
SAMEER SAYEGH

THE WANDERER

POEMS



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Selected Poems by:

SAMEER SAYEGH

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To every child and also to every
grownup and adult, on condition that
he/she has within his/her innermost,
the innocence of a child!

O, peace
be ours,
we the children
who deeply eulogize the tortured
globe of ours.

A Prophecy of the Menace

I sense moments of the bewitched era
with moments of the bewitched man
with moments of 'me', the terrified,
hiding behind the deserted oases
just like deserted perches of birds off
out their seasons!

My initial age bled with no tears
awaiting birth of a silver moon with no
brow

I percept an aurora hidden within a
daylight of an abandoned nation,
Seeing but an abandoned nation!

The travail dies in my throat, I die
with!

Blood of the paralyzed ones runs in
my veins I revive,
waiting for their emancipation with
me.

From the skylight of the Seven
Sleeper's cave,

I inspire someone to carry my face
and rise up.

We both anticipate a thread of light,
slipping away from the foot of the fake
sun,

RISES HE!

My face wallows in light,
gazes at the enchanted cave,
away walks from between suspicion
and suspicion!

An era of interwoven illusions dances
in a part of my head,

Clinging to a pulse of mine,
sending the crooked opposite portion
in my body,
towards an inverted line.

I relax under a twilight of the wax
molded with blood.

Tigris looms in my horizon, creating an
alphabet of history,

Something unknown mellows me into
poison for the forthcoming tartar.

I resurrect from death,
kissing the eyes of horrified children,
kissing your most beautiful eyes.

A Puerto Rican lad reverie

I am the Puerto Rican lad!
Sitting in my room, or rather
the attic, which I call my room!
Contemplating my pampered, colored
fish, In the aquarium of mine, apology,

I mean of hers!

It is that fish, Esperanza.
Do you know what abilities she has?
She reads my dreams, and sometimes
I emphasize, sometimes - She makes
them real!
O, what a metaphysical realm!

Alabama, help me!

Alabama, help me. I lost a friend.

A friend!

A friend, a kindness, a passion, a
humanity, and a big heart.

Whatever I tried to say or explain,
I will not be able to give her an iota of
what she deserves.

Briefly, an angel treads on this earth.

O, Alabama.

How rude, I was!

How harmful, hurting, ingratitude to
her flavors, and briefly
uncivilized.

Do You know, Alabama, who are my
friends

now and forever?

I bet you know.

Tears, and my heart bleeds.

Brimful vanishing eyes, O Alabama.

Thou know not, how much I am
suffering!

Or know I feel thou know.

As if, Alabama, all sorrows of my sad
life

are not enough, as if I am deserving
more and more grief.

Alabama, will SHE forgive me?

Belly dancers

How much I do love you, belly
dancers.

How much I was contemplating you as
pansies

at the balconies of Sabah and Nasr
hotels.

I am nearly about to touch your
rustling!

How much I had been yearning for
you!

O, those past olden days, I chase your
fragrance,

I perplex in your silks!

Your colored chiffons run through the
plasma of my being!

With my thin little body

I try to reach your breasts,

and repulse only when the police man
at that

night club gazes at me!

I bring you back in my mind and soul

and ask the photographer, my friend,
to bring me your photos, which he had
taken one day for you
so as to be deeply mystified in you, as
I always have been.

What casts me into insomnia all my
age,
that I could not reach a tress, a touch,
a kiss on your necks.
And I pass nights sleepless imagining,
rather surmising, that I on a day or a
night will put off
the bedroom lantern of one of you!
And the red light goes on burning in to
my room and my blood!

How much it hurts me to see rude
men
wallow in your inmost!
And I, the poet, so tender, delicate,
and sensitive,
HAVE no place in your linings!

So, I to myself, return disappointed,
embracing your shadows!

Do you know something, I do not know
your names so far!

