

Poetry Series

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



- poems -
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Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed(10-10-1957)

Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed, was born in Erahad in Kordofan - Sudan in 1957. He got his BA in English with MERIT from Khartoum University in 1982, an MA in Translation from the Islamic Institute for Translation in Khartoum, and an M.Ed. in teaching English as a Foreign (TEFL) from University of Juba -Sudan in 2001. He got his Ph.D. in Applied Linguistics with EXCELLENT in Language Assessment in 2004 from Omdurman Islamic University-Sudan. Since then, Dr. Siddiek has been lecturing in Sudan and Saudi Arabia. He published many articles in ELT Peer-Reviewed journals in USA, UK, Canada, Finland, Australia, India and Sudan.

He wrote in different topics in language and education. His academic work is widely cited by scholars from all over the world in Google Scholars. He can be visited at (<https://scholar.google.com/citations?user=jejCsoAAAAAJ&hl=en>) . Dr. Siddiek visited Europe, USA and Canada many times. He attended conferences and read papers in Harvard and Purdue in USA. His papers were also accepted in other places such as France, Canada and UK. He is the Author of five books:

1. Assessment of the Sudan School Certificate English Examinations'
2. Language Challenges in Post-War Sudan.
3. At the Edge of the Primeval Forest, by Albert Schweitzer (Noble winner) , translated from English into Arabic.
4. Foreign Consuls and Consulates in Sudan (1830-1830) , translated from Arabic.
5. Lithographic Press in Sudan, translated from Arabic.

Dr. Siddiek's major fields of interest are language testing, language planning, translation & teacher training. He is a member of editorial Boards of many ELT international journals. He has a collection of poems in which he addressed socio-cultural, political and environmental issues at regional and international levels. He is now associate professor in applied linguistics in Al-Zaeem Al-Azhari University and an associate fellow at Khartoum University in Sudan.

Trans-Atlantic On Slave Ship

It was an early morning in my village
When left my family in their cottage
And stealthily went, as to be the first
To fetch some fruit, from the forest

My village peacefully slept under the mountain
Enjoying the healthy air and the generous rain
Where my tribe had been living for years
Everything was grown and shared with peers
Our farms were rich with types of grains
And the good sky did never cease to rain

So, our stores were full of types of food
For family and everyone in neighborhood
We were rich and rich enough
We had beautiful girls to love
Ready to give children, birth after birth
We were the happiest men on earth

Our villages in peace did they remain
With green plains and continuous rains
The tribe wellbeing was maintained
By wise women and bravest men

We had time to love, to wed and time to fight
We had time to sing under the moon's bright light
And we had time to grow and enjoy the food
And time to converse and dance in the wood

We had the learning to raise the cattle
And plenty of arts and wood to whittle.
We had the time to go to battle
We were able to read
And we were able to write

We know arithmetic and religion, too
We had time to worship the God
In only ONE we believed, not in two
Our elders had time for beautiful tales

To teach the boys and teach the girls
And we had skills to treat all the ails.

We learned to count our cattle and sheep
We knew when our crops were ready to reap
We had the skills to get water from the deep earth
And the knowledge to tell the coming of birth

We knew all about stars in the sky
We knew how to cook and bake a pie
And all about the wealth in the ground
And how to decipher the echo of the sound

So, when we beat our drums during the night
That was to make ready for a fight
And when we beat our drums during the day
That was to celebrate a wedding day

But when we send the smoke signs to our kin
It is to warn them, not to be taken by a sudden
It was to tell the advance of some enemies
And be ready with the fighting ceremonies

So, we had a culture when you came to our land
And took our races chained hand in hand
To plant cotton and sugar on your sand
Millions of black fellows had long to stand
Under the burning sun, they were to remand

When your white ships anchored at our coast
Everything had gone astray, and we were lost
With your guns you came to hunt men and boast
And displaced my race to paying the heaviest cost

That was one early morning and that was my last day
When I last saw the green plains where I used to play
In a slave ship across the Atlantic I made my way
To the new world with historical dismay
Where we were displaced, enslaved and forced to stay

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Run To Win

Run girl, run, till you catch the sun
Run to win or run for mere fun
Run, stop not for a while.
If could not defeat your fate
Then, you can make him wait
Never be slow, nor be late
Let the shadows run after you
Never stop to see or look behind,
You just go
Take the lead and be the guide
To goals, you have to ride
Ride with wide full stride
Move like a hurricane
Move like a tide
Wash everything before you
and swiftly dash
You are sure where to go
Your goal is still far beyond,
But you know how to reach to them
you are young, nothing will let you down
You will win the race and get the crown

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Did The Elephant Fly? Did The Rhino Lay Eggs?

Did The Elephant Fly Or The Rhino Lay Eggs?

I feel sad as sadness could be

Cause I'm afraid that one day;

I may not be able to say;

To my grandchildren, why animals deserted our planet

And why all birds fled away

I am afraid to give a lie

As I would be sorry not to justify

How the African elephant had disappeared?

And why?

And how the African elephant looked like?

Was the African elephant as heavy as a fly?

Was the African elephant as big as a frog?

Or did it simply look like a dog?

I would feel very sorry not to justify

How fish disappeared from the sea?

As there is no fish in the sea

No longer could they see

I wonder, what I would say to my grandchildren!

When they would ask me some years to come

And to talk to them about animals

And teach them some beautiful tales

How beautiful those animals were!

But what knowledge do you think I would share! !

What should I say, plz tell me?

Just tell me

What my answer should be?

When they would ask me

And insist to know all about Zebra

Was a Zebra as huge as a nuclear plant?

And was it as clever as an ant?

Was it as fat as a rat?

But I could only say it was black and white

With distinctive stripes

Then my wisdom would not serve me that day
It would escape me and let me unable to say
How big the elephant was?
Could I tell them it was as big as their school?
Then what about the giraffe?
Could I say some of them were short?
And some of them were tall?
Is it enough to say they were coloured
With black and yellow and white spots
And they could run as fast as your car
But not faster than the Tiger or the Jaguar?

And what should I tell them about the lion?
He was said to be the King of all animals! !
Was it true?
I am afraid not to be able to define the lion
Did it fly like a U.S fighting airplane?
Or was it as fierce as a Russian submarine?

Retajj, my granddaughter, might want to know
All about crocodiles
How they happened to disappear from the Nile?
Could I say that they had evaporated like water in the sun?
Or could I tell her that to heaven, they had all gone?
Or could I say that they were just stolen by someone?

And Lojjain, another young lady
Might want to know all about Rhinos! !
Were they like birds laying eggs?
And were their eggs as big as rocks?
Were they like human beings walking on two legs?
Did the Rhinos eat butter and bread?
And did they enjoy milk with hot chocolate?
Were they white, black or brown?
Was a rhino so strong to tear down a big tree?
With its magic horn when he was made angry
And was he so brave to fight
Even-his shadow in the night?

Ahmed, my grandson,
He is a smart boy, with a vision
And wide i-m-a-g-i-n-a-a-a-tion

He will need explannnnnnations
Very good explannnnnnations,
And scientific justificaaaaaaations,
From the whole world, from the whole nations
To tell him how the sharks disappeared from the oceans?
And the dolphin, friendly and clever was said to be?
And was it true that she did save many drowning souls
Then how did it happen that we have killed them all?

Oh, my dear human comrades, it would be too late
To answer such questions, but try at any rate,
For the sake of these generations, just try
To give answers for their W.H.Y.
Yes, human comrades, TRY with a T.R.Y
For the sake of grandsons and granddaughters
You need to wade the deepest waters
To fish answers and justify...
And clearly tell them why,
Why the fish deserted the sea?
And why the forests are void of chimpanzee?
And why is the sky,
Free of birds that used to fly?
And why is the soil poor of plants?
Insects, rats and poor of ants
WHY and WHY?
You need to justify,

Why the world is bare of green trees
And why the trees are bare of fruit and leaves?
You need to say where all the forests had gone?
Then, since you won't be able to answer this quizz,
Of those beautiful kids, so quit, plz

You would better spare them their earth
As they might be able to restore HER health
And that beautiful world again
And they might raise the beautiful life
That had once been before the war
Rich with green trees, singing birds, colorful fish,
With animals, full with happiness and rich
And that would be their second Birth
On a second Earth

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I Have A Dream For 2024

2024

I have a dream that you no more
Rate me with the colour of the skin
And that you will not Judge me
in terms of my kith my kin
And that my pigmentation
Will no longer be the mark of my nation
To determine my social situation
And that the color of my eye
Is no a sign of any indication
And that the touch of my hair
Won't count for race categorization
I have a dream that children of the nation
Will only be judged by the mere education
I have a dream that my country
Will be the happiest in the century

31-12-2023



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To The Soul Of Ustaz Ahmed Alkhair

