Without You, I Am Desperately Thirsty Water

A. Almarwati

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(Iltimaa'at)

Written between 1998–2008

Translated from the Arabic by

Bashar Abdulah

MOMENT
DIGIBOOKS LIMITED

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First Printing: London 2013

E-Boocket project from Moment Nr. 10

Tel=00447715601634

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www.momentdigibooks.com

www.facebook.com/MomentDigibooksLtd

Cover design: Saddam Aljumaily
Printed and bound in UK

I shall seal the door of your room with the most fragrant wax and interweave a melody at your window; so as the melody can melt into light. I shall fly my kisses and winks up to their space, luxuriously furnished by your breathe. So evade my noble fond of you, if you could do that!

I know you're a sublime idea. A woman of fragrant and singing. I know you’re an ultimate space no sky can embrace. However, this does not stop me from saying, “I lust you”, because you’re also strength, splendor and voice a nature, wherein both action and inaction get similarity, my freedom.

Come on. Dear morning. Come on. Go through your infested- with- daisy path. Go through, with confidence that you’re fenced with the most beautiful glances from the rarest eyes of faces of most marvelous girls. Go through and perfume your soul

with my rare feelings – that is your daily ration so as to let people see you as a really morning. Yet, do this after my beloved smiles to you while splashing all this love!

I shall make my stories traps against places; so you can engage in the fates of the talkative people and in waiting for the happy endings. I shall train people how to be able to wait for awards of a lottery, and for the duration of a stumbled share. Let's be together. Yes, together away from others. O, my God, let the years pass away, when go on overseeing the caravans of days, and months and y-e-a-r-s and cities and series of mountains carried by the great waves, silently going ahead with muttering, and order kneaded with s-u-r-p-r-i-s-e. The Marwati wrote: He left the house roof- wet with the splash of that Mosulian sleepy dawn that resembled a beauty fond of seeing Tigris, as it is sipping the first sunlight. He Left only to retain the yearning and come back.

The aspirant follower felt puzzled as to how to describing the case of his master, the Marwati. Could he disclose his secrets, face to face? The shyness of firm and correct mannered that made him that follower stops him from doing so. Now that he sees him getting transparent in his nap, he fixed a paper on the mirror, which reflects to him a rich library behind, where the river on the his left hand and on his right hand stands the door leading to the *Iwan* (*), furnished with a table, sofas, intimacy and peace. He fixed a bright white paper inscribed with the Ruqa'a calligraphy, which he has just ended practicing it:

O, my master:
You are shone wit love.
over beauty made him transparent and so he flew up,
swimming in luxuriously rich light
and sweetly he sang and deprived others of sleeping,
sipping melodies in the best way
with his eyes fully surprised,
He melted out of fond and sparkled
and then dropped down like tears.
He q-u-i-e-t-l-y and q-u-i-e-t-l-y left, and disappeared in the lane, which led him to the evening of reading and family, and to the innocence of his music.

O, voice that is coming out of the springs of the attractive promise, with all the endless dreams extending in magic. O, lights that spread over the evening, mellowed with the innocent joy. O, lady whose fragrance waving to my fondness; so as to play together as two brilliant children in the gardens of the fresh roses innocence, and scoop from mirrors of love what no other lovers can scoop notwithstanding how long they have been in love. Your fragrance brings me back my initial joy. Your fragrance that even dreams, and transparent melodies do not live up nor does warmth of winters made by the stories of the girls at the height of confabulation. I mean those caring tales, and gestures apprehending the beautiful potentials. O, my ..., I do hear you. I feel the excited dew dripping from the secret of clusters of pleasure coming down closer and closer to your joy!

So disappear not.

On his way to the evening, the Marwati waved to a couple sitting on the side of an empty morning, trying

not to see what was stuck in their faces after being tired by an impotent night, and a- preceding- poor day. On his way to his evening, the Marwati put on simple clothes, and wishes, after he had sealed a- now- remote morning, with drought and distance from the fragrant music and silky brightness, the morning that he has been waiting for long, and then found it full of mottoes, timeless rituals, and huge piles fragments and perverted. So the evening has become the only haven.

Asked about the rarest type of the people, the Marwati replied, “They are those whose silence getting more and more transparent out of their majesty, whose words reflect their beauty, and whose love shines farther and farther!”

He squatted at the edge of his illusion, and murmured a dry song that he was the one and only to know. Then he inlaid his day with what he could recall of a shine, winking on bar of the far, past days. When he saw her, a hot voice flowed into his gut:
She is no longer that one!

He tried to (think) that this woman who is similar in features to a melody he once had heard, looks like that one whom he fell in love with. But what has undermined his whole day, and added to his, was the certainty that she was she herself, and the one she once liked his music, which was similar to another lady, was no longer he! What a heavy melancholy; it is like those cracks of the evening on that wall, Marwati!

Asked about music, the Marwati said, " it is transparent melodies, and tender harmonies that carry you on breezes of gleaming sounds to attain the unattainable". (This table resembles the days of mine). He turned his eyes away from an old statue of a master with a stick and ever mysterious features. He then looked at a coin coming from a pocket getting away from the door - the door of the teahouse, where the walls are adorned with paintings showing pregnant women with cloudy faces, obsolete musical Instruments, and a cockroach accurately drawn in green. He put his glass on his days (o, my God) for he saw a gorgeous sexy woman, her dark complexion was fully sexy at that moment, even her

shining body under that dark color was fully sexy, that's what burdened his awake eyes, directly after (o, my God)
“. This is my coming music.”

He stretched on the bank of his day, to evade a humming void that’s ever repeated like grief. He, then, ordered his things and worn wishes as he used to do every day, and went on smiling for hours, recalling an old joyous scene. He enticed his lute, and invented excuses; to gain acceptance of his music, but the dryness of his day, the suffocation of the room waiting for night, and this light that – o, my God- how sometimes tending to intensify dimness, all deeply convince him that time is broken down on the other side. As for her, it is she herself who like a soft light overlooking the evening, stands with all the lights marveled by her mere existence. Yes, this is she, whose breasts glitter by their radiant richness, opening for him a way into light, to show him a way of a butterfly embroidered with the most childish dreams. Her smile then adds fragrant to darkness, so that he can get richer and more eager to sing!

Asked about his definition of the beloved, the Marwati said; “It’s that one who will ever be indescribable, and colors in her hands go deeper and deeper in the love of playing music, because she is the one and only, TIME everyday impressively yearns for!”

The Marwati, at an hour full of passion and longing, wanted to describe his beloved, in a way no pen or a melody has ever been thinking of, so he kindled a wish on a cloudy evening, and started writing:

‘You are the idea of pens and books are baffled with. O, my absent love, who once I attended with joy! O, woman with who even mirth gets drunk. Whenever remembering her gleam, he’d squeal. O, evening brunette, and comfort of the heart in its solitude, o, the height of womanhood, and sugar of the virgin girls tea in intimately hot meetings, o, sweet one to whom rivers and streams voluntarily come, and on whose voice flutes moans sparkle. Even the ignition of tunes whenever a bow touches violin strings is but a reflection of her glittering eyes.

