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Women With Wings

translated from English into
Arabic free verse by the author

Mother or Butterfly

*Your soul like a caterpillar,
Longed for long to fly,
Danced in the air;
Transformed into the form
Of an unseen butterfly.*

.....

*Vanished before dawn
From everybody's sight,
In the haze of a cold Friday night,
You played one of your
Old tricks,
And left,
Without much pain,
Without saying goodbye.*

.....

*Your weak and lame body,
Could never suppress
Your soul that was so high,
Wanting to walk,
Wanting to talk
Were all your wishes*

*For your modest self,
Before you walked out.*

.....

*Yet your hopes for me
Were so high and kind;
Wanting me to surpass
Everything and every human kind.*

.....

*Simple and so light in everything,
You led your humble life,
In eating, in dressing,
In talking, in joking,
As a mother and as a wife.*

.....

*Strength was to you an attraction,
Like fire to a butterfly,
Once you see it,
You enhance it,
And paid for that your life.*

.....

*The confidence I gained
From your words and eyes,
Was much deeper
Than any solid
Gain or prize.*

.....

*Protection was there for me,
Out of love not owning;
Was the beautiful feeling
Of having someone
To support me, like a wall, from behind.*

**Good bye
Civilized Cannibals**

*A cannibal is a human being,
Yet, he does seek
To eat his fellow human being
The moment:
His fellow is sick,
Or too tired to give;
To have any kind
Of effect.*

.....

*Here the cannibal
Prepares his fork and knife,
For he is so civilized,
He is from the twentieth century.*

.....

*But why can't I
Understand those who
Call themselves my
People and friends?
Why do they drive
Me to coo?
I am not smart enough,
To understand a century
As clever as a fox,
This kind of friendship,
Is beyond my reach
Naive is the word now
To call an innocent human heart.*

*Why can't I see
The meaning behind*

*Their continuous seeking
 To nourish their confidence
 When they see the collapse
 Of mine?!*
*Why do their hearts
 Rejoice over my decline?!*
*Why is their happiness
 For my sadness?!*

.....

*I saw beasts,
 Not living to eat
 Who is sick;
 In reality they help it,
 Animals are more civilized
 Than the man of this century;
 We do not choose
 Friends to be preserved,
 For a day of need,
 But if a need comes,
 By a circumstance,
 And you are stunned
 To see the so called
 'Friends',
 Neither want to understand
 Listen or stand by;
 They become nothing
 But civilized cannibals,
 Then this is the moment
 For the word good by,
 O, Yes, this is the right*

*Time to say so long
 And for ever adieu.*

Amman, 1993

Fury

*The fury of the wild Horse
Was aroused again,
By pain and constant blame,
By neglect and deliberate hurt,
By being in capture
Of time's waste,
By lack of feedback
So that she can not go on
In her way,
By being told "You have no rights here",
Rights she used to give up,
Because she was in no haste,
Hence, she was taken
For granted all the way,
Shame, shame on whoever
Tries to get rid of the pain of guilt,
By casting their share of the blame,
On such an innocent face,
Thus cause it to lament,
And try hard, but in vain,
To make her doubt her cute brain,
And forget that by doing so,
They risk losing their last share
Of love, trust and respect
In her generous heart and intelligent wits,
That remembers every glimpse and glare,
Which say a lot,
Far more than what words can say.*

.....

*There is unbearable pain
In the releasing of her pain,
But It's better to get
Rid of such a terrible miss,
All at once through painful confrontation,
And timid frankness,
She cleaned her heart,
And mind from the stain
Of anger and disdain:
Clear and clean your heart and intuition
From those who do not really care;
Those who pulled you to a silly game
Of what they call love and friendship,
While it is in fact a sick relationship,
Friendship in such a way is but a hollow name,
For the canker crops of what
They eventually destroyed
In their materialistic way;
A way which nurtures hearts not,
And caused the wild horse cease to care,
And resumed her clear way.*

Jeddah 1989

A Glance

*A glance of two
 Hazelnut eyes,
 Sweeter than pure honey,
 Fresher than spring water,
 Declared to mine
 What daring lips
 Fear to confess,
 I got a bit nervous,
 I thought I didn't like it,
 I flew to the stairs,
 To run far away
 From their penetrating glaze,
 Thereof, they were again,
 Looking at me in tenderness,
 My tongue whispered to my lip:
 "Oh, how charming
 This gaze is".*

.....