The Sudanese revolution
began in the Classroom
Then boomed from Kassala to Khartoum
To spread the light of education
From the North to the West,
From the South to the East
And paved the way for the nation
To attain emancipation
But the killers were faster
To put out the candle
That you used to handle
And plant the pleasure of learning in our children,
In our women and men
They killed the teacher
Who paves the way for the future
The future of all kids
They killed the man with a (tool)
In cold blood, with flood of blood
They made the (hole)
Not in his body but in his soul
In the soul of the whole generations
In fact, in the soul of all the nation
With pain, with great pain
They hurt the spirit of our children
As they pierced their daggers in their little hearts
Deprived them from the science and the arts
When the kids came to school that day
They were all happy and gay
Ready to learn the ABC and some arts
But when the lesson was about to start
They found out with all the dismay
That their teacher was unable to show up
And he was late for that day
But nobody dared to tell them the truth or say
Why the teacher was late
And the only thing they had to know
That (Ahmed Alkhair) had passed away
To pave the way for their bright future
Because he was their teacher

He was the only one among the few
Who really knew
How to make them refined with knowledge
Equipped with skills
To handle the pen, not the gun
To write and spell and not to kill
But always learn with pleasure and fun
And think high
And spire to the sky
But to think high
And spire to sky
With great imagination
Through the pleasure of education
He was the one who used to make them hopeful
Happy and joyful
But the killers took off his soul
And terminated his role
To educate and please the boys and girls
Of the Sudan
Ahmed Alkhair,
We are all ashamed to tell the story that took place
And the news that spread through the space
We are all ashamed to tell the story that was to boom
From Kassla to Khartoum
And sadly leaked into our classrooms
Into the ears of the kids
To betray the killers
Who denied the role of the teacher
Who makes the future
And engineers the fate of all nations
Through the pleasure of education
Ahmed Alkhair
May your soul rest in peace in your holy place
We hope in peace you sleep
But we, we will keep, to cry and weep
The fate of the teacher, the fate of all teachers
And the fate of our future
Ahmed Alkhair
We are ashamed to tell the story
And all embarrassed
To go through details
We are sorry, we're so sorry

To tell only some of your story
But peacefully sleep in your last resort
We will take revenge
As long as we live, a couple of years
Or a whole of an age

*Ahmed Alkhair was a secondary school science teacher, who had been tortured to death by inserting an iron bar in his back. He bled to death, in Kassala in East Sudan. About 30 of the criminals had been sentenced to death, but they were set out free after the war that erupted in April 15,2023

aahmedgumaa@yahoo.com

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

It Was A Dream. Just A Dream

It was just a dream,
A strange dream
Only a dream
That I saw the Janjaweed
offering the sweet in Omdurman
Then I saw Al-Burhan,
leading the 'Eid prayers in Port Sudan
I saw the elephant in the streets of Khartoum
Walking with a leisurely pace
Leaning on a big stick with a smile on his round face
Then in McDonald's, I saw the crocodile
Having a snack and tea, with milk by the Nile
I saw the monkey in the barbers' shop, on the hill
Cutting hair of a young customer, with great skill
Drawing beautiful whiskers, but with a heavy bill
I saw the frog in a dark corner, sipping Coca Cola
Elegant in his new green shirt, with a wide collar
And a red tie dangling from his short neck,
with a shining colour
Smoking the Havana's Cigar with great pleasure
As if he got all the world's treasure
I saw the fox playing very hard
A tennis game with the rooster
In the goat's backyard
It was just a dream
That I saw the caterpillar
In love affair with the cockroach
In a public bathroom
in the city of Khartoum
It was a dream, just a dream
To see the giraffe as an emcee
Serving coffee with hot cream
To the rhino and his hippo spouse
With a thick lipstick in her mouth
It was a dream, to collect my clothes
From a laundry skillfully run by the dog
The cashier was a young frog
In her latest fashion
A silk blouse and skirt of cotton

From Christian Dior
Elegant in her Parisian style
And happy, with her beautiful smile
Then I saw the bitch
Mating on the beach
With only one male! !
What a horrible a tale?
I also saw the snail
In his armored cover
He is so clever
Licking ice-cream with chocolate flavor
Then I saw all the animals gathering in the forest
Celebrating the marriage of the hyena and the gazelle
The lion was there, on his royal chair
And the donkey leading the choir
It was a happy event of marriage
Then the bride and the bridegroom
Were politely invited by the raccoon
To spend their honeymoon
In his marvelous home
In the out-skirt of Khartoum
And I saw a fleet of birds congregating in a morning prayers
Led by the owl with green spectacles
With a long tanned beard
And a yellow turban on his bald head
Muttering secret words from a book that he read
Then it was a pleasure to see the salmon fish
In the court of law playing the role of judge
Young and full of hope
With a white wig on her head and a reddish robe
Then I saw the white shark, flying a jumbo jet
She was beautiful, with a black mole on her cheek
Flying from Guantanamo to Philippines with great wit
Escorted by crews of crows serving tea with mint
I saw the rat dating the cat
In her modern luxurious saloon
In the out-skirt of Khartoum
Where they sat down reading Alice in the Wonderland
Happily, cracking peanuts on the sand
And sometimes cracking dirty jokes
I saw the lion and the tiger
But frankly, I did not see the fox

Together they were running a dialogue
About the metaphysical elements in modern poetry
And post-war drama in Broadway theatres
They also talked about the BLUES of Langston Hughes
With reference to NY and Harlem
But with different views
On Fukuyama's End of History
And later, they dealt with some Chemistry
The problem with the carbon dioxide
They also talked about Dr. Jackle and Mr. Hide
I saw the turtle and the rabbit on the CNN on a chat
Running a dialogue about peace on earth
Philosophizing the fate of the human faith
Exploring the Digital Native era
Sorry for the Digital Refugees like me
And the Digital Immigrants like you
They were trying hard with positive words
To Solve the Digital Divide of the Third World
And fill the Gap of Education
Among all the Human Nations
And the last of my dreams were happy dreams
That I saw human beings having some dreams like me
With happiness on their black, red and white faces
Yes, I saw happiness on all human races
The Sudanese were there, too! !
Women in their beautiful thobes
And men in their white fluffy robes
And children with different ages and hopes
All were busy with others
Stitching the Ozone Layer with Golden Needles
And planting seeds of love in the sea deserts
Watering them with their teardrops
Yes, with their own teardrops.
Then I saw the seeds grow faster with plenty of crops
I saw them picking up fruits from the stars
With different taste, size and colours
And giving them freely, to the poor children of the world
Including all the children of the Sudan
aahmedgumaa@yahoo.com

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Human Shields

Why do you hide behind my back?
So as not to be killed or tracked?

I am not a soldier
I've no gun on the shoulder
I do neither give the order
To do you any harm or pain
I am a mere civilian,
I am soooooo plain
With only bare hands

I could only raise my voice to say the (NO)
But I always obey the law

I've no training to defend myself or my family, so
Why do you follow me like my shadow?
You go wherever I go
And you do whatever I do

Why do you trace my walk?
And smile when I smile
And talk the way I talk

Is it a game of fun?
To put me in the mouth of your gun

But when it is up there,
when you see the fire...
Like a coward you make the run

To seek refuge under my feet
In the muddy street

Why do you soldier make shield of me?
To save your soul and seek safety
You dirty, that is dirty! !

How dare you shoot your enemy from my shoulder?
Then you come to hide behind me,

I am not the wall, I am not tree! !
I am not a soldier
I am not the one who gave the order

Why did you force me into a role I would never choose?
This twisted game, where danger is free and loose
And death bragging in the streets of my town
So, step down

Set free my back
I will not follow your track

Just stand up on your feet
Be brave and face your fate
That you have been trained to meet
You the swine...
That war I did not choose
This war is not mine

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My Daddy Passed Away

Seven months ago, my daddy passed away
He passed away
He was not allowed to stay
for another day
To say the final say

He left me alone in a rough sea
He did not finish the story, he was telling me
He left me to guess, how the end could be! !

Oh, Daddy I am not that very smart
To do things, the way you do the art
Alone in the middle of the sea, he left me
He knew that I cannot swim
To reach the shore without him

My Daddy leaked away
Like the thin air through the door
He will never come back,
Or appear in the corridor

I'm so sorry, I am so sorry
Not to know the end of the story

He was my daylight
He was so bright,
And knew what was good for me,
And what was right

Bu alas, the whole wisdom has gone
With all the fun, with all the pun
And I was done

I was lonely left, to go the long way
Stumbling through the dark
A prey for snakes on the road
Or a victim for the shark

Daddy was my reference book

Where I used to look, to find solutions
Without hesitation, for every situation

I remember when together we go to the doctor
You did never tell the truth or explain
But I used to guess how much was the pain
But because you were strong and brave,
You did never make much complain

You were too wise, Dad, with great imagination! !
A whole library has left the destination,
Had all gone, so what have you left for the nation?
Who will provide the best education for this generation?

We are left alone to strive for life
No more words to read and no more sounds
Hundreds of books buried in the grounds
So, will there be some more rounds?

Dad, I am so sorry,
You did not stay, to tell me the rest of the story
But nevertheless,
I will restless, try to guess
And solve the whole quiz,

So, Daddy, go to sleep in peace, in your last resort
accompanied with the call of the whole family
to dwell in the eternal paradise
You were so kind and so wise
So may Allah have mercy on your soul
And on our poor souls, in whole

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

War At My Door

Helpless because of the war

This is an urgent telegram to General Burhan and General Daglo to stop the war and step down.