But he changed his mind, and turned to forest trees on the bank of Tigris as they came together to feel ease, and warm their selves with this soft sleepy darkness, He whispered to the calm breeze; “tell her, though all the distance, she is more plentiful and more gorgeous.”

On the way to pistachio farms, girls still childishly played like roses like roses on the side of a Mosulian spring, while women at a sad time tamed with their looks the heights of harshness. Pistachios farms were the hotbed of trips, and the end of Dawasah Street, where teahouses, cinemas, and clothing stores stood on both sides, still embracing our laughter, though the scratches caused by barbed wires. The colors our days brood in at the end of every Eid. I mean in the evenings, when smiling turn dry, and still our flying souls transparent enough to soar, attracted by the ringing bells in darkness a movie starts. In this very way the Marwati stood singing the song of the miserable end. On his way to his favorite solitude he started singing:

For you my childhood I have a kiss and greeting

since your disappearance, dreams faded away

O, folks I am overwhelmed by a catastrophe,

which has paralyzed even my ability to write.

He wished he could weep, but instead, he took shelter in the patience of those who have the wish to arrive the luxury farms along the river; away from the noise of the day, and closer to the melodious evening. (The couplet is written by the Marwati!)

Asked if he drew lessons from a follower of him, the Marwati said," Once I said to my love, when you passed with all your sexy appearance under the balcony of language, words suddenly rose up and surprised, I asked it to be polite, but it said " being polite in this regard means being impolite, my master!

I shall listen carefully to this morning, as I see it but elegant lines of lute she- players, beauties wearing collars made of pulses of the last stars left by, and covering their heads with the falling gleams out of the moons orbit. They were attractive as they sang what has been in harmony with your sleepy looks and flashing winks that were the reflection of my flowering heart. I shall listen as I feel myself luxuriant with the scene in which light and fragrant mixed together!

Asked who is the real artist, the Marwati said, " he/she is transparent when touching a color, a melody and a words, he/ she sculpts a fragrant time, and with groundless purpose, yearns to the world with an eye of a cloud!

Your rosy lips left no room for any dark blame. My beloved and companion of my melodies, that is my words, will go on sipping from water! He shall go on listening eagerly and q-u-i-e-t-l-y to your sleepy but talkative eyes, and to your silent smiling face, surrounded by groups of fragrant letters, where

to your white slim body the slenderest most educated perfumes bend. So thank you for letting my imaginary get drunken by such glow wine.

This is morning in which you have no trace. It comes in age, and its surface contacts as it is overwhelmed by wrinkles, and feels so horribly alienated that in no time, it comes in age! And its dry lights crack by the ferocity of an absence, which I see as a spring of fire! So disappear not; in your presence my lifetime is plunged into the luster of youth!

Kisses: honey culls picked up from my love's bestowal; they are roses blossoming by pleasure and brilliance, ordered by this gorgeous slim love, which hang them on the chest of my happiness, flashing with your smile. It also use them in inlaying crown of my luxurious yearning to your longing. O, morning of music, you are the harmony of all women, whether in groups or individually with in you, my female.

I do engrave anywhere – even if you have only once passed through – what you like of fragrances, and sprinkle your letters as snatches of lights on all times, so as they can one day shine as rich colored bunches of songs and will a-l-w-a-y-s do! The absolute truth is that:
"You are but your tracks."

The point of harmony between the '**lo**' and '**ve**' in your attractive space, is my room as I live my v-a-s-t sense of lacking weight, my master, love!

Have you ever seen a shiny ground, a happy one swimming in its divine fragrance, and peaceful like a couple of pigeons getting closer and closer to each other in glossy and luxurious pleasure? It's softness of the plains, and the aloofness of the beauty heights. It's a haven between two breasts!

Your cup sips me, so the night gets drunken.

This is a morning with invocations your smile types, and with fans smelling the fragrance of your pleasure. I, the Marwati witness – in fully wishful heart; this is a morning of luxurious beauty, garnished with all children lisps, and the soft time laughter that let out with the consent of God.

The time after dawn see you as a morning, but I see you the lady of love who cures wounds, and winks through a smile with which time flows in musical w-a-r-m tune into this creak, which others call 'the day'.

I was as sure as when feeling your uniqueness, than like to you there is none, except for fairouz's wet- with- rain drops- voice, booming by childhood playing and permeating your hair. Fairouz's dissolving voice into the fragrant gleam of your eyes. My letters, on the other hand, neatly and luxuriously line up in a way that suit your majesty, under the arch of my permanent joy of surprise. You are a woman, glowing as if you always walk under a light fall!

Can all the limitless stores, overcrowded with words be enough to encompass you? O, woman who tunes melodies by her own tones! A woman, grapes get drunken by her voice. O, my love when you are carried over by sounds of gold!

Oh my God, I wonder why once I see you, your face seems as if has just made ablution with light!

May God enrich the night with your nap, and the morning lights with your smile. Who is as happy as I am while wandering between ornamentation and luxury, and subliming by the charming pleasure that flash between a nap and a smile.

In the workshop outside the noise, that is densely-colored, and is happy in its calmness, the Marwati planned with a pencil a woman with eyes full of rich lawns, and body full of many, many invocations and prospects for splendor. The follower

yearns and carefully considers the movement of his brush, and enjoys the unique companionship in waiting tea to get brewed. That afternoon resembled a museum in which stood a woman whom he had seen with all her shining presence in Nineveh Street. It is the festival day for women and ornament. The celebration of the joyous girls boiled out of its happiness. It was a museum with a woman who freed his sadness from her beauty, and threw it to his first love, which was stopped by a fragment, during an occupation of a picture hung on the wall of time. There was a fierce desire to cry, and but tears were so rare. So he left the face featureless, made the hair a cloud, and the arms wide open to welcome any possible chance of flying, and at the bottom of the painting he wrote this footnote: O, woman who stretches on time as if on a marble. And change places into melodies. Still I'm waiting for you!

And when do the tyrants step down forever? The Marwati said you have to print the answer: when the tyrant visited his great personal mural in the

Maidan, he was stunned by seeing its fading colors. So with all the brutality of his anger ordered his guards with all their heavy dullness, “Fire the sun!”

Asked about conscience in creativity, the Marwati turned against the question, and wet outside the content and then said, ” The ‘**he**’ refrains from being similar to the ‘**they**’ because he is keen to be present wherever there is the different in the space of the (**I**).

