

# **Abir Zaki**

**- şiirler -**

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### **Abir Zaki (1965 -?)**

1965 İstanbul doğumlu. Suudlu bir baba ve Türk anneden dünyaya gelme. Kendisini Türk, Arap, Mısır, Endonezya ve Yugoslav karışımı bir melez ve ayrıca global/evrensel bir kişi olarak tanımlıyor. Eğitimi dünyanın çeşitli bölgelerinde (Paris, Beyrut, İstanbul, Mekke, Cidde, Kabil, Newyork) tamamladığı için Arapça, Türkçe, İngilizce ve Fransızca okuyup yazıyor. İngiliz Dili ve Edebiyatı eğitimi aldığı (BA; English Language & Literature-King Abdelaziz University, Jeddah) ve okuma-yazma güçlüğü olan çocuklarla ilgili lisans üstü çalışmalarını İngilizce dilinde yaptığı için (MS; Education-Reading- Diagnosis & Remediation of Reading and Writing Difficulties, Troy, New York, USA) şiirlerini de bu dilde yazıyor. Yaklaşık on yıl süren eğitimcilik ve ayrıca bir klinikte okuma-okutma uzmanı olarak çalıştığı bir geçmişi var. Şimdi yine aynı alanda, Dahrn, Suudi Arabistan'da ARAMCO'da görev yapmaktadır.

Kendisini bir kitap kurdu olarak tanımlayan Abir Zaki'nin yazma, egzersiz yapma, yoga, müzik dinleme, sinema, tiyatro, seyahat, vb. gibi pek çok hobisi olduğu söylenebilir. Değişik yerlerde yaşamış olmasına rağmen, O'nun favori kenti daima İstanbul olmuştur.

Nereli olduğu sorulduğunda ise bir tek yanıtı vardır; 'Bu küçük dünyanın herhangi bir yerini seçin! '....

[www.allpoetry.com/poets/rosebud](http://www.allpoetry.com/poets/rosebud)  
[www.poetypoe.com/abirzaki](http://www.poetypoe.com/abirzaki)

**\*\*\*Happy World POETRY Day\*\*\***

Never forget that YOU are  
the cultural clairvoyants of the humanity  
the porte-paroles of truth  
capable to express the insight  
of the profoundly human sentiments...

Never forget that POETRY is  
more than self expression,  
more than creatively expressing your thoughts,  
it is also cultural consciousness  
and a vehicle for  
interpersonal and intercultural dialogues...

So my Poetess and Poets,  
always remember  
and every 21st of March  
that  
YOU are POETRY  
and POETRY is YOU...

Happy World Poetry Day...

March 20, 2004

Abir Zaki

### **...A... Day of the Year...!**

Lysistrata initiated a sexual strike against Them  
Parisiennes called for 'liberty, equality, fraternity'  
demanding Her suffrage  
Clara Zetkin, cried globally...  
they expand and turbulated  
asking Her to struggle for  
equality, justice, peace and development.  
Is that Her place...?

How sad that "A" day of the year  
marked to remind them  
of Her presence  
Her contribution  
of the half of the HUMAN race...?

How odd She should overcome  
entrenched the barriers  
to emerge from Her silence  
of one half of the HUMAN race...?

Don't They know  
that each rose contributes  
with its color and character  
to world harmony...?

Don't They realize  
that She is  
formed as flesh.  
molded by the tender  
alive with soul  
and her moods'  
ever-changing as the ocean's tide...?

Don't They comprehend  
that She is  
given the privilege to bear life from life  
strength of iron flowing in her veins  
allowing her to conquer agony  
anguish and pain  
reaching between her own legs  
past the stream of water and blood  
bringing to her breast, life, to suckle,  
to fill with nourishment to grow...?

Don't They understand  
that She  
stands firm in her vigil,  
never wavering from her duty  
facing uncertainties with conviction  
weeps over the tyranny of the beast  
cries for the destruction of the weapons of war...?

Don't They know  
that She  
establishes a haven of protection  
from the hurts and hurls of this world  
and a dreamer inspired by the colors,  
scents and sounds around her globe....?

And that HER  
lips can bestow healing peace.  
without her, 'Their' life is incomplete...? ? ?

March 8, 2004

Abir Zaki

**...and God was there...\***

She was blessed from the golden bar of heaven  
With Lilies and daisies in her hands  
Reaching to her loved ones around  
Adamant, and strong as she could ever be  
Fighting TIME like a pulse shake fierce  
Rhyming with the angels yet unseen,  
And saved by HIS grace in joyful tears...

to Ilgaz Hakman...

February 23, 2004

(couldn't send daisies and lilies, but  
hope the scent from my poetic aroma would do...)

Abir Zaki

## **A Chat with a Friend...**

A friend asked,  
where have I been,  
I told him  
that I was  
captivated in the Hijazian mountains  
where history of time belongs  
enthralled in the world of souls  
where history of my love subsists...

The friend asked again  
how it felt to be  
in the sublime mountains  
I told him yet again  
that I with  
my beloved  
were like two huge granite slaves  
skinned painfully alive  
stripped out nakedly  
stood and blessed like the divine messenger  
the messenger of love  
witnessing the flow of time  
from above...

Witnessing from above  
so that we care without hesitation  
and love without limitation  
but conquer time within our unification....

The friend then went astray  
without salutation  
for he thought he was  
rambling  
in his own hallucination...

11/25/2003

Abir Zaki

## **A Giant, Departed...**

The birds won't sing anymore  
The river won't flow no more  
Nature is in great sadness  
Mourning his departure  
For the world will be poorer  
Without his voice, yet more...

A Man of deep convictions  
A Man of principles  
A Man of intellect and courage  
A thinker, a visionary  
A bench mark of accuracy...  
He was a Rise from the Dead  
His words sang with rhythm  
with reasoning  
Yet the most misunderstood! ! !

Out of the darkness,  
he was a lighthouse that navigated us...  
With his insights  
and inputs he  
captivated his friends and foe ...

"History is made by men and women  
just as it can also be unmade and rewritten"\*  
A world-renowned intellect  
A believer  
A sufferer  
Alas!  
He who made the History...

Men may come, and men may go  
But he will go on forever, in our heart and soul....  
Leaving a void that's hard to fill  
Edward Said....  
May Your soul rest in peace.

September 26,2003

\* Orientalism,1978.

Abir Zaki



## **A Journey to the Inner Soul...**

pain,  
peace,  
then tears,  
to heal...

flowing,  
through the waves  
then rhymes  
with the beat  
of the drum  
and heed  
its music  
reflecting  
and ruling  
the resistance within...

February 9, 2004 @ 02:30

Abir Zaki

## **A Man of Many...**

Alas, my friend,  
I know you call me  
"a man of many"  
but I tell you  
I am not a perfect man  
and I will never be  
for I am  
full of flaws  
with many bad traits  
I lie, cheat and live in vain  
I also hunt and kill  
and sometimes I am witless  
and I revel in  
childish things...

But My friend,  
I am accustomed  
from the day I was created  
wearing different kimonos  
while smelling  
the many fragrances  
of my flowers  
in my beautiful bush  
of my ancient city of Kyoto,  
for I bloom them  
at their best  
with dignity and beauty  
whenever I unfold and wear  
a new one...

And my friend,  
don't forget  
there will always be  
with every kimono,  
another day  
another chrysanthemum  
another heart at my side  
not daring how many  
are shriveling and falling  
on the tomb  
I will be buried in  
after life...

Abir Zaki

## **A Rosebud...**

Mixed in,  
Yellow, pink, white, and red  
illuminates by its painted pedal  
sparkles from the flame of the sun  
reaches for the sky to watch  
with its perennial beauty...

God's unique design  
not allowed to touch its petals  
or it will fall softly  
in search of beauty and tenderness  
in another garden or earth...

Yet, allowed to smell its fragrance  
for it's protected by its thorns  
difficult to resist its velvet colors  
meant for helping  
wipe away your tears  
and never leave you  
or fade astray...

July 2003

Abir Zaki

## **A Thank You Note...**

Sometimes there are things  
I wanted to say,  
and sometimes  
I didn't say it well enough  
but today  
there is a special kind of farewell  
reserved for those who helped me  
with their enthusiasm and encouragement...  
You my students,  
You who enriched me,  
who enhanced me...  
we stood firm but quiet  
part envy, part relief,  
part pride, watching what came from me  
and what went from me to you...

Now, how should I begin the end  
is it by thanking you, or  
looking back at memories  
when I first started teaching  
every student showed me a way  
for gladly they would learn  
if I gladly teach, and support...  
times that have gone so fast,  
yet, in my mind these happy memories will always last....

I never taught someone to be creative  
that impulse must come from within.  
I simply react, point out what's strong,  
and help them to evolve...

Leaving teaching is hard to do,  
for memories that I shared,  
but I have every confidence  
you will be very successful  
flourishing and booming  
no matter where you end up  
I'm proud of you  
I've chased a lot of you,  
I've caught most of you,  
but I love all of you...

October 22, 2003

\* just something from the heart thanking all of my students for being a special part of my teaching years and also for their friendship, support and time they put into making this "Thank You" day a special one.

Abir Zaki

## **A Woman of Contradiction (2)**

Yes my friend,  
remember me?  
Remember the woman I told you about?  
The woman who conveys you secrets and mysteries  
Who dares to confess to you, my master, of her ill choices  
Now she wants to confess about her love and its sublimity...

You may ask what kind of love she may fall into  
I would answer by saying that  
It is a kind where two individuals are whole  
The spark of their interaction creates two lines that follow in the same curve  
endlessly... side by side...  
Their lines are parallel, however, they may never cross path  
Their physical distance is great between them....

Yes my friend,  
It is a divine kind of love that expresses itself  
More from the heart and the head  
Than it does from the body  
Purely, not earthly  
Enduring the complexities of paradox.... contradictions  
For their lines never cross or meet  
Standing side by side curving infinitely in the same direction  
Mirroring each other...without confronting  
Taking only what they see reflected in the other ... and  
Seeing the beauty in the other...

Yes my friend  
When she thinks of him, she sees him as a delicious person  
in every sense of the word  
He is everything desired in her soul  
He has seduced her heart and made love to her mind  
Engaging in intellectual intercourse with him every time...

She feels that she was destined to be with  
With the only soul on this earth she was born to love  
She doesn't need a past with him...Or a future  
For all that has already been written in the stars  
Just a simple thought of him brings the biggest smile to her lips  
And put a twinkle in her eyes...

Yes my friend  
He is everywhere  
He has consumed her  
Consumed her thoughts...her heart...and her very soul  
A song, a movie, a poem will remind her of him for the rest of her life  
He is the first thought upon waking on a brand new day  
He is her last thought before falling into wonderful dreams  
And,  
She constantly thanks the Al-Mighty for creating him  
And that he exists even  
in her dreams...

Abir Zaki

## **A Woman of Contradiction (final)**

How can I put what I felt into words...?  
Shall I just leave it undescriptive, unexplained, and untold?  
I feel the sea's curling  
My mind's dying alive  
Moments are turning everything into eternity  
Words arriving in search of me...

I made you love the impossible  
As much as you wouldn't have dared  
I made you love the heaven and hell  
the wind and the hurricane  
the fire and ice  
and the childishness in her  
yet, "womanly child"...

Yes, exceptional person  
You are as exceptional as one can never be  
For loving this woman whose soul captured your being  
eternally...  
Melting and fusing into all the feelings and emotions... everlastingly...

Today,  
You made her fall  
You made her drown  
She of all women  
Who is like the summer rain, when she's gone she is forgotten  
Yet, she can't be ignored like a winter storm  
And still makes you confused... confused...confused

Yes, my exceptional friend  
As exceptional as no one can ever be  
Shall I be sorry to make you love the impossible?  
I am not sure  
But again deep down, I am not  
I wouldn't dare  
Knowing how impossible this can be  
I doubt if she should ever love thee...

April/15/2003

Abir Zaki

## **A Woman of Contradiction...**

My Friend....  
Don't be puzzled and confused at my words  
I am the woman of contradictions  
I am the heaven and I am the hell

I am the woman with darken eyes  
with the most brutal words  
a defeated woman  
who slumbers with the sun set  
who stays up at night playing guitar...

Do not try to sail in a woman's ocean  
When you reach her shore and anchor at her harbor  
The journey ends...

Do not get confused with my thoughts  
I am the surface and I am the depth  
I am the most compassionate,  
I am the wind and I am the hurricane...

I am the woman who is in love with herself  
both the male and the female  
I am all the women of the world  
angelical and evil ...

I am a child and within me a tortured woman  
In my stubbornness and naughtiness  
are the echoes of the children  
In my feminine world  
are faces, bracelets, and mirrors  
They confide and converse...

Like all women of all ages who struggle,  
I am like  
The woman who sleeps on my pillow  
At times she dreams and sometimes she hymns  
And sometimes she sings  
At times she smiles at the unknown  
And I smile with her at her journey of waiting ...

And here's a stubborn woman  
she likes to bawl at my dolls  
And exceeds my limitations  
she laughs and mocks at the color of my eyes  
And then she publicizes her victory...

My friend, what do you see in a woman  
Who all the time longs for you  
Who builds a castle with you  
One who is with you and against you  
And challenges the days and the destinies...



The woman who dresses you with the most beautiful clothes  
Cuts your beautiful black hair  
the hair of the powerful Samson  
The woman who conveys you secrets and mysteries  
Who is defeated and triumphed  
Who is veiled and with a cigar  
And who dares to confess to you of her ill choices....

A woman who approaches your heart  
And when it chants and hisses,  
you don't hesitate to run away...and you do...

I am a woman full of contradictions  
Yes, I am the one who plays with the fire and ice at the same time  
I am the one who is encompassed by the sun  
and in my palms are the moons and the stars  
My friend, don't be confused...  
There's nothing more magnificent than a woman  
who puts on a dress and takes it off  
and with her, the world can't help but be confused...

And  
you will always be a man from a brick...from clay....  
you will always come after my words...after the invader...  
you will always be confused... confused... confused....

Abir Zaki

## **A Woman of Light....To All the Maria(s) \*....**

Once upon a time,  
there was a woman  
a Maria  
innocent, virgin,  
had all the universe  
and all her discoveries...

Men with their fragility  
inconstant, insecurities  
vulnerability, and their fears...

Her decisions, her mistakes  
as a part of life  
with its risks, with its gifts  
with its second chances  
with her choices,  
either to be victim, or explorer  
eternalizing her existence...

She 'wants to breathe in the pure air'

Love and despair  
changing ones life  
is it her fate, the chosen fate,  
is it her honor, her dignity, her self respect,  
her nobility, her womanhood?  
Or is it the miracle of love,  
when erupts within oneself  
making sense of our lives  
thus our feelings, our savior....

She 'wants to breathe in the pure air'

Freedom, within her soul  
without a body  
in silence watching her brain  
so that it can survive...  
It can exist with love,  
for 'giving' is the freest of all  
without losing, without owning...

She 'wants to breathe in the pure air'

Light, enters a house  
through an open window  
as she entered their heart  
and grew, like a pebble thrown in the water,  
with excitement, unexpected  
with desires, dreams  
and with the feeling at peace...  
Touched their heart and soul  
her waves of energy from the light

vibrating the pebble  
is being felt  
like a miracle....indeed...

She 'wants to breathe in the pure air'

Desires, so profound  
so true, so close  
so pure so blessed  
unseen, but imaginative  
like her pain and suffering  
with its humiliation  
through her pleasure  
transforms into delight and mystery  
thus to ecstasy....

She 'wants to breathe in the pure air'  
Finding herself at the level of degradation,  
Through fear,  
Going beyond the pain barrier,  
Floating above her own pain  
To forget her suffering  
And be in peace...

October 4,2003

\* inspired by 'Eleven Minutes' by Paulo Coelho,2003.