I did never think of war
to knock at my door
I am helpless because of war
And because of war
I can't leave my door

I cannot reach my money
To draw one single penny
As the bank is either closed
Or robbed by the mobs
Or run short of any...

So, I cannot buy milk for the children
Or medicine for myself
Or food for my family
And cannot fetch wood
To cook the food
Because of war

I cannot sleep at night
Due to the heavy fight
Close to my house
One on the left,
The other one is on the right

Because of war
I cannot see my wife
I cannot draw so near
To say some words in her ear
to soothe her fear
Because of war

I cannot speak to my grandchildren
And cannot talk with the family

As the family all strives
To secure their lives
Under the staircase
Or in the basement room
For the fear of shells
That come like hell

And due to the fear of guns
There is no way to run
As they send their fire
To hit everyone, everywhere,
Hitting men, in their shops
Women, in their kitchens busy with their jobs
Children, in their cradles
Boys, in the playground full with joys
And girls, with their toys
Human or animals
Dogs sometimes
All... fear the war
And fear the mines
That may explode at any time
To kill everything that can walk,
Creep or that can talk

Because of war
I could not talk to my mother, or my father
To my sister or my brother
And I could not speak to my neighbour
At the next door
Because of the war

Because of war
I can not walk freely in the street
For the fear of the (SPAF) Antonov*
That shell the city with bombs
Or the fear of the (RSF) with Kalashnikov
They took my neighbor's house and his car
Kept his family as human shield
And destroyed his field

Because of war
The dead bodies in the streets of my town

Have nobody to bury them down
So, they became festivals for dogs,
And meals for worms in the ground

And because of war
The green trees- shyly- have their heads come down
Silently, weep the fate of the people and the fate of the town
The fate of the Sudan, that - shamefully - runs the worst war,
In the modern human history! in the twenty-first century! !
So, my LORD, may YOU have mercy,
On my people and my country

Notes: The emergency room south of the belt in Khartoum reported that 18 civilians were killed and others were wounded, as a result of heavy artillery shells falling on the neighborhoods of Al-Azhari and Salama, immediately after the end of the one-day truce.

*SPAF: Sudanese People' Armed Forces

*RSF: Rapid Support Forces (militia)

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Troops Everywhere

The troops are everywhere
Playing with fire
In the streets of my town
in the streets of Khartoum

They play the games with the guns,
They shoot at everyone
For mere fun

Machines on their shoulders
They can shoot you down, for no good reason
But to please their fellow soldiers
Happy to carry out all the orders,
and to disobey the law

They play the judge with grudge.
So, in a minute or two, they can decide on you
On your whole fate,
they do not need to wait,
for you to make your defence
They decide your case
To shoot you right down on the face
or break your leg or hand
or may kill you and send your body down,
in the dusty sand, the sand of your own town

The troops...
robbing, looting my town
plundering and thieving my town
shooting and killing, my town
And shouting with joy and victory
as if they are writing the new human history
With their guns

And when they sat down to rest,
at the end of the day,
when the kids are out to play,
They would think which school to shoot or rape
As they have raped the whole nation and made a hole,

In the flesh AND deeply in the soul

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The War At My Door

War at my Door

18 April 2023, Cairo

I did never think of war
To knock at my door
Like a hated visitor, coming from the dark
With an open mouth, like a shark

I did never think of death
Stealthily creeping through the wall
To snatch the soul of the girl
With hell, with a shell

It aimlessly came from the blue
With no warning clue
Then went into the flesh like a nail
To hit the girl
Right down on the head
To send her dead
And the mother too, broke
With a stroke
Sending her last words
It was a curse
'Oh my God, Curse on them'

The hell is breeding in the streets of my town
Everything is coming down
The war did really start
And things began to fall apart

Military trucks on the roads
Planes in the skies
Machine guns and smoke in the eyes
Soldiers with terrible cries

Snipers on the roofs
Skillfully doing their dirty jobs
Killing all the hopes

Hopes of the People,
Of the trees,
Of the dogs
And hopes of the rocks
All were all terrified, did not know where to go
To save their souls
As planes still sent the bombs
At houses and break the walls,
Destroying the last glimpse of hope

The soldiers were raping the streets with killing machines
Roaming from place to place claiming victory
In my beloved country, in deserted cemetery
That went into sand
And longer that peaceful piece of land
Oh my Lord, I did never think of war
To knock at my door
Harvesting the souls of my innocent people
in their innocent country

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The Freedom March

The Freedom March

I t was a normal day
For a normal boy
To feel that joy

He was planning to cross the bridge
To join the freedom march
And because he was only a little lad
He did not think to tell his mother or his dad

So he put on his most beautiful suit
And polished his new boot

Then he set away
On his way
To start the freedom journey
By joining the march
In the middle of March

Still it was a normal day
For a normal boy
To see the soldiers
Heavy with guns
on their shoulders
and gave the orders
In the streets of his town

Armed with a small flag
At school gates
With his mates

He was about to shout
To call THEM out
But at the moment,
The sniper sent a shot
on the spot
To hit the boy
To terminate his joy

He hit him right down on the head
And got him dead
He deprived the boy to march
In the middle of March

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Return To Spy On Your Facebook

Then I've returned
once again, I return
To spy on your Facebook
Still, the same beautiful look
The lips, fresh and full of joy
A pleasure to enjoy,
the return, once again
Then the surprise
The same slimness of the size
And the same bright eyes
Full of beautiful lies
By the way, I know
I really know when you bite the lower lip
And twist your mouth to make a lie
But that did never escape my eye
But the age, what the age?
You still twenty-two
Although an age had gone
And wall has grown between me and you
Fifteen years ago
We celebrated your twenty- two
And still you are those twenty-two
You have must have bargained with time
Of course, lady, this is no crime
But I still try to build a siege
Round your cage
Despite the time
And in spite of my age

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The Lord And The Sword

The Lord and the Sword

The Imam of the Ansar Abdurahman Almahdi was a member of a delegation who visited Britain to congratulate the victory of the British Empire in War World 1. The Imam wanted to show loyalty to King George V by presenting the symbolic Sword of the Imam Almahdi with which the Mahdi had defeated the ancestors of George and drove them from the Sudan. But George politely and cunningly refused the present and asked the Imam to go back to defend the Empire with the same sword that had driven the British away from the country.

The Imam said:

Your Royal Highness King George of the British Empire,
The King of everywhere
On the earth
Or underneath
Greetings to your highness wreath

Let me my Lord, me your obedient Servant
Abdurrahman Almahadi from Sudan
To declare in your Stately Palace
My absolute gratitude and happiness
For the victory you have made on your enemies
I am here my Lord, to congratulate you
And show loyalty and humbleness
Under the eye witness
Of the whole world
That, I - with my whole physical sober mind
With my eyes fully opened, not shut or blind
And as decedent of the Great Mahdi
To kneel down
And kiss your royal Crown
Then offer you the Mahdi's Sword
As a token of royalty
And punishment cord
In your hands, King George, My Lord
Then the King polity and cunningly thanked the guy
And said with joy
Spare the sword to defend the empire
From enemies in the Sudan or else where
God bless you Abudarahaman

The Imam of Sudan

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

A Farewell To Arms

Dedicated to the Demonstrators of December 30,2021
condemning the Military Coup d'état of General Burhan on 25 October 2021

To soldiers!
All soldiers! !
With different Ranks and Orders ...
Put down the guns and go away
With no more say
Step down and leave the town
And see how your work was badly done?
When you used the gun! !

You are not to blame but ME,
As we have equipped you with machines
Guns, tanks and planes
And even submarines
We gave you the best training to kill the enemy
But instead; you turn to kill the guts of me
In cold blood with our own guns
Then you make the run
Is killing just a game or a piece of fun?

Soldiers ...
It is high time that you have gone
And left the stage for someone
To cultivate the seeds of happiness in ours sand
And take care of the people and the land

Our expectations were so high
That our soldiers were able to defend our land
Our seas and our sky
That our soldiers could die! !
For good reasons as martyrs
And they could face all the fires
With bare chest for the sake of the country
And change the course of all history

But they used all the machines to kill their own nation
Who afforded their higher Education

In the military college
To gain skills and gain the knowledge
To build the nation and pave the passage
But the savage,
Only learned to make the damage
And kill Sudanese
In the town and the village

Soldiers you only understand the language of orders
SO,
PUT
DOWN
THE
GUNS
AND
GO

And to be sure and true
We won't be sorry to miss any ONE of YOU
As we no longer want to see your dirty face
We have begun the race
So (plz) quit and leave the place

Soldiers...
You only understand the language of orders
So it is high time to quit to the barracks
Or to the borders
We pay a farewell to the ARM
To welcome FREEDOM, JUSTICE and SALAM

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

No! !

NO! !

No|!

Just an (N) and an (O)

No and still NO

Hot as fire or cold as snow

It will stay

That way

And you know

Why it is a no

So...