I am the woman who killed a poet

Keeping semiotics by heart, I explore
its inside,
plunder hearts and minds of men,
whom I carefully choose,
pulling out all the maladies of my soul,
featuring my wickedness
and plunging my femme-fatale
emaciation
into the spirit of my poet, concealing
behind the symbol of femininity!

I refuse anything revealed, and refrain
from what is genial,
excavating for the meanest in a
human nature!
So my shameful residuals float up!
Disclosing sins of the eras,
NOT for me only!
I stumble in the mess of filthiness
and arouse, BUT negatively to the
aroma of the age,

and treacherously set up in hurting
men!

I send greetings of my perfidious eyes,
Greetings coated by my fake gestures
and vicious tenderness!

I deliberately leave my picture for
days in a basket

in the library of the UNIVERSE,
hoping and hoping not
to slay my poet!

Being a murdering expert,
I yearn to commit a perfect crime
against him who I pushed to fall in my
love

I hastily step out away and away OUT,
inventing daggers the enunciation of
language,
and structure of the meaning,
MEANS to perish my lover!

I have to confess that
I truly loved my poet, for

your love was not an illusion,
nor imagination is -as you described-
unrestrained.

Do you remember those words,
which I made you utter
when slamming you by refusal?

Really it was not your illusion, my
beloved, yet
my SCHIZOPHRENIA!

Little Gazelle

Oh, little gazelle!

Run in the yellowish, green and
orange meadows

of spring woods!

Then in the lap of my Inamorata jump
and have your short nap!

And, then and there, you will reach,
knowing or knowing not, lap of Houri!

Her smile, breeze of summer sunset,
at that serene pond, whether there
was one

Under golden leaves of unparalleled
charm;

Her soul is that of an angel; her touch,
I am sure, though so far and much
remote from

Heals wounds of souls, minds and
hearts!

But Little Gazelle,
what about my soul, mind and HEART?

Love

I love you charming brunette,
so come to my neck
nail me in to your curves in to your
linings
away take my insomnia.

Take away from me despair, and away
throw it in the seas of the women
committing suicide on the shore of
death hitting the wide opened
devouring rocks with algae scars.

Away take hesitation, and go around
with it on the houses of the defeated
ones, so they may plant their thorns in
it and survive,
on heavenly flowery stars.

Away take loss and with it water
the gardens of yours,
it might so that blossom daisy

haply you might have mercy on the
black hero, who in the bottom of my
heart DWELLS!

I present you passion
so that may you in gladness turn
I present you years
so that you may forgive
I present you my soul, so that you may
be ignited in to desire!

Meditations

Walking,
I cross the freedom bridge,
towards the left bank of the river.
Dreaming,
that a fish will fly by my right side,
off the river,
and a pan will also fly by the left side
and they become behind me, while I
leisurely walk
when reaching the end of the bridge,
I see me in Sardinia, at the beach
And Claudia Cardinale,
with her Napoli appearance
tall, smiling, vivid
serves me up a fish
yes, on the beach of Sardinia
an Iraqi fish from the Tigris
not a sardine,
Brought to me by Claudia
Claudia, a dream.

Propitious times

When I meet you, time becomes zero
and Godot comes back
looms Crescent Shawaal the Arabic
month
flows forth my love waterfall
Eid most radiantly you returned.

When I gather together letters of your
name
sprinkle springs of the prairies on me
pansies
deviate coveys of the quails in my
heart their destination,
flicker towards N and N,
squat in the seas of Hananas*
abrogating norms of the migratory
birds,
slumbering by the order of love.

When you rise
the sun forgets his date

and the colocynth honeys
when.

As you whisper,
Canaries, astonishing,
mold you lapis lazuli
chant you turquoise.

When you say, " NO"

* Name of a girl

Sandour

At dawn,
we set off towards north.
Our small family, Parents, a brother,
and two sisters.
In the HILLMAN car,
Her color,
KU KU KHTEE*
KU KU KHTEE
slowly she steps fearing not to tread
heavily!
On the bricks of the path!
How meek, an inanimate being she
was!
No with all the righteousness-
though, if was!
Even the inanimate beings
were amiable, in the FIFTIES!
And I am situating in the front seat,
near my father who grasps the
steering wheel, sitting just like the
adult-like children, Sameer!

