

Andalusia

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Your tales are the songs of wonders,
Capital of God's creation,
rare in earth's splendour

In its darkness, a guiding star,
enwrapped like the child in a mother's womb,
White-skinned men forsake women's scar.

Your street is bright with golden light,
Intoxication of the newly wedded bride,
Kings and Queens, the far others are candles might.

Rays of its men still shine the same,
Ibn Rushd became Averroes, Ibn Hazm has taken another name,
Al-Idrisi changed the mapping game.

Your fragrance enslaved the Eurocentric men,
And the periodic table was the slave's pen
In Tariq's pride, their heart echoes amen,

You were built with men's blood,
In your agony pain are tales,
All lost in women's cloud.

Loneliness

I walk with loneliness,
And I dance with silence.

Ears eager to hear a melodic tone,
Heartbeat or not, none cares.

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Friends are but alphabetical letters,
Within the wave of darkness, I take my step,

Shadowy breath before my eyes but not humanity,
Let the sky cry and the earth groan.

Loneliness is the journey's burden on earth and the tomb,
I walk with loneliness, and with loneliness, I return.

Death

My love mirroring Bagdad's tales,
Layla's absence lumber merrily,
If tomorrow finds me not beside you,
Know! Her passion has draped me.

My body is like iron-pressed wheat.
Life blossoms no longer spring bright.
Humanity's sliced by Freudian knight
Persistent contractions, my mother's whispers.

That wicked vulture soaring above me,
peering deep into my soul, glorifies my pain,
I am its dream, awaiting feast,
poison covered in flesh and meat.

Two meters away from my six-foot abode.
Cold and dark, but my hopes are broad,
my eye socket, a nocturnal gateway,
Pain taught me nothing, nor has the melting iron.