In a moonlit gathering on Tigris, namely at **‘**Klaya’at**’**(*)- the Mosul face brooding in the horizon, the follower asked the Marwati if the white hair of old age makes one sad. The Marwati, smiling, asked him to print the answer,” what you see of white hair on my head is not white hair, It is the time who came back to correct his by white correcting ink. I shall forgive him as I am carried on the joy!

The Marwati looked up around the sky, praising his God. Soon the deep horizons of the prospects opened up. The dawn got both prestige and dignity, as he made ablution at Tigris and yearned to those crossed the river towards the Mosulian day.

As for warm-heartedness, the Marwati said with wonder, as he casted his follower with a smiling rose overfilled with dew," O, my dear do complete our fragrant task and draw:

.. He kindled a candle for the wind in the desert of the darkness and said, "Go accompanied with all I have of light! Still do I have my own wishes!"

He recalled his follower's question," When are you feel sad then! His ears felt the fragrance of Fairouz's sheen voice, while light astonishingly sniffled by the purity of the Mawawil:

O, ship of winds leave the sea and come to the land.

Missing him so much caused tears slip down on my cheeks!

He said, "My heart sobs, and the departing clouds weep for it and their tears assume raindrops."

Your eyes are so calm, clear, and joyous that provoke the jealousy of the nicest rose. They are wide enough to inflame the lust of any wind! The follower slipped smilingly, crossing the arch of the house to the door leading to narrow lane, leaving the Marwati engraving with his lute strings as if he was whispering to those veins, sleeping in peace on the face of the Mosulian Marble Iwan!

O, my master you are so much on their side. Bringing his melodies, and instruments, then overwhelmed by the ecstasy of the full telepathy, the Marwati said, "O, my son and supporter and follower; this is because God gave them what he did not give to others, now print and consider the words:
" Real musicians deal with the sweetness of fragrant voices as they do with silk!"

At an hour of joy and flowering of spirit, the follower wanted to know how women look in the spring of the Marwati's heart. He then prepared

coffee, poured and asked. The Marwati, having lighted a cigarette, and seemed as calm as a light beam in an autumn morning, said, “They are groups of melodies flashing under violin bows!”

You are going to pass before this evening, princess, waving to the tree tribes lining up to celebrate your arrival, and to the crowds of roses that feel their defects by the influence of your colors. Your smile will meet the need of the stars for sparkles for years to come. There will always be swarms of butterflies, fragrant melodies, rainy clouds, and I. It is I who will l give the permit for this legendary carnival to start, because I am the only one who blazed by invoking your light!

“I wonder how you would punish the murderers and tyrants if you get in your hair, master.” It was as if the Marwati had explored the question in the ambiguity of the follower’s look, though e knew him always as innocent as a breeze passing over the surface of the river. All the follower’s words at that

moment met with silence. He put the cold bowl of licorice on the fence of the balcony, and turned to write on a small screen- like board at the forefront of the Iwan: Is there a punishment more tormenting than depriving them of seeing blood?

It was as if a female shade appeared in the evening of the river, and let out a question out of her desire to get more and more information about the manifestation of a woman within the Marwati's seasons, as he underlined her delicateness during his spring. Feeling some pure joy in his inside, he said, "They are paintings pertaining to frivolous femininity that goes in harmony with the charming winter, and a sad and sober melody in autumn. They are tuned cold breezes in summer. Then he looked at the flashing lights of the teahouses innocently getting fun at the wet time.

Feeling as calm and pale as a violin bow overplayed, the Marwati- on a Thursday overburdened by resentment and, and intentions far more remote from coloration- walked through the lanes of Maidan, adjacent to the old iron bridge; to renew his insistence on continuing his line. As daylight waved to him farewell, evening came closer and whispered into his ear," This kind of grief does not befit a lover like you!" The Marwati repeated a statement to keep by heart: 'you have l-o-n-g been waiting for me, so why are you late, my love!' He went on repeating until overwhelmed by the magic scene where the delicate darkness melted in the aroma of the river breezes.

At the entrance covered with a tissue of spices and condiments under the familiar darkness of Sarai bazaar, and between the glittering ornaments and the richness of cloths of all colors, the Marwati used to spend a little bit of time therein. When he returned to his seclusion, the gentle shadow of that young remained as usual waiting for a reunion, after a long season of sadness and anxiety. He recalled his dialogue with him, then stretched on at the forefront

of the Iwan with his being dissolved in the late breezes of September: he saw himself in a dream looking at a woman having all the women in her presence, washing whatsoever a trouble approaching him, saying," please, read what is written in this paper: "Come and I shall furnish your path, on both sides with processions of elegant words, and launch the boats of colors subliming by adoration. Melting and glittering Melodies shall soar up over them both in shimmering swarms in a rare celebration for your cheerful arrival, so c-o-m-e on!

Asked about the essence of love, the Marwati said," It's the gasp of time at the charm of meeting, and scooping fragrance of purity tunes. It's the transcendence unmatched call. That is what I call 'the becoming part and parcel of the honey of existence!'"

As for beauty never the Marwati freed his imagination, and for words to be consistent with its context, he took the follower and his friends to the opposite bank of the old Mosul city, adjacent to the

Tigris, which is rich with trees and vivid memories. Like someone reciting a poem, he told them as they sat in a ring after playing, and laughing," The morning borrows his smile from the shining joy of the beauties, and the clouds mobilize themselves in corps if they weep! As for you, the morning takes its duration from yours. If you weep, the time chokes, music cracks, and words get lost in the puzzled profusion of languages!

The Marwati seeing the follower overburdened by grief, and reeling as was carried on his suffering, he gave him a touch on the head, kissing his forehead, and gave him an opportunity to disclose his hidden feelings as he felt by the intuition of a pure lover, and scooped of the sense of his being the deepest in love. The follower, having arranged the room, whose arcuate window overlooking the lane, with it Mosulian quietly smiling Marble frame, said, "O, master, I am at a mess what to do. I can no longer tell my beloved my how much her pampering burdens me, and how much the scarcity of reunion hurts me. The Marwati commented, "Oh my dear,

love is as light as light. Yet, it is also as heavy as a defeat. But when it brings a lover to humiliation, then it is no longer a love, for dispossession does not befit those who take the path of improving life. Send her this sentence:

Do not be as sweet in name and fierce in pain as diabetes!

- “Listen even once, and then do what you want.”

As he looked silent, the man’s looks got more glorious, and seemed as if he were reviewing featureless fleets for his own end in high seas.

- I know that it is a very big ship with enormous virtual capacity, and we see it now from your high, lavish panoramic balcony. I know what it means when we are looking at a ship that can accommodate more than a thousand people, with its bright colors and stunning design, it is really stunning! O, my God. But I want you to listen even if once, master, for ears are created to hear and listen, not mere ornament. So please, have a look at it. It is going to sink, o, my God, it is going to sink. Do you know why?

