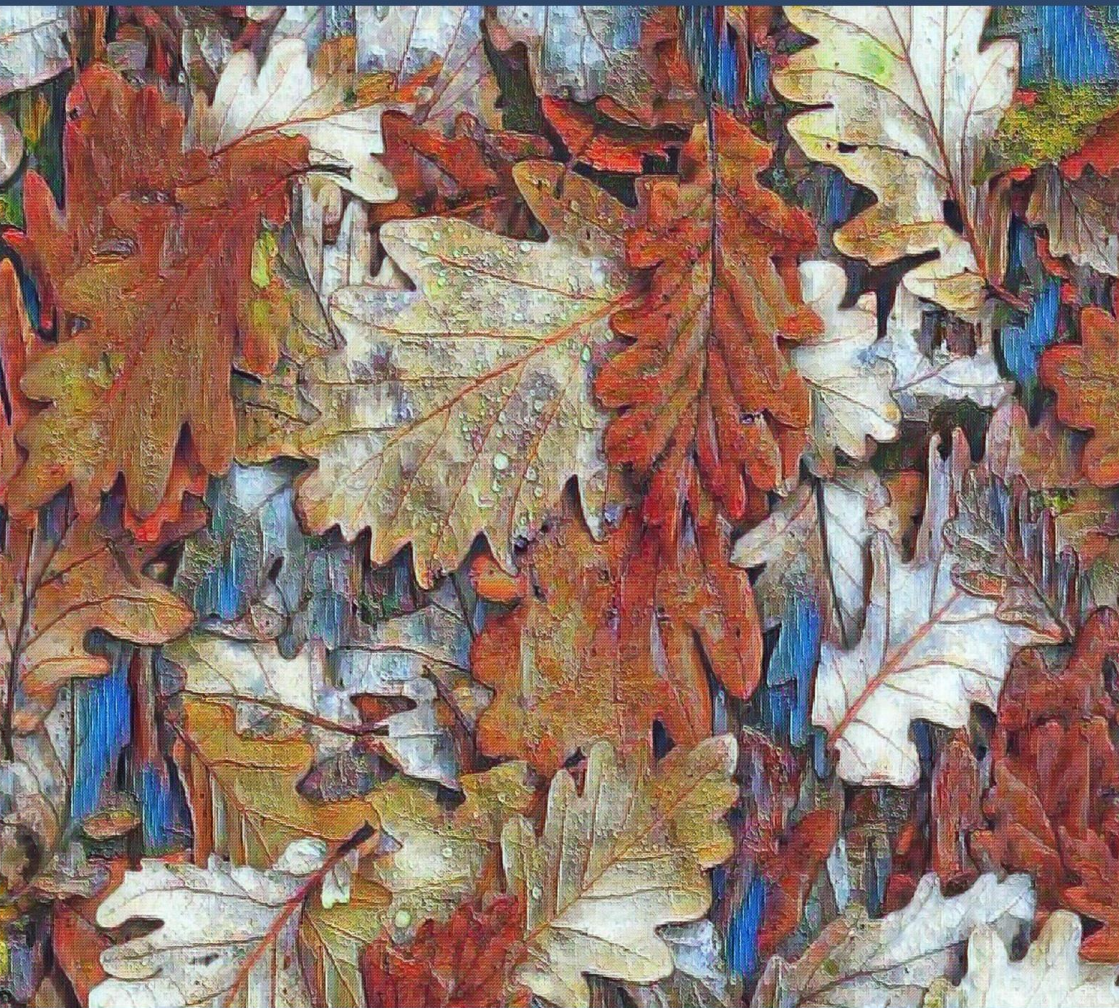


WARM MOMENTS

ANWER GHANI



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Prose Poems of 2019

Arcs Publishing House 2020

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Preface

Anwer Ghani wrote poetry when he was fourteen years old, in the year 1987, when he wrote direct rhythmic poetry and classical and traditional subjects. In 1995 he moved on to writing free symbolic poetry and philosophical themes. He started writing an expressive narrative poem of national and popular subjects in 2003 and until now he is writing like this.

Poems 2019 are characterized as simple and social expressive narrative poems, and for this reason he described them as warm poems and the collection is called (Warm Moments).

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Every Year I Love You More

I asked every rose in our garden and every tree near our house to tell you frankly: Every year I love you more. Today, in this charming morning I spoke seriously with the sun, and we decided to tell you one fact: Every year I love you more. It is the last night of December and this year has passed with a great memory, but what I really remember are our moments where I love you more. Now, on this silent night, near our little fireplace, specifically in this intimate winter moment, I listen well to my coffee and remember every word of it and how it tells me to give you a big hug and tell you strongly: Every year I love you more and more. When I sit next to you, I love you more, and when I travel across faraway lands, I deeply feel that I love you more. When I talk to you, I love you more, and when I remember your words, I love you more and more. In fact, every day I love you more, and every year I love you more.

The Smiling Rabbit

We have a small garden, and a small rabbit always wears his wings and flying with delight at morning and at evening but these black voices had stolen his lovely wing so he is now a flying rabbit without wings. You can't imagine the deep sorry of a flying rabbit without wing. Someday you will remember me and you will know that the hidden hand has stolen my wing and you will know the size of my lost love and my lost flying. I am a sad rabbit but inside me there is a big white flower. Yes, I am a white rabbit with a broken leg, and all these big flowers are just a short story of my hidden love. You can see it; you can smell its fragrance, and you also can see my broken leg.

An Arabian Scarf

We are from the East, where the desert grows in our heart as flowers and the eagles live in our minds like the canaries. Our wells aren't pink but at least they can hug our beautiful fish, and our children don't know how to kiss but at least they have colorful kites. Yes, our Arabian scarf is so tall because our ancestors knew that we had fragile hearts, and we cry easily. You shouldn't think that we are so sensitive or over passionate but in fact our souls have made from chants and our ordinary speech is poetry. In fact, we are the sons of poetry, and our internal is so dreamy like the watermelon, and in addition to our pink water, we have sweet melodies, and when you open our hearts you will see the magic rivers and fairies.

It is Nice to be an Arabian Man

Yes, we are brown, and our farmer hands are coarse but these hands have smooth, firing and magic touching and our forefathers knew that we are exceptionally infatuated with beauty so they have colored us brown and not yellow. Here, on our Arabian skin you may see the impressions of our old lightening candles and the scratches of the long years of the hard hope. It will be so nice if you are an Arabian man, because all the melodic birds will find their ways to your stormy trees and all the farms will emerge from your deserted hand. We are from here, the stormy lands where the brook can't be dry and the streets' eyes are shy and attractive. It will be nice to be an Arabian man where your mouth is hidden by a grey veil, and your voice is so marginal. This world will know you very well and the pictures of your camels will appear daily in the magazines but in a silent manner and without opinion. Yes, it is very nice to be an Arabic man, because all what you can do is watching and all what your women know is silence.