As we speed up, you start looming
Sandour is the smell of a past the
childish spirit can only revive, with the
aroma of it.

Yesterday on my way to the post-
office

You were an image soaring in my
being (before the stove of Abdullah)

try to restructure the scene

but in vain should have stopped in the
street and written down those
reflections.

O, you old days, was it I who passed
by you, or you interwoven with in me
under the odour of that kaprah** what
a unique fragrance!

I go ahead by mine those tiny feet
the heart is about to lean on the
twitch of the twigs?!

And the dear intimate family, looked
as if a necklace of diamonds,
as if the fractions of moments, were
taken aback by hilarity

o, you summer cloud
o, you brailed baskets of fig
o, you shores of appetizing salubrious
almonds

a penny was the price of the grapes
basket

o, you Sandour pasture of all
limpidities

Sandour, you the median road
between Mosul the home and the ends
of the summits, you station to the
crystal of summer resorts you haven,
passion, heart, o, reminiscent of
fervent sigh your naive rivulets I dip
the quarter of me in!

Toes of mine are tickled by those little
fish I am pouring down tears over
those infinitesimals

Aladdin, it is USELESS to rub all the
lanterns!

All finger rings of SOLOMON
can never restore those summers of
the FIFTIES

WHAT! NEVER restore a glance of
those times.

And the stove of Abdullah the owner of
the kaprah

smells amenities the ambergris rice,
and the tea cooked on coal!

We and his family as warm as kins

We go through the kaprah and they
come through within us with all the
geniality with no weariness!

When time clicks?

For departure of us

your reverberations ECHO

the words of Abdullah and his kins

KHUDA HAVEEZ***!

KHUDA HAVEEZ!

Khuda Haveez, my yearning soul
echoes too Khuda Haveez FOR THOSE
DAYS IMPOSSIBLENESS!

* A Grey Pigeon

** A hut- like made by reeds and twigs

*** A Kurdish word meaning good bye

Sara Jevo

(sara means the castle, jevo means over there)

(Rape)

The sara is still over there.

Is there still also for a conscience a
shame,

is there still for a feeling, feeling?

And the virgins who were,

floated in the soul of Allah, and bled
out of chastity

(and lived as dead living as living
dead!)

(Assassination of childhood)

Flowers whose heads were scattered.

Absent was away from these starlets
the tenderness of childhood, with their

bloodshed, with endless exclamation
question marks?

And Serbenicia lived under the
banners of UNHCR.

(Continental drift)

I understand that a continent can drift,
that a sea can become a desert,
and a nation shatters in to debris-
with the hands of the sons of hers,
who lost their humanity!

BUT I dare not understand,
the transformation of MAN in to a
monster-

and that Serbia adds invented words
to the dictionary of torture tools
and that Montenegro devours his
sons!

States, states not

Folks of the olden
eras-on this very soil,
were initially red
Indians.

But
their smoke figures
were
meaninglessness!
Or they were exquisitely very much
meaningful!
Those Indians were
emailing, each,each!
By rings of smoke they create!

Folks of not the olden puff, Havanas,
arrogantly exaggerating their grand
and great and capable, STATES
UNITED!

We are, or were, taken by surprise!

Does this mean a state,
we (silently) rather mutely?
Whisper (out of fear),
hostile these
UNITED STATES,
ARE!

These are STATES OF EMERGENCY!
BUT,
ONLY
ON
OTHERS!

The horizon and the birth

Thousands of years after Virgin
I was born,
blue moons before the sun
I was born.

Today dwells in me a headless idea,
I yearn life for her
as Sinbad for his ship.

When settling down in his home
after every journey,
he cannot stand that (for the sea is far
more stable)
and the storm and the breeze
and the thunder and the smile are,
too.

It was when he soever saw the port,
would cast off the consciousness of
the dead!