Abir Zaki

## **Again, I have fallen in Love...**

Light,  
Flashing across my soul  
Illuminating the corners of my heart  
Adoring his beautiful eyes

Keeping warmed by his breath  
Warming my heart and my mind by his kiss  
Chilling my body with his grip

Conquering...Capturing...Imagining  
Burning by his desire, deep within my breast  
Completely consuming my soul  
Needing more breath for his kiss

Awakening my passion and stimulating my senses  
Seeking in him the strength to hold to  
Drifting on memories of days passed by  
Surrendering to my heart, to my ambition  
Invading my words, ruling my bed  
Stealing my heart to make me lost  
Intercoursing intellectually in our dialogue  
Exposing the nakedness of our soul

My God!  
There is something about this man  
That's touched my heart  
And eased my mind  
That I have searched, for my whole life, through  
Without much hope I'd ever find...

3/2003

Abir Zaki

## **An Apology...**

While the night was crawling  
Knotting around our beings,  
Sparks,  
Caused a small fire  
then  
Reached into the branches,  
Deepened into the roots  
Of your heart...and all my being...

Please,  
Let the heaven's bell  
Plea and ring  
Let the guardian angel  
Dance and sing  
Let the love stream  
Quench my thirst

For I need your water

run smoothly  
into the night  
pulling back the sparks  
knotting our beings  
while the night is swarming

For your soul's true worth  
Is the worth of my being...

and nothing else...

February 11, 2004 @ 4:30

Abir Zaki

## **And You Call Me a Feminist...!**

Neither like French  
who play liberal and tolerant  
nor like the Marxist  
who sexed me radical and essential  
nor like a Barbie  
or the woman you want me to be...

Like women everywhere,  
I expose  
but change differently  
filled with hidden treasures  
for eyes to see  
the wrong and the rights  
the sins and the virtue  
the obedience and the rebel  
the veiled and the uncovered...

In my truth lies the timeless reality  
changing my attitudes and ideas  
for whatever I am is never enough  
as long as the mortal sin of righteous  
and extremes exists...!

I'm unequally equaled  
for in the depth of my soul  
lies the true me  
with all my  
shamelessness and boldness  
insolence and impudence  
wantonness and wickedness,  
and with all my  
devious immorality...

I wonder how you perceive me  
when you see my face  
or hear the words I speak  
or read the words I inscribe  
a woman of strength or pain?  
a woman of love or who is lost?  
or a woman who scares  
and confuses you  
with her words?

Or perhaps you do not see me at all  
the woman of affection  
who has felt pain  
who gets lost within her thoughts?  
the one who is proud to be  
a woman of many things  
for it shows that I am alive  
I see me for who I am  
but needs to find air

for I am barely breathing...

Because I am who I am  
.....hidden...!

March 1, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **And you dare to refuse...\***

And you dare to refuse...\*  
saying that  
"they treat us as if we have  
no history, no culture, no past"  
for you're proud of your  
history, culture, past...?  
refusing their hands  
for your ego to evolve...?

What history are you proud of  
that has killed thousands of innocents..?  
forbidding of buying news paper,  
or writing for nothing...  
or transforming the history  
you are proud of  
into a mediocre store...?

What culture you're pompous about  
that has raped hundreds of souls..?  
leaving women  
defend their honor while  
your fingers snatch their flesh..  
and what past you  
are bragging about  
that filled your prisons  
and the ruins of homelands  
torn and weak by your deeds...

Empires rise and sink....  
with people like you,  
and I can teach  
to shame the devil  
if you have power to raise him  
for all I have a voice  
to undo the unfolded lie...

So don't brag about your black history,  
And let them teach you how to be a MAN! !  
For MEN like you are only good to be their slave  
If you even can be one...! ! ! !

March 7, 2004

\* This was written after reading Abdul-Halim Khaddam's, the Syrian Vice President,  
interview that was held on March 2 nd, 2004

Abir Zaki



## **And You Wonder...!**

Wasn't my love strong enough and clear to see?

Didn't I outcry to the Lord, saying 'I love him more than life itself'  
silently with my fragile sound, infantile scream?

Haven't I hand you my heart and soul bounteously?

Was it a mistake, an error, or a fault,  
that my love for you was genuinely real?

Please tell me what you've said  
is not real  
I can't bear another  
error in my deem  
for I am as fragile as the petals of the rose  
easily crushes beneath your thorns...

Do not shatter me into pieces on the floor  
for my love for you is too galore...

August 15,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Another 'you, Another 'me'...**

because of this love  
you are no more 'you'  
because of this love  
I am no more 'me'  
because of this sublimity  
you are another 'you'  
I am another 'me'

we glide through this passion of love  
trying to come up through its depth  
and hold our lofty love  
above life  
above our being,  
above mortality  
we are concurrently each of the rung,  
we are them and they are us.  
because the other 'me' is you  
and the other 'you' is me  
shackled,  
and chained...for good...  
no more...  
.....no less...

October 31,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Arabian Night...**

My Shahriyar,  
allow the daughter of the noblest  
a single night from your thousands'  
traveling through India, Persia, China  
through silky routes  
not to find reprieve and hospitality  
but your soul where your honor resides  
and the heart where your passion occupies...

I wore your image and fame  
my heart fitted to be your shrine  
hoping to gain one smile  
while dwelling in your heart  
Dreaming to feel your arms around me  
keep haunting me like the air  
breathing inside you  
I lean as close to your soul with my sound...

My Shahriyar,  
your heart beats with mine whenever I breathe  
my lips can't resist rushing to yours anymore  
as well as my eyes can no longer hide  
dreaming to be shut as if to be kissed  
your moist mixing with mine  
while lying intertwined...

Feeling like Aphrodite, falling  
pulling downward, worshiping love  
to the immortal or to the mortal  
till when it is well-known to thy...

My love is a living, breathing reality that keeps growing  
I am changed by your love, my Shahriyar,  
For both become isolated of  
inspirations, challenges, triumphs, and insight...

Yes, my Shahriyar,  
This night is a gift, from everlasting moment  
of which it is destined  
to live in your heart eternally...

June 23,2003

Abir Zaki

## **As If....**

as if you were born with a half heart  
and greeted life with a half soul  
like the root of the root  
the bud of the bud  
grows higher than a soul  
raises up your spirit  
that can be reached  
in your other half.....

October 27,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Be Aware, My Poetess! ! !**

Alas, My poetess! ! !  
Spring will always reborn  
from winter...  
Light will always return  
after darkness...  
And your hearts will always be treasured  
with ones alike...

Be aware, of thy foxes, my poetess...  
For tearing a piece of your heart  
will be difficult to mend...  
Never drop a tear,  
to those who neither loved, nor cared  
for those tears, unlike, the reptiles ones,  
are precious, not worth drained for...

My Poetess  
your hearts are gone,  
still yearning,  
watching your being slowly burning,  
but remember my poetess  
the autumn rain is falling, pouring  
let's dance, and dance, under the cool sun  
for the release of your  
carousel of pain will  
still keep spinning, whirling  
until grieve cease your suffering...

\* To All the poetess of the world, whose lofty hearts are being taken advantage of!

\* Sevgili saire dostlarım,  
Bu siirimi Antoloji'deki bütün dostlarima ithafen gönderiyorum.

Abir Zaki

## **Because I Care...**

Rolling the flesh between finger and thumb,  
thinking about,  
Surviving,  
Future,  
Dignity,  
Awareness...? ? ?

I call for those who suffer the pain,  
I call because it touches my heart and because I care...

Those who have died,  
Those who have left behind,  
Those who grieved,  
I call because it touches my heart and because I care...

Sorrowfully I swallowed the poison,  
maliciously I remember my scar,  
but never felt unwanted, for  
I cry because it touches my heart and because I care...

I cry because I care,  
And make sure you check yourself,  
And make you aware,  
To catch it before the damage is flare...

For I wasn't aware,  
But thank the lord,  
He made me aware,  
For the sun always shines,  
If you plant your own flowers  
To decorate your own soul,  
Not waiting for someone to bring  
You daisies, roses, and sunflowers ...

August 30.2003

\* Dedicated for Breast Cancer patients...

Abir Zaki

## **Being Misunderstood...**

Words...

Poetry rises in its shrine  
everyone's writing in  
its high mountains...

My words bear no resemblance  
to what it should be  
when compared to  
the other human beings' around me...

But being misunderstood,  
and handcuffed,  
I'm charmed yet chagrined...  
Now, here I am  
impatiently craning,  
crawling for some comfort  
bewildered as I sit  
confused and hurt... as I fit

Reason and logic wasted all along  
not trusting my judgment  
or self at all...  
Maybe it's something I missed  
which I should have known  
for I could have dropped the ball  
on something wrong  
or perhaps  
misunderstood life itself  
but all I wanted to be  
flicker of a candle  
in an airless room.....

my last poem for this year / 2003

Abir Zaki

## **Beyond Forlornness...**

People keep asking me  
"feeling lonely, away from where you belong? "  
I tell them,  
if no doubt invades my mind  
if no agony penetrates my being  
if no dismay confines my feelings  
and if my devastated heart  
never failed to be heeded  
then, I am free of loneliness  
of desolation, of bareness  
for I lift my heart beyond resentment  
beyond forlornness  
not letting to scratch  
my naked soul....

I tell them,  
I am a native of this world  
my heart floods with fresh blood  
each time my sphere  
embrace nature,  
my chest burst with winds  
each time my bees  
kiss even my dead flowers...

So why feel forlorn...?  
If I am not imprisoned  
for life,  
on the ground of an ocean  
where waters are frozen  
and waves are high...

December 10, 2003

Abir Zaki



## **Beyond My Body...**

My body overlooks of you not being here....  
It doesn't understand the words that you are not here...  
It waits around with heavy tears  
for you to come here...

At night my body remembers  
things I cannot control  
what it knows, what it feels,  
what it wants, what to unfold...

I am the soul in deep thought  
Waiting for your touch  
Where flames are blazing and playing with me  
Till every cell and pore of my body  
Shall be freed...

Feeling the spine to my bones,  
The smooth trembling  
The shocking fuzz  
The electrifying fur  
And the thrill of under me  
When my body resides in your soul  
hearing its own voice  
pleading out loud,  
the unresolved feelings of my soul...

September 23,2003 @ 04:45

Abir Zaki

**But SHE is never a loser...**

When her torch burns and sings,  
She is a Goddess...  
When she is vicious and vindictive,  
She is a Harridan...  
When she is holy and pure,  
She is a Virgin...  
When she gets angry at them,  
And rediscovers herself,  
She is a Feminist...  
When she takes him for better and worse,  
She is a Wife...  
When she calms his hurricanes,  
And soothes his passion,  
She is a Lover...  
When she sacrifices herself,  
She is a Mother...  
When she finds happiness in solitude,  
She is a Spinster...  
When she prays, begs, and pleads,  
She is a Nun...  
When she walks in the streets,  
And earns at night,  
She is a Lady of Pleasure...  
When she wears a red dress,  
With a purple hat,  
And sits on pavements,  
To take a breath  
She is an old lady...

But SHE is never a loser, never a failure...

That's what she is,  
That's how she is,  
Simple and Plain...

Abir Zaki

## **Calming the Rebellious...**

"A blast of burning sand pours out in whirling clouds.  
In their power, the rushing vapors carry up mountain rocks,  
Black ash, and dazzling fire."\*

Captivating my heart to the vast desert  
Free, the whole world before me  
Strong and content, passing through the open path...

Birth, escaped youth, maturity...they pass  
As I pass through the open path...

The air, the light, the trail  
Help me with breath to speak...

Living, by giving myself away  
Like the oasis  
Fluttering sound  
Like a candle  
Moving back and forth...

A face, a voice  
I am here.....amazed...  
Emitting both steam and ash...

June 30,2003

\*So wrote the poet Lucilius Junior 50 AD.

Abir Zaki

## **Chained...**

Frozen...  
Unable to walk  
to run,  
to take my eyes from his...

Naked...  
In soul and flesh  
Nothing to hide...

Numbed...  
Feeling his breath  
His masculinity...

Hypnotized...  
Trembling and quivering  
With thoughts of what might  
Have to come...

Mesmerized...  
Introducing his tongue to mine  
Swelling my breasts  
Begging for his touch  
Softening them with his clutch  
Rumbling sensually  
Breathing in his seduction  
Pressuring by his maleness  
Feeling the flames of his inhale  
Gliding and circling  
Feeling the steam within the fire in him

As my crazed grows faster  
He unchained me  
Gently and firmly  
Wanting to be chained to him forever  
In the glimmer of his eyes.....

February 4, 2004

Abir Zaki

## Chapter 39...

As my thirties came to an end,  
standing on the cusp of forties  
I wondered about  
my accomplishments,  
and my tomorrows...

When I was nine,  
when life was stretched out before me,  
thinking the thirty years  
after people lived enough  
must be almost ready for them  
to die...

And now thirty years later,  
I realized I didn't have all the answers,  
that it is much smarter person  
who knows less,  
so now, a huge weight had been  
lifted off of me...

This day ought to be a sun  
superseding the past stars  
touching the scars  
surrendered in the battles  
I have won...

Thirty-nine, best age I can see  
I am no more with life and death  
for my heart upon his tenderness lies  
placing my soul upon his  
mixing breath of existence  
infusing life  
to revive my being...

In this chapter of my life,  
my freedom should be full  
and complete  
wanting but nothing  
just the feat...

mybirth/2004

Abir Zaki

## Chatting With The Moon...

I was provoked with the moon in a delicious chat  
'Let them fear the power that gave them live'  
Afire...Burnings  
Tenderness ...Affections  
Passion  
Ablaze with secret delight  
of knowing the power of womanhood...

She has been surrounded by her inner being  
With some charm, elegance, and humor  
She may be hidden, but certainly present  
She thinks, works, invents, discovers  
In strife, she gains strength  
In oppression, she knows her right  
Searching always for the Self, unexposed  
The power of her darkest secrets  
Her glances flashes across her mascara  
To paint her mystery and mystique...

Let the silence of her voice outcry  
For they had stolen her womanhood  
They humiliated her for the tongue she had  
They persecuted her for her believes  
They circumcised her sexuality  
They killed in her womanhood  
And forbade her to express her condolences...

She was expected to submit to them  
To support them  
As a daughter, sister, wife, and mother  
To learn knitting, and entertaining  
Look pretty and nothing else...

They were preparing her grave  
Threatening her to feel the passionate blood  
Under her soft skin  
Forbidding her to touch her breasts of power...

They forgot that when God created the universe  
He created her to create the human kind  
He made her the mother of the earth  
The mistress of the moon  
The passion of the sun  
And the tenderness of the air  
He made her  
The balance of the world...

May 28,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Complementation**

Illumination  
Submission  
Of the two bonding souls...

Intertwining,  
Becoming whole

Of the complete ONE...

All harmonized  
You and me  
Logic and intuition  
Spirit and matter  
Flesh and soul  
For all it creates  
The enormous cosmic orgasm...

Abir Zaki

## **Congratulations....**

Congratulations for my cries  
When a meteor disappeared from my sight...

Congratulations for poisoning my entire life  
Where your love could have been reside...

Congratulations for my grieving night  
When it howled to the stars to dry my tearful eyes...

Congratulations for the pain, and hurt  
When your actions shattered my world...

Congratulation for your infidelity  
When agonies scrapped me away...

Congratulations for turning the food  
to ashes in my mouth...  
and for awakening me from the dream  
and washing the stains from my heart...

Congratulations, my friend...  
Congratulations for the betrayal  
You made me live within  
And you fled with my faith and truth away....

October 10,2003

Abir Zaki



## **Consoled...**

Some say consolation is unsatisfying  
But I say  
To be consoled is to console,  
Holding my heart in your capable hands  
Shedding tears more than the grains on sand  
Embracing me when my hopes and dreams seems to fly  
Praying that there are stars in the sky...

No book, or rose, or verse  
Can console  
For when I endure no more  
I become the dark, the widow,  
Wearing the black star of doom, for all...

My voice will no longer whisper  
from the depth of my soul  
For my heart will confine  
in the memory of your words...