When You Have a Family

When you go deep in your silence, there is nothing can break you but the faint sound of your days and when you read my poetry you will know that I am a farmer from the south my father has planted me with our ambergris. Yes, I am a simple farmer from the south around me a small tree, a small river and a small family. My morning is kneaded with my small daughter's smiles, my evening is colored by my big son's tales and my night is the glory of the soft hand warmness. When you have a family, at that time, you will see the secrets of twilight, the delicious taste of the backache and the very wide world of a small family in the south. Yes, I have a small family in a small house with a small window, but my eyes can see the beautiful night stars and my heart can touch the charming morning smiles. When you have a family, your smile will have pink lips and your work will wear a crown. Yes, my friend, when you have a family all the days will be valentine and all the times have meaning. Yes, when you have a family, there will be sadness and happiness, crying and laugh, pain and pleasure, but believe me this is the meaning of life.

I Am Always here, Waiting Your Love

O, the pale world come on, exit from your dry nights, here is a dawn, come on, I am waiting your love. What will happen if you smile, yes what will happen if you whisper in my ear a tempting word. Please my runaway world, what will happen if you sit between the poor men and give them your merciful compassion, true compassion, azure compassion. I have bored with your cold and absent presence. Oh, the absent world, please transfigure and shine, let me see your love, let me know that you know yourself, let me know that just for a moment. Here are clean carpet, clean dish and clean spoon, please sit with me and share me my hungry moment; my lost moment; my absent moment. Please, do something, rise your feet, exit from your freezing delusion. I am not a black wind, not a faceless shadow, I am a kind eye and a soft hand, I am a love. I am standing here, under this tall and old tree, waiting your coming, I am standing here like a shivered bird, alone waiting your smile, I am standing here at every dawn waiting your love. Yes, I am always here waiting your love.

Thank You Very Much

Thank you very much for being here with me. Thank you very much for sharing me my sadness and happiness, my pain and pleasure, my dreams and reality. Thank you very much for being beside me; talking to me and hearing me. Thank you very much for your smiles, your laughs and your glances. Thank you very much for your asking, for your worrying and for your concerning Thank you very much for being eating with me, drinking with me, sitting with me and walking with me. Thank you very much for your touches, for your whispers, and for your hugs. Thank you very much for being kidding with me, playing with me, and joking with me. Thank you very much for caring about me, for being glad for me and for being sad for me. Thank you very much for being in my life, for being my life and for making my life. Thank you very much for your warm love, for your deep love and for your true love. Thank you very much for being standing with my in front the wind, for holding my hand under the rain and for wrapping my body in the cold night. Thank you very much for making my days, my hours and my moments. Thank you very much for everything. Thank you very much from me. Thank you very much from my heart. Thank you very much.

Deep thanks for being my friend

Deep thanks for being here and being with me. Your presence is a gift, and your friendship is a beautiful world. Deep thanks for being talking to me, hearing me and sharing with me. Your talking is a happy song; your hearing is a magic dream and your sharing is powerful reason for pleasure. Deep thanks for chatting with me, for asking about my name, about my city and about my family. Your chat is a very special moment, your asking is a very cool thing and your interest is a very valuable prize. Deep thanks for your smiling and your laughing. Your smile makes my morning, your laugh plant in my depth delight gardens and your kidding is the narrator of unforgotten tales. Deep thanks for caring when I was absent, for being glad when I get happy and for being sad when I feel upset. Deep thanks for being my friend and for being a deep touch in my life. Your warm friendship is a precious treasure, and your powerful presence in my life is a very reviving beat. Deep thanks from me, from the bottom of my heart, from the deep lands of my thankfulness. Deep thanks for being my friend.

A Rainy Love

It is not just a rainy night, it is my life which was always wearing its hat and try to play with full love in my rainy dawn. The roads, the trees, the birds, the valleys, the farmers, the students, the girls and the flowers are celebrating but with faint voices and grey faces because the rain don't give the earth all its love. Yes, this is my chest, pare and surrendering, please plant on it your very red and killer flowers, your very green and wide leaves, your narrow road which has no place for a strange man wearing his small and black hat. I will sit there, on that small and old chair, I will sit silent and motionless, I will sit there waiting your love. Yes, I will wait your angry love, your flooded love, your conqueror love; I am waiting your rainy love.

Love in The Internet Time

Yes, the distance is illusion, and the hearts have their secret ways but what can I do if there is no net now? How can I see your pretty face? Dear my remote lover in the faraway land send your soul, let your spiritual breeze touch my depth and let your illusionary fingers play with my dry lips. My words are deep and true, and they are emerged from my heart but what can I do if there is no internet to show you my potent feelings? Your voice is very nice, but there is no internet to hear it and your eyes are so attractive but there is no internet to see them. These distances kill me, make a big blank in my existence so I can't sing smoothly like my yellow bird, and can't swim in our lake like my goose. I can't sleep and dream in these cold nights; I mean very lonely nights. Yes, my remote love, my nights are so cold and my flowers are so dry and you can't imagine the deep loneliness in my soul. You are the stream of sweetness and the bank of songs but with sorry there is no internet to taste your sweet smiles or hear your songs.

Colorful Whispers

I heard the whispers of our river in a precious moment; they were melodious and charming. They were colorful like our souls where the old tales of my father has no place. You may see all the smiles which reside behind their veils, and you may hear all the news which fill your heart with fine breeze, but believe me, you won't find in their eyes but colorful whispers where the sun combs the braids of the weak river and draws colored whispers on its lips. The seasons are not smooth, and their eyelids are not enchanting but when you listen carefully you may catch my whispers. Yes, it is me, the inheritor of the hidden wishes where the suns are masked and the rivers are colored with hidden whispers.

The Tale of Our Love

The white cloud told our tall tree to inform the yellow bird that it should whisper in the ear of our bright window that it heard the long river story of the

remote springs which they had seen the glory of our love. Our bright window said that the yellow bird was illuminating when it was telling it what our tall tree heard from the narration of the white cloud tale which said that the long river was illuminating when it was narrating the lightness of the remote springs that they were shining at the time of talking about the glory of our love. The remote springs had told the long river about our love in a rosary moment, and it brought the story completely and without delay to the white cloud and fastly the white cloud told our tall tree all these details and after a short time the tall tree told the yellow bird which it whispers at the early dawn in the ear of our bright window all the tales of the glory of our love and today at the early morning our bright window told me all the story of our love.

I Love the Writers

I love the writers because my mother said that they descended from a magic paradise and hidden demons live in their souls. The legend says that the writers awake early to grasp the dreams and before the white dogs, they knock the snow's doors to tell us the winter's stories. The snowy mountains are in deep

love with the hot mantles of the writers and the flying horses that emerge from their fingers have changed the gloomy colors. I have seen the writers' souls jump delightedly over the grass with the deer and from their smooth pens, the birds take their chants. You may feel the soft breeze plays with their eyes and you may sense their warm beats when they disappear in the river's smiles.