- “Yes, I do, this is because it is made of paper.”

A dashing bullet, all of a sudden, delved the splendor of the scene. The Marwati told them both as he quietly and smilingly clapped, “It is a charming and stunning performance.” All of them left the Dawasah Street over-furnished with teahouses and cinemas, and lacking the presence of women, to be back into the coherent lanes of Maidan, where food smells spreading everywhere in preparation for dinners and an evening with lavish songs and wishes.

“The unemployed are losers,“ the Marwati told a visitor whom the follower got surprised by his coming. He was completely under a heavy grief of losing both his money and time, just like many other losers. He tossed his afternoon tea, scented by the breezes of autumn, tuned by the joyous forest trees just like Tigris, which looked happy by the playful boats, then he said,” consider what I am saying, so as you may understand without losing your peace of mind nor falling victim of the harsh question,

“In the 90th anniversary of his birth day, the celebrated got surprised by the crowd of neat men and women gathering together under the flashing lights of the uniquely designed hall, prepared for that

day. It was a hall with walls covered or almost covered with paintings of the highest beauty, and rarest ends. The man sighed as usual for not being good in drawing, and surprised them by a brief statement made by a friend before starting the music that he wished in his inside if he were excellent in playing, or using it in engraving on the pages of what has passed, then he said,

"It is unfortunately that I lost my life within heartbreak!"

A strange melancholy overwhelmed the lights that everyone in the hall silently and awesomely recalled his / her old days, and they all at one time took hide behind a m-a-j-e-s-t-i-c absence.

As you are with me, it occurs to me to give water another color and the world another fragrance might it sacredly ennobled above the carnage. It occurs to me in this evening to transcend rugs of names, and rob this world of its defects by the

abundant white tune, so as to love you more, with far more brightness!

‘I sip my coffee, as I feel excited by your light, and see the morning sipping from your fragrance.’ This is what the Marwati wrote on a scrap of paper, sharing Tigris her happy flowing between the forests and the ever- brooding houses of Klaya’at.

The sea likes he who visits it lonely/ for I can feel it as if taken by an impressive ecstasy. It washes its face with what the morning of the clouds grants, and then it spruces, and arranges its waves, tossing its sparkling appearance with joy. The sea is a woman who likes its lover to be lonely and free in a space, where there is no one else, and even without a shadow. The sea was celebrating me, outside the noisy playful, abusers and passers-by during their summer holiday, those who love themselves in him rather than loving him for himself. This is a really great and s-e-n-s-i-t-i-v-e sea! It is haunted by its Ferocity of pleasure, not less than the ferocity of a

crowd of butterflies hovering around a light-woman! That's why the sea is beautiful in autumn too, and is far more beautiful during winter mornings. It is as marvelous as you are! (a Marwati's scrap)

From the depth of a Mosulian heavy winter night, there comes out a time sobbing and dying the darkness with what is leaked out of heavier sad memories. The Marwati let out a cry from his deepest recesses; a cry he wished it could split apart the darkness, and dismantle the compacted worries. He cried out of all that he had summed up of patience, as he saw nice woman summing up all women in her presence, and changing the melancholic winter into spring. He c-r-i-e-d, "Who are you?" It echoed," You, you!"

He delayed his departure, waiting for the wall, on which he used to draw a girl with colorful ribbons- in his eyes- though he drew her by remnants of the neighbor's coal; so as to weave himself a shadow after sun rise. He got surprised as for these days

watches, which soon break down, or get crazy. Still he remembers his first watch, which he inherited from his grandfather, and its commitment to respect his dates. He also delayed the process of weaving his concerns on the phase of a day, tattooed with smokes until the time would come for removing the remnants of hunger from the pots after father's returning from the trip of insuring the continuity of his duty before washing. He then stirred his inert being, waiting for the light to breathe its last before far brooding buildings, behind which the sun disappears; to propose a position as for him to meeting her who had disappeared behind his/ her years, and freed his imagination within a vast space he had proposed between that night and the endless void. At that moment he took heed:

"This day looks like this lute, which I haven't embraced for long, since a far past melody." The Marwati wrote in an almost neglected scrap.

She looked as graceful as a breeze, as confident as a night reassured of its safe starry course, and as light-footed as a girl's well-guarded dream! Dreams!

Her eyes are space of fondness and infatuation, and her walk is an invocation within a spacious, luxurious-with-smiles life. When she makes a turn, she looks like surprised time before a woman madly in love. The plains suddenly, flowed down towards her gentle radiance. She was- as if- carried on fluttering melodies, emanating from the lover's heart full of what's brilliant of wording skill of and floods of concerns, what an a-m-b-i-t-i-o-u-s knight he is! What a w-i-l-d mare she is!

Asked about confusion, he said," The great confusion lies in the tension of that inexpressible moment and difficult to interpret. In it both the scale and the scaled fully unite, and it only appears in age of science; every moment has an increase, which is necessarily a decrease!

Every day the idea of returning back gets dry, and he finds himself asking his parallel in bewilderment when the intimacy of his toil could come back,

because he’s burdened by his solitude. Now he came to draw the time behind him, and falter in front of questioners, “Where from? How long..?” Then he cheats his last night concerns crawling on a rough darkness infested with dreams without details. For this end, he recalls the color of a woman's joyful voice; he wishes to see the shadow of her fragrance, and inhales to the full of this matchless loss in color:

O, you who is as high as my wishes, I do feel worry for you to see:

* me hog like my days
* my voice loses the color of my mad love
* fluttering freezes on the lips of my flags.

On the face of the most beautiful paintings of a woman there is a defect, two or more defects, and among the secrets of your being perfect, two rarest, widest and most attractive eyes. You are my love before time and after space! When with you, the morning at my balcony becomes a space full of roses

wet in *Kawthar* (*), and surrounded by more glorious and fragrant tones. (a scrap he wrote in his solitude.)

The afternoon is the starting point for the evening to return, Sarai Bazaar breathes a sigh of relief while in the turmoil caused by the sellers, and passers-by. The Marwati listens to the rise of the perfumes, spices clothing smells and glassware glitter. Slowly and slowly he leaves the place for the silence looming for the evening to come in. During the Mosulian afternoons, houses do throw up their daytime fatigue, and time washes in the ever-smiling Tigris. The Marwati sees her there and gets stunned by the bountiful beauty. Now he recalls that who bestows upon her of looks that disrupts the uniqueness of any amazing words. A fierce desire suddenly urges him to cry and resort to his lute, to escape facing the endings! Then he whisperingly sings in the grief-like extending space: I wonder where you are now, or where I am!