Then, only then  
I will be consoled...

April 11, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Continue Dancing...**

My Friend,  
It is not you who's writing the so called poems  
It is your melodious spirit  
Your harmonious soul  
That is dancing with your words...

You're not writing the so called poems  
You're living it, breathing it  
It is not the lungs that breathe, my friend, but the heart  
It is not the flesh that lives, but the soul...

So my friend,  
Continue dancing  
Let the passion open the cage in you  
Freely...uncontrollably  
Never sway....never stop...

Always be the one who candles the shades  
The one who chalks the shadow  
The one who cracks the sphere  
And,  
The one who causes trembles...

May/2003

Abir Zaki

## **Courage to Love...**

I have seen you as an image of love  
reflecting from your lines  
never had a notion  
never guessed what I'd found...

I've been like a shadow  
following my heart  
reminding it to have  
the courage  
to love what I've found...

and I wondered  
where my courage came from...

Is it melting in your lips  
something to savor  
through my being  
that gave me my courage?

Or is it fierce passion  
heated deep in my heart  
that provided me with my courage?

Or is it your touch  
that locked me in your embrace  
that supplied me with my courage?

You!  
You, the reason for my courageousness  
you rubbed my deserted heart  
you danced with my wind  
and  
sang breathlessly  
through the pores of my skin...

You!  
The reason of my eternal courage!

August 6,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Dancing for Eternity...**

The sun, the stars and the moon  
all combined, blended in a song  
a poem, a kiss and a hiss...

not daring  
feeling the blazing of the sun  
in my skin,  
the peeling of my flesh  
on my face  
the draught and the dust  
brought by the day  
the whirling sand that blinded my gaze

then while  
seeking water under the arid desert sand  
a sudden reflection glared  
brought the rain  
to this burnt space  
in twilight  
where the moon is the desert light  
we melted in a kiss  
faded into each other  
washing and withering away our reality  
we danced to pulp our quest for love  
and therefore for eternity...

August 17,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Desolated Desert...**

Having been through a lot for my time  
Shaken by the storms of the desert in ruffled stances  
Flying like the eagle in a cool dry night  
I keep blooming like a garden oasis...

My desert, vast and peaceful  
But barren, empty and devoid  
My heart, warmer than the sun  
But thirsty, dry and parched  
My soul glitters like moonlight  
But missing its sparkle, gleam and shine...

And I, being abandoned by the ancient seas  
Still dreaming the ocean's entrances  
And some rain  
For I can fertile it overnight  
Of green shoot  
Flowers and riot of greens  
Even if they wither, they will leave their seeds...

God, I am here  
Dreaming for the clouds  
Praying for the rain  
For the heat is so severe...

July 27,2003 @ 03:30

Abir Zaki

## **DO Touch Me...**

do touch me,  
for your goodnight hugs  
help sweeten my dreams

do touch me,  
for your raging fire  
fills my heart in breeze

do touch me,  
for your whispers  
breathe my being in sheers

do touch me,  
for our minds intertwine enduring  
the testimony of our love in cheers

do touch me,  
and let our skin converse  
for your warm embrace  
is a healing stroke  
assuring me I am loved  
reliving the heaven in you  
through the reflection of your soul  
while  
gently holding my heart

.....in dreams....

February 28, 2004

\* inspired from M. Celik's ' Don't tell me not to touch.....'

Abir Zaki

## **Don't Feel Blue...**

Are you feeling blue?  
I hope not  
For if you do  
And not knowing what to do  
Be grateful for the past moments  
that has been blessed to you...

Remember, when you  
breathed life into my hollow soul  
brought laughter and joy  
handed out the keys of your name  
discovered the sacred feminine in me  
surrendered into the wild fire of my passion  
and gave me  
without calculation.....without limitation  
with compassion...

When you gave me, back then  
all your devotion...

May,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Dreaming to Dream...**

and I dream to dream  
to free my heart,  
to fly, soaring high,  
in the black night,  
as the world goes by  
finding my second half,  
in the glittering sky...

and I dream to dream  
to run in the wind  
feeling its breeze on my skin  
running like the wolf in the moon  
sniffing everywhere  
to see you with all eyes  
to feel you with all senses  
to touch you with all my being...

and I dream to dream  
to be ablaze in your passion of fire  
in flames...in bonfire  
to be a crack of a storm  
breaking-in to your soul...

and I dream to dream  
you wrapping me in your dreams  
holding me with your hands  
that's run across my oceans...

Dreaming to dream  
to be wild  
to sin  
to be free  
and to be ME!

Dreaming to dream  
to dream.....

September 30,2003

Abir Zaki



## **Dreaming...**

Dreaming beyond life  
and my existence,  
is a dream beyond dreams...

Dreaming of you by my side  
The image of your face I keep  
The tender thought of you  
Makes my heart beat  
Controlling my days and nights....

Dreaming of your kisses,  
of your voice,  
and of your caress  
cools me like a gentle breeze  
in the spring rain  
in my desert nights...

Soaked by my insanity,  
Dreaming your eyes,  
Peering into my soul  
Into my mind, and into my heart  
Where my love for you resides...

This dream that Lord gave to me  
Is just a glimpse  
passing of the sweet reality  
of your out of existence...

September 21,2003 @ 03:00

Abir Zaki

## **Drowning...**

I'm not streaming  
nor splashing

I'm not pouring  
nor flowing

but  
drowning in you  
while  
my soul's floating up  
.....to you....

February 10, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Emerged From Her Desert...**

A talent can't be measured  
by a stick or a scale...  
nor by the trophies or statues  
but with a humble spirit,  
dedication, loyalty  
and perseverance...

And there was a gift,  
a flair  
from the arid desert,  
fertilized  
by her courageous and fearless heart...

Alone SHE stood  
clad in armor  
a phenomenon  
emerged in the midst of her Sahara  
shone in its glittering sky  
where dreams are difficult to be  
fulfilled, and been recognized...

So be it!  
Persist,  
And keep on,  
Challenge your boundaries,  
Break your limits,  
And  
Fulfill our dreams....

February 29, 2004

This Poem is a tribute to Haifa AL Mansour, the first Saudi directress in the 'Movie World'.

To watch her 'English & French subtitled' short-movies  
<http://www.haifaa.com>

Abir Zaki

## **Eternal Gift...**

Inhale me with your breath  
Explore me with your eyes  
Moisten me with your lips  
Wash me with your tears  
Heal me with your touch  
Rescue me with your burning flesh  
Crackle my flames  
Help me scream in joy  
Kiss me deeply  
And devour my taste...

Intertwined with lust and love?  
Let's collapse, and then rest...

Soul to soul  
Skin to skin  
What could be more sacred  
As this eternal gift  
When you slide into my heaven  
And your head spin...?

summer/2003

Abir Zaki

## **Even If....**

Even if you're in flames,  
I'll always surround and love you...

Even if you didn't hear me and I did lose you,  
I'll always shed the fire in you, and beyond you...

Even if you live your worst days,  
I will be right here watching you through your faze  
And catch every tear with each eyelash...

Even if your love is full of thorns  
I'll still embrace it  
For I know  
Between each thorn  
There's a rose  
That lays to be held...

October 31,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Everyday...**

Everyday is another beginning  
It begins with the thought of loving you...

Everyday is another ending  
It ends with you revivifying my soul...

Everyday is filled  
With love and hate  
With joys and fears  
With sadness and happiness  
With tears and moans  
With touches, and feelings  
Shivers and thrills...

Everyday is filled with you  
With the light I see in you  
With the voice I speak through you  
With the power I feel within you...

Everyday we pledge a different vow  
To share throughout eternity  
You and me  
Everlastingly...

2003

Abir Zaki

## **Far Away...**

Far Away...

Tonight  
under the blue sky  
glittering stars  
want to  
look in your infinite eyes  
hear your deep voice  
hold you in my arms  
feel your breath  
taste your lips  
and,  
see you in my mind...

But far away  
in oblivion  
apathy  
nothing is good...

to love  
to long  
to ache...?

Is it enough  
to deal with the pain  
to survive  
to give up  
or  
to give in...?

July 23,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Fate...**

Two guiltless hearts  
coming from different world  
revolving in the sphere  
reality pulled them down...

Lost into each other's gaze  
locked in each other's soul  
on the mountaintop  
of their rhyme and vow...

Is it fate or destiny  
or is it purely luck  
that heated their spirit  
of the inner voice  
of their melodious words  
that came from their deepest core...?

Is it a coincidence  
or is it happenstance  
that verses have been written  
with a touch of love  
in passionate ink  
they could never ignore...

Is it fate  
destiny  
or purely luck?

Would they ever know...?

June/2003

Abir Zaki



## **Finally...**

Finally, you came to your senses  
you heard the rhythm of your heart  
with no regrets, but content...

Finally, your feeling whirl about her heart  
without knowing from where to start...

Finally, your heart confessed through your eyes  
through your pillows and sheets  
tuddling up...in ecstasy...

Finally, you made the light dance all around you  
in an electrifying blended moment...

And,  
finally, my friend, she will return the love you've given her  
and share its magic and mystery...  
In all, she will give you her heart, her soul  
and it's only with you that her life can be whole  
for a love so great that time itself ceases to exist! ! !

May/2003

Abir Zaki

## **Flame of love...**

"Tell me for love's sake  
what's the flame which  
burns in my heart  
and devours my strength  
and dissolve my will? "

And Gibran wondered  
with his blazing, powerful, and delicate  
touch of his words  
And I wonder...

Is it the eternal flame  
that keeps burning the wounds of a soul?

Is it the magical flame  
that whispers the words of everlasting love?

Is it the living flame  
that calms the waves of love in ones heart  
and soothes ones soul?

Is it the undying flame  
that brightens the orange color of the sunlight  
with each look, touch, and smile?

And,  
I wonder as Gibran once wondered...

August 5,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Flows Like a River...**

Your love, your emotions  
your feelings and devotions  
flowing smoothly, and naturally  
from the stream of your everlasting words...

Your words,  
like a mighty flushing river  
flowing to the sea  
touching the hearts of divers  
until they are drowned in bliss...  
Their deserted hearts,  
flooded with emotions  
dashing flowing  
from the spring of your devotions...

Like Achelous,  
the ruler of all rivers  
and the father of the sirens  
touched their hearts  
minds, and souls  
to set them free  
and let them FLOW in ecstasy...!

August 15,2003

Abir Zaki

## **For Granted...**

For all the times I had loved you  
were the times you took for granted

you thought I would always be around  
for the times you thought you would have  
making for your lost times  
and for your painful ones

but instead, those times were the ones you had  
wishing I was here today, in your arms

I have always been in love with you  
I guess you have always known is true  
you took my love for granted  
you took this piece of pain from me...

I don't care about the hole  
that this is going to leave  
I don't care about the blood  
that I'm going to bleed.  
but my love,  
I have to say this,  
for I need to keep the rest of my dignity  
that this is the last time you will hear from me! ! ! !

can you hear?

October 21,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Fragility is my Power...**

I can be shattered  
into pieces like glass  
I can be cracked  
like an eggshell  
beyond repair...

For the love we share is so powerful  
beyond belief  
The love we crave is so obsessive  
beyond addiction  
The love that can make us  
fear of losing  
yearning and longing  
is what makes us despair...

But No,  
I can be so delicate and strong  
changing my fragility into supremacy  
For my fragility is my power  
to make sense of my being  
to have effect on my emotions  
for my highly charged emotions is so intense  
for my being is infinitely complex...

I don't want to experience defeat  
with every breath I take  
being helpless under the power of my fragile love  
is surrendering to death itself  
So trend my heart lightly  
for it breaks easily  
for the love I hold is in its utmost fragility  
my strength should come  
from learning and embracing my frailty....! ! !

August 30,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Free speech...?**

They cry against racism  
They cry for free speech  
They cry against discrimination....

With HIS words, clearness, and directness  
HE shook their brains  
to those who call themselves 'advocates of free speech'

HE was bold  
they were paranoid  
HE was brave  
they were offended...

They say they allow ideas to be expressed  
and when opinions are expresse,  
they took it personally  
and slaughtered HIM....

A world filled with  
filth and dirt  
they tend to be blind  
and mute, the amplifier, the HERO..

Free speech  
right to protest  
human rights  
became just words  
in LIBERAL art  
in my POETRY world

What a SHAME! ! ! !

July 16,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Freedom I Shout!**

like my poems  
using no grammar  
nor punctuation  
like a free verse  
which do not rhyme...

like a captive bird  
takes a flight  
for a life denied  
has just begun...

unlike my noblest dream  
which is often lost  
for my own good refrains  
they cry by...

for I am enslaved,  
my freedom taken away  
from me  
in the name of moral right....

no right to choose,  
nor to decide,  
no right to sin  
nor to virtue...

freedom I shout...!  
my binding chains  
must be undone  
to reach out and touch  
the spirit of my golden  
moments gone by...

whispers fill my heart  
stirring in passion  
teaching me the way  
to carry on  
my battle of freedom  
but  
not for the freedom which isn't free  
I shout for the freedom that's free....

January 19, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **From Venus of the Sahara...**

My magical desert,  
I know that  
you are orphaned, abandoned  
by the ancient seas...  
your sand's thirsty  
waiting for the sea's  
embrace to revive you  
into your being....

and here I am  
your Venus  
who was found and  
awakened by your whispers  
sharing her feelings  
showing her nakedness to you  
in the heat of her emotions...

whirling dust  
unquenchable thirst  
endless yearning and longing  
engulfing silence  
then darkness...  
shhshhhh....  
lightened by the diamonds  
driven me  
to stronger flavors,  
brighter colors...  
driven to you...

and you,  
silently,  
as the silence of the heart,  
beating, beating my emotions  
as the silence of no words  
sleeping, in a sleepless night  
among all the companies  
of the world,  
feeling all alone  
silently enduring  
and waiting  
the settling of the dust  
and wondering,  
is it the end of the beginning...  
or the beginning of the end...?

October 14,2003 @ 02:30  
"in the middle of the desert"

Abir Zaki



## **Go...!**

It is not that I didn't love you  
or didn't care  
it is not that we didn't have something special  
or wasn't fond of you  
just that I can't control anymore...

it is not to permit facing reality  
or be powerless  
just that the outcome is not in my hands...

it is not to blame  
or change one another  
just to alter myself and care ...

it is not to be heartless  
or inhuman  
just to allow to be effectual by my own outcome...

it is not that I don't yearn the years we had  
or do not want to see tomorrows' births  
just to take the root of our memories...

I am letting you go  
not to adjust my desires  
not to cherish the moment  
not to criticize  
not to regulate anyone  
not to regret the past

But,  
to grow, love, fly  
and feel the searing of my heart and soul  
I want to feel free, to laugh and be soaked by the rain...again...

I do love you,  
that's why I let you GO...! ! !

July 25,2003

Abir Zaki

## Heba...\*

Whenever I saw you there all alone,  
my heart bled more and more....  
I was bleeding for not doing anything,  
the more I ached, the more I bled...

Then one day,  
God had sent me a message, a gift,  
asking me whether I accept his Heba,  
his gift to me from the stars...he said.

I said, God who am I to refuse your Gift?  
choosing me is the greatest honor itself....  
accepting your gift,  
is as rewardful as the reward itself...

A gift so priceless, so rich, and rare...  
He chose me to heal the bleeding in me...

Then you came into my life, my little Heba,  
seeing you in the eyes of my sparkling silver,  
of my glittering Lujain...  
but more precious,  
for,  
you were the gift from the sky...

Then one day, God sent me another message,  
thanking me for taking care of thee  
asking my permission,  
to return his Heba back to him...  
if I may agree...

I accepted his wish  
what else can I do?  
for this time I knew  
you are in heaven  
now all aglow...

You were the miracle,  
a gift from sky,  
to show me the world  
which, definitely,  
you showed us all!

not wanting to remember/2003

\* Heba was my adopted daughter

Abir Zaki

## **Her Awakening...**

In the midst of all my fears,  
in the midst of my lunacy  
and madness  
I ceased,  
dead, lifeless  
in my track and path  
throughout my being...