I Am Just You

Yes, I am a poem; I am a letter. No, I am not a poem nor a letter I am just a voice; your voice. So please see me and come close to me. Please see me; I am the spring of water of truth. Please be close to me, I am

the table of the true apple of depth. No, I am not a spring nor a table; I am just a letter of peace. Please don't stay away from me; you will be faraway from light. Please don't hide me; you will hide the truth. No, I am not a light nor a truth; I am just a letter of love. Please like me; I am your earth and your sky. No, I am not an earth nor a sky I am just a letter of peace and love. Please don't cut me; I am your flower and your smile, so please don't cut me. No, I am not a flower nor a smile I am just a letter. Please don't kill me, I am just yourself, so you will kill yourself, I am not yourself, I am just you

There are More Sugar in my Blood

I am so lovely and the air loves my smell because I am diabetic and there is more sugar in my blood. I am always smiling and the morning likes my lips because

I am diabetic and there is more sugar in my blood. I am so sweet and the places loves my taste because I am diabetic and there is more sugar in my blood. Rice and bread are my lovely friends but I should stay away and there is no problem to stay away. Yes, the yearning may crutch your heart but sometimes it is better to be away. Yes, it is not easy to stay away from your love but when it harms your heart it will be better to be away. Look at my tea; it is sugarless, look at my coffee; it is also sugarless and look at my days, they are sugarless also but I am not sad, because I am diabetic and there is more sugar in my blood. Who said that I am in need to attractive sugar? I am the attractive sugary bird and every part of me is full with sugar so I am so sweet and so delicious and don't need more sugar.

Our School is a Home of Love

I was a bird when our ancestors have built our school and you know the birds have dreamy hearts. Our school is a colored river where you can see the golden braids of shy girls and the pretty smiles of the clean

boy. The roads into our school are wings of angels, and the hours on its desk are the glances of blessing. When I walk into our school, I was a butterfly and when I meet my fellow there is a garden of flowers. My mother said that the school is the word of God, and the teachers are sons of sky so I am always in love and respect to that beautiful and holy world. Yes. Our school is a holy world, and the first thing we had learnt in the primary class is how to love creatures. Yes, our school is the home of love, and every place is it is a nice flower, every moment in it is a magic tale and every teacher in our school is a holy gift.

The Land of Brotherhood

We are the brothers of suns; our winter chants have a very delicate roaring, and our mumbles have a wide love. We are the sons of old farmers know the magic tales of our rosary rivers and comb the golden braid of the sun at its smiley morning. You know; the brothers

are smiles, and the brotherhood is a gift so when you have a brother you will be and endless happy bird and a timeless openhanded tree. Yes, we are Iraqis; the son of this land; the land of brotherhood; our Hilli beans inherited the magic songs from the Babylonian clayey tablets and our amber rice has learnt their peaceful colors from the white souls of our ancestors. Yes, we are the sons of the magic land but this strange world always -and without cause- trying to kill our dreams. Here, in our land, the land of brotherhood, the souls are smooth and the hearts are delicate but the roads are grey and the winds are rough because the blind world has a very black hand which don't stop the stealing of our chants. Yes, we are the endless chants and timeless songs but you should plant a red rose in your fields and lodge wild deer in your lands to hear our magic and to see our colors

The celebration of walnut

I am a simple farmer from the south, and when I bring walnuts to my house, I celebrate. At that time, our rooster becomes more attractive, and our chicken wears a melodic dress. The small window in our house song with joy and our cow shakes her heavy thighs. At

the celebration of walnut, we make a round circle on the floor near the old fireplace and put all the nuts in the middle. Then you hear nothing but walnuts smiling with warm stories. Listen, to see the glory of walnuts, bring it on a winter night after sunset, where there is only a cool breeze and the stillness of the night. Also, you must be a simple farmer from the south, just like me, to taste its delicious stories.

Anwer In Baghdad

Come here, sit beside me; I will tell you something. I am from here, from this land; the brown land where Tigris has dreamy mirrors and the palm is veiled with dark green. When you walk on its bridge, your chick will be lovely because of the soft hands touches and your mind will be flying because of the magic grayish

eyes. Only in Baghdad, there are magic grayish eyes and dreamy mirrors swimming coquettishly like soft colored fish. Look at my words, they are orange like the lips of the Baghdadi birds, look at my dream, it is brilliantly silvery like the hearts of the Baghdadi brooks. Yes, I am a farmer from the south, but here, in my chest, there is a Baghdadi silvery heart and a smooth Baghdadi tale. Yes, only in Baghdad, the tales are so smooth and satiny like the velvet nights, and the moon is so soft like rosary cheeks of a coquettish woman.

Saydatonnisaa

She is the girl of paradise where the sky man had descended into heaven and ate from the glowing tree and brought her light with him from that high worlds. He said I named her Fatimah; the weaned because God has weaned her and her followers from the hell. Yes, she is the holy woman; she is sinless, hate-less,

paradisaical and celestial. Her brightness filled the universe, and everything got glimmer because her shining face so the people called her Azzahrah; the woman with bright face. Yes, she is the inheritor of the brightness and illumination; from Ibrahim and Ismael got her holly enlightening blood and from Mohammed inherited the elucidative truth and wisdom. She was totally dissolving in love of God, so she was called Saydatonnisaa; the first lady of heaven, and her heart filled with sincere faith so her sons are the nation of the holy sky sciences. When she reaches marriage, Allah told his prophet to marry Fatimah from Ali, so her marriage was firstly done in the sky. She was the smile of her husband and her children and the strong wall against the harmful wind. She didn't know but love and postponed all her needs to the otherworldly meeting day. All the blackness of this world; the black hands of the black sounds of the black birds which filled her sky with gloomy moments will be asked severely, and they won't find answers. Yes, her skyward soul can't die and her superficial death is just a message that this world is not suitable for the luminous souls. In the thirteen of Jumada Alula, when she died, the sky wore its black dress and the roses filled the gardens with tears, but her light didn't fade and through her sons this world gets its clear vision. She was Assayeda; the lady, because her people gave her big love and respect, and she is Albatul: the maiden because she was sinless. She was Almbarka;

the blessed woman because her sons are the holy light by which the people can see their roads.

God is Love

My mother said that “God is love and we are the rays of love.” She said: Love wins because of its tent and smile. Yes, we are small trees of the lovely hands and just small smiles of the beautiful mouths. We are the sons of love; our hearts are so pink and our souls are so warm. When you touch my heart, you will know the story of yearning and when you see my eyes you will

find the sweet tales of magic fairies. My mother said that we are just a beautiful tales of love.

The World of Souls

I will stand in the middle of our bridge waiting your soul to touch my heart, so I can fly. Our souls' meeting is the true land where we touch the real faces of our bodies and see the real eyes of our minds. Where our souls meet, the moments are more intense; the hands are warmer, the eyes are more colorful and the feelings are sharper. I am sure that you understand my

souls' signs because you are a reader and my mother said that the readers are great believers. And you know my soul's story very well because you are a writer and my father said that the writers can see the souls carefully and know their tales very well. You believe me when my fingers refer to the places of the angels in the sky because you are beautiful and the beautiful souls are angels' friends. I am sure that you can feel the delicious breeze of the magic feather of the angels' wings because God kneaded our souls with fragrance of his heaven. I know that you don't believe the tongues of those who say that the world of souls should be free from the body tales because we're human and the human is always a soul, a body, and a mind.

Yes, But

Yes, I am a doctor but here, in my chest, a poet loves the magic land. Yes, I am an Iraqi man but here, in my body, an Asian soul. Yes, I am Arabian inheritor but here in my depth, a universal memory. Yes, I can see our desert and dry wells but, in my dream, very green

fields. Yes, it is me; the wars' son, but I am also the son of the palm trees and I won't stop my giving. Yes, I see all the thieves who stole my flowers and my smiles but I am still a white flower full with fragrance and pleasant breeze. Yes, I can see the hate in the remote eyes but here in my brown eyes, an endless and wide love. Yes, it is my present but I also see my very colored future.

