

Poetry Series

basim al aoda
- poems -

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basim al aoda(1/7/1960)

I am translater forEnglish literature I translated many many poems, which are written in English language to Arabic poets who translated their works are:

Alexander, William 1567-1604

O, if thou knew it, howw thou theyself

Bacon, Francis, Lord 1561-1626

The worlds abboble, andthe life of man

Blackborn, Thomas1916

By your unnumbered chinties

Cameron, Norman1905-53

All day my sheep have mingled with yours

Campbell, Thomas 1777-1844

His naked skin clothed

2 Poems

(1)

Tomorrow –
The war will finish,
But-
The trees have disappeared,
Just as –
The birds have vanished,
And the buffalos,
And many, many
Of the black eyes,
The war will finish morrow.
And we rummage,
With out benefit,
About one –
In order to enumerate,
The sanguinary days.

((2

This woman is a hard white,
Is satiated with the bad,
Every morning –
Wakes up,
To inspect the towels –
On the clothes sline,
She is lonely-
Prepares her white coffee,
And as an intended fighter,
She puts her tunic –
On her shoulder,
And she departs.
In the next early morn,
She puts the towels in a washing machine,
And with the little of wine,

She is going –
With her ordinary lethargy.

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Dawn

Unless the birds leave their nest,
Unless the workers, farmers go out,
Unless the farmers and the graziers go out to the farms,
And the workers to the factories,
Unless the mother wipe their sleeping,
And burn hearths fires,
Unless the beauties -all beauties- their eyes in the face of world,
And smile,
Unless all that is being,
The cry of cook alone,
Won't make a new dawn!

By: Khadum Alhaj'aj

Translation by: Basim-Alaoda

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Farewell

Farewell

ً When we were in farewell,
In order to meet –
Confide a secret our imagination,
On the river coast,
I cried –
From the bottom of my heart,
O, my desire,
And averse dissolves in my mouth,
I love you –twice –
Once in my soul,
And the other –
In my heart,
I put palm of my hand,
On a wet hand,
It scatters fragrance,
Like flowers perfume,
And I find myself as a ply thing,
In epoch hand,
So
I returned to my motion,
In order to see my lovers' dream –
When it departs.

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2008

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Forfeiture

Forfeiture

I was a tiny and she was too,
We have fun and ply,
On a green carpet,
Near the river bank,
There was some trees,
The sun draws a moon upon her face,
And from her tufts hair were brightness,
We say what we want –
And write on a sand,
Without any restrictions,
We don't know an age,
And the time rotated,
She is taken by the days,
Far away from me,
I stayed with illusions,
And there weren't any shrubs –
Near the coast,
Who waken in adorer body –
The warmth of trees spring?
And restores those days?
The river asks me, to for gate what we were,
Can I reach her –
Or personate the pretexts.

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2006 April

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Lawful Punishment

The leader cut off my tongue,
When I sang my verse,
That I withoutt call upon authorization,
To songs reiteration,

The leader cut off my hand,
When he saw me,
In my writing -
Had sent songs to every place!
The leader put fetter upon my leg,
While he saw me walk,
Among all the people,
Whith out my hand and tongue,
Soundless!
I repine my shame,
The leader ordered:
To execution me,
Because he passed by,
And I don't shout-
And never leave my place.

By: Ahmad mat'r

Translation by: Basim-Alaoda

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Memory

Memory

Between your hands, .
The time stops!
And from your hands –
Birds flock fly,
In complete poem.
Some seek to the departure,
Others seek to assemble,
And, I spread my soul round it,
Neither it remains nor leaves,
How much, I ask the jasmine flowers? !
Does n't leave us and depart?
But we in lost and missed it,
We saw at the horizon,
Childhood shadow-
Proceed to it.

Basim Al Aoda 2008

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My Mother

My mother

My mother likes sad nesses,
From the previous epochs and times,
She hangs them on walls –
And distributes them upon neighbors,
Puts on a black mourning,
She lives with privation,
Her heart is harbor to the fatherlands,
The straying resorts to her,
On her face furrows are drawn by the age,
The hereafter tired her,
She loves the graves visiting,
And tearful,
When she died –
No one visits her,
These are calamities,
In complete story.

Basim AlAoda
2008 July

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Revolt

Revolt

Revolt against frayed regulation,
Revolt upon -
Who tied the free soul by cuffs,
Rebel upon bands -
Who sold the conscience to the foreigner,
Rebel upon repulsive injustice on the gloominess -
Long night,
If the prison kept secret you,
In deepness someday,
You would say:
We weren't subservient,
And our stars don't bent setting side,
Tomorrow will came,
And the bonds -
Will be released,
After distraction.

Basim AlAoda
Sep.2008-10-22

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Security

Security

I watered the shrub of the camphor,
As for the men returned,
And my beloved –
Was among them,
Scatter over his head –
The flowers,
And kisses him –
From his cheeks,
Sprinkle over him –
The perfume,
And divulge by love instead of me,
And say:
I was being still loving,
And dream,
As the small moon visits our coasts
The kohl stick-
On the eyelid.

Basim Al Aoda
2007 - July

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Song

Song

I'm confused,
Without shelter,
I dream with springtime,
Bloody heart,
I'm desperate teardrop,
I traverse straying age,
Among my ribs –
My heart dissolve,
Upon my eyes are past dreams,
They appear drowned by drops,
The hurricane smash my boat,
And wind winter splits my sail,
So,
I leave the memories in heart victim,
The songs stopped from returning.

