

A Wishful Dream

I have a little daring wish
To spend one day in a royal castle
Alone, with her majesty the queen
Follow her like her shadow
Without being heard or seen

Watch her sleeping, walking and dancing
Listen to her singing, laughing and shouting
Crying like a baby, screaming in her dream
Standing naked in front of a magnificent mirror
Hiding behind brick walls and a mental screen

Watch her as she wears her eye lashes and perfume
Putting on a royal dress, a crown, and a serious look
A queen must be seen elegantly dressed, but rather mean
Follow her to the balcony to greet admiring crowds
Laugh as she waves her hands and people scream
Imagination is a beautiful dream never to be seen

Fly to the shantytown hiding in the castle's shadow
Share an intimate evening with my favorite woman
Eat, drink, read poetry, and make passionate love
Steal a magical night from Scheherazade's story
A queen unashamed to be seen naked, but not mean

Walk along the banks of an ancient river
Where ducks swim up and down the stream
Sit on the top of a wooded mountain

Think, contemplate and write poetry
Listen to nature's music and forever dream

Walk through forests, deserts and fields
Listen to love birds sing and dance
Watch wild animals live without fear
Whisper, jump, relax and run
Play the game of life and scream
Proud to be heard and seen

Follow farmers as they pick flowers and sing
As if love of the land is their special thing
Stop to admire a Bedouin hiding behind his donkey
Protecting himself from a hot summer day
Using the donkey's shadow for a screen

Watch taxies rush, trains run, planes roar
Boys peddle worry beads, traders make dirty deals
Listen to mothers read stories to their children
As babies cry for attention and scream

Follow lovers as they swim and enjoy the sunshine
And feel free to do whatever they wish in between
Look at the blue skies and wonder why
So many people miss living life like a dream

Embrace life and sail with the wind
Travel up and down every navigable stream
Learn, succeed, fail, rise, fall and rise again

Never mind wearing a dirty shirt or old shoes
So long as the heart remains pure
And the conscious is utterly clean

Walk along the memory lane and think
How to be every young man's hero
And every beautiful woman's dream
The man she lives to meet and love
And be, forever, his heavenly queen

North and South Biography of an Immigrant

Neither from the North
Nor from the South
The East or the West
Or the turbulent peripheries
That fight and never rest

A mixture of all human cultures
Tribal customs and farmers traditions
Strange dreams of boys and children
A conscious hidden in heartless hearts
Faithful love roaming no man's land

An authentic product of wild plants
Growing on the top of holy mountains
Man's struggle for freedom and justice
Inspirations of unlimited imaginations

The possible of the impossible
The deep secrets of sunrise
The magical beauty of sunset
The suffering of a lonely love
Wondering in the wilderness

A soul amazed by the science of the West
Overwhelmed by the magic of the East
Refreshed by the breeze of the North
Enchanted by the lyrics of the South

The mind's culture is distinctly western
It belongs to the industrious North
The heart's culture is authentically eastern
It belongs to the ancient, simple South

A mind living in times that recognize no place
A heart living in a place that recognizes no time
A restless spirit lost in the wilderness
A soul with no homeland or identity

A shining, dreaming moon
It loves writing philosophy
Navigating far away blue skies
Enjoys singing and reciting poetry
And dancing with the stars

A homeless, restless soul
That knows no security or peace

Stranger in the North
Alienated in the South

A busy dreaming, planning mind
Hoping to avoid violence of the North
Escape the repression of the South
And maintain sanity in a mad world

A lover of beauty in nature and life
Fearing racists' harsh punishment
A decent human respecting others feelings
Never committed a crime in his life

An honest, faithful thinker
Accused of revealing crimes
Committed by corrupt rulers
Chased by the secret services of the North
Marginalized by the authorities of the South

Neither from the North nor South
The simple East or the wild West
Or some turbulent peripheries
That fight and fight, and never rest

A mixture of all cultures
Modern ways living
Traditional tribal customs
Strange dreams of children

A wondering, wounded soul
Living peacefully in the West
Dreaming hopelessly in the East
Longing for a home in the North
Missing the homeland of the South

Farewell

I want to be free
Like a little bird
To fly so high
And never say why

Go faraway places
Enjoy the sunrise
Stories of the simple and wise
Listen to the whisper of the wind
Discover the secrets of the sea
And roam the old blue sky

I wonder and wonder why
Have I waited for so long
Before I could even cry
Let so many dreams grew old
Fade in the darkness
And slowly, painfully die

I want to forget the place
Where smog is so thick
It stuffs the nose
And blinds the eye

Where the air is wet
The road is wet
Men sweat, smell and smile
But hearts are dry

I want to walk alone at night
When the moon is full
And dreaming is right
Where stars are shy
And clouds pace the sky

Where silence is longing
The air is soft and dry
Sweet dreams are born
In every child's eyes

I want to be a star
In a clear night
To shine and smile
Make things right
For lovers to embrace
And shadows hide their face

I want to be just me
Naked and free
For all people to see
Sing and dance
Whenever I have a chance
Read and write
Laugh and cry

And never, ever say why

Portrait of a Refugee

Running, running everywhere
From here to there to nowhere
Running night and day
Without knowing
Where to go, where to stay

A displaced, dispossessed refugee
Must flee war zones and hide
Deprived of home, identity and land
Searching for a hospitable homeland

Holding hand in hand
Young and old are walking
One eye on the road ahead
The other on what left behind

Moving from cave to cave
Valley to valley
Across mountains of snow
Oceans of mud and sand
Bodies are tired
Eyes are tired
And souls are sad

A refuge must keep walking
Looking for kind people

To listen to his agonizing story
Give him a new chance in life
Free his children from fear and need
And old ties that bind

The soul is angry feeling bad
Unable to accept or understand
Why it should be forever stranger
Wherever it may go or land

The brain is getting worried
No longer able to have peace of mind
Memories seem to grow old
And may soon be buried in sand
And history forgets the life they had

Soon the body will die
In silence without a whisper or cry
It does not matter how and where
Refugees have no right to know
No matter how long they may stay
The land can never be their land

Worms will multiply eating the flesh
Transforming it into natural fertilizer
So wild flowers could grow and bloom
And the sunflower shines like a little moon

The soul will resume wandering

Traveling with dignity and pride
Flying across turbulent oceans
Green mountains and fields of sand
Promoting peace and freedom
The sharing of love
And love of the land

Blessing the good
Forgiving the bad
Unifying people of the world
Cultures, religions and land

Building brick by brick
A dream the body never had
Where life is renewed every day
In the never ever Land
A loving shared homeland

Lovers and Strangers

Time goes by so fast
Creating past after past
Joyful moments
Saddened moments
Never to last

Yet, we are still the same
Lovers and strangers
Sharing love, living apart
Unable to share the day

Or live the past

Two innocent children

Beautiful twinkling eyes

Passionate hearts

Wondering minds

Souls searching for eternity

Where love knows no bounds

A little inspiring story

Like history itself

It laughs, agonizes and smiles

A sea of hope and cries

A monument of sights and lights

Let us share a glass of wine

Under stars that wink and shine

Secrets that excite the eye

Feelings that cannot lie

Dreams that never die

The time is now

And now is the only fact of life

The future may never come

So why should we wait

Until now is gone

And time has finally come

To kiss and say goodbye

Darling, days are migrant birdies
They build nests everywhere
Have no home anywhere
They sing, dance and then fly
Leaving behind broken hearts
Saddened souls and eyes
Unable to sigh or cry

Mohamed Rabie

professorrabie@yahoo.com

www.yazour.com