Still he's silently creating her gorgeous face, and brilliant body, that look as part and parcel of the surprise itself. Still he's letting out his sad mawals of the absence, and songs of the returning back. It is he who is the passionate, the sober, the sad lover, the dried as his days, the ambitious to change a phrase into a bow and an illusion into a violin, the one who can mix light and water together, the open-hearted, the refuter, the firm, the cloud-like, the provoker, the averting, the well-tuned. Still all those are embodied in Him, and will continue, as far as he will always completely be far away from disappointment.

It is he who once hugged a woman of gurgling lights, and tuned inactive by the fervor!

Or might they both sparkled by the inaction joy, Is there a difference?

The Marwati took a deep breath out of his morning first cigarette, and disappeared into deep silence.

It is he whose tunes made ablution with dewdrops, and whose words inhaled the fragrance of all that's green after embracing a woman of fire. The places all celebrated and sent him as a masterpiece to

the twilight realm. As a result, all the mirrors on the earth turned into glass powder, and time choked by the over surprise!

The Marwati wrote on a page a foggy evening:
- “Come to see the beauty in its perfection, and I see in its double perfection!”
- “How come that?”
- “Well, come and stand before the mirror, and I shall stand a little bit away so as to see you both!”
The place, as she glittered, turned into fragrance, and time into charming space that words could no longer avail!

Haunted by his silence, and transcending silence, he asked himself,” Is it because I am luxurious with this ruin, that you are enclosing my loneliness with a stream of untamed sounds and voices, and wetting my dry days with this melodious murmuring- having reproach within- not hesitating from being aloof as to evade committing a mistake?

It is my path and I shall sing for her." He tightens the day and whisperingly sings under the pale light of a late January day. He gives priority to rising up his fading voice, as he used to do when been forced to line up with the chorus, and turning down his silence whenever he had to enrich the strings; to call for a love characterized by a year with no autumn, a sublimity with no ladders, and a spring with no smoke.

The mobile brought him his morning 'sms' through glittery ringing:

'This morning requires more and more. The time is so heavy, darling. I am coming soon!'

He replied, "The time in a morning you are here turns into a bright marble-like light, baby, and dew into fragrance and sugar. No, no, they are fresher and rarest. They turn into bunches of melodies with which I wave to your cheerful arrival."

And I am -you know –fond of bringing your accessories to completion! So I am going this evening-tuned by your femininity- to make you a necklace having the names of all beauties, and put it around your neck, so as to rightfully beautify it. Then I am going to share in putting the final touches on your sexy appearance!

I wonder what could happen to the confused, the drunken, the lovers, and the insomniac, if the night slept!

In the time's hall forefront, musical instruments shall line up, tidying their appearance, and on both sides sparrows shall flutter as they gauge their throats, to sing what had of my words made ablution with your mouth water, and of my melodies joyfully re-born within your youthfulness, giving room for the fragrance of light to overflow, and to announce the morning arrival. Yes, it is your morning, my unimaginable love!

Whenever it is time to.., some place would play a parting melody that it brings minds to their aging! Thus, the Marwati remembered an over-sobbing fact, but he concealed it from the follower, waiting for him to be mature enough for the purpose!

Now, the time is (sleepy at dawn) to (You)
The time is (walking light) to (You)
The time now is (charming) past (You) am.

This time is sick. O, folks do s-a-v-e it/ us. It eats up our lives, and breathes our nicest dreams, putting on our most attractive wishes. Notwithstanding, it only vomits corpses. When reeling, it brings cities to ruins. In its eyes there always are swarms of fragments! Its structure exudes grudge- colored sweat. What's going on f-o-l-k-s!

Listen to your childish heart in this morning that suckles of your calm relaxing, and taken by your sweetly waking up, which it would say, borrowing my tongue, “I shall suspend all the kisses in clusters of lights, and stretch my best melodies on your morning path. O, my God, How nice I am in your presence, baby! What a rare time it is!

I go into this covered-with-love-like evening, rejoicing what it does not know. He sat at his usual corner in the teahouse; a corner overlooking his memories from that window that he had refined by unrelenting looks. But a sudden surprise added to his face a feature of the features of that gentle alienation, underlined by a woman who had passed by and looked as if treading on the time without taking a heed, a woman who looked like a dream splashing fragrance and happiness. A passer-by asked him through the window, “What day is today?”

“It is either Saturday or Wednesday. I do not know exactly.” He replied, and went back into his brooding.

In celebration of your being, wishes go on leaping to the first light beam, and waving with unimaginable roses, while time draws a joyous rainbow giving room for joy to spread on, at the daybreak.

Your morning, my existence pulse, is the Subject, and my surprise by you, my overflowing colors of roses, is the Predicate. Anything else of the beauty is only foam having no place of admiration!

I am not poor, as all my magnificent wording is a fruit of your richness, all the beautiful invoking voices in my day is a fruit of your glaring call, and all the flooding glints in my involved night is a fruit of the unique inscription on the face your sky. Is morning really morning, had it not been given a wet and fragrant waxing piece of your light?

How much freshness, carefulness, elegance, grooming, getting of melody fragrances, are required for my Iltimaa'at to befit an evening- you are its charm, sweetness of its gatherings, ecstasy of drunkenness, joy of love, sand happiness dispersal by the full attainment, my love?

I shall make out of my strings melodies to proudly flutter in wait for a morning you are its sunrise. Melodies you their poems and music; and all of a sudden, you are the eighth impossible tone of a singing on a scale!

Still he ties up his absent-mindedness by the lute lock, and falls under the banner of his firm seclusion. It is he who is tinged with grief, and brooding just like his papers within the hours of exhaustion. His evening can often show that, yes, still he is dreaming of a woman carried, with all her beauty on his imagination wings; only to tell her, "Hey baby, when the evening comes, take care of

those mornings dried by absence." Then he yearns to the light bow bit by satellite dishes and feels sad and worry, as he everyday does, when yearning to the flooding light that every morning vaporizes darkness.

Tidying a disorderly curl of her hair, and pushing it behind her ear, he whisperingly said, "There are bunches of mornings awaiting you to wake up, my l-o-v-e."

I shall whisperingly put two kisses on your morning lips,
and plant two roses in your hair, as it is confused by the time's celebrating your rare smile, and sing.

My heart is on the brink of d-e-e-p grief, and time is but w-i-n-d! This is what the Marwati wanted write down. Yet, a tremendous explosion forced him to delay it to the following day chaos.

Bountiful fields of mornings turned to your eyes morning. Congratulations to them for this rare surprise!

On the emerging musical scales overlooking your beauty fields, I shall intersperse love Iltimaa'at and fly melodies as butterflies to bring the morning carnival to its completion. It's your morning, my love!

He tenderly passed the back of his palm over her left cheek and said in a quiet manner befitting his waiting for a rare day, "The morning is waiting, my sweetie," and went on, as his eyes engaged in the details of her attractive face," would you give it a permission?" He understanding of the first glow of her eyes, "What do you mean, darling?"

He said, with his eyes bathing into hrs," wake up and let it come in!"