*My night became
 As awake as dawn,
 I began to sing like a nightingale,
 While others were asleep:
 Two hazelnut eyes,
 Sweeter than pure honey,
 Fresher than spring water,
 Reached me eagerly,
 Touched every cell,
 Every curve,
 Every nerve;
 They aroused my ecstasy,*

*Their warmth was
 As hot bronze is,
 They could melt
 A heart of steel,
 A gift are they,
 Or a new test,
 From The Most Knowledgeable;
 From The Creator
 Of weak human hearts,
 Were they sent
 To heal my wounds,
 Or to engrave them,
 Like a knife in a copper plate?
 Or are they to create
 A new stronger pain,
 Am I still so naive
 To be affected by a grin?
 Do I need a new pain to learn from?!*

.....

*Oh, whatever they are,
 They brought back
 Wisdom to my mind,
 Spirit to my heart,
 It began to shiver,
 After being so numb,
 A click ... a fast beat,
 Followed by another,
 Am I beginning
 To sense ... to feel
 To fly in the sky again?
 After staying
 Semi dead
 For so long,*

In intensive care.

Inner Transference

(A woman's thoughts before deciding on divorce)

*Transformed was I,
An innocent caterpillar,
By your lies and deceit,
To a different soul,
To a strange butterfly,
Who desires not,
To see a friend
Who wants not,
A laugh to bear,
A joke to strike the ear,
A tear to seal on
The withered cheeks;
A tear that might cure
What hurt emotions devour.*

.....

*At last my reason could conquer,
What kept my heart in wonder,
And collect my shattered power,
To dismiss your shaken picture-
Once was semi sacred,
But is no more-
It is out of my mind
That is stricken by anger,
Out of my dizzy thoughts
That were once fluent,
But began to stammer
In your impassive presence,*

*They awake like winter,
And sound like thunder,
And rain like our sky
In November.*

.....

*Now I see you, but
See you not;
You are not there,
You are lost somewhere,
Out side my heart,
Out side my brain,
And hear you, but
Your voice rings,
My hearing not,
And your sharp doings
That drove me insane,
Have lost their effect,
Whether good or bad, I
Hold for them no respect,
I care for them no more,
And I stand not as before,
Facing you in wonder,
At the serpent hidden under
The petals of the flower;
That used to look
Full of the milk
Of human kindness,
Who could make
My rose; my heart,
Fall sick;
And destroy it at last
By love and hate,
Who is ready to sting*

*Its loyal mate,
The moment she dares to say
No, or refuses to plunge,
In to unjust ordeal,
And wait I for the sting,
That lost its power,
And affects not,
A transformed heart.*

.....

*Yet closed are my eyes,
Hands on my ears,
In a sad trembling voice,
I wonder is your sting
Far or near
Hath come the time,
Of its advent?*

Florida, 1991

Final Embrace

*Who is going
To embrace me,
Before my grave,
Before death,
Love, success or helplessness?
I see them in reality,
As in my dreams,
Running towards my gate,
Each trying desperately
To have me in embrace,*

.....

*Of all I fear most
 Tenderness not hopelessness;
 To take what of me is left,
 To nourish my spirit,
 To raise me up high
 Over clouds in the sky,
 Only to let me fall again,
 Oh, not once again;
 To have the arms of helplessness
 Around my waist
 Squeezing me towards
 Wan wistlessness,
 To be dissolved in nothingness.*

.....

*Here I am looking
 From my window cell,
 Someone on my door is knocking,
 And I am waiting
 For the pain like hell,
 To kill or to be killed,
 Yet full I am with
 The hope for Tenderness;
 For taking and giving,
 Still, feel I like giving,
 Though a lot I am missing?!
 Can a Singing Bird but sing,
 A Rose but bloom,
 And bestow fragrance,
 A Fertile Land but produce,
 A Tree but grant
 Scent, colour and fruits,
 Even in harsh wind?!*

Jeddah, 2000

Death and Rebirth

*It was once,
 Stated up there,
 Doomed I from
 The day of my birth
 To be the victim
 Of destiny;
 Of fatality,
 To return to love;
 To have a rebirth
 Through a smart glimpse and a gaze.*

.....