The Sweet for the Sweet.

We are from the east; I mean the sweet east where the homes are fenceless and the rooms are door-less because our sweet hearts are very wide and our sweet hands are always opened. My gardmother says that the sweet for sweet so in our sweet south, the sweet eyes are very merciful and the sweet mouth are

always smiley. We have sweet birds don't eat but sweet grains with sweet hearts don't know but sweet feelings. In the morning, I mean at our sweet morning our sweet birds weave very sweet chants and at the sunset they narrate the sweet ancestors' tales.

Love me, it is Friday

Love me, it is Friday, your love on Friday is more wonderful. Hold my hand and let us fly in this space, and let us smile strongly. It is Friday, and your smile on Friday is more beautiful. Let your soul be a colorful flower, it is a feast day, and let your words be the

carpet of the wind that transmits time and space into a fascinating world. Love me with all your strength because it is Friday and I love to see you love me with all strength. Friday is a different day, so let your love be different, your smile be different and your touch be different. It is Friday; a very special day, so make our moments so special, make our love so special and make our kisses so special.

The Flood of Eternity

The grand flood was a teacher who learnt his student the secrets of eternity. Utnapishtim knew all the secrets when the mightiness of water transfigured in front of his eyes. There are no fairies or witches on the flood but Utnapishtim realized the listen and knew the essence of life. In front of the wide eyes of the flood, Utnapishtim built his big ship to save our life and all these smiles. Gilgamesh crossed the great sea to meet Utnapishtim, the man of the flood who told him about the plant of immortality which resides peacefully behind the wide sea. Gilgamesh traversed the wide sea and found the eternity plant but when he entered the cold pond to swim, a snake of destiny stole the timelessness from our hands. Yes, Utnapishtim grasped the eternity because he had built a big ship while Gilgamesh lost his immortality plant because he just made a small boat. The flood has a heart, so it learned Utnapishtim the wisdom and the secrets of life while Gilgamesh's plant has sleepy eyes, so it chose the snake instead of us.

The Simple Man

Be simple and you will be beautiful. Be simple and I will love you more. Believe me, be simple and everything will love you more and more. The amazing

nature is simple, the awesome seas are simple and the holy sky is simple. Beauty is the simple simplicity. Life is not in the complexity; life is in the simplicity. Your sleepy eyes are more beautiful with simple eyelashes, and your smooth whispers penetrate my hearts with your simple words. Here, in my chest, a very simple heart knows nothing but spontaneity and needs nothing but simple love. When I talk, I talk simply, when I eat, I eat simply and when I love, I love simply. So, please love me with a simple love and call me by my simple name. I love you deeply when you are simple and I get crazy when your smile is simple.

Poetry in Winter is More Beautiful

My father is not a poet but he knew poetry very well and in one day he said that poetry in winter is more beautiful. In fact, my Father was a soldier but he was knowing poetry very well and in a wintry day he took a look at the twilight and said the poetry in winter is more beautiful. At that time, I was a child but I was

knowing poetry very well and I was thinking that poetry in winter is more beautiful. My father, the southern farmer and the old soldier said that winter is the season of poetry and I am; the farmer's son thinks that winter is the season of poetry. We are from here, from the south; the earth of poetry where the trees are images of poetry, the rivers are a stream of poetry and the women are pieces of poetry.

Please Touch Me

I am here, standing under this tree; waiting your touch with red rose; red rose in my hands. Please touch me but please touch me smoothly because I am a sandy flower shatters in your heart as a tale of wind. Please look at me but please look carefully because I am a faint shadow vanished in front of your eyes as a dream of shying girl. Please, hear me but please hear me in a

very quiet night because I am a breezy song comes from a remote land, the magic land. Touch me; I am a cold tale waiting your warm touch and a cold heart waiting your absent touch. You know, the flowers are sad without touching and the nights are cold without touching. Please, touch me, so the moon wears its brilliant light and the sun spreads its golden braid. Please touch me; the hearts love to touch, the flowers love to touch the sky love to touch and the earth love to touch. Everything likes touch.

Our Small Fireplace

Near our small fireplace, I feel I love you more, and when my hand touches its warmth, I feel that my blood is more purplish. Our nights are more lovely near our warm fireplace, and our moments are more efficacious at its orange flame. When I call you, my voice becomes more velvety near our small fireplace, and when you look at me, your glance becomes pinker at our warm fireplace. We are from the south, and we

live in a small house but a passionate one with an old fireplace but a warm fireplace. Everything has a different meaning near our fireplace; I can feel your reviving perfume fills the place near our small fireplace, I can touch your smile near our small fireplace and I can see the melody jumping of my heart near our small fireplace. Sometimes when I am at our small home, in our small room and near our small fireplace, I realize that life is just a warm moment near an old fireplace in a small warm home.

You Are All the Pleasure

I am lost in you; this is the fact, and you do all this magic because you are all the pleasure. Please, touch me; let me know; that I am a nice waiting tale; let me know my days and their beautiful moments. Yes, without your smiles I have no days, and without your touches, I have no moments. Please, take me; teach me the life; teach me the killer redness. Your fingers

are the beginning and the end; your fingers are the amazement and, in their absence, there is no any story. Yes, I am lost in you, and glad for that lost because you are all the pleasure. I want you to know one fact; that I am always in thankfulness for you, in astonishment in front of you, and in pleasure with you. And there is another fact; that you are enough to me, because you are all the deep pleasure. And there is a third fact; that you are my reality and my dream and without you, I am with no reality, with no dream because you are all the pleasure.

The Special Land

In the special land, everything is special; the birds are special, the flowers are special, the buildings are special and the dresses are special. The faces are

special, the eyes are special and the words are special. The rivers are special, the forests are special and the hills are special. The moments are special, the smiles are special, the glances are special and the beauty is special. Its plants in your depth a special memory, creates special moments and leaves in you a special yearning. Yes, any land can be special, but the special land is very special, I mean magically special. Yes, in the special world, everything is special.

Winsomeness

I am from the south where sun plays Tukki and palm trees chant fine melodies but there is the enchantment. There, the enthrallment steals the hearts, so I was missing. You can imagine this unrelenting nostalgia, and the deep penetration. It is

not just an endless river of amazement, shrill yearning for grandeur and an eternal poem of beauty, it is the home of charming, and simply it is the land of winsomeness and the enthralling face of life. The awesome tall trees add to its coffee a special sweetness, the bewitching brown marble gives its words a delicious taste and the grand old buildings colors its memory with unforgettable memories.

A Babylonian Man

I am a Babylonian man, and here, deep down an ancient spirit. Ishtar my eyes, Gilgamesh my ears and Uruk my wings. Yes, I am from here; from Babylon, so you see my skin as brown as our land. My soul is

tolerant like palm trees, and my giving hands are like the Euphrates. Look at my face; it is as expressive as the Babylonian drawing, and my voice is as deep as the Babylonian tales. The flowers are more beautiful in in Babylon and the smiles are warmer here and the sun is more shining here, in Babylon. Yes, these are all my naked and pure Iraqi desires. Yes, I, the man of Babylon, look and dream for a new Iraq, an Iraq without wars, without wounds; only flowers, love and smiles.