Then,  
a voice in my so called head  
cries out  
and pleas  
ENOUGH  
enough  
fighting,  
crying  
pressuring  
and struggling to hold on  
in fears....

Finally,  
like a child's quietening  
in one of his serene moments  
I wink back to my silent tears  
and look at the world  
through new pair of eyes  
staring at the new awakening in me...

February 28, 2004 @ 04:30

Abir Zaki

## **Her Resurrection\*...**

.....and  
she bowed  
at the source of the rivers  
in the midst of her abyss  
explored,  
lifted her whispers  
searching for the truth within  
baldly  
artfully  
in verses depicted and limned  
knowing her words  
can finally attain and give  
but never crestfallen  
for the hopes she carry on...

.....finally,  
resurrected  
her new world of enlightenment  
which she is exploring within ...

February 28, 2004

\* Inspired by Ozan Oztepe's comment to my 'Her Awakening'...

Abir Zaki

## **Her Utopian Heaven...**

The breeze of the western wind  
blowing in her eastern sphere  
out of the tent  
where the desert is still  
while the horses rove and roam  
wanting to breathe  
in her utopian heaven  
in her 'no place'...

Alas! She wanted 'to be placed'  
in ecstasy, in joy  
happiness and bliss  
outside of her utopia  
where no rules of order  
in place...

What a wilderness!  
What a vain of quest!  
Madly to possess  
throwing themselves  
on the defenseless  
lovely utopian maid...

And she cried at them  
to cease their vain desires  
they continued trembling  
blushing, but not of shame  
and disgrace,  
but from the effect of kindling flame  
burning her  
with tears all soft  
her female honor  
banished from utopian heaven.

She then, just then realized  
Chastity,  
Possessiveness,  
Prudery,  
are destructive to love...

February 3, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Hold Me to Your Willing Heart...**

Your love that I feel  
has a hold of me,  
in me...

Your love that I believe  
is a force that  
I have never felt before  
in me...

So,  
hold me to your willing heart  
for I am the desert,  
you of cultivation...  
I am the stream  
you are the lake  
I am the ocean  
you are of the shore  
when I want fewer waves,  
you create more...

Hold me to your willing heart  
for eternity  
you make time disappear  
for moments like this  
make your lips my lips,  
your face my face,  
your tear my tear;  
all tangled in bliss,  
in ecstasy, and delight  
not as a man or woman,  
not live or dead  
but a heavenly kiss...

So,  
let's dance in the moonlight  
tonight  
and sing together to the stars,  
two as one,  
one soul,  
one kiss,  
one night  
that's worth living! ! !

November 17, 2003

Abir Zaki

## **Honoring the Uncelebrated Ones! ! !**

many come and go  
like shadows and rainbows  
but thunder from their words  
like a flash of lightning  
crosses the hearts of all...

my poets and poetess  
exquisite souls  
all imbued with  
honesty, pain, and love  
wandering to the sunrise,  
meditating with the sky  
you all sink in a dropp of ink  
to dream by...

joys and laughs  
sufferings and pains  
shared by love  
with us all,  
to feel like and for...

so let's keep on going  
with same integrity  
with veracity, sincerity  
kindness, and support...  
for all your words and lines  
reflect and mirror  
the spirit and the soul  
you possess and live by ...

bestowing in gratitude  
thanking the Lord  
hoping you accept my humble words  
as a tribute and honor  
to have known you all ...

January 27, 2004 / while sinking in a dropp of ink...

Abir Zaki

## **How Sad You Refuse...**

How sad you refuse to see this angelical face  
sometimes childish, other times devilish...

How sad you refuse to see her beauty  
that had been reflected from your soul...

How sad you refuse to see her eyes  
the doorway to your heart where your love resides...

How sad you refuse to see the strong wind that threatens  
to be free, to roam, to grow and to bloom...

How sad you refuse to see her  
She,  
of all WOMEN,  
who is angle in truth, but demon in fiction  
who screams at a spider, and faints at a cockroach  
who plays like a kitten and fights like a tiger  
who dances in moonlight and nurses at night  
who is soft in a shell, and a pillar in a temple  
who angers like hurricanes  
but finds serenity in your calmness...

How sad my friend, yes, how sad you refuse  
to see this phenomenal woman  
who is in the reach of your arms  
who is in the stride of your steps...

And you,  
you don't even dare,  
but be confused! ! !

April/2003

Abir Zaki



## **Humanly HUMANE, My Gatekeeper...**

At the very entrance  
there he used to stand,  
next to the black iron gate,  
like a lone oak tree,  
our school's gate keeper...

He used to stay near the gate  
neither go too far in, nor stay too far out  
for he was the shelter  
protecting us from the world outside...

He used to wonder,  
why I was so early everyday  
I'm brought here I said  
for the reasons apparently so clear to them  
but still cloudy to me...

He used to bring me  
with the unforgettable aroma of  
his tea, and his ring shaped freshly baked bread  
to warm my body,  
but he,  
he never knew,  
he warmed my heart instead....

I kept on refusing  
but continued swallowing  
with every bit of pain in my heart  
for I know it was his only meal,  
but he kept insisting  
for he knew it was the only delight  
to start up my day....

He was the gate keeper  
in a country I would never forget  
for the heart he had  
was, is and will be  
as immense as the roof of the world  
as huge as the Hindukush mountains\*  
where the Himalayas lean-to....  
for PROTECTION.....

And I still am bleeding  
for whatever happened, and still happening  
to that mountains  
and I am still wondering  
from which gate of heaven  
my gatekeeper will he enter at last  
hopefully, by God's will...

\* Hindukush mountains are in Afghanistan.

November15,03 @ 03:50 / in tears!

Many thanks to my poetry friend's 'Ring-shaped Bread with Tea' poem, (Çay'la Simit) which I was inspired from.  
Thank you M. Çelik.

Abir Zaki

## **I am Breathing You...**

I am breathing you  
in and out as we speak  
feeling you in my lungs  
with every inhale  
with every exhale...

I am breathing you  
with all my being  
feeling your presence  
around my existence  
with every inhale  
with every exhale...

I am breathing you  
you fill my body, and touch my soul  
your scent on my pillow  
your words fill my brain  
with every inhale  
with every exhale...

I can hear the winds of your breathing  
I can see the breath, of my beating heart  
I can feel the shiver with every breath I inhale  
I can sense the quiver, with every breath I exhale

When I breath you  
I am whole  
In your presence  
And in your absence...

In the far corners of your mind, of your soul  
Can you still hear me breathing..?

August 26,2003 @ 14:00

Abir Zaki

## **I Am Not a Poetess...**

Alas...! Love Droplets\*  
You called me the Poetess of the Sahara  
Do I deserve your shrine?

I am not a poetess  
I do not rhyme  
But I do have  
feelings that hold the  
tides of the unworthiness sea  
crashing the empty shell of mine...

I am a wonderer  
and a dreamer  
I can dance  
sing and fantasize  
but I am illiterate  
just started to erudite...

I am no wordsmith  
I have just myself and my doom  
learned to inspire,  
not knowing what will transpire...  
Like a volcano,  
hot blood as hot as my Sahara  
runs through my veins,  
but no... my friend  
I'm in no way a poetess,  
for I do not rhyme...

I'm in no way a poetess,  
but I can take you by surprise,  
like the first love,  
or summer's breeze  
or autumn's zephyr  
I can make you feel at ease,  
sometimes...

November 15,2003

\*To Sevgi Damlalari, who mistakenly called me the 'Poetess of the Sahara'...

Abir Zaki

## **I miss YOU...**

I am thinking of you as I sit here in the heat  
My mind, my soul, my heart miss you in defeat  
For they belong to you as if they are in beat

I wonder what I miss  
is it your look  
your kiss  
your touch  
or is it your hiss...?

Am I like a butterfly in winter  
missing the spring?  
Or like the snowflakes in summer  
missing the winter?  
Or like the moon at noon  
missing the night?  
Or like the stars in the sky  
missing the glitters when I cry...?

I miss you for every pain you caused me  
I miss you for every fear you drove me  
I miss you for every tear you dropped out of me

I missed you as  
never you were away  
more than a moment  
from my thought and from my pray...

July 2,2003

Abir Zaki

## **I Will Fly...**

Yesterday, I was down, I cried...  
And didn't know why...  
Today, I said, why don't I fly...?

Before I used to fly over hungry heads,  
Through breathless brains,  
Via steam less passion,  
Passing through tender less emotions...

But now, I tend to fly...  
Like a wild geese that flies with the moon...

Flying sincerely,  
Creating and illuminating  
The true worth in ME...

Abir Zaki

## **I, Shahrazad...**

For nights after nights,  
In a thousand and one nights  
Captured his soul  
Got his mind  
To let me reborn....

Freedom...freedom  
Carving his words into my soul  
Hearing the end of each word  
Awakening myself  
Holding high as a marble statue....

My captive passion  
My cleverness,  
The frame work of my tales  
My sea of poems...  
Captured my king's heart...

Or am I the one who is  
en-slaved...?

September 22,2003

Abir Zaki

## **In a split of a second...**

A split of a second  
that what it took  
for a thunder to rumble  
toward the most distant star  
soaring the alpha and the omega...

In that split of a second  
of the infinite eternity  
being captivated,  
enslaved  
by true love  
where elevation and ennoblement  
sate the deadly longing desires...

Neither were your eyes, nor your look  
nor your beauty nor your book  
just your soul  
which has been  
captivated  
enslaved  
in a love beyond description,  
beyond imagination, beyond all perception...

For when true love assails  
no power can quench its fire...  
And traits that folk share  
morality, integrity, and propriety  
yield and surrender in defeat...! ! !

For love conquers all  
just in that split of a second...

April 11, 2004

03: 25

Abir Zaki



## **In My Desert...**

You can smell the roses  
jasmynes, and daisies  
and love with passion,  
in its arid spaces...

You can find the joy and hope  
laugh like a sad child,  
weep like a poet,  
and wail like a foe...

You can fade like the moon  
hundred times  
to reach your world  
and be free...

But my friend,  
although my desert is a special one,  
with its all mysticism and holiness  
especially when the stars glitter like diamonds at night  
and the sand reflects their sparkles one by one  
but there are cacti, and rattlesnakes  
which rules this bald, arid vast place  
in a land that God forgot  
although wealthy  
but barren with curse...

October 12,2003

Abir Zaki

## **In my mind...**

I can hold you...devour you  
Have you everyday and night

I can dream you, fantasize you  
And make you a wish, a hope

But again, what is dreaming  
wishing  
hoping?  
Are they real...?

In my mind  
You take me away... you make me yours  
You make me wait...and wait

The magic...the thrill...the unexplained  
which is so clear like crystal  
Yet, unfelt, unseen

In my mind  
You make me think of eternity  
Neglecting my sense of timing  
Is it morning...or evening...?  
Is it reality...?

I wish I never felt something  
But again are we controlling  
our wishes...our hopes ...our dreams  
In our minds...?

5/2003

Abir Zaki

## **In Silence...**

Silently,  
my humble heart is tired  
with a thirst for tears...  
answering life's quest  
in silence  
in fears...

February 3, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Insatiable Night...**

No words needed  
No lies told  
No regrets and look backs  
No promises being kept

JUST,

Falling in the burning ring of fire  
Thumping with flaming desire  
Possessing the essence of his entire

Obsessing the heart with the tender love that inspire  
Mesmerizing the soul that tire  
Serenely worshipping his soul by her entire

Glistening in the sky through the wanted bodies  
Revealing the hunger of the hot jiffy moments  
Meshing the skin with skin of their entire beings

Quickening the breath while the heated lips met  
Touching the skin of the slippery sweat  
Tasting every dropp of their insatiable thirst

ALL,

While the moonlight was glowing upon their flesh  
On that blazing, insatiable night  
In the middle of that incredible desert sight...

June 12,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Inspiration & Creativity...**

Abstained from  
And abjured  
Passionately ...

Emptying into  
Until pumped dry...

Then shunned  
But crawls  
In tacit  
In the gate of paradise...

February 17, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Is IT Worth it...?**

Life, is it worth being for...?  
War, is it worth fighting for...?  
Truth, is it worth lying for...?  
Years, is it worth living for...?  
Pain, is it worth suffering for...?  
But, you,  
You are worth breathing for,  
You are the life worth living...

Are you worth it...?

2003

Abir Zaki

## **Is it Liberation?**

Fear, hatred, anarchy, hysteria  
Arson, revenge, savagery  
Suspicion, bitterness, anger  
Shock, imbalance, and looting...

It is the day after  
It's their contribution  
Their donation  
Given by their liberators...

Women in veils, and chadors running hysterically  
Children shot dead  
Army of thieves storming buildings  
Hospitals, schools, museums  
All by the consent of their liberators...

These are the sufferings of a generation  
A generation who suffered more than any other  
And still is suffering  
This time from their liberators...

They are liberating them from themselves  
From their history  
From their civilization  
From their being  
Liberating to be reoccupied....

So, please, enlighten me  
Is it entering a new bloodier phase?  
Is it liberation or is it captivity?

April 15,2003

Abir Zaki

## **It...**

it hurts  
it rejects  
it brings pain  
it cause sadness  
but it knows the -very- truth

He came through IT but couldn't see  
what he needed in me  
he will leave again and doesn't know  
what he has done in me

IT hurts to see  
and be me again  
IT hurts to want  
and not to have again

IT hurts,  
when I close my eyes, without his sight  
when I tell myself lies, without being agonized  
IT hurts,  
when I thought I was in control  
and never dared about my word  
IT hurts,  
when I thought I was tough  
and never knew he scared me enough

But now, I feel  
each droplet  
the heat  
the breeze  
and live my fantasies, my pride, my dreams  
And now, I stopped  
beating against the brick walls, in fears....

July 2003

Abir Zaki



## **Just a Simple Way to Say 'I Love You'...**

My beloved,  
You are my stimulation  
that energizes my brain  
You are my temptation  
that excites my soul  
You are my enticement  
that draws my existence  
You are my allurement  
that drives me to your charm  
You are my knowledge  
that adds to my ignorance  
You are my seduction  
that won my inaccessible  
unobtainable  
untouchable heart...

You are my BEING  
my beloved  
you are my being  
Just as simple as the letters in  
L-O-V-E...  
But again  
is this conventional or controversial love, my being...?

in one controversial night / 2003

Abir Zaki

## **Just a Thought...**

I gave you half  
you want the whole  
You got the best half  
I got the best whole  
You want to give more,  
and now  
I wonder, why not I give all  
as a whole...?

July 2003

Abir Zaki

**Just....**

Just send me  
.....an inhale  
or  
.....an exhale  
so that  
.....you revive me

and  
nothing more...

October 26,2003

Abir Zaki

### **Lashed By His Gaze...**

Holding my face at you  
I caught your gaze while  
breathing on my eyelashes  
feeling pure, clean, chaste  
with every dropp of kiss  
you poured on....

Holding my face at you  
I saw the light dancing  
on your eyelashes  
as you look through me  
so profoundly, so deep  
caressing them  
and wrapping with every inch of your love....

March 22, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Let's bloom in this vast desert...**

While I was resting on my golden sand  
A flash of color caught my eye  
I heard an echo, asking for a hand...  
But never knew that  
I who is in need for his hand...

He was sauntering all alone  
Asking for a help and savoring all around  
Feeling the heat of the light  
In my magical desert  
While sharing his feelings,  
worries and dilemma,

I say,  
Lets pummel and drop  
like rain from the sky...  
let's share the sorrows of life  
for our eyes are suffused  
with regretful tears  
from the recollections  
of the memories  
of our former years....

My friend,  
Lets bloom in this vast desert,  
but be aware, it's not easy  
to water the arid wilderness  
open your eyes and seek the water,  
before the storm hurls and turns the sand  
whirling  
in a maze of apparent reality....