So who would ever show me today a
harbor in Basrah,

whose bay vanishes away from my
sight.

So I can see but the azure horizon.

No question and no answer.

Sail, sail, sail me over there, where my
destiny is

and starts from zero,

where the serenity of the days is
expected,

with the promised sun.

The sugar cones mallet

And once it happened years ago
my aunt was talking
and we were listening
that day came to your Grandfather
Our Grandfather Fathi?
Yes my father
she called on him in the shop of
jewelery at the arcade of the
goldsmith's,
the wife of the archaeologist
writer of the agitating novels.
Agatha Christie
when she has been living in Mosul
then accompanied by
Kawakeb the female teacher
those in power told Kawakeb,
let her choose, whatsoever she likes of
precious stones?!

Do you know what Agatha chose?

A sugar cones mallet!
Breaks the adamant cones of sugar-
belongs to my father.

"Take whatever you want; Emerlads,
Lapis Lazulis," to her he said, "EXCEPT
THIS! O, mistress of words!"

Fetches to me from India ornamented
with Moonstones and Garnets?

For my use here, in my place, much I
cherish!

BUT she insisted-
and Kawakeb supported her,
let it be Uncle Fathi.

And the Grandfather succumbed?

Do you know
his scions?
That that tool
was used by Agatha
in a murder crime
from her own imagination
put it down on paper,

a terror story!
Do you know
she gratified me!
Our mallet became
a brilliant chapter in the
history of literature!

The Timed Lady*

Immersing in sin, I beg your pardon
my Lady, Lady of Salvation.

It is morning, the time is as bloody as
blood and as void as one without
compunction!

(Gloria in Excelsis).

The perfidious clock stroke
and
the Divine Throne quaked!

The cosmic clock suddenly slows down
and turns anti-clockwise.

Dooms Day has cracked
in the Virgin's heart!

Judas, are you still thirsty for blood
and false innocence?

Has the cock cried again,
that

you plan to sell your Master's children
as you did him before?

Here, he is ascending the Mount,
bearing the burden
of your sins!

Has the monster in your inside learned
how to prepare mines,
and indulge into vileness!

Judas, you have come back again, but
NEVER WELCOMED.

Still all those is your wont,
yesterday you fetched
clothes of the whores
four mined ones
four cursed ones.

Has the ogre in your innermost
devoured up to his fill!

I beg your pardon, my Lady,
BUT
I never ask for forgiveness,
For the divine word was uttered;
the alphabet of
BLOOD FOR BLOOD is ours!

* The church mined and exploded in Beirut in
1997

The war and the war

Loathed

I were my windows opened not
so I stood between glass and
wiregauze,
a dovelet neither able to fly away nor
to fly mad so she lost nothing,
or alas lost everything!

Attentions of others astound me
for me they are aliens-
though with them I were born on every
single palm tree
on account that they never told me
how they see the sun!
Neither how they laugh or how love is
being!

NEITHER how bombs fall on
the flowers my siblings.

My siblings

I understand not their vernacular

for between us are boundaries,
deserts and oceans
but I understand from (them),
how love is being.

You have not badly fostered us
mother,
the mischievous,
though having birth
in common with the righteous,
they invent death,
and pour it on the flowers my siblings.

So God how could one,
whom war grinds him in a fraction of a
second
raise his index-finger and salute you!
And how pass away as a martyr!

War against war

A picture of a friend of mine,
I looked at, soldier he was
and from the war returned,
desperately was he ripped
in heart, soul, limbs and ribs!

Though smiled, when seeing his
friend, whom were I, faintly he
whispered in my ear,
(I want to live in peace,
NOT IN PIECES!)

Wishes of the five senses

I am sorry for being unable to be
friends with

all the inhabitants of the planet!

That I did not make the acquaintance
of the Dutch female doctor,

in surgery department in the hospital
of Rotterdam,

neither of the Chinese young
acupuncturist.

That I did not meet Aristotle!

