

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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i'm university teacher of african literature. i have finished my master thesis in comparative literature and currently doing my doctorat.

Behind The Desks Of The Dead

Behind a desk there is a desire
A morbid thirst for destruction
There is a man, a headless body
A strong will to block
Behind each desk there is a threat
For the nation, for time, and for humanity
The absurd power of papers
Lie behind each desk
The stupid sacredness of esoteric words
There behind the desks of the land of Sycorax
Offices are big, far, hard and scary
Because in offices there are many desks
Behind each desk there is a man
There is an illness, a story of an epidemic
An anti-colonial story of a legitimate oppression
A long story of a lawful injustice
A righteous robbery under the name of the dead
In the ministry of the dead there are desks
Desks of the dead for the living
The eternal generosity of graves
The world of the dead has a ministry of charity
The charity of whom and what is it for
The necessary charity for the dispossessed living
The absurd solidarity of our lawful thieves
The false charity of our oppressors
To south the passive and stoic oppressed
Let's free the living, let's kill the dead
Why begging the dead for charity
If the living's world is of plenty

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Lettre A Une Femme De 7h30 D'Age

Lettre a une femme de 7h30 d'age

Très cher être qui ma beaucoup fait rêver

Heureux de pouvoir enfin te tenir dans mes bras bien que ça fait neuf longs mois qu'on ce connais

Indécise comme ton papa, tu as finit quand même par prendre la décision que je comprends majeure pour toi, de venir au monde, tu as choisis le même jour ou ton papas es né, merci

Zélée, certainement, de découvrir ce que le monde des humains te réserve tu as tenté l'aventure

Ici ma fille c'est pas comme la bas, ici les êtres peuvent voler comme les anges de la bas, mais aussi largeur des choses affreuses sur Hiroshima.

Reine, pour tes parents tu sera toujours, aux yeux des autres a toi de décider.

Inoubliable est ce jour ma fille, et ce n'est que le début. Merci ma fille, merci dieu, merci à ta maman, je vous aime plus que mes livres.

Les lettres initiales de ces phrases sont le clair de lune qui va illuminer mes nuits livresques. Elles forment le prénom de ma fille. Ton papa, le 26/2/2010 7 heures et demi après ta naissance

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My Book

I have opened the doors i shut
I saw on my book such a heavy dust
I have breathed my love's last
And made a grief stricken gust
She wonderingly pondered on me
Who is this stranger I see
Even pages sought who may I be
As if I'm not what is she
Oh love that I was once timid to utter
You turned plain and freer
How funny you are and tender
Though hard was your rupture
Remember my heart once our flame
No longer love, mere ashes of shame
And now that the wind of change came
It took all and my youth the same
Even its residual fading keepsake
Look what of it do snows of ages make
Let's search it for heaven's sake
In such an elegiac poetic rake
Oh! You are the same nowadays
And I have almost lost the ways
Look love that I'm not the same
Yet still burning is your flame
Oh! Love why you left me alone
I'm loosing knowledge of who really I'm I
I'm turning to mere flesh and bone
Do you remember such days that are just vanished
Which wounded me and left you unscathed
That all sweeter than you are and tender
Than all sweeter you are and better
Yet none that you maybe harder

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Silly Wishes

I want to be sunshine to make you of my golden rays a peerless jewel
I want to be a secret to dwell the far bottoms of your heart
I want to share you a bit of intimacy
I want to be an artist, to feel your seraphic beauty
I want to be a bird, to sing you songs of liberty
I want to be your blood, to feed your entire body
I want to be handsome and wealthy, to deserve your fat a pity
I want to be your shadow, your lead I want to follow, no matter if blindly
I want you in my inner, to see my feelings bluntly
I want you read it wholly, to see of what I'm needy
I'm I dreamer really, is that my minds fancy
Let me then be a dream, be born in your heart
Leave in your heart, though to be killed by reality

I'm afraid

I'm afraid of sunshine I'm afraid of cloudy winter
I'm afraid of being a secret, then your heart my grave for ever
I'm afraid of being an artist, none that want maybe harder
I'm afraid of being a bird, lest to fall in your cage a prisoner
I'm afraid of being your blood, I'm afraid of death and murder
I'm afraid of being handsome, shall ages make me looser
I'm afraid of being wealthy, money is such bad master
I'm afraid of being a shadow, no more running further
I'm afraid of your closeness, lest to have an inner settler
I'm afraid of reality, I'm afraid of the future
Let me dream, let me express, I' not mad, I'm not sinner
I'm mere a free poet, I'm mere a happy dreamer

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The God Of Minor Things

What god is he that makes out of a teen's smile a walking bomb
He has only fifteen, what has he to do with your god
Scarifying innocence on the altar of your sadistic god
Nauseating are you rituals, monstrous is your cruel god
A god that breaths death into lively souls of teens
Such is the god that deceived a baby kamikaze's innocence
He not only forbade him having a girlfriend
But he sent him out of college, to sacrifice him for his sport
What god is he that rejoices targeting a couple's bliss
How sadistic is he that turns a long waited lovers' flirtation
To such sleepless nights of an unsatisfied desire
What deity is it that waits a two lovers' snatched kiss
To come down on such a voyeuristic godly mission
And announce that it is forbidden to kiss
How idle is he that is authority on trivial matters
He never fails obliterating a two lovers' desired bodily contact
He ubiquitously knows all the secret places lovers can meet in
Complete control over all the fields of good wishes
Poor is the god that is reduced to controlling human whiskers
And ignores that souls are suffering pervasive thou shalt nots
Such is the god of the weak, the god of small things
A god that is dogging man's transcended instincts

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The Hollow Words Of My Western Cell

The hollow words of my western cell

Between here and there, there is a sanctuary
The sanctuary of my destiny
The unnecessary passage of time
There in the right corner of my cell
There was my alleged sepulchre
A place where I refused to sleep
The futile cell of my transitory death was dark
I could read on its walls though
I could read and understand there was a mistake
It was written in the forced words of my youth
The unnecessary incantations of my transitional sanctuary
There on the walls of my western cell
Somewhere under the heavens of Toulouse
Are still engraved the words of an unnecessary death
La ilaha ila lah Mohamed rassoul elah
Ina laha maa sabirin
Devilish words engraved by Sam people
There on the walls of my western cell
In the blinding absence of light
In the eternal gloom of my western cell
There in the transitory gulf were deeply engraved
The esoteric words of my absurd madness
In the fearsome bleak of my cell I felt horror
I feared it was not a nightmare
I feared it was a sleepless terror
I feared it was real oblivion
The dripping roof of my western cell
Shed the tears of my regret
I regretted what I never was
I regretted my imaginary rebirth
I regretted the chains that dived deep
In the waters of my adventurous childhood
I regretted that I read the absurd words
That led me to the chains of my adulthood
I regretted the moans of the tortured innocents
I regretted the cries of the agonising Kirai my cell mate
I regretted the hands of the executioner who led me in chains

Just because I hated words, CARD is four letter word
RACE is a four letter word, JAIL is a four letter word
True I had no words, I was myself though
Me, Mustapha! , my books, my school bag, all that was me
Now in the reasonable thirst of my absurd madness
All dead. Me, Mustapha, the absurd Messiter police officer
That was not a title stupid creature
The title was in my school bag. To Who the Bell Tolls.
That was a title without "M". I have killed "M"
There under the roof of my western cell "M" should die
Though I'm dead with!

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