She smiled and gave him a hug that they both uniquely molt into each other! The sparrows quivered, and the light went mad!

And the morning has, by your absence, become a song! But it lacks colorful words, an original, serene melody, and a brilliant, singsong. That's all!

On the face of the most beautiful paintings of a woman there is a defect, two or more defects, and among the secrets of your being perfect, two rarest, widest and most attractive eyes. You are my love before time and after space! When with you, the morning at my balcony becomes a space full of roses wet in Kawthar, and surrounded by more glorious and fragrant tones. (a scrap he wrote in his solitude.)

I did not know, my love, at the first smile in life, that on a parting day, my grief will be like a thousand Iraqis! (a scrap the Marwati wrote in his solitude)

Sometimes, he resorts to illusion, perhaps to delude the resorting itself by refraction, but the more the night ignites its darkness, the more intense becomes his longing for writing what is hard to reach. He sputters his confusion into lines, passes his palm on the night head, and whisperingly sings so as to bring it to bed. He then feels free by his wishes and walks surrounded by bountiful melodies; to sing together for these musical aligned instruments lined up between a place and a time.

He fell asleep inside his ambiguous color, splashing an old winning perfume along the evening of his long- listed defeats, and drew with eyes completely focusing on a fixed point in the center that gossiping darkness, a picture of a yawn-less morning, a morning with two pure eyes, shaved chin, and extension that does not force him postpone his

seasons. He wished a next fragrant morning would, as diligently as his wishes come, and the fluidity of (tuning his lute), and the light blindness fever would last only for a while; so as he could decide to release the illusion, at the alarming of a previous hour/am.

He tried to arrange his joys, including a population of attractive women, and felt he's overburdened with the flooding beauty. He pointed with both hands to be given a chance to prepare for such a befitting celebration. He's always hardly to be ready, and now he has to face the rallying beauty, sparkling, and various elegant well-established radiances (This is a rare and well-tuned day, my daydream). He went on rolling between his thorny joy, and worries, as light instructed his bell of concerns to toll.

There's always something to urge him to take care of a song, a book or an expired wish (the adjective 'expired' is for both the song and the book), out of his desire to restore turn what is difficult to

return. For this end he would cut off an hour or more of his day, to inlay it with words, and a rich day dream, and throw it to the columns of days tarrying at the end of every year; those days waiting at every sunset as a sign of her solemn rising up. That's why he shall always work hard.

Who is, but you to decrease this thick summer heat, and kiss the face of the sun after combing its hair by snowing comb, putting a wig on the moon head, and undermining the security of those deserts, and their tyranny, I mean the deserts dominating my denial aspirations? Who is, but you to consider my imagination? So, take away the idea of converting the clouds to cubes, and stop shaking me up. Then, the whole of my fondness is for/ with you, my genuine music.

O, my fondness at a time when what deserves fondness is scanty. You know my heart well. O, my haven the lame space contracts! Behold, I deposit

within your inmost recesses all what I have of wishes and intentions, writings and love, my Iltimaa'at and music, confident of your greatness. For you, I shall recharge the night with illuminating voices, and give the day hope to get what would exude from my next hopes. O, my ever- young master, love.

Why do you always project yourself on things? On these books scattered and only lacking my indifference, these curtains, still I design their shining role in tightening darkness, and this table that fell down by the dry pens, and the paper desertification, does this up-side-down lute in need of more waste so as you can sentence it to void, my interest in hearing to muteness, and give orders to that world openness – my world- to contract as a revenge against my eyes? It is I whom ugliness almost sentenced to lifelong grief and deprived of a woman briefing all women in her presence, by parting, so why all this, my melancholy?

This one standing on the dimmest trickling of Tigris opposite the old Mosul city, the old, at the moment of the morning break by (scraping) blackness slowly as usual, this one happy with his rakish love, this one laughing up to his great love fill, this one shining in his sincerity washed up/ sweet by these silky breezes, this one happy with his vivid melody, and her well- tuned beauty may not be me!

What a loss!

Do not try to find excuses!
I saw them pulling out their firm winter lightning as a sword, to chop my years, and weaving their nets out of their stubborn night; to catch my dreams. I saw them as you while you were laughing; to ease your satiety with grudge.

You were fully assured for my being lonely in my room, with its Mosulian wounds and odor style/ wounds and gleaming visibility, which was suspended between solitude and silence, as you were

laying for fun on the what's has not yet risen of my coming years, or so I thought, as if you were the eternity itself. I also saw them being prepared, mobilized, drunken and fed as they were fill with fuel the launchers of dissolution. You had the knowledge that they were themselves, ears, eyes and fists, and still you responded to your mouth watering!

Those who cut my vocal cords by the blades of charges, and surrounded my tracks with barbed descriptions, and I kept silent,
I laughed, and my mouth watered, I kept silent and I lost my way.

What kind of time are you?

It was as if the Marwati was a cloud of melancholy only to put blames, and breezes overburdened with what looked like premature aging. The time was lean and kinky.

Ages ago, I was a male, you were a female
Centuries ago, I was a lad, you were a lass
decades ago, I was a boy, you were a girl
Years ago I was a young man, you were a masterpiece
Months ago, I was a man, you were a woman
Days ago, I was a listening, you were a tone
Hours ago, I was an old man, you were a blessing.
A few minutes ago, I said I love you, you changed into a breeze
seconds ago, we smooched, hugged each other and molt together
you changed into extending glow, I became a cloud!

On an evening, sedate and decorated with coffee, a newspaper, and a burning wish- not like the water pipe near him, of course, he took the violin, his old violin, and stood before the picture hanging on the wall, a picture showing a woman embracing a lute. She looked like a brilliant voice, and as cold as clarity in a late summer. That was his description of her in his summer desperately nights injured-with-

heat, and you can expect her description in winters covered by his cotton. He took hold of the violin, and refrained from doing anything, and then he said to her, “you are my elegy.”

The aging, limp wind wanders in the lanes in search for a withered wish, ignored by a wisher after having been reincarnated by despair, or for a melody of dried up music after a long exposure to a manicured taste. It’s this wind that causes Job(*) to stagger, not that faked wine, and its whistle that prevents blooming femininity of sleep, not her lover’s turning away, this blond femininity which almost turns into fear with every siren (whistle).

Every evening spins Jonah, goes around, repeating the same sentence, -“The wind can never stop shutting doors, so start wetting your hearts green.”
And her lover would say,
- “Come on, let’s garden the time.”

Never did it occur to me to see a light blending in joyous life water, nor a perfume in brightly wishes. But I saw this all clearly in your face. O, my lady whom the rarest beauties recite inside the niche of her unique beauty!

I shall throw despair away from this thick void, by all what I can get through imagining you assuming a perfume walking in the garden, where your track therein is surrounded by the surprise of roses, and all the greening trees reaches ecstasy. Oh, you are the color rhythm of the rain!