Did not contemplate Tagore who had
contemplated the jubilant children,
when he created "on the seashore".

And I did not help Madame Cori in her
laboratory!

It saddens me that I cannot read all
the books,

neither learn all the languages!

Nor visit all countries, metropolises
and cities,

or heal all the emaciations and erase
all impairments,

and clean up all the souls that indulge
in slough of evils and vileness!

I wish I could have prevented Van
Gogh not to

Mercy killing his art!

I could have made him immerse with
his five senses,

in all the labyrinths of his mirthful
brushes!

Wish I could have spoiled the Alfred
Nobel-experiments for

producing dynamite and permeating
DESTRUCTION!

I wish could feed every STARVING kid!

And attire every little girl shivering!

And be sustainer, rather a bread
winner

for all orphan flowerets!

Soldier Gadneev

The Soviet soldier Gadneev,
fought in Afghanistan years ago
injured and captured by Afghan, then
released.

Soldier Gadneev settled down in
Kunduz, and married an Afghan girl,
making a family.

Years pass, he calls his brother
in Ukraine
they agree that he travels to the old
days nation
he does,
received by his family
and the other kins
some did not know him at the
beginning,
then starting knowing each other,
screaming at approaching his village
smatret (look) pa rusky (in Russian)
this is my childhood returning

from the past.

He goes with his siblings to have a
look at their old house

saying

I used to enter from this aperture
when I was a little one.

Now it is no longer theirs, sold!

The new owners are out, not at the
house,

perhaps visiting relatives

on account of that

he could not enter and kiss the walls!

His parents have passed away not
seeing him since went to war.

He reached out for their tombs, wept
and wept,

Apologized -as if a sinner-

(Here is a cut in sequence of the
tragedy)

we switched of Russia Today Channel
to Egyptian hour

my sister Luma watches, then
switched back again to Russia Today!
So I did not concentrate on the name
of his village.

He went to see some of his arms
comrades,
some refused to shake hands with
considering him a traitor
one said they would not have
accepted you and married you
a woman
UNLESS
you embrace their religion and be one
of them!
Few welcomed him,
aversely
he sat moments with them then
left!

He called his family in Afghanistan
his older daughter is alike the
Ukrainian

he has another three kids,
he spoke to them saying
I will be back in days.

Speaking with siblings he said, "I think
of returning home and dwell
With you here."

BUT!

When he started vanishing through,
the field of wheat
in his Ukrainian village
he started reflecting and imagining
upon in himself,
where is my mother land,
there or here
or
here or there
and
WHERE
Am I of all that!

HOW MANY A GADNEEV IN IRAQ AND
IRAN!

Or EVEN EVERYWHERE RULED BY
VAMPIRES

AND

OGRES.

Your Mercifulness

And You stood a moment looked at me
and I were my sight,
seeing nothing but what was emerging
from Your eyes to where
I were hiding
and I were at the hour of meeting
as a zero as a passing by breeze
and not even moved lashes of the shy
vine, and I knew not o, You
how will I be gone,
hopelessly, without even a straw,
caught glimpse by the yesterday
drowned (they said he survived)
at, a thread of the horizon.
Have You not seen my distress!
My sadness!
My pain!
I saw them crawling at Your feet
and they were,
aimless with nothingness
with nothingness.

Bethlehem, an Ethiopian lady

Watching the foreign news, the
journalist on the English channel
surprised me

Traveling from place to another on this
planet, that is his job

I say surprised me!

Meeting a lady from Ethiopia

(Bethlehem that is her name)

On account that the country is very
remote,

rarely mentioned in the bulletins.

SHE shined on the screen

smiling

optimistic

striving

and,

BOLD.

She is with those who boost economy
of the motherland

and the prosperity of it.

Having a small sewing fabric
developed with her team,
production is increasing skyrocketed
to five folds extra!

How much I liked rather loved the
Ethiopian heroine,

she realized an intractable dream
with very mean rather ultra mean
resources

making it out luster reality

Does not this charming assiduous
Ethiopian lady

worth esteem?