*I was satisfied with death,
 I did not want a rebirth,
 But even satisfaction
 With crossing the bar
 Was too good a truth
 To be left
 For me by fate,
 And the joy of being born again
 In such a good face and brain;
 Dragged me to will to be born
 Once more,
 Only to find out
 That destiny and fate
 Were determined to give me in
 To almost the same lips,*

*Voice and glance;
To a second
Drastic end.*

.....

*To be born once;
To find oneself,
Is more than enough,
For there is silence,
And deep sleep,
As the only conclusion of spring,
And in the ears nothing to ring.
No words can be wise
Enough to tell
About the pain
I suffer when
I am to be born
On top of a hell,
The moment my love is close,
And suffer a constant
Return to slip,
When we are apart,
Except the word nil.*

Jeddah, Nov.1989

Death in Life

*I've always wondered
What does the phrase
"Death in life" mean?!
Never thought I that
Such a state would
Ever impose itself on my days
And nights, laughter and smiles,
Death in life is by all means:
To laugh from the throat
And the heart is not
Sharing the joy, but
Shedding tears that hurt,
To eat and enjoy food not,
To swallow it just to live,
To see the one you love,
But living the state of being unable to see,
To feel his coming near, yet
Giving your senses the order not
To feel that lovely feeling of his being near,
To avoid looking in the eyes
For fear tears would
Jump on the cheeks,
Death in life is the result
Of suffering: it is what an innocent
Spontaneous faithful heart
Feels after the collapse of dreams.*

Jeddah, 1989

To Thomas Hardy

*Two years of my life,
 You've been occupying,
 Your confessional poems
 Nourished my heart,
 And mind with thoughts about
 Man's nature and life,
 Your lyrics caused me many sighs,
 They also brought me back tears,
 Laughter and smiles,
 They made me fly
 Up, high over vales,
 Over the British hills,
 With birds in the sky,
 Your not taken road
 With all its green and red signs,
 Cried before my ears and eyes,
 To take it, never leave it;
 It is the only way that's right,
 Even if it seems to be wrong
 At first sight,
 This kind of route
 Was, for a long time, mine;
 The path of frankness,
 Not that of avoidance.*

.....

*Your heart's decline
 Assured me once again,
 To follow your untaken steps,
 And to open my door again and again
 To mature openness,*

*No more hesitation in confrontation;
 Its short cut pain
 Is better when it is out burst,
 Than when it is bent
 Underneath one's consciousness,
 So I decided to about undertake
 What the madding crowd fear to chase,
 And to be strong enough,
 To continue the line
 That was always mine,
 And had never been yours,
 Otherwise I would lead
 An unhealthy life.*

.....

*I have always loved you,
 From the moment,
 I could understand your "Tess
 Lament," agony and torment,
 Who is full of love and life
 Of honesty and tenderness,
 Then there was a temporary break
 Between us twains-
 Who were born in Gemini-
 In love of nature, cats,
 Books, music and dance,
 After which there was a reunion,
 And through you again,
 Came to me light,
 From your regrets in "The going,"
 And your "Tolerance" taught
 Me in an indirect
 Way, never to tolerate
 What my principles refuse to consent.*

.....

*Now, I find it very hard,
 To say adieu or so long,
 To your private poems,
 It is impossible to see them left,
 On my study's shelf,
 To be covered with dust,
 For they have offered me a good conduct,
 I confess to you my friend, and my promise you can get,
 Though I don't like to be asked "Why,"
 After our hectic, but
 Beautiful journey together,
 I can not let your brilliant ideas wither,
 And I will never
 Kiss your "Complete Poems" goodbye.*

Saltsburg, 1988

**Fired Fear
 and
 Firing Fruitful Feeling**

*April is the cruellest
 Month of the year,
 So said T.S. Eliot;
 It is so severe,
 For it brings, in vain,
 Life back to his waste land,
 Yet, to me, the case is not so;
 Nothing is barren,
 Nothing is wasted,*

*In the human heart,
 Whatever we meet,
 However tiny,
 However small,
 Deserves our awe.
 His hope was lost,
 But mine is vigour,
 It is about to revive,
 Even agony and pain,
 Are stored in the brain,
 They work like fuel
 To an airplane,
 Anger and wounds
 Push me up high,
 Over clouds in the sky.*

.....

*I left my only son,
 In my homeland,
 I became free
 From daily responsibility,
 After twenty years
 Of continuous suffering,
 I threw away my misery,
 Now they are far behind,
 With my dreams,
 I was racing,
 My trust was flying
 Ahead of me.*

.....