It will remain unveiled

A story that will never be told

Or retold

Until over-aged and old

It will remain that secret,

Among the three

You, me and the tree.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

 PoemHunter.com

Oxygen For George Floyd

Floyd under the cop's knees
Pleaded twelve times,
Twelve times to breathe
He asked for the cheap air
But the cop was unfair
He denied him the oxygen
The free gift of the Lord
And continued to press on the spinal cord
And beneath, Floyd could not afford
His soul began to leak from the body
Slowly leaking from his body
And gasping for the last breath,
He saw his creeping death
He was forced to the ground
Uttering a fading sound
But the cop continued to press on his neck
While another cop by the side
Showing all the pride
In his official American suit
Marching up and down in his heavy boot
Playing with his gun on his waist,
Ready to shoot
Under the witness of the whole American nation
The man lost his soul
For no good reason
But for the blackness of his face
That was all the case
Oh. My Lord. Bless all of us
And bless the black human race
It is a pity to lose your soul
For mere pigmentation
Under the eye of the laws
of the biggest nation
Masters of the earth! !
So Floyd who was an athlete,
And who was smart, friendly and tall
Lost his soul
Because of the color of his face
And because of the color of your face;

Here you may lose your case
And because of the color of your eye
Here you may simply die
For mere bad reason,
Not for real treason
But of the fear, of mere lack of air
You may run short of breath
And face your death

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The Speech Of Mohammed Nagii Al-Assum, The Mirabeau Of The Sudanese Revolution

on the eve of signing of documents for the transitional period ?August 17 2019

Your speech flared up the hall
And made the audience call
Your name with good blessings
Your speech came out to reach the heart
A masterpiece of art that touched every part

It made life dance with joy
Of the little girl and the boy
Your words pierced through the body
Addressing every single hair
Reaching everywhere
To make pleasure through the flesh of our nails
With those beautiful details

They traveled in the pore of the skin
With no permission
Penetrated through the vein
Then came down as drops of rain
Into the brain of the nation

Then injected happiness in the marrow
To make us enjoy the life of today
And the pleasure of tomorrow
And forget all about the sorrows

Your words leaked through the air
Soothing, musical and fair
Moving the feelings
And made the healing
Of long sickness
With pleasure and happiness

Your speech came into our ears
Like spears to get rid of our fears
They opened the gate

And emancipated the nation from the fatal fate
To enjoy with full rate
And go the new journey with joy
Equipped with dreams and screams of pleasure

Your words draw us back from the lost history
They restored our dignity
Into the soul of the country
And brought our soil the lost fertility

So we can dig the earth once again
And seed the land
With hopes in every piece of sand

Sir, we have got your message
That paved the passage
To this new generation
To build up the future of the nation

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The One Thousand Miles Journey Begins Today

This poem is dedicated to Omer Adegair - shedding tears of (happiness and sadness) . This poem is dedicated to the young Sudanese generation who made the change with bare hands in their peaceful uprising of December 2018*

Let's begin the march
The one thousand miles today
And pave the way
To build the new Soodan
And draw the name of this country
In the book of the human history
Let us begin the march
Let's begin with a wide stride
With full pride
And ride the one thousand miles
Over deserts and across the Nile
To freedom, justice and peace
And draw on the happy faces millions of smiles
Let us begin the march
Let's celebrate the birth of new generations
Equipped with better education
To be the best of all the nations
Let's begin the dreams of freedom, justice and peace
Let's begin the race
Let us begin the march
And we have done
We have started the run
And it was no surprise
We made it and won the prize
We went the one thousand miles distance
To freedom with resistance
Hand in hand as twins
We have crossed and made the wins
The one thousand miles begins today
With high dreams we go the long way
Together we build schools for children
Where they can study and learn
And spend some of the day
Drawing animals and trees
And play games in peace

And rejoice
With loud voices
Pleased with their toys
And full with joys
Then we build roads from the north to the east
From the south to the west
So the farmer can happily go to sell his goods
And because he is the one who provides the foods,
We will thank him for his work
With a dispensary to cure his family
And care for his newborn in the new Soodan
Where every child, woman or man
Can practice happiness with no fear
In a free democratic atmosphere
And we all aspire for prosperity
With dignity
Among the nations of the world
With pride and integrity
With unity and solidarity
To achieve the big dreams in a new country

*Omar Adegair is the President of the Sudanese Congress Party, who shed tears of happiness and sadness when he was assigned to read the speech of the Civilian Negotiators with the Military Junta at the event of coming to an agreement about the Constitutional Declaration in Khartoum on August 4 2019

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Killing The Schoolboy

Dedicated to the lost souls of the schoolboys and schoolgirls
of El-Obied Massacre in Kordofan July 29,2019

He was only a schoolboy, on his way to school
He was thirteen, slim and tall

Unaware of the world around him
He was about to start his school day at a gym
As he was good at athletics,
Excellent in physics and mathematics

And because he was a normal boy;
His life was always full of joy
With his books all the day and his games
And sometimes changes his toys
With other boys

But he did never destroy or annoy,
Or disturb anyone's joy
And because he was a normal boy,
He used to enjoy life with high dreams
Surrounded with a pool of good friends

And because he was a boy,
A normal boy,
He spends a lot of time reading books
Watching films, especially Tom and Jerry
But keen to do his assignments on time, then will hurry,
To sneak on his Web Pages, on the Facebook and Instagram
Sending photos of birds and animals,
as he dreams one day to be a vet

Then after that he will text his classmates
To make a date
For a tournament in the evening
At the school gate

He was only a boy, thirteen years old! !
Smart and bold

But on that day;
He was on his way, to school
With some pencils, some textbooks,
and a ruler of 12 inches and a football

His school bag, on his shoulder
He did never talk to or hurt a soldier
Nevertheless,
The sniper shot him from above the roof
Why for? What for?
What did he want to prove?

Why did he kill the boy in cold blood?
Because the boy asked for a loaf of bread...
Was it a good reason to shoot him dead?
With a bullet on the back of his head?

That was exactly what the sniper skillfully did
He shot him dead, on the head
Then the boy came down to the ground
And his face kissed the sand of his land
The golden sand of Shykan in Kordofan
Where history began in Sudan

He was only a boy! !
The sniper shot him down
He gave him no time
To defend himself
Or know his crime
He gave him no time
To say his prayers
Or pay a farewell to his Mom and Dad
Or say a goodbye to his family
He was a mere lad

His soul soon went to sky
He did never shout against the soldiers
And he did never break their orders
He only asked for food
And a cup of water for the day
To finish his school and run away
Back home

Where he would sit down in his simple room
Read his books and do his homework
As soon as possible
To join his schoolmate
At the school gate
To play an evening football match
But he did not think of the fate
That a sniper would shoot him,
on the back of his head
And make him dead

But still...sniper...
Who taught you to (shoot to kill?) ***
with that great skill! ! !
And still
Why did you kill the schoolboy?
What was his crime? for what cause?
'Because.....'
'Because.....'
'Because.....'
'In fact, there was no cause'
'Ah.... because, the boy was too smart, '
'Slim and tall! ! '
And because: 'he was adored by his friends too much'
'And he was very good at football! ! '
'And because, ...'
'Because he used to love the school'

*** A famous quotation for the famous Sudanese politician, Ali Othman
Mohammed Taha giving permission for the army to shoot and kill any citizen
crossing borders and carrying food to South Sudan.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Forty-One Kandakas *

I hail them the Forty-One women
Who trod on the lion's den
Forty-One, women
With bare hands, with no guns
They had gone
To defy the slayers
They did and made them run
With only bare hands without guns
Forty-One women
Went into the General's yard
In spite of his guard
And despite his soldiers
They defied his orders
With only bare hands
Then proudly went to prison
Not for treason, NAY
But for very good reason
Oh, that was a good Day
When they raised the voice for freedom
And waved the flag of their country
To celebrate their victory
With only bare hands
They came from different walks of life
Husbands & wives
Farmers & workers
Students & Teachers
Sisters & brothers
Sons & daughters
Fathers & Mothers
Lovers & Lovers
Together they marched
Shoulder to shoulder
To break the orders
And defy the soldiers
With only bare hands
They came from all over the land
Hand in hand
To toil the soil of our sand
And plant the seeds of freedom

for a better life
With bare hands
They came from the North and from the West
They came from the South and from the East
Full with hope and courage
To make the change for a better Sudan
From Halfa to Omdurman
from Nyala to Port Sudan
On bare feet
To make the change with only bare hands
Kandaka let me hail your great courage
You have marched towards freedom
With aspiration to build the nation
Equipped with knowledge
We celebrate your marriage
With the Henna on your feet
on your bare hands
A crown for your courage
So let me praise your strife
To save our honour, to save our lives
Let me praise the Forty-One women
And let the world glorify
The great job they have done
The Forty-One
With only bare hands
So hail the Kandaka from Halfa to Omdurman
From Nyala to Port Sudan
Who made the change with bare hands
To defy the soldiers
And break the orders
In our new Soudan

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Message To A Sudanese General

A message to Sudanese Generals
To General Burhan - General Daglo
on the EVE of the coup d'état of 25-10-2022

General,
I am very fond of those stripes
On your chest and shoulder, with different sizes

I am fond of the stars, brightly shining
And the sword by your side proudly dangling

I am fond of the bird with golden wings
The eagles on your shoulder,
Flying like winds
And your fingers full with rings

I am fond of your chest
Full with rainbow colours
Medals with different sizes and shapes
That you hold, of silver and gold
Some are new and some were old
Shinning in the sun from your military suit
In fact, general,
I am also fond of your boot
Beautifully fits in your foot.
Newly brushed and to be fair
It is always shining in the air
Making a fearful rhythm
When you tread the floor
With your mighty power

General, I love your entire look
Arrogant and tall in features
Smart and slim in pictures

I am fond of the way you instruct your soldiers
To carry out your orders
But I really tremble with fear
When I hear

Your voice raised too harsh
To make your soldiers begin the march

And although it is so tough and harsh,
They go straightforward, keep the lines and march

The soldiers active and attractive when they walk
Though they are not allowed to talk
They just walk
As proud as the peacocks

General, I am fond of those embellishments on your shoulders
But I always ask how you got all of that stuff?
Is it only through the giving of orders?
To your soldiers?
To aim their guns and shoot at the enemy?
That is what people understand including ME! !