The morning has long been waiting. I asked you to get up or I have to come closer and rain you with kisses, while my smile says: How much sweet you are!

This young singer's hair turned white as he was tidying all emotions and grief on his vocal cords, leaving with them his heart, and hopes. Still those celebrants of their posts – our disasters- are engaged luxurious dialogue, and their wives happy by what is winking of diamonds, and gold around their necks and chests. So, he made his mind to come down and choose another platform, telling himself,

- "I'm abnormal singer among you."

He used to have a deep look into the tea cups, empty of intimacy, as they complained in the hands of their drinkers. He looked at every face, to get answers, for ever- wandering questions, where still the song of the teahouses was a dear melody, despite the deepening wrinkles. Is there anything harsher than an aging melody? He was as usual, in deep reading, just like the sky that he saw as a mere part through the upper interface of the teahouse, as it was also soaked into the clouds, waiting for shower after rain.

This time, it is not like her wish to cause a wound. Yes, it is (an edge) but not of a knife, attracting him to kindly give him a lesson in expansion. The gleam of this edge has nothing to do with hardness, it is rather a smooth, cold suggestion for be familiar with this waving ever-wide darkness. Once he said to his far attentively listening sweetheart, “I shall never bring them to reconciliation. He meant the sea and the night. But because she said that they were both her love and eyes, he made his mind to plunge into his fears, and here he is quietly coming more, and closer to the edge of the expansion itself, and of her eyes.

It‘s not the first time that they saw him leaping over this rock into the sea at that time.

They said, “He puts perfume, chooses him a nice name, waits for time, then leap over this height, standing / with his hands enfolded, as if hugging a woman.” They also said that they saw a sheet of paper within his papers that reads: ‘It's a kiss on the neck of an evening that looks like an unimaginable woman I've caught a glimpse of during it.”

Before going to bed and surrendering to sleep, it occurred to him: ‘ a song is coming from the farthest reach of wishful thinking, and pain, to spin grief for you, and weave harmonious groans as a background, enriched by your phantom on an aimless cloud, you who are professional in coexisting with concerns, and whose deep- rooted color is observation. The words went on, undulating. He awoke, then slept, then awoke, then slept, then..

How could I not be well every year, when you are my Eid , and the secret of life pulsing through my vein, and the whole wine still deferred in the hoarded joy of grapes!

When the Marwati woke up of his dream that was so far away from the oasis of safety, he saw her smilingly coloring his sense of vanity, and mending her dearest old dreams. He waved to her with all that he had got of the violin moans, that she put a step towards him, and the latest of the turned into a booth,

and quietness into a song. So he filled their both glasses with what the breezes had splashed of wine while passing over Tigris, and picked her what had come of the stars within his reach, making them a belt around her skinny waist, just like a bunch of strings well-coated with a luxurious, charming call. Then they added to their happiness of kisses, until the morning started to sing what were available of songs related to a unique, far-reaching love!

The place is coming in age! Time is cracking! Come on, let's continue escaping until we arrive at ourselves.

Whenever I imagine the past is dragging the future by the ears so as both can stand on the brink of vanishing, I do weep in a purely Iraqi weeping style, with a feeling that I'm carried -by surprise- on the shoulders of scare!

We both urgently need you. I mean the morning and I. It needs you so as to be successful in its mission as a lit corridor for the day and life, whereas I do need you so as to be able to come to all of you with love plunged into the beauty of your amazing details, my baby.

In the morning, we sip the joy out of bitter coffee, and in the evenings we roll out with the bitterness of the coffee, grief -carpets. Good sipping morning, my love, in the daytime and at night!

Good child-like joyous morning that smiles like a rose celebrating dew. O, you are the mysterious joy of the *Niswah Noon*! *(= a final letter added to a feminine noun)*

Your face is a morning, hair is a night, cheeks a spring, eyes its secrets, tears winter melancholy, brooding a cloud, and sexy elegance an autumn, smile a gentle tune, our hugging a summer of s-u-m-m-e-r ferocity, gently lulled by the palms of breezes!

No, it is not? Is this really my shadow? Yes I am alone in this desert time. No, it is not. The sun of this time must be expired!

A piece of my love's beauty upon you my early hours light, so as to be a truly morning. Thank you, my love.

Without you, in particular, I am desperately thirsty water.

What a wondrous this flower is, with its lavish colors and modest smile, when carried on throbbing fragrance! Do not you see it, as hiding from its fragrant friends, ignoring their surprised looks, and sneaking like a smiling idea to pull the child left by Ammar Ahmad on the sidewalk of that gleaming Eid, calling on him to play? Do not you see like me that kind of playing on that far, joyous laughter? Do not you see? I see, and also the eye of this dignified, elegant time within a touch of the pure darkness, I mean the time leaning back on the edge of this evening, yearning to me with eyes bathing in tears!

If you are unable to see me while I walk without a shadow, surrounded by my Iltimaa'at, amidst my fluttering melodies, then you are blind in both foresight and imagination. Because the grudge water is surely to block both sight and vision!

Your morning is my melodies when wet with your femininity fragrance. Now, is the time for your flaring eyes to wide open to their utmost range.

Sometimes, I feel so much sad, but I shall never be pessimistic. Is it logical that I soil in pessimism a life full of music, Marwat, and Iltimaa'at for you? No, No, of course not. No one like me can abandon pursuing his course to up to the heights of beauty at the outset and the end of every year, my baby.

Lover Justice

Tell the surgeon's scalpel to give recover her, and leave for me her share of pain!

Yes, I am so sad, for my taste can hardly accommodate your beauty

Please listen to me, my baby. I cannot stop my 24- hour- a day- missing you. So you have to understand my critical situation.

All the joyous fragrant mornings, and all pretty women are the arc of the '*noon*' (*), and you the ascendant dot. You are the abbreviation of '*hunna*'(*).

Your morning is roses ordered by Fairouz's voice so as to be your necklace, and a crown of glittering tones around your forehead, my every morning baby.

I want to tell her that all women are so, so attractive, if they come a little bit closer to you, but how can I fully express this meaning?

I shall intersperse your morning chest with my brightest bunches of flowers, and insert my wishes as earrings into its ears. A morning like your eyes is brilliant, gentle and a far wider range of freedom. I shall cover it with what I could compose of music, and with what no one could collect of love!

O, far reaching love since the beginning of my life, I can hear your smile as a melody magically attracting sparrows to its passing as gardens full of roses. It is a smile, giving the morning, unforgettable lessons in roses and lights.

The four most beautiful creatures in the world are three: They are you, my love!

Hey crazy one! Why when you laugh, I laugh and when you weep, I laugh? I was not there as an eye-witness on the slaughter of children. Then he engaged in talking to presumptive people!

