breath awake.

Beyond “once upon a time”

I’ll cross over a glassy spell.

Sharp eyes,

Reflecting agitation.

Curly hair,

Carrying the essence of a sea.

Thin skin,

It’s snowing on my red essence.

Ma'et's Whispers

Aching insane feelings,
Impaired hungry moves,
Wrinkling the glamour of my eyes.
Plant another soil but mine,
Where your seeds can blossom,
Into dark colors.
I'm strangling the black & white dreams,
Painting glorious stars,
To wash your essence off me.
That voice holding me tight,
Getting me a ride to another sky,
I shall cherish and obey.
Your remnants in me die,
When I feel beyond the obvious.
And within another turn around the sun,
I'll be caressing charmed bushes in my
land.
And where light is no longer a sin,

My senses will be filled,
With a divine violet flavor.
My heart will be embraced,
By lavender blessings.

Lavender

“We are as the flute, and the music in us is
from thee;
we are as the mountain and the echo in us
is from thee.”

Jalal Eldeen Al-Rumi

Redemption Spell

“A dash of salt,
Soar strawberry juice.”

Altophobic as I am,
I shall stand on a mountain,
And taste the incense of heavens.

“A butterfly wing,
Dipped in Chardonee”

No more white grace.
A squeeze of affection,
From a divine cloud.
Will cradle the fears.

“Mint candy,
Soaked in chocolate”

I'll scribble my own prayers.
Those warm tears,
Will melt the starring ghosts.

“A red spike,
And a forgotten wish”

I don't mind a bitter laugh,
I will mend all the cracks,
In my eyes.

“A slice of a broken heart.
Some purple foam”

Full of flaws as I am,
I won't pack my dreams away.

“Milk and honey,
Tasting like lime”

I'll ride a silver leaf,

Reviving my odorless soul...

“Raw apple,
Green lamp”

On my knees,
Buffering all the blues,
Embracing a thought,
Of a “may be...”

Crystal Ball

I am the woman of love potions,
In the words of a tingling song,
I drown.

With a violet drop,
I plant passion in the eyes,
My veins crave a red pillow.

Light hopes appear,
In the pitchy castle of tomorrow,
All the tears and laughs are waiting
For another dream to conquer the grey.
Or a lavender breeze to blow a kiss.
In the smile of an old lady,
Wonders of a white rose revive,
And in the heart of the beloved,
I shall unclip those hungry wings.

Incandescence

-1-

Crawling solitude.

Painful kiss.

Poisoned eyes.

-2-

Prayers all the night.

Sins in the day.

Thirsty soul.

Wet napkin.

-3-

Deep breath.

Divine voices,

Fighting in my head.

Purple scarf wrapping my neck.

-4-

Wondering about a smile.

A smile stepping,

Towards the heart.

-5-

Home sickness.
A crystal cyan river.
Running on my skin.

-6-

The soft swirls,
Are breaking the spell.
Of a frozen dew,
Mixed with bitter dust.

Precise feelings

Winters,
Hypnotize green.
Strain solitude.

Heaven,
Held in your eyes,
Cradles the voice,
Of a naked soul.

Cold vapor,
Grasps my heart.
Invades my breaths.

Floral touches,
From your lips.
Brought fire,
To that dull portrait,
Lying between my ribs.

Waxing Crescent

An endless desert,
Coarse sand grains.
A broken bridge stands between two hills
Where the voice of the sky,
Can't caress your face.

Dreamless sweaty nights
Peculiar invasive beats,
A renaissance of warm shadows.
And a cold spot in the soul
Waiting for your breaths,
To color it with new passion.

Consuming fear of abducted hopes,
Doomed justified affair,
Between your blue heart,
And my cyan eyes.
A fragile aura holds the moon,

Asks the holy winds,
To kiss my curly hair.

When the orange embraces the violet,
I'll be holding you close in the horizon,
Whispering in your ears,
Devoted words.

Fire

Insatiable feelings,
Sitting on the door,
Waiting for permission,
To pass and control.

In his rainy wonderland,
She raises the white flag,
And waves for the flying doves,
To come and sing her words.

In her mind,
All the colors mingle,
Into the shade of his eyes.
A choco brown smile,
Finds a way to her lips,
Blowing a warm breath
Into her chest.

His words danced
With the stars,
Unleashing lemon essence
From her soul,
Sewing her the sky,
Into a sleeveless dress.

Clear Drops

A vision,
Of a wondering tomorrow.
A sky,
Full of immigrant stars.
Her hazelnut eyes,
Wish for a shower of blessings.

A dazzling cloud, obeyed!

Drops on the solid ground,
Painting a lighter shade of hope,
Wet green leaves,
Splitting the wide light,
A thousand colors,
Her eyes brighten
Her mouth opens
On a taste of heaven!

She takes all the virgin air in.
And the scent pure and clean,
Pats on her straying soul ...
Coats her hesitant steps,
With a nostalgic drift,
Back to the velvet embrace,
Charming her mornings,
With a scarlet caress,
Taking her breath,
Where life went,
Like it'll never end!