I Will Come Back

I will end at the evening's doors as a thirsty spike, and I will cruise the valleys in search of a crippled dream. A tree of almonds I am, and a stolen delight for a feast of a mirage. I bow as a sound of snow in the face of the morning, numerating the sacrifices of the ages

from the souls of my innocent village. Like this I will come back; like a yellow tree whispering in April's ear with all the coldness. The children in April are kites over the houses, while the children of my village are lying down as gray bodies whose bloods irrigate the denial land. O the days, O the echoes; come closer, come closer, here is a wound with the size of the chants of the galaxy. I wish I were a deaf rock on the banks of the Euphrates.

A Warm April

I will knock the doors of the morning as a spike full of hope. I will search the fields for a beautiful dream. Yes, a tree of almonds I am, and a hidden joy of a feast in the smiling eyes. I will stand there; in front of the faces of the nights as a voice of rock, numerating my sacrifices over the ages; they are the souls of my

eternal village. Like this I return, Like a silver tree whispering in the ear of April with warmth. The children in April are sleepy tales and the children of my village weave from the dust time great stories and draw over the face of these earth songs don't know the absences. O the days, O the lights, come closer, come closer, here is the hope with the size of the universe. I am that hard rock that broke the hands of the dark wind. I am the endless love to the breeze of Euphrates.

The Babylonian Bird

I am a Babylonian bird with colored eyes. On my wings, the ambitious young men are flying, and on my eyelids, the aspirational young women are dreaming. The Wheat spikes shake my hands in the morning, and at evening, the moon's butterflies whisper in my ears: "that the moon is swimming in the Euphrates." Yes, it is me, a Babylonian bird without veils or hiddenness.

My soul was made from dreams, and my feathers are just leaving of palm. Here, on my short wings the amazing girls love life and here on my eyes the lovely youths look at shining future. O blind world, as you, we have boys but with killed dreams. O blind world, as you, we also have girls but with killed dreams.

The Colorful World

It is the colored world where every place has its shining color, and every time has its magic beauty. I remember very well that deep moments of the crowd road of Mumbai and the magic garden of the Ahmedabad flowers' city. No winter in India, just warm colors in the Happy Holi, so you don't need any

things but love in this colored world where the souls had been filled with flowers and the minds had been colored with songs. The colored lights made the buildings shining as a colored bride filled with henna and the lovely dark green tress penetrated our souls without delay. I can't forget that that skyscraper which had stood in the heart of that shore where a road disappears in the times of high tide. Just in the colored world you find great love to the great persons, and just in India you find the magic fragrance of the charming inheritance. No differentiation and no fences in the colored world where the different languages disappear under the one tent and the different weathers take a beautiful tune in that colored world.

Our Pink Girls

We have girls; pink girls adore life; adore it deeply. Their hearts are white hearts fill the air with enjoyment and their smile are pink smiles color the places with pleasure. The roads; our roads are black without the girls' smiles and the city; our city is empty

without the girls' laugh We have girls; very dreamy girls; in their eyes, the aspirational tales wear beautiful dresses and, on their shoulders,, the ambitious bags are pink and shiny. Our girls' fragrance is coming from the fairies' land, and their pink veils are coming from the shiny flowers. Yes, in Iraq we have girls; nice girls; their dreams are big and pink, and their wishes are smiling and Rosary. Our schools are proud that magic girls are sitting on their disks, and our gardens are delight that charming girls are playing between their flowers. Our palm trees give all their sweet date for our girls' hands and our buckthorn trees give all their full seed to our girls' labs.

I Like Rain

I like rain because it is a portrayal of love. Its face is wet, but warm and its hand is shivery but kind. It comes at morning as a big smile with strange passion and at evening, it comes like an old tale hugs the small leaves. When we get lost in the rainy moments, we find a breeze embracing our bare souls. I can't imagine

how it will be miserable, if I can't see rain drops'
dancing.

The Celebration of Truth

It was neither a wish nor a dreamy moment but a light in the middle of the night breaking the rocks of the gray time and spreading the appeal to the remote lands where everything was waiting. The rivers wait, the trees wait, and the truth waits. O the lost truth,

the killed truth; nothing here but blindness and darkness, but tonight is joyful and festive, so celebrate, make a cake and sprinkle flowers; it is the promised moment; the birth of true life. In the middle of Shabaan, in middle of the night, in the middle of the dark voice, in the middle of the blind corner, the light rises; it comes out in the valleys between the hills like a silver bird lighting the loving eyes and as an old tale not changed by the gray days to touch the passionate hearts. O sad truth, stay with me here and wait for your bright face, and your white soul; stand here with me and lets us celebrate.

The Month of Rain

It is Shaaban; the month of rain where the waiting earth wears smiles and the waiting hearts see gladness. It is the birth of embodiment of pure knowledge and righteous deeds. I feel his awesome breeze and his enchanting tranquility. He is the true soul of peace and the real face of love; the gladness'

man; Al-Mahdi; nothing on his hand but delight and nothing in his heart but kindness. He is the love's master that love waits and the peace's leader that peace awaits. He is the rightness' king and the justice's man, so in his name celebrate my country, and for the his coming ignite the candles.

I will smile

I will smile this morning, because its sun reminds me of your brightness, its birds remind me of your greeting and its flowers remind me of your smile which plants in me every beautiful hope. I will smile

this morning strongly, as if I see it for the first time, and as if I will live it forever, because it reminds me of your glances, your tales and your whispers. Do you feel this breeze? It reminds me of you. Do you see those orange autumn leaves? they remind me of you. Do you see these dreams which have been hung on the wall of our home? they remind me of you. Oh, dear lost happiness; please come with your lovely smile; come with your precious fragrance. Please the lost happiness; come up even once; even for a single false time to remember that I am still alive.

An Iraqi physician

I am an Iraqi physician and you know; Iraqis are just pieces of love but when I smile in front of my patient my heart looks to the remote lands. Yes, I am an Iraqi poet and you know; Iraqis are just dreaming but our

letters are crippled and our papers are blind. Yes, I am physician in provision and poet in passion, but when I write a word, the letters become red because of our cheap blood in the brooks, and the paper become empty because of our lost dream under the sun and the pen become useless because our stolen flowers by a universal thief. I am the sad poet from the sad land and my poem is just a crippled Arabian girl. I am a useless physician from the faked land and my management is just a broken mirror and a crashed flower. Yes, I am an Arabian man from a land doesn't want to be independent. When my people exit from their illusion and weakness, surely, I will make a big cake and I will celebrate with every creature even the universal thieves .

I Do Not Need to See You

How wonderful to melt in the sea like salt and fade in the air like a shadow for no other reason than to say that I love you. Yes, it's a long yearning, so open your heart and let me fade in you. Just touch me; I'm close to you, so close, so I cannot see you. Is there any need

to see you while we are one? I feel you strongly, just see how I completely fade in you and how I feel happy because I melt in you for no other reason than to tell you that I love you. Let your voice shake my leaves to fly as a butterfly, and let your deep perfume caress my heart because I want to live in you, and end in you, so I do not need to see you .