It is natural that all Generals give instructions
To defend their nations,
And keep borders safe from invasions

This is what I understand that you stay,
Awake during the whole night
With your gun in your hand ready to fight

With eyes open against intruders or spies
Who may tread our lands or cross the skies
Then you shoot them and bring them down
To make safer all our towns

My General, I understand that you took an oath
To defend the Sudanese people
All Sudanese, everywhere,
In the seas or in the air
On the land or under the sand

General, you took the oath
To defend the honor of the Sudanese country
By all means, by planes, by tanks,
By machine guns or by infantry

Then when you win the war and come back
Defeating the enemy and making victory
We all feel proud of you as our hero
And put your name in the book of history

Then we reward you with medals of gold and silver
Stripes on your chest and your shoulders
As well as rings in your beautiful fingers
Because you defended the people and the land
And because of victory
We hail your bravery
To be the hero of the county
So, it is our dowry

This is what I understand about
The Generals' work here or out there
To defend the people and the land
And toil with their blood all the sand

But I do not understand your role in Sudan
This country,
My country,
Your country,
Their country,
Our country,
I do not understand your role in Sudan

For years and years, but for centuries

Although you still look like all Generals of the world
Gentle and handsome in your military suit
And full with pride from head to foot

But my questions now how did you get all of that stuff?
Including your shining boot? ?
And who - by the way - put all those medals on your suit?

Is that because you defeated our enemy at the borders?
Because you carried out all the orders?
To make our dreams true,
To bring back Halaib and Shlatin?
To bring our dignity in the Fashaga

Or because of killing your people in your own country
In the Military Square?
In Khartoum and other places somewhere?

And this what you had practically done
Killed our people with their own guns
Eliminated millions of souls
Hitting their heads on the walls
Or dropping some in the Nile
To be eaten by fish and crocodiles

In the South and in the West
You destroyed the land and the people
In the North and in the East.
Then millions have been displaced
In the four corners of the world.

General, we have BOUGHT all those MACHINES
We paid for your TRAINING in our best military college
To be equipped with skills and knowledge
To come back, to defend the people and the land
This is what you should understand

And we have sent some of you
To the best military schools abroad
To Sand Hurst in UK,
And West Point in the USA

Then we sent some of you to Russia
With our OWN money
To fly the Sukhoi and the Antonov
And skillfully use the Kalashnikov
And steer warships in the seas
To disperse all our enemies

General, your training was well done
Getting the best education
But you have achieved the none
To defend the nation

So instead of killing the enemy

You killed your own people, in cold blood
Shooting them like dogs in the streets of Khartoum
Where your tanks and men used to roam,
day and night
Devastating the city,
with great atrocity

And then you proudly come to tell us the story
And speak about victory
And celebrate the Sudanese soldiers' bravery!
Bestowing them with medals of silver and gold
Because they were brave and bold! !

General, you're always proud
That you fought bravely all over the world
And all around

You always keep saying that:
'We fought the German in the Desert and won'
But I say that was not our war! !
'We fought in Mexico and won'
But I that was not our war
'We defeated the Italian in Karan'
But I say that was not our war
'We fought in Kuwait'
But I say that was not our war
'We had been to the Congo some years ago'
But all were not our wars
'We had been to Jordan'
But that was not our war
We had been to Lebanon'
But that was not our war
'We fought for the Aqsa Mosque'
Yes, the work was well done
But thankfulness was none
'We fought with the Egyptian in Saini'
But they forget or work deny
And shamefully, our land they still occupy
'Now we are fighting the Shia'a in the Yemen'
But that is not our war
All you did was not our war
It was a waste of our men

All was not our war
It was loss of dignity but much more
You have in the South Sudan and killed our men
You have in Darfur and our wound is till fresh
You have killed Sudanese in over the country
You did make no victory
Along you all fighting history

You General have lost your men
And we have lost our pride
Our honour and dignity
And we lost identity and unity

General,
We have lost once and twice
We have lost thrice
For no good price
For no good reason
All was done was all a TREASON

Do you know who you killed yesterday?
That was Doctor Babkir,
A young lad with a degree from (Uof K) Medical School
And a master's degree from Liverpool
Then a Ph.D. from Cambridge,
Where he gained the best of knowledge
Exerted efforts in medicine all his age,
He did well and got his degree,
And came back to Sudan to live happy and free

He was back to Sudan with great wealth
To take care of our people's health
But you got him terminated
When he raised his voice for freedom
A sniper shot him down to death
And stopped his breath
With a five-pound bullet at his head
He brought him dead

With a shot between the eyes
Who cares for his mother's cries?
Who cares for his sister's cries?

But we all do, General
We all do to get his revenge
We will be fair and never forget
We care and we will avenge

So general, it is high time to step down
From the back of my town
Spare your machines for the enemy
Not for your people in the Sudan
Just step down

Take away your guns and leave
It is time to get some rest and some relief

BUT REMEMBER GENERAL THAT
We had spared every penny
And paid our own money
To equip you with the best machines
To defend the people and the land
And toiling the sand

We made you get the best education
To defend the nation

But General! !
You have broken the oath
And achieved the none
As nothing has been done
Nothing you had done
Nothing done
Noting and NONE

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The Thief

You have stolen my money
But money is compensable.
You have stolen my land
But land is retrievable
You've stolen the air
But still accessible
You have stolen the Nile
But water is still available
You have stolen my honour
But honour is irrecoverable
You have stolen thirty years of my age
Prisoner in your cage
You have stolen the milk of the boy
You have stolen his toy
All his joy
And you have stolen the smile from his mother's face
You have hurt all the human race
You have stolen the freedom of the nation
You have stolen the whole generations
You have stolen their aspirations
You have stolen the dreams of every couple
Planning their marriage
But you plan the miscarriage
To terminate their hopes
In city or in village

And you still discourage
And crush everything under your foot
Under your dirty military boot
Ah, you have spoilt the happiness of this generation
You have stolen the dreams of the nation

But they have revolted
And filled up the streets with their voices
With TASQUT BAS.....
And they will never bargain for their freedom
And will never listen to your lies any more
They will knock and hit with force at your door

And to hell you will go
Then all their dreams will come true
All their dreams will come true
Their dreams will come true

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

A Message To A Sniper *

Sniper! !

Why do you disguise
in that disgraceful mask
To do your dirty task
Hiding on the rooftop
To do your nasty job

Why don't you come down?
And shoot me on the ground
In the muddy streets of my town
Come down

Then your shot will go straight ahead
To hit my head
In the right place
On my very face

Or you can aim your gun to my chest
And report your boss with the case! !
Then you can take a rest
For another round
But just come down to the ground

You may have another choice...
That you can raise your gun and your voice
And shoot with rejoice
But come down, to meet face to face
Then you can send your gunshot into my eye
The right eye
To make me die
But on the muddy streets of my town
So, please come down
To the ground

You can aim at my head
Come down to the ground and shoot
And tread my neck with your boot
I will not run
But kiss the mouth of your gun

When you come down
We may look like puppet and clown
We can play the game of cat and rat
But will never run or give my back
You will never miss my track
To kill me with cold blood
But - please - on the muddy streets of my town
So please come down to the ground

Sniper! !
I am so fond of your high skill
The way you (shoot to kill) *
How can you aim at my very head
From such a distance?
And make your shot rest
Between my eyes or in my chest
With no resistance?

By the way sniper,
Do you have any idea about the guys?
Whom you send your shot between their eyes?
Do you know their names?
Have you ever been acquainted with them?
Or played some games with her or him?
Do you know those victims?
That you shoot from that place?
Or you just guess! !
Then trigger and press your gun
To - randomly - kill anyone,
Then you report the mission is done

I am really fond of your high taste of selection
Killing ONLY doctors at a time or teachers
Are they human beings or they are mere creatures?