October,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Like a Storm...**

Your appearance  
like an unexpected storm  
awakened the silence within my heart  
invaded the emotions within my soul  
but,  
denied the mind  
that desired to flow....

Your appearance  
winded the gale that surrounded me  
needed the burning touch so deep  
but,  
unexpected twist and twirls  
calmed the earthly bliss  
before falling into the forbidden feast  
.....regrettably

January 19, 2004 @ 02:00

Abir Zaki

## **Like Cleopatra...**

Last night I was  
like Cleopatra  
who was so thirsty when she prayed for Egypt's ecstasy,  
and I was thirsty for your bliss...

like Cleopatra  
who desired and yearned as the towns of Egypt burnt in flames  
and my desire to be burned in your blaze...

like Cleopatra  
who only had Caesar and Mark Anthony  
and I, however, have the whole world in you...

September 21,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Like Nature, I am astounded...!**

Like Nature  
I am astounded  
to this world of hopes and tears  
of laughter and fears  
in a world where there's only one moon  
and one sun  
in a world where  
oceans, mountains and deserts,  
wide and divided  
are created  
to be shared...

Like Nature,  
I am astounded,  
of the creatures  
small as atoms  
trapped in the orbit  
killing, slaughtering  
forgetting the ruler of all  
who can smash worlds after worlds  
and make the gigantic  
seem so small  
as small as the head of a little pin  
where millions of atoms  
may reside in! !

Can't we go forth  
and marry into the world  
and live happily ever after...?

November 30, 2003

Inspired by Ali Tosmer's 'What a Small World! '

Abir Zaki



## **Lit Another Cigarette...**

Lit another cigarette  
and caress me as if I was your last  
let the smoke dance  
draining me into your lung  
into your life...

Lit another cigarette  
and breath me as if I was your last  
think what we have learned  
about love  
about ourselves  
about you and me  
about the mistakes that we've made  
and about everything  
we would have done differently...

Lit another cigarette  
and perceive the universe  
through our beings  
with all its conclusions  
delusions, illusions  
and confusions...

Lit another cigarette  
and with its last puff of sanity  
think for my reasons  
for feeling how I feel  
for doing what I do, what I did...

Let's delve deeply, blissfully  
with your last cigarette  
and discover  
the mysticism  
the sublimity  
the divinity  
the holiness of OUR love...  
and  
make it your last  
.....cigarette!

October / 2003

Abir Zaki

## **Long Live POETRY...! ! !**

words are young  
words are aged  
wishing to silence them for a while  
but impossible to cage...

like the garden of Life  
it does invite  
it does require  
to feel and to respond  
to reach through emotions  
and resolutions...

in time of crisis,  
and of disasters  
within the spirit of our souls  
we are aware of all the need,  
our need for each other  
and for ourselves  
we describe our richness,  
completeness and fullness  
we turn, and act  
we begin to be aware of the acknowledgement  
of others in us  
in kindheartedness and compassion...

above all,  
is the approach to the truth of feeling  
to our resources and to ourselves  
to understand the suffering  
the long wars  
and to the opening of our horizons...

Poetry Lovers! ! !  
finding YOU  
gave my whole world reason to rhyme  
as someone once said  
"seduction by diamonds and rubies is nice  
but seduction by words is better"  
for like a curse  
recreates sensation within you...

March 16, @ 13:15

Abir Zaki

### **Longing for Too Long...**

As the moon's luminary pulled me nearer,  
I saw the smiling stars looking at me  
Telling me to listen to the low tide  
And hope to hear your breath  
While the night was sleeping...

Suddenly,  
the wind whispered  
the angels voice echoed  
your name from the heaven  
asking me to be patient  
and to endure the long suffering  
of awaiting...

But neither of them  
would know how much I yearn,  
I get lost in the depth of your soul  
hoping to be freed by your gape...

For  
I still feel the tenderness of your touch  
Hoping to fire my senses by your hug

I still burn in the intensity of your passion  
Hoping to be captured by your affection

I still crave to taste the sweetness of your kiss  
Hoping your lips savoring mine in bliss

And I still feel the sprinkles of your tears  
Moaning my name  
Calling me yours  
And set my soul on fire....

And I still long for the shadow  
Of your love  
Which will remain in the eye of the  
Silver flaming moon.....

February 9, 2004  
Abir Zaki

## **Love-scented Flower...**

A voice from the Sahara  
awaiting to be embraced  
her deep-hearted,  
pure,  
with scented dew  
believes in love  
transparentizes her feelings  
and  
dedicates rhythm of pleasures...

He calls her,  
Love-scented flower  
for her fragrance has been spread  
all over the sweet sheets  
breathed with scented nectar  
which blossoms in his mist...

He,  
mirroring her reality,  
her true hidden destiny  
fortified by his soul  
but not savoring  
the sweet taste of her love  
still lingers  
in his mind.....

1/18/2004

Abir Zaki

## **Love & Pain**

Do you want to know  
what sense I make of love and pain?  
Those are just words  
They have no content, no context  
Nothing we can get a hold of  
Until, we are enforced to fill them

So,  
Don't talk about love  
Make me find it  
So I can come up reborn, dripping  
Only then, I'll tell you what I found  
When we overlap

Don't talk about pain  
Make me feel it  
Make your feelings touch mine  
Only then I'll tell you how I feel  
When we overlap

Abir Zaki

## **Love Prayer -2-**

And Lord accepted my prayer  
for what life is all about  
without lighting the candle  
of our love...?

Blessing me among all  
for sending you to me....  
He granted me the serenity  
the courage,  
the wisdom to live by,  
enjoying and accepting  
the sinful world,  
accommodating  
the destinies we live for,  
but above all  
trusting and surrendering  
to the greatest love of all...

Bowing my head,  
bending my knee  
I am complete in presence of thee...  
Thanking you Lord  
for reviving my soul  
Indeed.....

January 24, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Love Prayer...**

Accepting the changes  
that can't be changed...  
Encouraged to change  
them to know the difference...

And pray,  
remembering  
the first time we met,  
the words we said.  
the hearts we forgave  
the breathes, the smiles, and the tears  
we shared...

If Lord could hear my prayer  
how can I not enrich thee...  
If heaven could hear my prayer  
how couldn't it bestow thee to me...

My Lord,  
put our love into your hands  
for he's into my life like a prayer  
too long I have left your prayers  
wondering how long I can bear  
for he might be one to the world  
but he is the world  
to me ...

January 24, 2004

Abir Zaki



## **Lujain...**

You danced upon my Golden dream  
When you came into my being like a silver shine  
The day you were born was so exciting  
You were sparkling like silver  
The most beautiful thing  
Yet ever to be seen...

You happened to be made of hoary  
Like snow white  
That took place in my golden heart...  
You glow softly in glittering light  
As a luminous phenomenon  
That sparkled my life...

You glistened my soul  
You dazzled my being  
By your shining smile...

Yes,  
My flashing silver  
Hearing your voice  
Seeing your smile  
Feeling you closely  
You definitely sparkled my life...

August 15,1997

Abir Zaki

## **Ma-Donna**

Silently and sorrowful  
Watching humanity  
Mother of mercy of broken heart  
Who understands and care for grief  
Who responds to the human cry of despair and relief...

Behind you lying the immense mystery  
Of the birth of the universe  
Your profound archetype of motherhood  
Is no less than the meaning  
Of compassion and suffering...

Here you are deeply buried  
In the soul of my human psyche  
And here I am caught up  
In my own ambiguous mind

June 20,2002

Abir Zaki

## **Me...**

My Soul  
Eastern,  
My feelings  
Asian,  
My tenderness  
Far-eastern,  
My heat  
African,  
My coolness/coldness  
whatever,  
Alaskan,  
My philosophy  
European, Indian  
and Chinese,  
My religion  
All three, in one,  
My boldness  
Universal,  
My looks  
Who cares...! !  
My WORDS  
I care  
Except for this one  
Which I don't consider  
A POEM...

Abir Zaki

## **Mesmerized by YOU...**

I was falling down from the sky  
Held by the wind like a harmless butterfly  
Suddenly I was magnetized  
Mesmerized by your sight

Drawn unresisting towards your gaze  
By the fire-proof flame  
Mesmerized by the angel that have been sent  
A savior for the woman I am  
And the child within  
A savior for the one  
Who is the honor and the scorn  
the knowledge and the ignorance  
the shame and the pride  
the strength and the fear  
the war and the peace

Don't be surprised when my mind's still mesmerized  
Mesmerized by your deep black eyes  
By the warmth of your soulful heart  
and hypnotized by your words

I know I was meant to be magnetized by you  
For I have been sent from the sky  
I know you will find me here  
live and never die  
Because you, too, are mesmerized  
By the knowledge of my name  
For I am the name of the sound  
And the sound of the name  
The sound  
Of the  
W-O-M-A-N  
Who is the one, who alone, EXIST!

May/2003

Abir Zaki

## **My Addiction...**

A storm resided in my heart,  
tearing my inside apart  
bleeding,  
for the pain is so great  
my muscle's aching  
my eyes feeling heavy  
my movements hurt  
my tears are trembling  
my hands are numb  
my emotion's wandering  
trying to stop the pain  
and wash them from the raindrops  
coming from the distance sea...  
I am addicted ...

The pain is so great  
washing away everything  
the courage you were  
when I was afraid,  
the strength you've always been  
when I was weak,  
the path you proved  
when I was lost  
and  
the wound you were  
when I missed  
in silence...  
I am addicted...

Your mind, your heart, your soul  
all lie curled up in me  
waiting for the moment  
when your guts are screaming  
as I watch you, the beautiful human being  
and confused by the me that I am  
and by the you that you are...

I am addicted,  
by the smell of your scent,  
to your kisses  
and the way my hair dangles in your face,  
to the cosmic orgasm we constantly reach,  
I am addicted to you...  
So, feel it,  
taste it,  
and relive the craving  
Of my addiction...

September 15,2003

Abir Zaki

## **MY Bride...**

On that first breathe of summer  
On that sparkling night  
Silver moon is witnessing  
The sound of trumpets  
Rolls of drums  
Flaming lamps, and the  
Faces all aglow...

Shining from the alter  
Angelical face, glittering  
All innocence and beauty  
Concealed behind the veil of love

My Bride,  
Your laces in your dress is sewed with love  
Your silk hair combed with hopes and promises  
Your smile dipped in a blush of rose  
Raised the sunset's eyebrows

Finally, you're his bride  
The long desired one  
Finally you found the solace  
Of his pure engendered love

My bride,  
While the bells are ringing in joy  
Forget not to thank God  
With the treasure he blessed you  
For you are his own  
You are his name  
You are his only ONE...

June 18,2003

Abir Zaki

## **My Deserted Woman...**

My Deserted Woman...  
Letting yourself to a deserted space  
Sinking back into yourself  
But rising from the earth  
Re-cycling the water of life  
While the moon shines upon you silently  
Trying to soothe you while it cried.....

Your coldness rains over my heart, over my soul  
I am sinking into your sea  
Like the thousands drops  
Of tears, joys, and sweat  
Pouring into your soul...

Being deserted into yourself  
Weaving into waves of your colors  
Rising voices in tides of tongues and echoes  
Trying to set yourself free  
Hoping for more rain and sea  
Clung to desires,  
While you're surrounded by sorrows  
I am sinking in you  
I am sinking into your sea...

My deserted woman in loneliness  
I will be waiting until you rise me  
For my patience is equal to that of Jacob's  
'Cause your whole existence  
is my only life  
Is the life ITSELF...

June16,2003

Abir Zaki

## **My Heart Aches With the Fear of Losing You!**

Your love for me is what  
I always dreamed for...  
whole,  
complete  
and firm...

I feel,  
cherished,  
nourished,  
supported  
and valued...

Yet,  
I fear I'm not enough,  
out of my fear  
I want to hide,  
to be buried,  
and to be veiled....

Out of fear  
of your leaving me,  
my greatest horror occurs,  
the fear of losing,  
that's what hurts me the most...

I wonder will it be my fate,  
for it is more than I bare  
the dread of losing you  
will last for eternity...

So help me, my love  
to put my mind and fears to rest  
for my love for you is splendor,  
sublime and the very best...

October 19,2003

Abir Zaki



## **My Inspiration...**

You bring the words out of me  
You bring my feelings back to me  
You bring the meaning in me

YOU, are  
and always be  
on my mind  
in my heart  
in my soul  
and within my feelings...

YOU are  
my reason  
my rhyme  
my words  
my alphabets  
till the end of time...

YOU are  
The messenger of my heart  
Beyond feeling  
Beyond imagination  
Courage, fear, and....and....and...  
And beyond my sensation...

June 25,2003

Abir Zaki

## **My Nights...**

I wait for my nights  
like the dawn when awaiting her hour  
for the bride to be ready in her bridal chamber  
like the star when awaiting to glitter  
for the maiden to gleam when meeting her beloved  
like the full moon when awaiting to glow  
for the woman in love to be flamed in delight  
And I,  
in my solitary wait, am  
struggling,  
stumbling, in my chains  
drenching my thirsty dreams  
within my deepest sensibility...

Longing for a companion  
I found Orion\*  
to converse with  
in my nights  
for he is lonely as I am  
enduring the endless eons\*  
who helped me to bring  
me back and be me again...!

July 29,2003 @ 01:00

\*Orion: in Greek mythology a giant hunter placed in the sky as a constellation  
\*eon: an immeasurably long period of time.

Abir Zaki

## **My Poet, My Poem...**

My Friend,  
My poet speaks well in My mind  
in My eyes, and in My soul,  
embedded himself within My heart  
without a pen, or force to shrine...  
He needed just serenity  
and peace to rule  
and keep My heart at range to fool...

My friend,  
My poet's words and lines  
raise, elevate and lift me  
they also wrap, cover and shroud me  
taking me to His special place  
of his heart, of his soul  
and there you, my friend, may discover  
Me in Him  
forever His  
reaching out to Him with every rhyme...

Abir Zaki

## **My Resolution...**

Having said my goodbye  
except for what's in my heart  
I said,  
ten, nine, eight  
seven, six, five  
four, three, two  
ONE.....  
And I opened the year  
with a plea  
to start with good intention  
erasing the shame, the fear, the hate  
watching the tongue, the eyes, the ears,  
feeling the east and the west  
where the unfound friends,  
seeing the whole hearts  
to console and free,  
echoing praises and joy  
to everyone that dreams,  
and before all  
having my pledge set to feast  
letting the lights to darken,  
and the lights of night brighten,  
constructing peace and love,  
reconciling the selves with each other,  
reaching the limits,  
beyond my selves...

Until then.....

January 4, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **My Vulnerability...**

Secrets, lies,  
Filling the fragile soul  
And criticize  
Pain, cries, deliriums, frustrations  
Making me insane  
Dropping from the leave  
Of my palm tree  
Slowly falling from my aching heart  
In my deserted soul  
Dropping and leaving the moistures  
Where there could have been more...

The moon the stars  
Mocking at each other  
The sun laughing  
Behind her mask, parading  
Waiting for me to blend in the crowd  
In a trembled voice  
And reveal the little big spot of my weakness...

My Vulnerability  
Like a vein  
Sitting under my skin  
Overflowed with blood  
Like a fault in a rock  
Waiting to say 'yes' to a wave of excitements  
And not saying 'no' to an offer  
That's difficult to be refused...

My Vulnerability  
Marked as I failed to see  
I missed, but seen by others  
From the deepest, darkest of the moon!  
Justice, love,  
What I dug in the past...  
Anger, revenge, a broken heart,  
What I cover now with dust...  
And learned that easy to turn the face of the moon  
To stars and shine in other people's pain...

My vulnerability  
No more fear  
No more weaknesses  
Getting on with life  
But self-awareness is my defense  
And learned to know  
Where the assault will come from...

And never forget that  
I am always the sound of my word  
And the word of my sound  
Only in a world where I belong...