I gazed upon her admiringly within
myself I echoed

"Bethlehem the Ethiopian lady, is our
sister in humanity".

Dalal, the Lebanese female tourist guide

Dalal the Lebanese female tourist
guide

wandered with me, with us,
or we did with her, with her!

In the terrains of Lebanon.

O, what a beautiful, magnificent,
charming, captivating!

You Lebanon

you east mountains

seaside

tenderness

aromatic heavenly breeze

O, Dalal, oi, oi, Dalal*

We went deep in to the bottoms of the
deep rooted ancient country,

history and civilization

invaders came wave after wave.

There is Bent Jbeil and astonishingly
also Jbeil,

south and north!
Phoenicians and others the Romans
Sites,
Baalbeck, Jeita grotto, Beit eddin,
Byblos, Deir El kamar
and the infatuating cedars!

Even in Jbeil
I saw and went in to the
Shrine of Ibrahim Ibn Al-Adham
the Egyptian Sufi
Really buried there!
Or his sacred spirit soaring through
just like the shrine of
Imam Hussein in Egypt!
O, haven of holy men, serenity,
nightingales, and songs of Fairouz!

A squadron of tourists
from everywhere
Dalal said, "I will explain in English
about sites and so"

because perhaps
only Luma my sister and I were of
Arabic tongue,
we nodded consent.

The amiable, nice guide started
We were all ears
hours passed.

In the restaurant on the table sat
with us, two Turkish lovely girls
finally I broke the ice,
Tuesday in Turkish means Sally!
Afterwards on the historical old castle
they asked me to
take them a picture.

Most of tourists started, supposedly,
getting vexed by hearing stories of
ancient events, states, and wars!
Hearing voices from history,

here they passed, here they crossed,
here they built, here they
vandalized, invaded, destroyed and
uprooted!

The last hours of listening to the
chapter of accidents from her
there were left only
a Greek, a Turkish, an English men
and Sameer the Iraqi,
then those hours also passed
and it was only me
left
looking at me may be admiringly.
Perhaps inside her she was(bored?)
But no she is nice, intimate
even in the bus at the beginning of the
picnic, yes, at the start
elaborates for me
the position of the coast and the
Beqaa'
how heights separate terrains and

others,
she put on her thighs while sitting in
the moving bus,
something she made instantly, by her
experienced hands,
something similar to a cartoon
pyramid
an individual personified
valleys, mountains and the coast.

We return to the last hours,
she says(within herself!) nobody left
but this Iraqi,
the invincible!

We reached to a small showroom,
in Byblos for fish fossils
for may be more than
two hundred millions of blue moons
long, long years
she told the very old man curator in
English that
all the people accompanied her are
important

BUT this one is the most important of all.

Smiled, he started narrating in Arabic about fossils,

then school of not fish! But people swarmed in,

so he shifted to English

Dalal goes on saying

but this is the most important,

this Iraqi

looking at me admiringly perhaps (but no, not bored!)

I exhausted you Dalal by more questions and more

never never my dear thirsty.

Really, that saying is saying that:

Egypt writes

Lebanon prints

and Iraq reads

I said

Iraq reads,

and writes.

I myself do

read and write
And IRAQ prints,
or,
yes,
prints!

* A line of a Mosul folklore old song.

About the Poet:

Sameer Sayegh is an Iraqi bilingual poet who writes in Arabic and English. He was born in 1949. He holds Bachelor in English language and literature. He translated and published several poems from English to Arabic. He also wrote and published a short story in English. He translated different items, mostly scientific, for Baghdad Radio. He worked as translator in the Air Force for one year at compulsory service, and as translator for the Iraqi Red Crescent, as a simultaneous interpreter for the head of the German Red Cross in Mosul, and for experts and lecturers from Switzerland, Germany, Norway, Italy, in addition to the coverage of the Crescent's activities. He worked as a cultural correspondent for both Al-Jumhuriyah, and Azzaman daily newspapers.