*April of the year
 Two thousands and one,
 Is firing my soul,
 My buds of hope*

*Flowered before May,
 How close is my birthday!
 Hope became ripe
 With spring hay,
 To him spring time,
 Is a cause of decline,
 To me Spring this year,
 Is something I feel, I see,
 In everything in every sign,
 Though it is not yet,
 Clear in the air
 Of the land that
 Endows creativity;
 The Anglo land,
 And it never appears
 To the Arab desert
 In reality not reverie.*

.....

*The first step,
 Was a long trip,
 To Sunderland,
 My hurt heart
 Opened warmly,
 Like a rose,
 To knowledge, to liberty,
 I felt united with nature,
 I am diverted no more,
 The Sun did not
 Show his golden face,
 In the gray sky,
 Yet there was sunshine,
 In my heart and mind,
 There were*

*Rainbow colours,
 Before and after rain,
 The northern cold weather,
 Did not cause me to wither,
 Against all my fears,
 It did not prevent my
 Thoughts from glazing
 From inside,
 There was my professor,
 Resurrecting my trust,
 In the human heart,
 My faith in the intellect,
 He was generous
 With his effort,
 With his time.*

.....

*I left that green land
 With a shoulder
 Loaded with photo copies,
 With some books,
 But that was not all,
 There was still
 More books to find,
 To quench my thirst
 For learning;
 For life to understand,
 My direction now
 Is to the south,
 I did not know,
 When and how
 Warm was the western
 Capital of culture,
 Until it received us*

*Happily and gaily,
Like a child like a baby,
With real sun beams
Spreading all around,
Dancing to meet the spring
That was now stepping
Tiptoe to the southern
English boundary,
I was physically lame,
But who can be tamed
In such a jocund company,
Our ambition was so high,
It made us fly,
My friend and I,
From marble arch
To Leicester Square;
A place full of book stores,
So said my professor,
And he was right
My friend and I
Hunted for books,
In old and new shops:
In Albuda, in Silver moon,
In the famous Blackwell,
Then we marched to Russell
Square looking for Dillon,
But we found Waterstone
Instead and lost the way
To the other one,
We still wanted to try;
To look for more books,
To gain deeper realization,
But our feet were swollen,*

*Heavy with books,
The taxi took us
To our hotel room,
Only to fly with birds,
With colourful butterflies,
To the land of my longings,
To the springy little town:
To Oxford .. a city will known
To students .. to scholars
From every corner
Of this big yet small world,
The very next noon,
We were in a train,
To us it had wings,
Just like that of our souls,
The weather was shifting,
My spirit was drifting,
Sailing, hailing,
Every friendly face,
The reception party,
Was warm and kind
With teachers and scholars
From all over the world,
To me it seemed
As tiny as a room,
Yet as great as heaven,
And there was I,
With my loyal friend,
With our covered two heads,
Discussing different issues,
Tossing around ideas,
About our homeland,
About our faith,*

*Talking, joking,
 About the reasons
 That make people
 Have unfair ideas,
 About the Arabs,
 About their great creed,
 Then I saw again,
 The buds of May,
 Flowering just as
 People's ideas about our belief.*

.....

*My anguish was finally erased,
 My furry was fired,
 For my ambition was crowned,
 On the fifth day of April,
 My dearest month of the year,
 When I was asked to read
 Some of my English Poems,
 In conference number sixteen,
 Of the British council,
 My poems were received
 With wet eyes,
 With smiles,
 With clapping,
 With words like
 "Gorgeous" said by
 The editor of "Women
 and gander" with questions as:
 How can you be so frank?
 How emotional you are!
 How liberal you are!
 Words as such
 Again restored*

*My lost hope in the human kind;
 In Man's ability
 To give, to lit others
 Happily survive.*

.....

*"Firing the canon",
 Was the name
 Of that literary session;
 It shot at my pain,
 And rekindled my thinking,
 Today is the end of April,
 But certainly not the end
 Of my hopes and hard times,
 With the help of The Most Merciful,
 My spirit will never decline,
 He will always be sending
 Good people such as Manal
 Whose name means:
 "Effective fulfillment",
 To help me a lot,
 Now I am assured that,
 Women are not "to be"
 Jealous all the time.*

Oxford, April 2001