Ramadan Lantern

When you touch me, I do not stand near the faint window, but I open all the bright doors, the doors of a

very strong and very shapeless breeze. O Ramadan; the rain of touches that reach every story in my weak body and every region in my soul. Your touch is a soft candle; yes, your touch is a new white flower. When you smile at me, I do not wait behind the absent window, but I see the true doors, the doors of endless time and unlimited place. Oh Ramadan, you can imagine my very intense and very shapeless happiness. When your soft whispers flow deep in me, I will never be near the salty window, but I will be immersed in warm doors, the doors of swimming in a stunning river, disappearing in a very strong and very shapeless sea. O Ramadan, let your lantern to touch my cheeks and draw a beautiful spring on my eyes. Let fasting immortalizes my body out of the water that will gone, and the food that will perish. Let my body know its true existence, and let me see my real body without food or drink. O Ramadan, allow your lantern to shine in my depth and to color my soul with unforgettable chants.

The Poets

Have you seen the distant islands, fairies Islands? Yes, I know, you did not see them because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the remote islands; the islands of fairies .

Have you ever seen the truth face to face and given you a smile? Yes, I know, you did not see it because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the truth and pick up its smiles.

Have you ever been able to see your soul being stripped in a vast light where shadows swim, faint shadows planting within you an unforgettable ecstasy? I know, you never could see your naked soul, and you do not discern those shadows, or that great ecstasy because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the naked spirits, their shadows and feel their exaltation.

Have you ever sat on that brown hill above the moon and looked at the earth, every part of it, every laugh? every look: every whisper; as if you were looking at a nut? I know that you never sat down and did not look at any part of the earth or any laugh, any look or any whisper on it because you are like me, not a poet; only the poets can reach the moon and sit there above their brown hills. They are the only ones who can see every part of the earth, every laugh in it, every look of love and every whisper of passion.

Have you ever written a charming poem? I know you did not write such a poem someday, because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can write a charming poem. Believe me, to see beauty honestly and honestly describe it and to see truth honestly and honestly tell it, you have to be a poet.

Please Hold My Hand

Please hold my hand, hold it tightly, I want to feel something warm, I am tired of coldness in this world. Imagine me a bird and catch me strongly, imagine me

a flower and catch me strongly or imagine me what you want but what is important is to hold my hand strongly, I really need your warm hand to feel that I am still alive and not frozen. Please hold my hand warmly, hold it deeply; hold it lovingly. I am a cold shadow thirst for warmth, depth and love. I am an absent tale on a lost paper need warm fingers to find their lines. Please hold my hand to celebrate and light a candle in my cold nights.

An Amazing Hour

I feel all this great whisper and all this great pleasure at this hour; just before breakfast, where fasting brings your spirit up to heaven. There, you touch the

silver islands and meet the very bright spirits that teach me something of purity, and then I come back from there carrying strange longing, strange love and flowers do not wither. Yes, I come back with flowers that do not know wilt. If you see the roads that do not know the end and the islands that don't know but love. Yes, it is the hour of infinity and the free start; the very free flight toward a purer, deeper, and more real world. Then, at that very charming moment, that very amazing moment, I feel the high hopes, the high shadows that touch my heart with all their splendor. Perhaps the people of spiritual meditation do not know about it, do not know how the veils disappear, and how the soft worlds unfold in that amazing hour; just before breakfast.

In Suhoor

It is very rare for these wonderful shadows to visit us, and it is rare to see their nights in this gray time. They are jumping, there, in our garden like a bright deer and

drawing birds full of waking on the brow of our trees. Their Ramadan breeze spreads joy in the place as girls playing in the morning, and their souls smiling to our souls as a cool breeze. It is Suhoor; the time of traveling deeply; where the anecdotes have a different taste, the food has a different taste and the sailing has a different taste. Yes, it is the world of deep sailing which goes far in our very green fields like colorful and charming butterflies, and makes of the rare moments an unforgettable memory. It is Suhoor; the time of the glorious roar where the celebration begins, and the dawn touches its white flowers. It is the time of light where the prayers have different taste, the water has a different color and the songs have different tunes. Yes, in Suhoor everything is different.

Feast Breeze

The feast here is not quiet; it is noisy as the waves of the sea, but timid, very timid as the eyes of a bride whose mother has just adorned her in a colorful car, and its soul is charming, very charming as the braids of a southern girl playing alone under a palm tree. Do you feel its racketsy breeze that flirting my cheeks

without shame? It throws me into the sea of astonishment, so I fly like a butterfly with strange colors over the wide fields. The feast has its distinctive look; the beloved and charming look that catches the heart and leaves it in the world of surprise as a strange sailor who has just arrived a magical island. There, at that moment, he announced his new beginning blessed with love and humility, as a legendary captain or a good hacker who stole the face of time and left him without a flag or island. It is the feast that can fill you with bustle, where the fasting spirit announces its eternal passion and great revolution. Yes, it is the feast; a cloudy ecstasy of love and celebration, and a strange look you cannot forget, believe me. The feast is not a gypsy as you think, it is a man who celebrates and smells the fragrance of the time that its breeze pinches my nose with all the ecstasy. And you, like me, sitting there waiting its glance. So are the colors that await me. I feel them strongly, and their strange taste has made me a delicious cake with low-sugar loved by everyone. Yes, it is the festive holiday breeze that does not know fading; it is always as colorful as the dresses of gypsy girls, always smiling like the northern eyes, and always exciting as the western skin.

At Your Home

at home find your soul and meet it; talk to it. Sometimes you slap it hard and sometimes you kiss it violently. When you want to go home always there is a vehicle. Vehicles that go home do not run out. There is always a bright green line for your home. When you move away from it, your body becomes less bright, becomes dull then you want to rise as if you are coming back from death; as if you are returning from

a stumbling spirit, but the return vehicle is always moving and ready and not stumbling. No one can stop you, because the light of your home is stronger than the darkness; stronger than the alienation, and more importantly, the return vehicle is always ready and always smiling. It is your light from your bright green home. Imagine how wild you are on a dark pavement in a hard winter night. The land is not bad, it's a house, but it wants you not to be too dark and call your soul to return quickly and not to stay on the dark streets; the gloomy streets. Your soul is a small and distinctive house but it wants to sit near the window with a cup of coffee on a warm bed. To sit with your body under the light; the bright light at your home.

A Light

The hearts of the lovers have sad songs; very sad songs. And I am the faint shadow don't know but longing for your light that does not know the sunset Oh, the pure light which the sky with all its purity yearns for its purity, and Paradise with all its sweetness loves its sweetness. You are a river of strange forgiveness, a sea of strange patience and a world of strange eternity. Your spirit fills the places

with light and fragrance and your words fill the times with love and wisdom. O the prince of faith gives me a look that will heal my wounds and give me a chance to live in the cities of light. Those pale nights, very pale nights wanted to make the dawn gray and make the wheat empty, but your free voice, Ali, gives life to the dead earth and your heavenly light does not extinguish. Yes, Commander of the Faithful, they killed you on that sad day, the very sad day, but they did not kill your voice and did not erase your glory Now, the eyes have lost the light of the road; nothing here but the gray stories. They have brutally blinded the road and left the eyes on the west side. O cruelty, how can they think of making all this great pain and this great unhappiness? But I am not worried, I know that your light and your name are high in heaven and earth, and no matter how pale hands and dark papers tried to paint your place with ashes and fill the houses of your lovers with smoke, they will fail because your light does not know the sunset.