September 13,2003

Abir Zaki

## **My Warrior Poet...**

You embedded yourself within our heart  
You spoke in our minds within your soul  
You have no weapon to kill, no gun, or arrow  
Just words which flew into our hearts  
You wear love as a badge of courage  
Offering no hate  
Breathing in good  
Exhaling in dire...

So be it  
Let them nail you  
Let them hang you  
For knowing of the love of your people  
You will always  
Give  
Share  
Care  
With love.....everlastingly...

2003

Abir Zaki

## **Naked Pain...**

images...  
buried in the eternity of my soul  
filling with echoes  
of my painful cries

winds blow clouds  
to my stormy sea  
pouring tears to my naked pain  
for I was wandering alone  
in my peaceful sky  
grieving, longing the memories  
which were hung in an autumn leaf  
shattering the tormented soul  
of mine...

drained...

February 27, 2004

\* inspired by H. Hakman's poem....

Abir Zaki



## **No One has Ever Loved You the Way I Do...**

When I remember your name,  
it entreats my memories  
When I think of your name,  
it alters my imagination

I have fallen in love countless times  
With Paris, Rome, and many others  
They come and go  
But with you  
With your undying and un-aging love  
With your mischievous and flirting looks  
With your giggling and blushing plains  
With your rippling sea of emeralds  
With your youth, allure, and beauty  
You tormented me  
You captivated me  
Everlastingly...

I love you for what I am when I am with you  
For what you are making for me  
For the part of me that you bring out  
For reaching out and touching my heart  
For drawing out into the light of my soul

My Istanbul,  
They gave you many, various names  
Byzantion, Nea Rome, Constantinople  
Some say you were founded by Phidaleia  
Some say by Byzas  
They fought for you  
They turned you into a rose garden  
They conquered you  
But no ONE has ever loved you the way I do...

My Istanbul,  
Whenever I see you  
My heart beats faster  
My breath impedes  
My feelings become weird  
I befall and become difficult to be explained  
Like entering an imaginary world  
Which you are  
A fantasy for all lovers...

You, the most precious than diamonds  
You, the ONLY one...

Abir Zaki

## **On Fire...**

Pull me to your chest, roughly, stoutly  
Slide your tongue between my lips hungrily, thirstily  
Run your anxious hands along my quivering body affectionately, tenderly  
Press your lips to my breasts firmly, tightly  
Call me yours and set my soul on fire, everlastingly....

Abir Zaki

## **On That Day...**

I bought a rosebud on that day  
To celebrate ME for the whole day  
Although I haven't chosen to bloom that day  
It was written in the stars to be flourished on that same day...

Sunrise glistened on that beautiful day  
Lyndon Johnson signed the Voting Right that day  
Early risers were greeting that special day  
Celebrating Martin Luther King's day...

In another part of the world  
Naim Hasani was born on that same day  
Suffered inhumane torture most of his days  
Bravely he stayed stoic and adamant all his prison days  
Securing the freedom for his country  
All what he wanted, for all his days...

All those past years to me are like yesterdays  
Like a lonely hour in the middle of my nights and days  
Thinking back of those who made history  
On that same year and day  
I thought of myself, and wondered  
Why am I here  
The following day of my birthday...?

January 15/16,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Once Upon a Lonely Night...**

Once upon a lonely night  
as the gentle moon  
began to make its way into the sky  
two souls were dwelling...

The two wandered the earth in solitude  
never settling for long with another  
for destiny playing its wonderful trick  
and gave them this night...

In that wonderful night  
when they did meet  
both were instantly smitten...

The night was the scene of this union  
the moon was the witness  
and the stars were in reverence...

It was by chance they met  
by choice they became friends...

Then, weeks after weeks their friendship bloomed  
both wanted something much more  
they wanted a lifetime of soul-ship...

They found happiness together in each other  
although they have never seen each other  
they touched the very heart of each other  
they were a world away  
but somehow they knew each other...

It was something like a constant book...  
always written  
waiting to be read and enjoyed  
and they did know how to read  
and enjoy the book...

As the light is the soul of the moon  
as the glitter is the soul of the star  
as the darkness is the soul of the night  
their passion is the soul of their beings...

lost friends/2003

Abir Zaki

## **Peace Be With You...**

Democracy,  
Human rights  
Peace....  
Are not just words for a petite  
soft spoken woman like you....

Made of steel,  
never feared  
took whatever they won't dare  
when defending others with care...

Society to be labeled as civilized  
women, children must pay the prize...  
You as a woman stood all alone  
fighting for our womanhood,  
peace and Islam...

You inspired the world  
by your pride  
by your dignity,  
by your support in an era of brutality  
the peacefulness of humanity...  
by your conscious  
you saw no variance between  
Islam and human rights  
and showed the world  
the enlightenment,  
the dialogue  
as path for us to change  
and live as ALL...

You sustained fights  
over many many years...  
you focused on strengthening  
the legal status of women,  
children and peace...  
You have been fought,  
criticized, accused by your people  
but much-admired by the rest of the world...

Shirin Abadi,  
You deserve the  
The Nobel Peace Prize  
And be among the Laureates...

We are proud of you Shirin...  
I am proud of you...  
For you were my savior  
in my worst time of my life...

October 11,2003

\* Shirin Ebadi, was awarded the 2003 Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo, the first Muslim woman to win the prize's 102-year history.

Abir Zaki

## **Perhaps...**

Imagine,

If I would have died  
of loving you  
you would have planted a bush on my tomb  
that bush would have grown  
and become a tree  
then someone would have cut that tree  
and sheets of papers would have been made from it  
other poems would have been written  
to other women who would fall in love with you  
all from the sheets of papers  
made from the tree  
that fed on my flesh and soul...

And I still  
would breath in every rhythm  
in every syllable  
of every poem....

Just imagine...

Nov./10/2003 @ 06:30

Abir Zaki

## Poetically Insane...

Despair, mess, chaos are not allowed  
to take over my being...

only your lyrics beating my heart  
your thoughts born of emotions  
your soul reflected by a heart of love  
can take and hide my being...

Insanely have been embedded into my soul  
I need not eyes nor ears to hear and listen  
for you inscribed into my mind's heart  
and will everlastingly be...

I will not bear dry misery and anguish from life  
my love for being into your existence is so great  
I will always grant, share, care, and love  
and keep you, my poet, at my heart's range...

From your mind to the verses  
all is saved and never passes away  
for my brain is your slave  
to the poetically "YOU"  
insane!

in a chaotic moment /2/22/04

Abir Zaki



## **Raging sand...**

Raging sand  
covered with the sun's warmth  
sheltered with morning breeze  
protected with my inner fire...

Raging sand  
sea made land  
leaving to sink  
but more free to think  
needed  
just grains of it  
to notice the footprints  
and roll under its wave.....

February 18, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Raging Volcano...**

Trapped by your fire inside me  
Felt the burn and the friction in your flood  
Burst without warning by my passion  
Once flooding, it can't be stopped  
Flows not allowing anything to stand  
Then calms...  
And crawls back from where it emerged  
Then rests, and waits  
Eager for its time,  
Eager for its love,  
Waits like the eye of the hurricane  
To be exploding again....

September 25,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Rape...**

Bleeding inside endlessly  
Putting her life together again  
Knowing no one can heal her  
Looking back and wonder  
Holding them accountable...?  
Dreaming nightmares  
Crying with a need to leave this space...

Shattered soul  
Indignities, marked upon her ruptured body  
Trees and flowers dirge in pain  
Until she disappeared inside herself, again...

July 21,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Raping MY Mind...**

Sitting there staring in an endless blackness  
Screams captivating my mind  
Bruised inside by the taste of love  
On the surface of the tongues  
Floating in the waves of my language...

My mind is tough,  
And can be corrected  
I don't get distressed  
There is nothing in my profound  
That will make me collapse  
Others, know how to respect me  
Value, and admire me  
I am wild and determined  
And always free...

My thoughts thunder randomly...  
Instead of raping reality  
You called my tears  
Raped my believes  
And stirred my fears  
Lost all my rhythms  
All my deceits...

My life, my being reflects  
My thoughts of my self  
My words are the  
Remedy of my soul  
All penetrate through my judgment  
And make all in one and one in whole....

September 17,2003.

Abir Zaki

## **Reigning His Contradictions...**

Man has been trying to contemplate  
from the immemorial time  
about my nature,  
and his fate ....

In the old days,  
he could feel my nature as whole  
then he separated,  
and began seeking  
in his experiments  
to approximate...

Then he calculated my nature  
by his equations  
to duplicate  
but failed...

In the process,  
he opened the Pandora's box  
with its problems  
to craze...

There he stood  
wondering unable  
to articulate  
for black holes  
coming out  
but can't escape...

He wants  
me to wear a dress of white  
another of purple,  
and dance, bare feet,  
around his field to break...

He wants my nobility  
and my rigidity  
examining what's under my skin  
and avoiding my dame...

He thought he needed  
theory of everything  
and dimensional space  
but he never thought  
that he had to unfold  
my universe  
to implicate...

December 4, 2003

Abir Zaki

## **Release ME...**

Release me from the twilight that's  
in the soul of thy eyes...

From thy hungry lips of my desire  
From thy breath that enflames my entire  
From thy sweat that mounts my fire  
From thy scent that blazes my aspire...

Release me from the heat of thy desire,

From the taste I cannot resist  
From the ecstasy of the heated heart we persist  
From the gazing eyes burning till we consist  
From the caress we share, embracing as we exist ...

Release me from my inner conflict of my forbidden love  
From the dream that I am still not awakened from...

June 15,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Revolting against Love...**

fabricating raptures to oneself  
exciting the nerves  
inflaming with the fire of ones blood  
sacrificing the humility of the heart  
living the contrition of spirit  
enlivens the life of the fall...  
I do revolt...

I rebel...  
when I long  
when I yearn...  
when it takes me from myself...  
when I mutiny inside myself  
when I resist against limitation

restrictions that have been placed upon myself...  
revolting against  
fear, suffering  
separation, death and destruction...  
and most of all  
against the perception  
of what I am to be...

Here I am  
revolting against Love....

February 4, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Riding the Waves...**

I was riding the waves, the other night  
In smooth, carried me ashore of my espial  
Then suddenly afoul wind blew  
Threatened my tall ships  
Bended and folded my sails...

Riffling out to the vastness of the sea  
I came back  
When I went down  
When I was weak  
But I learned  
It was magical  
It was spiritual  
Virtuously...

July 7,2003 Istanbul...

Abir Zaki



## **Roses of My Desert...**

some are red  
some are white  
but each is a mystery,  
and a story untold...

some are pale, dry,  
and bended,  
some are wild,  
luscious,  
and terrified to be unfold...

They are hard to bloom...

they need nurture,  
water and air  
they want to be awakened  
to whisper  
to scream  
to be remembered,  
and relive  
the stories that have been told...

So that they bloom...

they are fragile,  
but strong  
although unknown  
for they're  
protected by their thorns,  
shielding their stems  
from their dying roots  
and fallen petals  
before their nectar being absorbed...

But once they bloom...

their mist will fill the air  
with birds, singing  
in the deepest azure  
of my desert sky  
and the world see nothing  
but their shining blooms...

for all they are  
symbol of love

That's why they need to bloom...

February 8, 2004 @ 13:00

Abir Zaki

## **Sadness is being told...**

Sadness is being told  
Is being heard by your echo  
It wrapped inside your heart  
Dripped into your soul  
Surrounded like a void  
Filled you with empty foliage  
But,  
It has its own beauty  
Like looking through the rain  
As if life itself was bruised  
So,  
Learn to dwell deep within yourself, my friend  
Let the happiness reach to your heart  
Grasp it and shatter all the barriers...forever  
And learn to fly again  
Like a kite above the ocean...

May/2003

Abir Zaki

## **Sanctity of Humanity?**

Two hands shaken  
Fingers clutching  
One full of blood  
One full of innocence  
Pure and sinless  
THE artist visualized it  
And included a rose  
In white, black, and red colors  
Scribed beneath it  
Saying,  
"Too often do thorns draw blood?  
When the rose is tended  
To ensure its true beauty prevails" \*

And called it  
WAR OF DESERTROSE! ! !

\*Paul Chamberlain

July 28,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Sand Storm Sweeping my Soul...**

It came out of no where  
Like a thunder over the sand dunes  
Clouds suddenly cloak the mountain  
Blown from somewhere...

I felt the thunder in my heart  
And could not control  
Where it came from  
I truly do not know...

The storm raged  
Deep in my soul....  
The wind howled  
Without my control

Then, you came  
Like a crack of thunder

Removed the dust from the bones of my soul  
brushed with your soft lips  
the last grains of sand  
left me naked  
the orbs covered my heart  
reached for your burning touch  
to sooth my pain...

My love,  
I need your kiss to make my pulse boom like thunder again...  
I need your love to fall like wild spring rain, again...

5 / 14 / 2003

Abir Zaki

## **Scenes of Hell...!**

Scenes of hell  
Scenes of chaos  
Vehicles on fire  
Houses aflame  
Hospitals deluged with wounded...

Destruction  
Demolition  
Devastation...

Bodies are lying and burning in front of me  
Hit by fragments of cluster bombs  
Bodies are braced for the assault  
Women, children, elders  
Standing there helpless  
mixed with courage and hopelessness  
Among jumble of justifications...  
aims...excuses...

And I, sipping my coffee,  
am watching the bits of bodies ...bleeding...  
And I bleed inside with embarrassment, with anger...  
Drinking my coffee while the sky is crying...  
Watching them, numbed, with their guns blazing...  
Determined not to let them go

Not to let go  
A man who lost his eye  
but whose feet still dribbling blood  
A woman's long dark hair  
spread over a piece of cloth she was lying on  
Her body pock marked with shrapnel from a bomb  
And a mother's cry for help  
asking for a streamer to cover her son  
A martyr...

Blood dripping from the wounds  
and from my heart...  
Bleeding internally, moaning and thrashing  
Fighting pain and imprisonment

And they continue to  
Destruct  
Destroy  
Demolish

And they continue to wreck a nation...

4/7/2003 10: 30

Abir Zaki

## **Sea of Love...**

.... and a tide comes in  
to the rhythm of my wave,  
feeling its flood  
where sand and shells  
swing underneath...

....and in that soft blue water  
as soft as passionate as ever can be  
love's own self  
was the deep sea's spirit  
stirring my emotions  
like Neptune  
who stirs the sea,  
making me bath in your glory  
breath from your air  
and drink from your cool, clear stream...

Neptune: God of the sea.

February 25, 2004 / inspired by H. Hakman's poem... 'Love's Blue water'

Abir Zaki

## **Show ME...!**

Show me that I can love without  
Fear,  
Hesitations...

Show me that I can feel without  
Frustration,  
Simulation...

Show me that I can touch without  
Sinning,  
Pretending...

Show me that I can wish without  
Grieving,  
Regretting...

Show me how  
I can be felt,  
how I can be touched,  
how I can be loved...

Show me the way to hold onto God's light  
Show me the way and hold me very tight...

sometime in the eighties/2003

Abir Zaki

## **Silently...**

Silently  
Sitting, confused  
And puzzled  
Nothing got to say  
Nothing to be said  
Just wishing  
To split the unseen  
Thread roll that binds  
Soul to soul  
Thought to thought  
Being to being....

Despair,  
Voiceless feeling  
Nothing is bitter  
Nothing is harder  
Than to declare  
To be defeated...

But  
Behind the veil of the night  
Is a jovial morning  
That transformed my despair into a HOPE  
The HOPE of the searching 'I'  
That found another soul, beside the 'I'  
Exchanging thoughts  
And  
Sharing the deepest emotions...

2003

Abir Zaki



## **Simple Questions...**

In my inner mystery  
Can I own my spirituality  
cultivate my tranquility?

Can I radiate my inner divinity,  
have inner peace,  
and be in harmony...?

Can I be capable of  
manipulating my own destiny...?

Can I own my tear,  
the tear of mankind  
given exclusively to me  
and use it whenever  
needed  
.....to be...