Those who you pick out their souls
With a five-pounds bullet of ammunition
Do you have any idea of their education?
Where they went to college?
To study science and gain the knowledge
In teaching and medicine

Then come to treat your family
Or teach your kids
To help them learn and read
And move from stage to stage
And develop through the age

Sniper! !
I know how you have been trained
To use the Kalashnikov
Or shoot with the Molotov
Or fly the Antinov
But we also know of Pavlov's
Theory of Classical Conditioning
Through which you have been trained
Like a dog to bark, to bite or kill
In cold blood, but with high skill

We know how you have been conditioned
Not to say (NO)
Because you don't know how to say the NO
And supposed not to know
You only trained to shoot between the eyes
And give a laugh of victory when someone dies
Unaware of the curse
That the victims send at your ugly face
But despite your gun
They remain the winners of the race

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

To The Soul Of Ahmed Al-Khair

The Sudanese revolution began in the Classroom
From Kassala to Khartoum
To spread the light of education
From the North to the west, from the South to the East
And paved the way for the nation
To attain emancipation

But the killers were faster
To put out the candle
That you used to handle
And plant the pleasure of learning in our children,
In our women and men

They killed the teacher
Who paves the way for the future
The future of all kids

They killed the man with a (tool)
In cold blood, with flood of blood
They made the (hole)
Not in his body but in his soul
In the soul of the whole generations
In fact, in the soul of all the nation

With pain, with great pain
They hurt the spirit of our children
As they pierced their daggers in their little hearts
Deprived them from the science and the arts

When the kids came to school that day
They were all happy and gay
Ready to learn the ABC and some arts
But when the lesson was about to start
They found out with all the dismay
That their teacher was unable to show up
And he was late for that day
But nobody dared to tell them the truth or say
Why the teacher was late
And the only thing they had to know

That (Ahmed Alkhair) had passed away
To pave the way for their bright future
Because he was their teacher

He was the only one among the few
Who really knew
How to make them refined with knowledge
Equipped with skills
To handle the pen, not the gun
To write and spell and not to kill
But always learn with pleasure and fun
And think high
And spire to the sky
But to think high
And spire to sky
With great imagination
Through the pleasure of education

He was the one who used to make them hopeful
Happy and joyful
But the killers took off his soul
And terminated his role
To educate and please the boys and girls
Of the Sudan

Ahmed Alkhair,
We are all ashamed to tell the story that took place
And the news that spread through the space

We are all ashamed to tell the story that was to boom
From Kassla to Khartoum
And sadly leaked into our classrooms
Into the ears of the kids
To betray the killers
Who denied the role of the teacher
Who makes the future
And engineers the fate of all nations
Through the pleasure of education

Ahmed Alkhair
May your soul rest in peace in your holy place
We hope in peace you sleep

But we, we will keep, to cry and weep
The fate of the teacher, the fate of all teachers
And the fate of our future

Ahmed Alkhair
We are ashamed to tell the story
And all embarrassed
To go through details
We are sorry, we're so sorry
To tell only some of your story
But peacefully sleep in your last resort
We will take revenge
As long as we live, a couple of years
Or a whole of an age

Ahmed Alkhair was a teacher, who had been tortured to death by inserting an iron bar in his back and bled to death, in Kassala in East Sudan. About 30 of the criminal had been sentenced to death but they were let free after the 15 April military coup.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Murder Of Khashogi

He trod in a hurry into the hall of the consulate
He quickly rushed as if he was too late
To meet his mate
To finish their marriage protocol
In their wedding day
He was full of joy
Like a little boy, promised with a toy
But as soon as he was in the place
Fifteen men jumped at his face
And took hold of him to stop his breath
But as he was strong and fit
He fought them very well
But could not get free from their hell
As he was hit on the skull
And to the ground - then- he fell
It was too late
He had to meet his fate
To heaven he sent the last sigh
And uttered the last cry
The saw went into his flesh
Like a piece of fish
The saw cut through the bone
And the body -then - has all gone
In few minutes the work was done
They silenced him for good
The voice that sang for the Kingdom
The song of freedom
He made no crime
He only used to think aloud
To send his message
But he was not allowed
As they took him through the passage of hell
To stop his breath
And make him face his death
Alas, he did not wed the girl
Who went into a long wail
And got back home
To tell the whole world of her tale

Your Facebook

I spy on your FaceBook
And with a keen look
I go over the pages
For one hour but ages
I have all your whereabouts
Your small talks
With family and friends
And all your walks
All the time I see the same beautiful face
As it were fifteen years ago
Still glowing with youth
And to tell the truth
Age did never tell on you
And it will never do
Tracing back
I follow your track
To catch those beautiful smiles
And the perfume that I can feel
From hundreds of miles
Of course, I know it very well
It is yours, only yours
Are you still twenty-two?
We still in love with you
Your good news remains in the heart
I am always happy
When seeing happiness on your face
And the beauty that I can easily trace
But then,
And only then I feel the loss
My great loss
And the great mess
Then I understand
How you slipped away from my hand

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Fate At The Consulate*

To the soul of Jamal Khashogi

On his feet, on his bare feet
The man went into the consulate
To face his fate
Where fifteen men were there
In their fanciful wedding attire
Ready to receive the lonely guest
Into the wedding hall
To complete his marriage protocols
But the moment he passed through the gate
He was face to face with his fate
As fifteen men jumped on his back
And firmly took his hold
Fifteen men took his hold
And although he was strong and daring and bold
He could not afford
But went cold and cold
As death crept on his soul
Then his power calmed down
And betrayed him to the ground
Uttering his last words
It was a curse! !
He shouted with rage
Then moaned like a helpless bird in a cage
He came to the end of fatality,
With brutality
Witnessing himself by himself
Going piece by piece by the sword
He saw the work as it was run
At last all the body has gone
With a red saw that he saw
Piercing through his flesh and bone
In ten minutes all the work was done
And the whole body was torn
Oh, the guy had only gone
there, to wed his Turkish girl
Instead, he went into a valley of hell
His plan did not go that well

To come back home with a beautiful damsel
Who wasn't able to pay her man the last farewell
Instead, she came back home with a broken heart,
To tell the whole world the horrible tale

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The Last Time I Saw Him

To the soul of brother Ibrahim Gumaa

The last time I saw Him,
His face was cold as a star
In a remote universe
Far away, in a place
Unknown to the human race
But there, he slept in peace

In full calmness,
With a smile on his face
In his wooden coffin
Where he stopped the breath
To set off into silence of eternity
in the underneath

The body was brought by plane
Secured by heaven's hand
To be buried with ancestors in his land
The land that he always loved
But did not enjoy its fresh air
Or drank its fresh water of the River Nile
The land that he wanted to walk
On its sandy roads for a while
And eat in its cheap restaurants a local meal
And cherish the taste of the food and enjoy its feel
He would use his bare hands and lick his five fingers
And drink a cup of tea with spicy mint or gingers

That was him, Ibrahim
And that was his dream
My young brother who passed away
And stealthy left without a say
To his last exile
Could he have stayed for a while?
To say goodbye,
And embrace his mom and dad for the last time
To say a farewell to his daughters, son and kin
And go back to his cold wooden coffin

Could he have delayed the journey?

The ugly plane from Cairo to Khartoum
Landed in a sadly gloomy day
Then he was marched to his last stay
Unable to say
The farewell ...
To Mom
To Dad
To friends
To son and daughters
To sisters and brothers
And some others

But may Allah bless his soul?
And mercy befallen on his body and spirit
We are sorry to miss you, so much
We are sorry that you did not tell us in any way
That you were on your last Journey, your last stay

So you left and left all of us helpless
Then how can I tell your young mistress
'How her daddy feels in his coffin'
But I just said, (worry not my child)
You daddy is happy,
He is on his way to Heaven
To pave the way for all of us

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Almaddinah Almonawarah

The lighted city of the Prophet
I hail you standing with pride
in the heart of the Arabian Desert
From where the Divine Might
Spread to reach all universes
With the Prophet's light
Mohamed peace be upon him
Who came as a bless from God
To maintain the road
Gabriel came with the message
To show Him the passage
To purity and integrity
For the guidance of the human race
From Makkah he set out with the message of peace
He left one early morning to Maddinah
to the city of holiness
to establish the best civilization
That man ever witnessed
He came to fill the place
With justice and fairness
Where people lived in peace
And with the right to live and say
He built the perfect human paradise on earth
Your companions were the best
They took the message and finished with the rest
Over hills, deserts and oceans
Far to India and China and to the Alps
They took the holy word all over earth
To the whole universe
Messengers of peace and love
Messengers of civilization
To all human nations
From your city, peace be upon you
Sprang out the light
A pleasure for the human delight

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

A Strange Dream

It was just a dream, a strange dream
It was a dream, only a dream,
That I saw the elephant in the streets of Khartoum
Walking with a leisurely pace
Leaning on a big stick and a smile on his face

Then in McDonald's, I saw the crocodile
Having a snack and tea, with milk by the Nile

I saw the monkey in the barbers' shop, on the hill
Cutting hair of a young customer, with great skill
Drawing beautiful whiskers, but with a heavy bill

I saw the frog in a dark corner, sipping Coca Cola
Elegant in his new green shirt, with a wide collar
And a red tie dangling from his short neck, with a shining colour
Smoking Cuban Cigar with great pleasure
As if he got all the world's treasure

I saw the fox playing very hard
a tennis game with the rooster
In the goat's backyard

It was just a dream
That I saw the caterpillar
In love affair with the cockroach
In a public bathroom
in the city of Khartoum

It was a dream, just a dream
To see the giraffe as an emcee
Serving coffee with hot cream
To the rhino and his hippo spouse
With a thick lipstick in her mouth

It was a dream, to collect my clothes
From a laundry skillfully run by the dog
The cashier was a young frog
In her latest fashion

A silk blouse and skirt of cotton
From Christian Dior
Elegant in her Parisian style
Happy, with beautiful smile
on her face

Then I saw the bitch
Mating on the beach
With only one male! !
What a horrible a tale?