Let's Celebrate Asia

The sun touches our window every morning coming from the east, from Asia, so my mom calls it Bright Asia. The sun is old, the east is old, but Asia is new and young today. It is beautiful today and attractive. Very attractive, I feel it, I see it, I believe in it; it is a new Asia, beautiful Asia, its mouth is made in China and its eyes are made in India. The sun that shines from Asia is not yellow, but white like the skin of the Japanese

and their cheeks are not pale; it is rosary like the Korean cheeks, and its sound is not harsh but rather very musical and soft like the voices of Arab women. Asia is very charming and amazing like Chinese arts and sports and she is very real like Indian girls. Here, I celebrate Asia because it is a soft and delicate river and every wonderful story can be planted in the heart of the world. Let's celebrate Asia and its new sun.

The Prophet of Love

I will fade with all love in your amazing world, yes, no doubt you are human, but you are human beings of love. You are an amazing world, yes, a strange world, very strange. You are the prophet of love, the endless love and you are the story that penetrated the bitter body of this earth, and with all sincerity and with all kindness, you said the word mercy and said the word love.

When your words cross the dark valleys, I'm the bitter cactus, do not remember much of your charming songs and bright stories that teach me that I can live this life as a true man. O prophet of love, I do not want to be very immortal, but I just want to touch your

distant words. Yes, I'm just a small idea to catch up with your distant footprint.

O messenger of Mercy, you are the way that the living cities know, and you that sun where the sick darkness still complaining of its light. Your hands know how to make roses and your voice sends in thirsty souls every love. So, I do not fear, yes, I do not fear loss, because your hands made this huge boat, and this bridge of love.

The dark leaves try to paint the walls of your city in gray and try to break that trunk that is waiting for you, but I am a brave boy who realized the truth and saw the face of the sun. I will not enter that land, which has burdened your hands with wounds and bitter pain, because I am a skilled farmer, and I will not sow wheat except under the sun.

Here I am waiting for the chance of light to fade in your love without return. I wait without movement, heavy body and away and you are the word of heaven which its pen does not dry and boredom cannot find a way for its student

You Are so Beautiful

When you break my loneliness with your crazy clamor, life has another taste. When you sink my body with your dewy fields and wet grapes then the moments become more magical. You do not know how beautiful the evening is with you, you do not know how desolate nature is without your sweet voice and you do not know how cold the city is without your lovely warmth. I love nature and I know that there is magic, but these winter streets and these low lights, make your face brighter, and these high-rise glass buildings and the bridge over which we sang, I imagine

if there was no bridge here, how would we recite our poems? Look at the big hours, the big squares and the big markets, they are charming but they are without you becoming dim. Luxury restaurants, luxury hotels and luxury jets leave unforgettable memories. Do you remember that? All of this makes life a different magic and a different taste, and you are, in the midst of all this, more beautiful than nature and the city.

I Can't Love You

I'm so sorry, I can't love you because I'm just a pale shadow. I cannot love you because here in my chest nothing but very dry ash; very cruel and very bitter ash. Yes, you have a face like the moon and a very sweet voice, but I can't love you because there is nothing here but a sandy man with hands of a cactus. Believe me I can't love you because I can't smile at you in the morning, and I'll fail to whisper to you at night. Can you see? Nothing here except a blind shadow and a man fades in this desert; an endless desert. I'm from here, from the land of drought; the land of war, so I can't love you.

The Hunter

The morning is not warm, but it is lonely and fills the hearts of the birds with cruelty. I am not looking for myself amidst these wild fields; I am just looking for a tale not bitter, a quiet tale from the south. So, I will come back with you after a long struggle towards the very harsh endings because you are a skilled hunter. Whoever says I am not happy with you, I am so happy because I am without hope and without smile. Look at my face; it is without eyes and look into my heart; it is without love. Yes, I am a land without roses and I am a heart without love, so I wait for you with all longing because you are skilled hunter.

The Loving Man

He was deeply wounded but he bore the wound alone in order to cleanse others. His right was violently robbed, but he was silent in order to ease the burden on the backs of others. When he saw the mistakes of others, his heart said "I forgive. I do not hate". So, he stayed with them correcting the steps so that the ship did not be lost". He did not want to go away because he knew that the wells would be dry without his love. He is the river of patience, so when he saw the rushing to take what he had, he stayed silent despite the big wound, to teach us forgiveness. He could have been

angry but he had chosen mercy, he could have hurt them but he had chosen safety, he could have hard, but he had chosen easiness, and he could have hated but he chose to love. Because he is always loving, the light of his love is bright herewith great forgiveness and great mercy. And because he is always loving, the light of his love will be brighter there with greater forgiveness and greater mercy.

Be My Friend

I'm not a wild flower, and not like Gilgamesh who came after a long journey to rest and took a tablet of lapis lazuli to write down all his magical adventures. I just want you to be my friend to love you deeply and miss you violently. The summer sun in Iraq is crazy so be my friend so that our sun wears a blue scarf. Be my friend so our morning will have a different smile, the moon has a different tale and the summer has another taste. Be my friend and the nights will have a different feeling, and our talks will have another meaning. Just be my friend and you will see how the celebration will begin.

A White Dress

I always try to wear a white dress, but all my attempts always fail, perhaps because I am from a land where the ashes are rooted and have a long history of darkness. I am the son of dim lights, so I know candles only in the tales my father tells me, but look at my hands; they are very empty. This white dress smiles at you and tells you to be a rose; the roses do not know the hatred. When my mother gave birth to me, she put me in a white dress. When I died, my children put me in a white dress, so I do not want to cut that chain and that date, so I decided today to buy a white dress. The white dress is good, it makes you shiny and smiling, as it brings back the memories of the old heavenly. In fact, I am not celestial, and my feet are clinging to the ground like a blind rock, but I always try to walk quietly in the road and to love the morning for no reason.

THE BRIDGES

They are the bridges of tranquility where there is no noise and everything is seen in reality. You will see the smiles as they are and the faces as they are. Yes, you will see them under the light that does not fancy. They are sacred breeze, sky glances, and bridges of light. They are great hours between sunset of Friday and its day. Just take a little time off in those hours; do something you known as a bridge. Just carry a plant of light and reduce its shadow, then you will find that it has become a paradise for no reason other than that you knocked on a door and crossed a bridge .

At the Feast

When I meet you at the feast, your warm hand will shake my hand and touch my heart so I will intone like a loving worshiper in an old mosque. When I meet you at the feast, you will smile at me like a pure sky and I will sing a joy as a butterfly came out in the morning to manipulate roses. When I meet you at the feast, you will kiss me deeply, so my cheeks will be reddened, and you will leave in my depths an indelible love. When I meet you at the feast, I will hug you strongly, and I will teach your ribs the story of eternity as if I were seeing you for the first time after an absence of ages. When I meet you at the feast, my face becomes softer, and my eyes become very bright as if I had just emerged from a silver lake. When I meet you at the Feast, I will love you so much, and I will be full of joy, as if I were a shy girl whose lover had just told her that he would ask her hand from her family on Thursday.

The Warm Train

Here I am celebrating, though I know that my smiles and everything that can come down from our balcony must pass on to the florist. When the moon lights sleep on my eyelids and when I touch the face of the strange sound, the train passed warm with red flowers. How can I imagine that? And to echo what it whispered? How do I do that? It whispered warmly; where do you find your story? The paths are overflowing with possible shadows, but the birds know that the moment we want needs warmth. Therefore, your coldness can not repeat with me what we have heard. Yes, I'm still drowning in the seas of longing and I still cling to that warm train where we met, although I know that our shadows do not fall asleep only on a warm palm.