Gestures

(To the contagious laughter... Zainab Magdy)

It's the way you look into my eyes:
Speeches of lavender petals breathing
End up trapping words in my throat,
Wanting to captivate your smell
Forever in my arms.
Wondering about the tangible essence
Of your wild laugh,
That laugh which makes the time
Stand still. In a second I smile,
In another tears glaze my voice
But I won't beg for forgiveness.
The tingling flavor of your lips,
Cradles my faith,
Throw your arms around me,
For this embrace
Is what keeps my heart green.

Losing Virginity

A Long journey holding a hazy destination.
Nothing,
But the sound of blue rain drops,
Crash that nostalgic silence.

Grey Hills of deaf pain,
Squeezing that green soul,
Draining her white fantasies.

Meaningless beats of a forgotten passion
Dancing with the lone attitude.

Desperate words clenching in my eyes,
And a storm of seeking tears,
Crucify a survival song,
On a glass slab.

Vain trials to reach my old shawl.

Dry unscented skin,
Yearns to embrace the lime scent,
Longs for a salty breeze.
I am drawing a rose in the heart.
Waiting for the dew to find me,
Where the music of the sun,
Is no longer played with despair.

Sinful Grace

The intensity I feel,
In the silence of your eyes,
Takes me to that place.
Where love,
Is no longer dormant.
And me wanting you,
Is not varnished with shame.
Soaking in the sinful serenity,
When I scribble my words on your lips,
I am taken to a destination of joyful grace,
While your greedy fingers,
Draw a discreet map of your magical essence,
All over my soul.

Apprehension

(To the red shawl..Fatma Sabit)

Standing on a steep cleft,
I don't want to go any further,
When I lit a candle,
I reached the harbor I cherish,
Where the goddess of love,
Still rules the sky.

Sandal wood fumes caressed,
Those trembling eyes,
Taking all the blue out,
And the white is taking steps in.

My wrinkled soul screaming,
Inhaling the forgotten words,
Mumbling the old vows,
Ancient enchanted songs,
Over my forehead and heart,
Conquering the atheist breaths.

Delicate Darkness

Every single morning,
I catch her smell,
Mixed with the mist...
In the smile,
Lavender wraps my soul.
In the frown,
anasmia tortures my world.

This small mouth,
I carve with my lips,
Kisses away dark aches.
Those aches,
Squeezing my yellow heart.

Those wide eyes,
I trace with my finger tips,
Emit warmth that shakes,
The settled passion,
Of forgotten years.

Your cheeks caress,
The blue forehead of mine,
Sandblasting the dusty wrinkles,
For a man wishing
A fast departure.

I hold your voice,
Between my shivering palms,
Hide it with my dreams,
In a secret temple,
Where I can always,
Drown my self in your whispers.

A Rod of Incense

Every night,
Imaginary arms,
Wrap my waist,
Whisper words...

Warm words.

Every lonely night,
A hand,
Pats on my shoulder,
And mumbles a song.

A song screaming,
Not to tilt my head.

Every cold night,
A delicate finger,
Wipes my tears,
Closes my eyes.

Those eyes,
Holding a glassy gaze.

Every shivering night,
A velvet lip,
Reaches my forehead,
With a violet elixir.

A Moment in Time

Leaning my shoulder on the wall,
Staring at the ladder shaped clouds.
I wonder about your warm looks in my
eyes.

Your eyes run away when they meet mine.
I am a refugee,
Suffering an aching need to camp in your
smile,
To rest my head on your chest,
And softly ring my arms around your waist.

I heard your steps coming behind me,
I listened to your inner whisper,
But I muted my confessing voice.
Protecting my ego from a self-stabbing?

Loving you is inevitable.

The sweat vulnerability of the numb lips,
Dying to tell you the truth!
And after the famous three words,
I'll drown in my dizzy affection,
vanish from the red flush coloring my body.

Tannoura

He is here,
Standing Still,
Till the enchantment,
Dominates the air.

*Every morning,
I feel lavender,
Caressing my face.*

He raises his head,
A begging glance in his eyes
Step around a step,
Just to find you.

*I smell your essence,
On a rose petal.
Probing my breath,
With divine tingles.*

His arms and palms,
Facing the blue sky,
Devoted to your delicacy.

*A nightingale prayer,
In the middle of my night,
Delivers your green blessings,
To my wondering heart.*

Spinning,
His legs are no more,
On the ground.

*When I peel my orange,
When I stand under the rain,
Your aura holds me,
So tight and close.*

Whirling,
And rainbow colors,
Mingle into white.

*On the highest cliff,
I see you.
In the deepest sea,
I reach you.*

His salty eyes,
Glimpse redemption.

*Nocturnal confessions,
My own scribbled sins,
Die in your light.*

A silver star,
Kisses him,
Lifting his wings,
To the seventh heaven.

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