As for me, my baby of today and tomorrow and forever! Never shall I disclose your secrets, not even to my heart.

In our time-honored mornings, when Fairouz's voice used to spin us a joy of listening out of her lights, the bitterness of coffee would render sweet, and its blackness as white as a childish smile

I wouldn't have loved you, had I had not be sure that you are exactly me!

I am but love that grows colorful melodies on the slopes of the time. You are the spread of the spatial fragrances. That's why you are exactly me!

Why cannot I find myself, until I see you?

Do choose a statement more beautiful, more comprehensive and rarer than 'I love you', and regard it mine coming to you only.

When he returned from the war, and saw grief innate in every house and path, he made sure that everything of his was well, but stunned, 'O, my God, I forgot my name!'

This is morning luxurious with uniqueness; its light is derived from the gleaming ecstasy in your eyes, which looks as lush as happiness on your cheeks, and blossoms in graceful melodies. So how come that I do not rejoice, my legendary masterpiece on the chest of this acrid time!

He brought his lips closer to her ear until they could touch it and whispered,
"The morning said to me few minutes ago," tonight I saw in my dream a woman coming from the highest seas of glory. She looked as if treading on Shining time. She was similar to that one whose features are every day drawn with love, patience and tunes.
I did not know what answer I give it, my love. But I felt my soul smiling!

So why do I have to come in age, when you are a joy of my Eid, a melody for all my songs, and the warmth of the most individual thrill among the love dates.

With your eyes that are wondering between your luxurious sleeping and the outset of your sleepy waking up, I feel as if I were standing on the boundary between the night and dawn, surrounded by stars, and canopied by hovering clouds, while I am followed by a massing groups of wishes furnished with glittering songs; so as to complete the uniqueness of my majestic procession. Behold, I am rising up. Beneath me there flow my songs sung by sounds of roses in harmony with their gardens. Sounds floating on a flood of fragrance, waiting for your firstling, my amazing sun!

- I shall hug the time you like, and roam freely on the place you like to be

- Let's together freely leave them s they are the trap of our souls

- Our melting in each other come another kind of freedom.

- I shall be your heart, so don't listen to another one

- And also our union and being rendered in to fire

Glowing, while being in everlasting hug

- Trim me so as my roses could send richer fragrance

- Gently touch my head and chest so as I could glow more

- You are turning down tunes from afar

- And you my nearby tune

- And you are the dress of my words

- Let me gently touch you on the cheek, and tidy your hair

- Do I have but to hear your whispering fingers!

My follicular shall ever retain the smell of your palms

- That is yours. Now let me gently touch you on the neck and chest, so as to wipe the remnants of the time clouds, and restore the glow, the sparkling music and the free call of nature

- You're crawling around in the great music and spelling me as a full meaning

- And I re-smoothing your body according to my desire, and give beauty a lesson in pleasure.

- You are lulling me. Are you a pre-dawn-moment that would shortly be the dawn?

- Rather to be molten deeper in your meanings, and to sailed in a woman with groundless desire, as it is the only privacy of an ever- probable unique day.

It is a series of my feelings, carried by an ever-throbbing femininity in your eyes, that I tied between two planets, and ornamented it with your photo showing you turning to me. I did frame it with beautiful movie stars. Then I wrote – my blackboard is the night sky – with the light my densely feelings, ‘It is as if Magic turns impressed by the dominance on this charm. So, the beauty itself can draw a smile on its lips compacted with the thrilling life water!’

If I'm not smiling, serene-tempered, fine, elegant and glittering by this morning with all its rain, coffee, warmth and your femininity, when would I be then! It is briefed by your eyes and lips, my joy and this warbling appeal of the lute.

This one dissolving into her beauty, the sleepy as turquoise! Walking with a lofty, proud gait like a drunken-with-prime-swift light, It is this whom I write for, she has been my love since seventy melodies ago, and will always be!

Whenever I see your eyes, a desire turns rosy on my lips expressing my gratefulness to you. Soon the time joins me in my reciting gentle thanks that suit you and your rarest femininity.

Your night is the essence of the lily. The day has been at the height of its whiteness, as I recalled you.

O, you the yawning of the first beam fragrance, and the alternation of the noblest joy, I do love you so as to flush and be the most handsome and perfect!

How cannot I fall in pretty crazy love with you, my heart is full of her pulses. Yes, It is you who fell in love with a woman in whose being all the art wonders melt!

Never did it occur to me to see a light blending in joyous life water, nor a perfume in brightly wishes. But I saw this all clearly in your face. O, my lady whom the rarest beauties recite inside the niche of her unique beauty!

I shall throw despair away from this thick void, by all what I can get through imagining you assuming a perfume walking in the garden, where your track therein is surrounded by the surprise of roses, and all the greening trees reaches ecstasy. Oh, you are the color rhythm of the rain!

The morning has long been waiting for your wide-ranged eyes, and rakish presence. I asked you to get up or I have to come closer and rain you with kisses, while my smile says: How much sweet you are!

What's up with you, Damascus of jasmine and love? What's up with you?

Do reveal what's up with you, for I am haunted by the light of your passion, and my spiritual fragrance is a part and parcel of your earth!

I am as headstrong in love as a light in a vast dream, to as soon as possible reach the height of craziness in love. Then, I promise that I'd the wisest in the Kingdom of lovers.

Out of your uniqueness is that when you are overwhelmed by the light, your shadow looks colorful when on my both my Iltimaa'at and melodies. So how could not I see myself as a rare beloved!

"You encumber me?" The Marwati inquired with surprise, then smiled and giggled: 'Even when you're tiresome, you are as light as a color on a butterfly wing, or a drop of dew on the lip of a rose. At your worst state, you are as light as a song when poured on a page of time."

Footnotes

***Hunna**: 3rd pers. f. pl. of the pers. pron.*

***Iwan**: recess-like sitting room with a raised floor opening on the main room or courtyard through an arcade.*

***Job**: Name of a prophet known by his unmatched patience.*

***Kawthar**: name of a river in Paradise.*

***Mawawil**: pl. for 'Mawwal' which is a poem in colloquial language, often sung to the accompaniment of a reed pipe*

***Klaya'at**: name of ancient Mosul popular part overlooking Tigris.*

***Noon**: name of the Arabic letter ن.*

***Niswah Noon**: a final letter added to a feminine noun.*

About The Marwati, Marwat & Iltimaa'at:

Dr. Ammar Ahmed Abdul-baqi, (A. Almarwati) is his both name and token at one.

This name is derived from the word (Marwat) a narrative setting he invented and developed to parallel the common short story and novel writing.

The Iltimaa'at -(plural of 'Iltimaa'a)- are too short Marwats, representing the setting parallel to that of the common very short story.

Composer, and academic, having Ph. D in modern Arabic literature (narratives).