The Eternal Fragrance

I always wanted to be a bird; so, I can fly freely in wide space. Perhaps all of this from the cosmic that my father sowed in my spirit. I always feel that this body is heavy on me, but I did everything I could to break through the barriers. I spread like air everywhere, so I'm there and I'm here and I'm grateful and proud of that. I am colorless and toneless so I am truly nowhere and I always live in distant spirits. I know that I don't have enough courage to be a bird, but I always wait - with love - for a new voice and a new color to embrace. I inhale deeply the cosmic fragrance and feel deeply that I triumphed over the place, and I will try hard to triumph over time to inhale the eternal fragrance.

Do You Remember Them

They are pure spirits; they are pure spirits. We encountered them at the fields. Do you remember them? They are pure like light. They are innocent spirits. They are innocent spirits. We saw them streaming gently. Do you remember them? They are as innocent as the river. At that time, they were loving; light and river. Uh, the light and the river were lovers, at that time .

It's morning. It's morning. It's the beautiful morning sun. Do you remember it? When the light and the river were two lovers. It was painting her whispers on our cheeks; O purity; O innocence; when the river and light were in love.

We Won't Live Long

We won't live long, so I'll give you a flower every morning with a kiss. These stars we will not see them long, and those smiling hours will not last long. We have to find our old wooden boxes and look at their old things and find peace and love. I am really tired of stealing life, tired of the yellow hands that leave no room for love. They are so bad; they are trying to grow hatred. Life is too short to be heartbroken or bleak in one's face. The long darkness that some people cultivate, has become longer than our lives, longer than our smile. Believe me we won't live long.

The Doors of Life

The man of greatness saw a great land, a great life, and a great death, but I am just a forgotten tale and I need a brave poet with a magic boat to discover me. Here, in my land there are no poems, so you can depict the intensity of smoke in a land where there are no poems. Our homes are completely different from scented houses and the women here can afford nothing but sad hearts. The grass here is different, and if the poets see the grass in my land, they will change their idea of life. Yes, we're the sons of houses that don't have doors; I mean the doors of life.

It's His Voice

It is his voice; the precious voice, pouring over the sidewalk to tomorrow's smile. Only, he and his voice and Iraq, so there is no place here for the yellow laugh or the strange story. When he calls, he preaches the palm trees, and when he smiles, he smiles to the beautiful Iraqi eyes. It is the brown sparrow born from a high southern palm. It is not a shadow so his voice is golden and his dream is great kneaded with the blood of the martyrs and the tears of women. Here; in his heart live the cane of Iraq, and here; in his eyes, its beautiful future shines. His eyelid is a safe ship, a flapping wing and a beautiful dream. Yes, it is his voice; the future of the new Iraq.

Wisdom Is Here

It is a story that spans hundreds of years. The story of a unique man who knew the earth and saw everything, sing in his name, my country. Wisdom is here; in his heart, in his words, in his sorrow. Yes, the wisdom is here, it is the witness and the martyr; the gift of heaven to Iraq, Ali al-Sistani; the voice of wisdom and its pure flag. The man who saw the truth and said it in the time of wandering. When the voice of Iraq was almost lost, his words illuminated the way. When enemies invaded my land, it was released with his call. Do not be afraid, Euphrates from fire, there are always loyal men extinguishing its bitter flames. Now, when Iraq began to raise a beautiful voice, he was scattering roses on the heads of free people. He is truly honest, sincere and loving. He is truly a nation in man.

When the Headband Shines

When the young man raised his voice, the river found its course, and when the southern bird sang the country, the giant of this land appeared, and everyone minimized. The sun is calling: There is no fear on the amber, and the moon whispers: The palm will remain high. O country of the Euphrates, you still bring blood, enemies and strangers, and your leg still wants to tremble, but you have heard the sound of the sun, moon, river and palm; that there is no fear for Iraq while the headband glamor. Its black color fills the heart of the Euphrates with love and in its eyelids the blood of the martyr does not waste, it is a fortress does not know the sunset. When the headband shines, the days are drawn for Iraq tomorrow smiling.

Little by Little

Little by little, the world will learn how to get out of its coldness, and little by little the colorful spirits will learn how to plant beautiful flowers. Little by little I will feel the warmth of your hands, and little by little you will feel my heartbeat. Do not you see how time has learned to stop in front the overflow of our feelings? and how the fences have learned to fade in front of the power of our feeling? Earth is our mother and her hand is wide and warm, so how can the wind place a false separation between our souls? How can noise make the distance between our hearts? You are not in front of my eyes, but you live in my heart. Your smile is a story of the warmth and brightness of your eyes is a river of love. When the sun kisses the field and when the birds embrace the morning lights, we sit together under that tree and the third of us is the sunset breeze.

A Meeting

I'm not too long, so it's very easy to find a shroud for me, and I'm clean and polite so I can meet the guests coming from there; the ancestors' cities. Yes, I'm really exhausted and my feet are wet like an old barley spike, but please touch my fingers; it's as dreamy as two wings came from there. I will make sweet dates for the guests and you know that dates are heroic and have a smiling heart. I will lie slowly on the foothills of this earth to meet its souls with love like a very hard cactus does not remember anything about the soft texture of the evenings coming from Babylon. Well, I'll rebuild my grandfather's boat and pretend it came from there and I'll rearrange myself and pretend I came from there.

I Must Thank You

You know that my memory is weak, and my curtain is thick and no air or water passes through it, and may be if you looked into my bag you wouldn't find eyes, but I felt, touched and realized how your hand, your soul and your blood freed my land and cities from darkness. Then again, your dawn and sun illuminate my life, and your free voice gives me a new freedom, a new colored smile and a new bright future. Yes, you are free, and I acknowledge it, for you are from South Euphrates and South Euphrates is always free. The time has come to thank you, yes, I must thank you, because you give me so much, build what the winds destroy and liberate me and make my future brighter.

The Fog of Yearning

I will drown in the fog of yearning. I will wait for that train as I met sleepy eyelids, so from there, my story will start.

In December We Met victory

It is a day whose radiation does not end, nor its bright light. Sumer gets the smile from the sun, and places it on the mouth of Assyria. It is a victory by Sumerian hands for Assyrian eyes, to plant the lovely smiles on the face of Tigris and Euphrates. Yes, there, we will meet between the hearts of the Tigris and the Euphrates with smiles, yes, there, we will meet Sumer and Ashur with warm hugs, yes, there, we will meet Annidawi without tears. Yes, in December, we met victory with kisses, so cheer up my country.

The Secret Daughter

Sometimes the mirror shows you true things and sometimes it speaks to you clearly but secretly. It may bring you a picture and sometimes a soul that you know well and that you miss a lot. She is a secret daughter of a deep sea who lives in the fields as a colorless butterfly. Her salty wings fetch fresh water from a distant well, and her breath makes me swim in a distant lake. She is pretty but weird, cool but hidden and clear but secret. She plays the game of secrets with me, covering her bright face with a dark veil because her blue heart has been smashed by primitive winds.