I also saw the snail
In his armored cover
So clever
Licking ice-cream with chocolate flavor

Then I saw all the animals gathering in the forest
Celebrating the marriage of the hyena and gazelle
The lion was there,
On his royal chair
The crow was leading the choir

It was a happy event of marriage
Then the bride and the bridegroom
Were politely invited by the raccoon
To spend their honeymoon
In his marvelous home
In the outskirts of Khartoum

And I saw a fleet of birds congregating in a morning prayer
Led by the owl with green spectacles
With a long-tanned beard
And a great turban on his bald head
Muttering secret words from a book that he read

Then it was a pleasure to see the salmon fish
In the court of law playing the role of judge
Young and full of hope
With a white wig on her head and a reddish robe

Then I saw the shark flying a jumbo jet
From Guantanamo to Philippines with great wit

Escorted by crews of crows serving tea with mint

I saw the rat dating the cat
In her modern luxurious saloon
In the outskirts of Khartoum
Where they sat down reading Alice in the Wonderland
Happily, cracking peanuts in Pooks
And sometimes cracking dirty jokes

I saw the lion and the tiger
But frankly, I did not see the fox
Together they were running a dialogue
About the metaphysical elements in modern poetry
And post-war drama in Broadway theatres
They also talked about the BLUES
Of Langston Hughes
With reference to NY and Harlem
But with different views
About Fukuyama's End of History
And later, they dealt with some Chemistry
The problem with the carbon dioxide
They also talked about Dr. Jackle and Mr. Hide

I saw the turtle and the rabbit on the CNN on a chat
Running a dialogue about peace on earth
Philosophizing the fate of the human faith
Exploring the Digital Native Concepts
Sorry for the Digital Refugees and the Digital Migrants
They were trying hard with positive words
To Solve the Digital Divide of the Third World
And fill the Gap of Education
Among all the Human Nations
On earth

And the last of my dreams were happy dreams
That I saw human beings
With happiness on their black, red and white faces
Yes, I saw all the human races

The Sudanese were there, too! !
Women in their beautiful thobes
And men in their white fluffy robes

Children with different ages and hopes

All were busy with others

Stitching the Ozone Layer with Golden Needles

And planting seeds of love in the sea deserts

Watering them with their teardrops

Yes, with their own teardrops.

Then I saw the seeds grow faster with plenty of crops

I saw them picking up fruits from the stars

With different taste, size and colours

And giving them freely, to the poor children of the world

Including the children of Darfur

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

You Were Different

I -hereby- confess,
that I loved many women
Some were so hot
Some were shy and a bit cold
But you were different
Because you were temperate and bold
I loved women
Some were tall
Some were very tall
But you were different among them all
You were the bless of the soul
You were sophisticated and highly refined
And you were the rest of the mind
I loved women
Some white girls
Sweeter than nightingales
Some with dark pigmentation
The most beautiful in their generations
But you were different
You were the pride of the nation
I loved women
Some were beautiful
In fact, some were very beautiful
So I loved them for their beauty
And some were witty
In fact, all of them were very witty
But still you were different
You were the ideal my dear wife
And the best deal in my life

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Worry Not My Child

The last time I saw him
There he slept in peace
In calmness
With a smile on his face
In his wooden case
Where he stopped the breath
To set off into the silent silence of eternity

The body was brought by plane
Secured with heaven's hand
To be buried with ancestors in his land
The land that he always loved
But did not enjoy its fresh air
Or did not drink its fresh water

The land that he wanted to walk on its dusty roads
And eat in its cheap restaurants a local meal
And so as to cherish the taste of the food,
And enjoy its feel,

He would use his bare hand and lick his five fingers
And drink the tea with spicy gingers
Under the Neem tree in the Nile Avenue
That was him, Ibrahim
My young brother who passed away
And stealthy left our world without a say

In his exile
Could he have stayed for a while?
To bid a goodbye,
And embrace his mom
And inhale her perfume deeply in his lungs
Could he have hugged his daddy for the last time?
And shed tears on his shoulders?
Could he bid a farewell to his daughters?
Saria, Taif and Jennan
Could he give an advice to Ahmed his son?
And could he say anything to his kin?
Old and young, boys and girls, women and men?

Then go back to his cold wooden coffin! !
Could he have delayed his journey?
But he was eager to go
We all know that he was eager to go
The ugly plane, from Cairo to Khartoum
Landed in a sadly gloomy day
Then he was marched to his last stay
Unable to say
The farewell....
To his Mom
To his Dad
To his friends
To his son and his daughters
To his sisters and brothers
May Allah bless his soul?
And mercy be on his body and spirit

We are sad to miss you,
We are sad that you did not tell us in any way
That you were on your last Journey to eternity
And now we are all helpless
How to tell your young mistress
How her daddy feels in his coffin
But I just 'Worry Not My child'
You daddy is happy and on his way to Heaven

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Mohammed - Peace Be Upon You

Had I met him, fourteen hundred years,
I would have washed his feet with my tears
Had I met him fourteen hundred years
I would have dropped all my fears
And embraced the eternal happiness, in his holy presence
And I would have my ears, hearing only his holy utterance
Had I been there, I would have all the pleasure
of my face buried in his holy bright face
And had my soul on his hands with all grace
I would have the faith, all the faith
Then I would have been the happiest on earth
Had I lived his time, I would have had the best company of man
The best of all human race
He was the chosen, the honest, the honorable
Who came to our worldly world, like a morning breeze
Like an angel to please, and with ease,
He was there to sweep away, all our human miseries
With his holy hands and his divine smile
He was the bliss on the earth
And the comfort for all human souls
He came to relieve and cure our pains
He came, a shining sun
To nourish our spirits with blessings
And fill us with delight
And wash all the plight
of our souls and bodies and spirits
Because he was the Prophet,
Because he was the light
Peace Be Upon Him

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Did The Elephant Fly Or The Rhino Lay Eggs?

I feel sad as sadness could be
Cause I'm afraid that one day;
I may not be able to say;
To my grandchildren, why animals deserted our planet
And why all birds fled away

I am afraid to give a lie
As I would be sorry not to justify
How the African elephant had disappeared?
And why?
And how the African elephant looked like?
Was the African elephant as heavy as a fly?
Was the African elephant as big as a frog?
Or did it simply look like a dog?

I would feel very sorry not to justify
How fish disappeared from the sea?
As there is no fish in the sea
No longer they could see

I wonder, what I would say to my grandchildren!
When they would ask me some years to come
And to talk to them about animals
and teach them some beautiful tales
How beautiful those animals were!
But what knowledge do you think I would share! !

What should I say, plz tell me?
Just tell me
What my answer should be?
When they would ask me
And insist to know all about Zebra
Was a Zebra as huge as a nuclear plant?
And was it as clever as an ant?
Was it as fat as a rat?
But I could only say it was black and white
With distinctive stripes

Then my wisdom would not serve me that day

It would escape me and let me unable to say
How big the elephant was?
Could I tell them it was as big as their school?
Then what about the giraffe?
Could I say some of them were short?
And some of them were tall?
Is it enough to say they were coloured
With black and yellow and white spots
And they could run as fast as your car
But not faster than the Tiger or the Jaguar?

And what should I tell them about the lion?
He was said to be the King of all animals! !
Was it true?
I am afraid not to be able to define the lion
Did it fly like a U.S fighting airplane?
Or was it as fierce as a Russian submarine?

Retajj, my granddaughter, might want to know
All about crocodiles
How they happened to disappear from the Nile?
Could I say that they had evaporated like water in the sun?
Or could I tell her that to heaven, they had all gone?
Or could I say that they were just stolen by someone?

And Lojjain, another young lady
Might want to know all about Rhinos! !
Were they like birds laying eggs?
And were their eggs as big as rocks?
Were they like human beings walking on two legs?
Did the Rhinos eat butter and bread?
And did they enjoy milk with hot chocolate?
Were they white, black or brown?
Was a rhino so strong to tear down a big tree?
With its magic horn when he was made angry
And was he so brave to fight
even-his shadow in the night?

Ahmed, my grandson,
He is a smart boy, with a vision
And wide i-m-a-g-i-n-a-a-a-tion
He will need explannnnnnations

Very good explannnnnnations,
And scientific justificaaaaaaations,
From the whole world, from the whole nations
To tell him how the sharks disappeared from the oceans?
And the dolphin, friendly and clever was said to be?
And was it true that she did save many drowning souls
Then how did it happen that we have killed them all?