Can I...?

January 25, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Simplicity...?**

Simplicity...?

Life...Love...Faith...Peace...  
are words... they are  
natural...simple...plain...  
yet,  
powerful...complex...deceptive...

Am I being simple or just another fool...?

2003

Abir Zaki

## **Some Men...**

Dried voices when whispered  
Hollow, stuffed when held  
Paralyzed when forced  
Motionless when gesticulated  
Cold when caressed  
Distant when faded  
Dead when neared  
Flashed with ego when frayed  
Sanctioned when it's their law, and  
When it fails, it's tradition...

Like a stone, heartless...?  
She loans a piece of hers to make human out of him...

But some,  
When their heart is afire  
They prize their love more  
Than the mine of gold  
More than the riches of the East and West can hold  
They would trade the world  
And invite their women into their heart to dwell  
In their longing for HER  
They discover where the poets' hearts fits in  
As their words became poetry  
Their hungry passion rebels...

June 28,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Something is missing...**

In the solitude of my thoughts  
My heart keeps racing  
In me, I was surrounded  
In my self created world  
By denial  
By frustration  
By disappointments  
By all my achievements  
And my livings...

There's something missing  
It will always be missing  
For it was missing...

Inside, I shed tears, wanting something  
That's gone astray  
Is it the inspiration  
the passion  
or the aspiration...?

Is it a head on a shoulder  
a warm kiss  
a tender touch  
or a smooth hiss...?

July 16,2003...Istanbul

Abir Zaki

## **Sorry...!**

In the silence of my mind  
I miss you  
In the hands of time  
I maneuver you  
In the deepest of my heart  
I live and die in you  
On the edge of my conscious  
I reach into the unknown  
diving into myself  
trying to find your soul  
heal my wounds

Sorry...  
I can't let you go now...! ! !

June 22,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Steel....**

Freezing in hand...  
sturdy....strong....tough  
but when it is heated,  
it rages...boils...  
deconstructs....destroys...

With its blade,  
my being scratched  
towed, pulled...  
with its magic  
steeliest charm,  
mystified me to my bones...

With its heat,  
my being  
radiates with its touch  
sparkles and flames my soul  
quivers to the very core of my bones....

My being is magnetized  
by its breath ...  
or am I being executed  
by its gasp....?

For I am a fragile flower  
easily crushed,  
easily hushed  
although it's my strength ...  
and my power...

September 15,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Take me Beyond Love....**

Take me

Beyond my flesh,  
beyond fire,  
disfiguring when it burns...

Beyond the caresses of a hand  
what's felt by tongue  
touched by finger  
found by lips  
and places where flesh can't control...

Beyond the warmth that runs too deep  
impossible to reach  
to a hole flesh cannot seal...

Beyond the shivers  
and trembling  
what feels by touches  
and kisses expressed....

Beyond weaknesses  
that became virtue  
instead of sins...

So take me up,  
beyond to something above  
beyond the coming storms  
take me beyond love  
beyond human reach  
beyond the grasp of lust  
beyond the need to trust  
and  
beyond the reek of human pain! ! !

12/23/03 (B.A)  
1/5/04

Abir Zaki

## **The Belly Dancer...**

Sparkling eyes with delight  
Framing her face with a veil  
Wearing the wave-foam white  
Winding her way through the crowd  
Charming her warmth everywhere  
Smelling like jasmines and sandals  
Shaking the sky by her adornments  
Vibrating the earth through her body  
Glowing shamelessly by her glances  
Moving in the rhythm and melting in the music  
Flowing as she danced like the tides she longed  
Emphasizing her unique potential of her body

She sailed into the mist of her own dreaming  
Her broken heart that couldn't handle  
Another love that's shining across the crowd...

Watching her soft flesh in motion  
Catching her seductive glances  
Reflected in his dark eyes  
He disappears and becomes across her eyes for years  
Her veil was thicker than it looked  
Yet, he saw through it and got hooked...

2003

Abir Zaki



## **The Chaos of my Being...**

It will take a million lifetimes wondering  
how on earth I let you take 'me' from myself...?  
You came with the sound of oars  
on the tide of the evening sea wind  
I was getting along very nicely  
until you stuck your oar in me....

Reigning my thoughts  
Ruling my heart and soul  
Dominating my head constantly  
Disturbing the balance of my nights and days  
You became the chaos of my being...

I want you to take your oar back from 'me'  
for I can't imagine myself without 'me'  
you have to go back where you came from  
to your ocean, to your being  
on the same tide of the evening sea wind  
Hoping  
to be reigned again by the self in me

Could you do this for me...?

6/6/2003 @ 04:30

Abir Zaki

## **The Crescent Moon...**

They curl towards her smile  
Of her shining face  
Crescent, is what they call her  
With a striking charm she gladly blaze...

The daughter of the moon  
Looking from the sky  
A healer when needed to be healed  
Draining in a concave curve  
Appearing at night awaiting  
No longer in disguise...

Half visible,  
She just needs to touch  
The radiance for living  
And reminding us  
That life has come to another curve  
To complete her cycle  
Our blessing and best wishes  
Comes before we lighten the moon...

August 23,2003

Abir Zaki

## **The Gardener...**

Flowers surrounding in his garden  
With fragrances without compare  
Cool, crisp, fresh air, and  
Vines growing from his veins...

He is the gardener in his yard  
Master of his plantation  
The God of all the Gods  
Of water, life and consideration...

He comes everyday to water them  
Digs and thrust them  
Sees where needed to be cleaned  
And nurtures them...

Then one rainy day  
While the gardener knelt working  
Saw a brilliant sight  
From the clouds above  
A free soul, a smile, bright eyes  
Shining calling him to fly...

She was beneath one weed  
Ready to be stretched for his sunlight  
She was resting  
Upon the bed of flowers  
Beside the roses and tulips  
Waiting him alone, to be heeded and cared...

The gardener started to nurture  
And tended her with care  
Until she bloomed with glory  
In his lightening touch  
Which came from the stars  
Amongst the clouds in dare...

June 25,2003

Abir Zaki

## **The Heart of a Poet**

In simple words lies a great poet  
not just the sound of his words  
but the meanings and ideas  
that vocalizes his heart and mind...

But if you fail to find him  
he will not fail you  
for  
he is your peace  
he is the oneness  
he is the words that you live by...

11/2003

lies = rests

Abir Zaki

## **The Heart of the Ocean...**

My Master,  
Remember that  
I am Athena, Danu, Isis, Kali, Rhea, Venus,  
And many, many others  
Each of them still resides in my heart  
They serve as vehicles of  
Growth,  
Understanding,  
Healing,  
Changing,  
Evolving,  
Transforming,  
And love...

Remember that  
I can be as focused as Circe  
Giving as Demeter  
Sapience as Athena  
Creative as Bridget  
Serene as Selene,  
Seductive as Aphrodite  
And Chaotic as Eris...

My Master,  
Remember that  
My beauty is not the mascara, or my lipstick  
My beauty is in the heart of the oceans  
Where my deep secrets reside  
Where Maria, the Goddess of Ocean, dwells...

May 30,2003

Abir Zaki

## **The Kites Are Flying...**

I was sitting on a cliff, the other day, by the ocean  
Watching the kites fly  
Wandering to a time when we shared love  
From above  
I then heard a sound  
Coming from the sea  
I thought you called my name  
I turned but there was nothing to see

The kites were still flying...

I know that I need to let go  
That life's about to change  
But when I think back about you,  
my love  
I wouldn't let you go without telling you that  
My love for you is as interchangeable  
as the ocean and the sea...

The kites will still be flying...

You're not alone...my love  
I am not alone  
We are connected within our souls  
Like the ocean and the sea  
Connected in a bond my love  
Like the waves bonded to the sea...

But the kites flew...my love,  
Everlastingly...

May,2003

Abir Zaki

## **The Lolita in You...**

Is it your age?  
Is it your wrinkles and gray hair?  
Or is it the stage when you want  
to make some change?  
Or is it your exquisite charm,  
and ingenious turn of phase?

Or is it the winter sleep?

I can sense the Lolita in you  
Like a drug, more powerful than any  
Discovered or devised...

You have been possessed by her spell  
By her light in your life  
Obsessed by the fire in your loins  
By its sweetness that trembles the flames in your heart...

You have entered her garden  
To taste the plums she offered  
But my friend,  
Was it really sweet  
Or sour sweet what you have obtained?

My friend,  
Like a child who takes a doll  
And threw its head away  
You took advantage of her disadvantage  
And use that in sway...  
You smelled her fragrance  
Which was still kept in petals  
And you tasted the plum  
Which you threw its kernel away...

And now, you are  
Like a lonesome plum tree  
Which is still blooming in the early spring  
To dream...

May 21, 2003

Abir Zaki

## **The Moon & The Stars...**

The moon wades through my window  
relentless to itself  
following its path in glittering dark  
intensifying from ankles to thighs...  
knowing no obstacles  
creating tide of waves  
creeping softly  
searching my face, my mind  
and I, pretending to resist, do not want to resist  
for I am enchanted with this cosmic game...

Stars coating my body and soul  
Sensually erupting me  
Leaving me glowing  
Leaving me high  
Fulfilled as night crept out again  
Ahhhhhh! ...  
alluring, enticing, charming  
stars....

September 23,2003

Abir Zaki



## **The Sea in me...**

Sorry for the pain I have given you  
the explosion of my anger confused even me  
for my love for you is like the rolling sea  
so deep and cruel  
so wild and passionate  
against the smooth sand...

My love is ruthless  
like the crashing of the waves  
but can be soothing  
for the turbulent spirit  
of the love we share...

When the tide came in  
and moved me back in ache  
I needed your rising and falling chest  
to rest my head to your melodic rhythm  
for the sea will calm when I am with thee...

I needed the mist of the sea's dew  
but the sand and shell shift underneath  
realizing the changes that happened  
but I know now where my heart always belonged,  
where it belongs, and where it will belong....

I thank God that you didn't deceive me  
for I was almost sinking  
and joining the sea's starry depths.  
to continue living you ....  
.....in your sea....

October 18,2003 @ 01:30

Abir Zaki

## **The Shoeshine Boy...\***

This is not a story  
Nor a poem  
Just a little boy's  
Survival-tory

Bless you little man  
Red lipped, cheek of tan...

A face filtered  
with sunlight  
a heart that pumps  
while whistling with joy  
health, knowledge, sleep and food  
are words he hears from the folks...

Winding the leather all day  
shining shoes fore and aft  
while sitting on my medieval throne  
looking at him  
making a living in his rat race  
giving him some advice  
whereas the rag in his hands  
for years that passed  
polished his ideal boyhood  
in the world where bullshitters and doers  
have been divided at his charge...! !

March 7, 2004 @ 03:15

\*Met and chatted with him while waiting the ferry in Kadikoy, but sadly, forgot to ask his name! ! ! ! December / 2003

Abir Zaki

## **The Soul of my Soul...**

Have you ever loved  
a soul so sweet and serene as the sea?  
Soothes a broken heart and  
Fills it with love  
Expresses the silence of the feeling  
And realizes its depth  
Transcends time eternally  
And burns all its passion...?

Have you ever loved  
a soul, which is like a flower that blooms poetry?  
That's between a heartbeat and a sigh  
That whispers its joys and pains  
Which cries out everything it contains  
Reflected by the eyes  
And brings the edge of the depth  
Thoughtfully reaching the wondering eyes  
Reaching to mine and sharing completely  
The soul of my soul

2003

Abir Zaki

## **The Woman in Veil...**

The façade,  
darkness  
doubt  
fear, and hate...

Beneath,  
precious spirit  
verdant soul  
affection,  
and warmth...

They think it is easy to cast off her veil  
and forget that she's  
the virgin,  
the bride,  
the elder,  
and the Goddess...

They belittle her as a woman  
the powerful,  
the mysterious,  
the frustrated,  
the practical and the shy...

They connect her to the Hell's flame,  
and for the first sin  
and never knew with their engaging masks  
of tradition, costumes and believes  
all they see, the veil  
to beguile and reassure them...

Alas! !  
they must carry the blame...  
they forgot that  
when Flowers blossom  
fruits grown  
their beauty, nectar, and fragrance  
are her own...

they forgot  
the fortune of knowledge,  
of music  
of all harvest and crops  
is her grace  
flowing and resting from every nest...

they forgot  
behind the plough  
of the fields  
all the greenery  
is when she sowed the seed...

and the most of all  
they did forget  
that for her longing, and  
her spiritual union  
and her communion  
found where their heart belong  
and their words became poetry  
and to songs.....

October 17,2003

Abir Zaki

## **They are just 'Words'...**

They can be innocent, trusting, and sublime  
they are unaged by the passing time  
they are believed beyond hopes, and reasons  
they surpass memories faults and cares  
bearing the crosses with silent concerns  
they touch many hearts but hold no one hard  
they run to help when needed at times  
when hopes required to be confirmed  
they defy doubts of human kind  
sometimes in verbs sometimes in nouns  
but when they rebel  
they do for eternal rhyme...

My friend,  
my "words", your "words" are my faith  
unlike what you declared  
they reflect the mirrors of my mind  
for the unfaithful ones  
groans and suffocates in remorseful pain  
for it runs through every vein...

Now,  
in tears of blood  
my "words"  
pump and spread through my arteries  
alone and cold  
remembering Jean Cocteau  
when said  
"The worst tragedy for a poet  
is to be admired through  
being misunderstood"

And I have been misunderstood  
.....thanks to you...

March 9, 2004 @ 02:45

Abir Zaki

## Through the Net...

My Beloved

You came into my life so unexpectedly...upon the net  
You did not have my heart yet  
Little did I know what was to lie ahead

I never came here looking for a single soul  
I had forgotten, how to smile, how to laugh, how to be me  
I was intoxicated with life, work, and family

But then I have found you...my life had turned around  
I smile and laugh again...and started to be me again  
The emptiness started to be filled again  
A Life started to be rebuild again  
And a Heart started to be mend again

For the longest time you were a click of a mouse  
words on my screen  
hugs that warmed my days, and secured my nights  
I sit and wait each day, for the song my heart will soon play  
I get excited when I see you on the screen  
It seems so silly on a machine, how someone can reach you  
And become your eternity

Within the many hours of our dialogues  
you showed me strength, my weaknesses  
you taught me the importance in believing in myself  
when I thought there was nothing to believe in  
you showed me my ability to fly  
to reach places I had only dreamed of  
you gave me a floor to dance on  
and a song in my heart that I finally understand the words  
you gave me peacefulness in my heart, where you will live forever

We are so far away, like castaway, through the net  
Never get to touch or hug or kiss  
But only pray for the time to come  
when we hug and laugh and dance to the beat  
it will be a treat  
But for now, all I see is that my beloved is here with me  
For I have waited through all these years to find something to hold so dear  
And now, I know that I'll never be blue for I have found a true love in you

But again, I wouldn't know you on the street, isn't it strange?  
You hold a special place within my life, unusual and unique  
We share ideals and special dreams, but still we do not speak  
I picture what I think you are, perhaps you picture me  
An intriguing, exciting game for both of us  
for someone we can't see  
Thank you, my beloved, for being there whenever I've needed you  
I know you are always there for me and I for you.  
For the charm lies in the fact that we have never met  
A chance that not many get

But I am very sure our love is very true...

2 / 2003

Abir Zaki



## **To Be Reborn Again...**

Nights,  
when the moon declines  
darkens and dies  
my soul seeks its own twin  
then rests in the palm of his hand  
to hold, nurture, aid and heal  
and calling my name  
sending chills to my veins  
knowing that  
my life for his  
I will gladly give  
upon his earth  
and strength  
thusly  
to be reborn again...

January 13, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **To My Man...**

Clouds are covering the sky  
He is there  
Shining brightly  
Never yielding or conceding

Who  
With a gentle temperament from the moon  
Touched my heart  
Aroused my passion  
Awakened my emotions  
Serenaded my feelings  
Kissed away my pains  
Embraced my tears...