Basim Al

Aoda

2008

July

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The Abstract

The abstract care

By: Hashim Matouq

Translated by: Basim -Alaoda

The lonely, when it goes without friends,

The empty lonely,

The pacific lonely,

The murderer lonely,

Without problem, without indulgence

The existence is there,

As the mathematician,

Weres the numbers only, he lives,

The donation as ababy-

Needs: ,

In order to fear the sun fire,

Also to desire him with joy,

The spent efforts -

To teach walking,

There are no other intentions

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The Expectation

The Expectation

In my doleful heart,
I wait it returns-
From along travel,
From the back of entity,
Upon the clouds,
It races the wind,
In order to break the impossible,
In this wounded native land,
O, expectation –
In my Home land –
Your arrival is to late,
To break the wall of inconceivable,
I search in a forest of sorrow,
About smile of security,
When do the expectation come?
And the peace come again?

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October 2008

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The Fact

The Fact

My father –
Writes the verse,
He draws with the words,
To create –
An image and vision,
He plunges in to deep nesses,
Looks for –
Essence of Homelands,
All the windows –
Are closed,
Inhabited in dimness,
From previous times,
But –
He never know,
He was in truth -
When he died.

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2008□

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The Forming

The forming

In the remote planets,
Spaces and different heavens,
The beginning is severe flash,
If the future comes burning,
There are clouds and rain,
In the horizon,
You will become already,
Then escape again,
After you had hatched,
As when, one egg.

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The Ghost

The Ghost

Remainder of gleam,
In the lamp –
The wind revolt,
Shakes it,
And the deserted lover was in his room,
Ghosts procession shake him,
He recalls a bright recently,
As dropp of fine rain –
On the tumblers,
And he remembers.
The hereafter is a parity,
And how did yesterday –
In a repose,
I rapt by a wine from aspiration,
He smells the perfume of –
Spread lilies,
He infatuates as butterflies –
In the forenoon,
And comes back a soul form sprit,
And the poet in his room,
Ghosts procession shake him,

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June 2007

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The Hamlet

The Hamlet

In the beginning of the long path,
On the banks,
The dusky village in a calm slumbers,
Its black cottages
Retired..surrounded by date palms,
And its thin sick children,
And some sheep flocks,
And there are –
The fields extend with out termination,
The dusky village in a calm slumbers,
Barren as the ruin land,
The river!
Where is the river?
Did the water dive in to its coast?
And the green forest dies,
No life And no beauty,
And as the exhausted picture dissolves –
In the sickly breast.

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June 2008

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The Highest Extence

Poem written by:

Hashim Matouq the poet

Translated by:

Basim-Alaoda

The Highest Existence,

The clearness is pre-severance daily labor,
It doesn't except,
Washing eyes with the happy tears,
Illumination the night by candles,
Elimination the impurities from delusion,
Unification with the love only,
Looking to the loaf bread -
As if, it was the first and last dream.
For thee cruise to this world.

.....

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The Leaves

The Leaves of the fourteenth

By: Khadum Al Haj'jaj

Translation: Basim-Alaoda

The days are falling,

On the age,

O, years,

Leaves,

Be once -

Brave trees,

And unite-

Against the autumn.

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The Life And Orgil

The writing in the day is very difficult,
The chill doesn't touch you directly,
In spite of,
That the writing -
Needs permanent winter,
Poets are born from hell fire,
And the words are dispatched,
From biting cold!
After ward.....
Which diffirent between day and night?
Only the pain!
Which the words endure it,
By considering them nations and tribes,
Compeletly -
Like us,
Live and die.

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The Night

The night

I said: the gloominess died,
And she talked: slowly –
It is still rest from it,
O, my love!
I said :
And the break day –
How did it rise?
She said:
That is glow circulates from his eyes,
We smiled together,
And we became drunk,
By heeltap –
Of our golden drinking glass,
I said:
The darkness died,
Hence she said:
A poeticalness night,
From our passion,
It had gone,
I said:
Let's repeated it –
As a hilarity night,
And perish in a fondness intoxication.

Basim Alaoda

Sep.2007

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The Sorrows

The sorrows

O, chronic sorrows,
Dissolve each graceful,
In order to vanish,
May be rainbow colors,
Become mountains,
For the land of lemon,
Excusable
You were already,
An exemplar,
For lovers and heading,
To the disdain,
Now, I am saying to you:
Let me in my beautiful dimness,
With my pain symphony,
You are an insane candle,
O, my comrade –
Push away unseen desire,
And together delight,
In order to count,
What we can of stars –
In darkness day.

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The World And Destiny

We try to stop,
In order to stop again,
So as to search for the correct starting,
So as we can continue -
We must try to conformity:
With the combat,

With the play,
With the With the world,
That the all in it are similarity.

song-

With our associate for Iraq-
Which likes all the world,

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Upon The Verse Gate

Upon the Gate of the Verse

By: Ahmad Mattar

Translation: Basim-Alaoda

When I stopped upon the verse gate,
The guards inspected my dreams,
Thy ordred me:
To take off my hed!
And spill sensation remainders,
Then call me to writee verse -
For the people,
Then I take off my sandals at the door,
And I say:
O, guards, I take off themore peril,
This sandal treads,
But.....
This hed is trodden.

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