Who,  
Mourned my dry river  
Flowed love like a waterfall  
Healed by the beauty of my radiance  
Bonded in the care of my celestial  
And  
Haunted to hold my candle light  
Safely in his chest  
To keep it from the raging, wild wind...

July 22,2003

Abir Zaki

## **To My Nacre...**

hey, mother-of-pearl,  
hey, my nacre,  
feeling to be missed,  
I was blissed,  
like walking in your fertile fields  
and feel your sun' heat in my being...

I wandered around,  
looking for the glowing nacre  
to sip her wines  
in her coolest stream...

remember,  
it is not easy to cultivate  
and nurture pearls inside,  
needs an inner sight  
to see and reflect  
on the floor of each and every  
beach of thine...

October 6,2003

Abir Zaki

## **To My Poetess...**

And a star fell down  
And the dreams died  
The mouth shut down  
The book gently closed...

And I thank God  
Who offered US to enjoy all your pearls  
Some were white  
Some were pink  
And some were gray and black...

And I thank you  
For your courage  
Determination  
Openness, and frankness  
And your confrontation  
For those who can hear  
But know less, to know more...

My poetess,  
YOU are the poetess of the DEAF  
YOUR whispers are all around the place  
To voices inaudibly spoken  
Guided those who wandered  
For them, to glow...

My Poetess,  
My enthusiastic eyes are tearful  
My courageous heart filled with grievance  
I know your heart is heavy  
For the strand of your pearls were snapped  
But,  
THEY do not belong to you, anymore  
Please,  
Strand your necklace again  
One for love, to us  
One for forgiveness, to them  
One for kindness, to all  
For within your necklace of pearls  
You stand as tall as a mountain  
In your faith, believes, and  
Your BEING

Return back OUR pearls to where it belongs...!

July 30,2003

Abir Zaki

## **To My Revolutionist...**

And now I am at war  
just after I was 'reborn'  
the 'rebellious' wants a war  
to 'reform' me in a special way...

The message understood  
although I kissed thousands  
of words,  
danced with hundreds of lines  
and had my love on call  
in return,  
should I leave the ground  
for you to 'reform'?

Alas! My brave, honest  
courageous 'rebellion'  
you dare to be loyal  
to your lawful sovereign  
but I have stood  
in every brunt of trial  
wearing my hunting shirt  
holding my rifle gun  
to make peace,  
to be in harmony,  
to love, share, be in accordance  
and  
to show people  
like you  
with blustering look  
who dare to prate...

What an indictment of our small world  
that love of 'expressing'  
and the desire to 'write'  
from oppression and hate  
has to be called 'REVOLUTIONARY'! ! !

My reformer,  
WE need revolutions  
in hearts and minds  
WE need revolutions  
with eternal love and respect.....

January 13, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **To THAT Woman...**

Who  
Dances in the moonlight  
Walks in stature beneath the sun  
Comes and rises up  
Bridges the gaps in her world with her wings  
Loves without condition  
Hates conditionally  
Surrenders to her power and beauty  
Gives endlessly  
Receives freely  
Creates from nothing  
Shimmer gifts from her ancestors  
Gives her mind, heart, spirit and soul  
Inspires those around her  
Shares her wisdom, selflessly

She,  
Is proud to be a WOMAN  
Gracefully as always  
Flies high  
Gently among the stars...

July 19,2003

Abir Zaki

## **To The People's Poet of Daghestan...**

To Rasul Gamzatov... a tribute, the least we can do...

"He was no sage  
No superman  
But bow to him  
He was a man." \*

Yes My Poet,  
You said it  
You made  
They even called you  
The People's Poet of Daghestan  
For your humanity...

From your pen  
flew love lyrics  
ballads,  
epigram and  
philosophical octaves,  
which have won  
many of our hearts..

You conquered our spirit  
in your native Avar tongue  
spoken by no more than half million  
yet enjoyed and read by  
thousands of nations...

"A hundred girls you are to me  
And I am yours alone." \*\*

"I love a hundred girls, it's true  
But every one of them is you" \*\*

An illustration  
Of your affection soaring mountains  
in your love poems  
that combined mischief humor with passion  
which dominated our beings...

Now, the only thing left for us  
Is to express our gratitude  
To Daghestan for the legacy  
Inherited not just by your people  
But by the utmost nations....

November 9,2003 @ 03:45

\* On Thomstone / Rasul Gamzatov

\*\* A Hundred Women I Adore / Rasul Gamzatov

Abir Zaki



## **To Write...**

I don't know why I started to write  
The "unknown" in me once out cried  
"Peek out of your shell and do write..."  
Then I came out of my shell  
But I cried  
For I haven't listened to the "unknown" in me  
When said, just "peek out and write"  
I learned my lesson  
Never "come out" again  
When I am suppose to  
"Peek out..." of my shell again...

May 19,2003 @ 8: 35 a.m.

Abir Zaki

## **Touching..... - In ME!**

You sensed my heart and used your words  
to say it...  
You took the words from my mouth  
and inscribed it...  
You felt my heavy burden  
and you bear it ...

you kissed me,  
you held me,  
you nibbled my ears,  
you caressed my hair,  
and jolted my system,  
every moment in me...

the sweet taste of saline  
will always moisten my lips

the sensational breath  
will always draw in to my being

the ink well of your love  
will never dry run in me

And now,  
Have I described what you do in Me?

2003

Abir Zaki

## **Unable to Spare...**

Unable to split  
the world of my words  
without its broken verses...

Unable to flee  
from concrete walls  
by callous emotions.....

Unable to move  
placed by a pillow to be touched  
through the open window...

Unable to run  
from the smell of  
the breeze of your flesh...

Unable to console  
the passion within me  
and to complete  
the untold verses

for I can't spare  
you to any of my beholding....

February 19, 2004

Abir Zaki

## **Universality...**

beauty  
gratifying,  
overwhelming  
beatitude...

be it  
a soul,  
a poem,  
a sunset,  
or a structure...

be it  
my positivity  
my negativity  
be it  
my individuality...

January 27, 2004 @ 03:45

Abir Zaki

## **Venus of the Sahara...**

You can smell the roses  
jasmines, and daisies  
and love with passion,  
in its arid spaces...

You can find the joy and hope  
laugh like a sad child,  
weep like a poet,  
and wail like a foe...

You can fade like the moon  
hundred times  
to reach your earth  
and be free...

But my friend,  
although my desert is a special one,  
with its all mysticism and holiness  
especially when the stars glitter  
like diamonds at night  
and the sand reflects their sparkles one by one  
but there are cacti, and rattlesnakes  
which rules this bald, arid vast place  
it is a land that God forgot  
although wealthy  
but barren with curse...

October 12,2003

Abir Zaki

## **What a Breath...!**

You breathed deeply  
you inhaled severely  
to my skin  
unfamiliar with the weight of air  
with its burden  
but felt  
without its constant touch  
the smell of your ashes  
under my skin,  
for in every pore of my being  
I carry your bones...  
But when you exhaled  
I felt each breath  
at its peak  
poked into my existence  
reminding me of you...

November 17,2003

Abir Zaki

## **What is it...?**

Is it really blind?  
Is it familiar or memorable?  
Is it pure or flawed?  
Is it being at ease?  
Or is it judgmental, or influential?  
Is it sharing miseries?  
Is it personal or public?  
Or is it private bond...?  
Is it real or illusory?  
Is it sensual or physical?  
Or is it spiritual or corporeal?  
Is it touchable or vulnerable...?  
Is it a sin?  
Or is it a virtue?

Is it all?  
Is it none?  
Does it exist?  
Or not.....?

What is it?

December 15,2001

Abir Zaki

## **When Venus Surrendered...**

Get me, the ruler of my soul  
And delight me beyond the impossibility  
Beyond the desire of your odds...

Take me, until I am weak  
Until unable to give more  
Lost, and confused  
And seize whatever therefore...

Squeeze me and feed me your nectar  
Of your sweet embrace  
Until I'm emptied into your heavenly deep sea...

Satisfy me, gratify my everlasting desire  
Consume me mercilessly, persistently  
Grab me, enter me make me pound  
Until you strike this heart...

Find me, in the sea of my dreams  
In my disruption, in distraction  
Remove and posses the "me" I've grown...

For I am the Venus,  
The great mother of Goddess  
The goddess of beauty and fertility  
From Zephyr, the west Wind  
And bloomed Cupid,  
The beauty, chastity, and the pleasure  
The divinity you always adored...

and you,

You linked with spirit, light  
order and mind  
And I,  
with nature, darkness,  
chaos and body  
poisonous, and hellish as always  
when exposed  
would flash-burn you.... in a split...

March 27, 2004

Abir Zaki



## **Who Am I...?**

People ask 'where are you from? '  
Coming from Asia, Europe, and Africa,  
I tell them, I am from nowhere  
But I know I have to start from somewhere...

I am the river that flows love,  
The mountain that rises chaos,  
The morning sun that shines hopes and dreams...

I am the history of sorrows and pains,  
Joys and laughs,  
Failures and triumphs...  
And the revolution of change...

I am the battle that cries for freedom,  
And the cry of liberty...

I am the living seas of waking dreams,  
Where a wrecked ship of my life esteems...

I am the poem,  
The lines as they speak,  
The words that I seek...

I am the sound, the only sound  
Of my voice that I entreat...

Abir Zaki

## **With Me but Without Me...**

Without YOU...

Skies turn gloomy and gray  
Birds stop their winging  
Plants loose all their leaves  
Flowers become scentless & ugly  
and  
I lose being me  
For longing you in my nights  
to hold me tight  
is my utmost desire...

With YOU,,,

Darkness are being chased  
Birds start their singing  
Love becomes as strong  
as the limbs of the trees  
Caresses and touches regain its breath  
and  
I regain being me, again...

So,  
why do I feel that you are with me,  
but without me...?

you know that I can't live without your breeze  
when I need you to be breathed...

why do I feel incomplete?  
and cannot mount to you  
when I flutter on my wings..?

Why do I feel that you are with me  
but without me...?

One of the utmost moments in need / 3/3/04....@ 04:15

Abir Zaki

## **You Are The Mirror Of My Soul...**

I am the soul of the earth in which  
I planted your seed ...in me...

I am the rainbow in the sky in which  
I see your rain ...through me...

I am the empty shell in which  
You poured wisdom ...in me...

I am the expression of your eyes in which  
Your truest reflection showed ...through me...

And you,  
you are the mirror of my soul,  
in which your sacredness resides in me...  
and your spirit mends my soul in me

Looking in your mirror,  
what do I see?  
A soul owned by me  
for eternity....  
Where they have united,  
intertwined in love's harmony  
breathing in happiness  
peace and serenity ...

October 24,2003

Abir Zaki

## **You Confirmed My Existence**

You are my knight  
carrying me in your big heart  
for my beauty is in my weakness  
my laughter is in my sadness  
my trembling is in my steadiness  
my nearness is in my distance  
my presence is in my absence  
all,  
against my resistance  
you confirmed my existence...

August 24,2003

Abir Zaki

## **You Said, I Say....**

You said to come and sleep with you  
that you longed me  
and that you missed me to your bones...

You said that you can't stop loving  
and that you don't have the strength  
to sooth your rebellious organs, love,  
passion and desires  
All in revolt...

You said that verses, sonnets, and poems  
can't even describe your hunger, thirst and desires  
and you are all alone in your cold desert  
that sand can't hide your yearnings to me...

I say, my beloved  
I can feel all the sense of longing  
that my soul is aching  
longing for your touch  
for your kiss, for your embrace...

I say my beloved  
my heart is breaking  
my feelings are so strong  
so full and empty at the same time  
for a life without you is not complete...

I say my beloved  
and pray to the Lord  
to grant me patience  
and keep this hungry heart from going insane...

I say my beloved  
that I am like a ravenous child  
crawling towards you  
crossing the miles, just to be with thee....

I say my beloved  
that we share the same loneliness  
the same sufferings  
the same love, longing and happiness  
and that Lord, has granted us this voyage  
to test our courage, sincerity,  
and strong conviction  
for He wouldn't have blessed us  
if we were worthless of this sublime,  
divine, and the sacredness,  
of this holy love!

August 29,2003

Abir Zaki

## **You...**

You cry for morals,  
not found...  
You sing for love,  
not heard...  
You awaken the conscience,  
not existed...  
You speak in a language,  
not understood...  
You live in a time,  
not ours...  
You dream the impossible,  
out of reach...  
But,  
when you render poetically  
everyone cease to continue,  
and begin to EXIST...

Abir Zaki

## **Your Lines...**

Many do comment as  
Great, Keep up, Continue  
some even do write a couple of words to cheer you up  
but I neither write, nor comment  
like still waters, I wait and watch in silent meditation  
in sacred stillness...

My soul is thirsting  
My flesh craves  
for your verses upon a heart that yearns...

Challenging my prejudices  
living between your lines  
which your soul has created  
to be felt  
to be lived  
but not to be understood  
for trying to understand your lines  
is like touching a rose full of thorns...

Waiting and watching everyday  
for the sun to rise  
for the moon to glow  
for the birds to fly  
for the flowers to bloom  
as reaching the 'delight infinite' in your lines...

Each one of us do read and comment  
but not every one LIVES...  
.....through your lines.....

June 9,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Your Love Has Made Me Tired...**

I am tired of giving myself away  
When I make the mistake of saying what I feel  
It comes back haunting me again...

I am tired of your soothing words of encouragement  
And of my melancholic tiring mind  
And your exuberance of pride in me...

I am tired of your grace and beauty  
That made me drawn to you  
Tired of your heart of gold  
That made me want to dwell in you...

I am tired of running from my emotions  
From my feelings...from my heart  
Tired of being weary of waking in the morning  
Tired of being exhausted from days without you...

In you, I feel something beyond archetype  
A true expansiveness  
Melting in your presence as soon as you come at sight  
You make me tired...

Yes my beloved,  
I want to tell you how I feel  
But I know it is not right...

God I hate how the spring rain falls  
Washing away my words....

5 / 16 / 2003

Abir Zaki



## **Your Pen...**

Folding my fist in firing lines  
No ink left into my thin lines...

Your lines like divine prayer  
Won't let me go to make my own prayers...

Your pen  
Standing poised  
while your feelings running through  
your glistening sheet of paper  
Inscribing in passion, and emotion,  
digging deep  
to caress the remaining pieces of my entire  
Vigorously unlocks my soul  
calming my burning sensual desire...

And I,  
will always endow you with my indelible ink  
until the last sheet of your everlasting script ...

August 12,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Your Poem...**

Conventionally, you are the one, who writes  
Expresses himself with images  
Using power and beauty of thoughts  
Through words...

Controversially, as one Poetess suggested  
That you should always write about "Love"  
She called you "the love poet" or "the poet of love"  
Who appeared in a spring storm  
Roaring in a circle of "live poets' society"...

You have embedded within everyone's heart  
You have spoken in everybody's mind  
Your words beating in the heart  
Your layers of sentiments flooding love...

Your thoughts are born of emotions  
Like a petal that hides its fragrance  
To blossom from your intuitive mind...

You wear "love" as a badge of courage  
To fight battles with words which fly all around...

My Poet,  
As the Poetess once said  
You are the "Love Poet" or "poet of love"  
Your soul creates  
Your heart originates  
Your mind initiates  
And your admirers -----.  
Well, this time, my Poet  
It is your turn to complete your Poem!

May 26,2003

Abir Zaki

## **Your Streak...**

Millions of them traveling through the sky  
But only one streaks silently into my mind  
Lighting up the darkest corner of my heart  
With your soul together we will high...

Glimmering in the midnight sky  
Banishing the dark with your shine  
Bringing the smile back to my heart...

Flying free  
Sparkling  
Twinkling  
And ever blinking  
Taking me to the utmost sublime...

And I,  
Making a wish upon a shooting star,  
And always wonder why I feel so high  
Whenever I shoot a dazzling star...

June 13,2003

Abir Zaki