Oh, my dear human comrades, it would be too late
To answer such questions, but try at any rate,
For the sake of these generations, just try
To give answers for their W.H.Y.
Yes, human comrades, TRY with a T.R.Y
For the sake of grandsons and granddaughters
You need to wade the deepest waters
To fish answers and justify...
And clearly tell them why,
Why the fish deserted the sea?
And why the forests are void of chimpanzee?
And why is the sky,
Free of birds that used to fly?
And why is the soil poor of plants?
Insects, rats and poor of ants
WHY and WHY?
You need to justify,

Why the world is bare of green trees
And why the trees are bare of fruit and leaves?
You need to say where all the forests had gone?
Then, since you won't be able to answer this quizz,
Of those beautiful kids, so quit, plz

You would better spare them their earth
As they might be able to restore HER health
And that beautiful world again
And they might raise the beautiful life
That had once been before the war
Rich with green trees, singing birds, colorful fish,
With animals, full with happiness and rich
And that would be their second Birth
On a second Earth

Freedom Is A State Of Mind

I am a helpless bird in this cage
It is my home prison
And for no good reason
It is a half metre range
It is strange
So strange! !
And beyond my sight is the blue sky
Beyond my reach ranges too high
And above my head is the roof
That I can touch with my head
It is always there, as the only proof
That I am a prisoner in a half metre cage
For an age
When I beat my wings to fly
To fathom the sky
The thin wire will pull me down
Back to my cage
To drown in my rage
But still,
And although I am so lonely and ill
Still,
I can sing with full happiness
My lovely melody of freedom
I care not for the cage
I can live another age
I do never look behind
I am always happy and free
As freedom is a state of mind

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

To Abdurhaman And Sakeena On Thier Happy Wedding

MY SON

Now you are a married couple, my son
All your dreams have come true
Your wife, like moon
In her full bloom
And you are her sun my son
Both happy and full with fun

Exploring the pleasure of marriage
Filled with rashness, full with courage
You will see how beautiful your wife is
And since you are enjoying the lovely moments,
Everything will seem at ease
She will be happy to please,
To please only you
And the same you will have to do

Then together
You will go to measure
The secret treasure
Of marriage pleasure
This is natural my son
As all new couples should run
With great fun
To tear the pleasures of life
Grasping every moment
To happiness you will to strive
Together with your wife

You need to be her only man
Then she will be your faithful mistress
Then you will sit down and think
Where to build your home
Where to stay or where to roam
And which way you should take
When to sleep and when to wake
Then about children you will talk

You will dispute about the names of the boy
And the names of the girl as well
Then it would be your favourite tale
As to which school they would need to go

You will sit down to think of your future plan
Full with dreams for a long long life span
And I am sure my son
You will attain all your goals
As you are both wise and smart
To play your roles
Of husband and wife
To lead a peaceful life

But my son life is not that easy
And not that always fine
As - sometimes -you may need to pine
It is not always that bright
So you will need to fight

Sakeena is a fine lady that I really know
She is beautiful, smart and daring too
She will be your right hand
For that - I am sure - she is capable to

So together you will need to go
Hand in hand
Over thorny hills
In the rough seas
On the moving sand
Or down across the land

You will walk the long errand of life
So take care of your wife
Be her faithful husband
Be her loving mother
Be her caring father
Be her dearest sister
Be her nearest brother
Be all her family
Let her dwell in your heart

Be the hero
Then be her loving hart

And then together you go to strive
Through the iron gates of life*

It is every moment that you need to enjoy
To build a kingdom of love and joy
So be her little boy
Be her toy
Be her soul
Then she will all
Be your lovely doll

* For Andrew Marvell (1621-1678) , in (His Coy Mistress)

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Floyd Pleaded For Oxygen

Floyd under the cop's knees
Pleaded twelve times,
Twelve times to breathe
He asked for the cheap air
But the cop was unfair
As he denied him the oxygen
The free gift of the Lord
And continued to press on the spinal cord
And beneath, Floyd could not afford
His soul began to leak from the body
Slowly leaking from the body
And gasping for the last breath,
He saw his creeping death
He was forced to the ground
Uttering a fading sound
But the cop continued to press on his neck
While another cop by the side
Showing all the pride
In his official American suit
Marching up and down in his heavy boots
Playing with his gun on his waist,
Ready to shoot
Under the witness of the whole American nation
The man lost his soul
For no good reason
But for the blackness of his face
That was all the case
Oh. My Lord. Bless all of us
And bless the black human race
It is a pity to lose your soul
For mere pigmentation
Under the eye of the laws
of the biggest nation
Masters of the earth! !
So Floyd who was an athlete,
And who was smart, friendly and tall
Lost his soul
Because of the color of his face
And because of the color of your face

Here you will lose your case
And because of the color of your eye
Here you may simply die
For mere bad reason,
Not for real treason
But of the fear of the lack of air
You may run short of breath
And face your death

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The African Poet

The African Poet

Who but you to shoulder the burden
of the parentless children?
Who but you to care for women
lost their sons, lost their men?
Who but you to care for the young maid,
lost her loving mate?
And they would never meet
Who but you to care for the homeless?
Displaced in the darkness?
Sisyphus' boulder on your back
The pains of all the black
But Diogenes' lamp in your right hand
To guard our children and defend the land
Who but you the African Poet?
To be the source of wisdom and hope?
And our last resort where to flee
And be free
When the land is short to accommodate my race
And when they face the angry sea
Then, your words will be the Zulu's spears
In the tyrant hearts and in their ears
You the African poet, it is your fate
To dry all the tears
And wade with words to restore the peace
And get me back to the old place
To enjoy life among my race.
Among my race.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

My Wife

My wife

You are the essence of my life

My free space

Where no one could dare to trace

Or follow my pace

My wife

you are my own place

Where I hang all my faults

And keep my secrets

And hide my face

My wife

You are my holy place

Where I fully enjoy myself

As no one dare disturb my peace

And where I secure my soul

When the dark moments roll over me and roll

Then my wife you are the wall

My tall wall, safe wall

Where to lean, when tired and sick of all

My wife,

You are my last resort before I fall

In fact you did never let me fall

The bearer of my beautiful ones

Beautiful girls and beautiful sons

And the bearer of my secrets too,

they are with tons

You are my favourite song

That I like to sing

During all seasons

Winter, summer, fall and spring

You are still the melody

That stealthily leaks with art

Into my veins, then into my heart

To soothe all my pains

My wife

You are the flame

When darkness is difficult to tame

And when I am -alone- to blame

You come to defend my name

From any notorious fame
And that is your favourite game
You always like to play
As my akin twin
Whether I lose or win
My wife
You are the pair of my soul
And the remedy for my family as a whole
Remedy for the child when she cries
Remedy for the old when she wants to rise
Remedy for the young to appease
Remedy for the sick to release
And for the guest to feel at ease
And for the friend when sad to please
You are for the lost to guide to his goal
And you are ready to give them all
And respond for any immediate call
In the mid night
Or during the light
or in the middle of the fight
You are always there with advice
And you are always right
My wife...you are always right!
You are the one
Who never says 'No'
In summer or snow
Oh, my wife
You are the twin of my life
My valued treasure
My happiness that no one could measure
You are the source of all pleasure

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The Boy On The Wheelchair

Your smiling face
Does not tell all the tale
And does not say how you really feel
On your chair, on the rolling wheel! !

You always come to my class
With a cheerful face
That could never let me guess
How you feel on your wheelchair
The fact that sets me on fire
Of sympathy in my heart
And curiosity in my mind
That looks too blind
To understand how happy you look
When you look in your book

Some people may not understand
Why you are so happy?
But I have known all about your goals
And how you work in the school

Your happy face
Can make me guess
How your dreams are high
Like eagle in the sky
Your smiling face
Can make me guess
How your wheelchair
Is but a throne of a King
A real king
Your wheelchair - in fact - is so dear
To my soul. Oh, Sir

When I see you on your way,
Wheeling to the school
I wonder and unable to guess
How you-daily-overcome this mess! !
With such flow of happiness

I always see you among your mates
With happy smiles
You defeat your fate
Though you could never set your feet
On the hard face of the street

I always see happy faces around your wheelchair
Racing to catch the turn to push your Up stairs
As if you are a King, or at least the leader of the choir

You laugh from your heart
And they laugh from their hearts
And I feel it in the heart of my heart
A piece of music, a piece of art
Where lad, do you come with all this shining face?
To disperse happiness
To the whole human race
In my class?

You-early-use to come to it
In the first row, you always sit
With full attention and with wit
And carefully listen to what is said
Ready to ask the right question
And keen to take some notes
And ready to share with your mates
Ideas and votes

So you were always the best
And still, the best of the rest
Your fine manners
Would never escape my sight
I see you always fight
Following your lessons day and night
With all your might
To attain what you deserve
As your human right
You really make me feel true sense of pride
Carried by your charming tide
Tide of happiness
From your wheelchair
You are the most inspiring soul

To me, my dear

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The Housemaid

I am the housemaid
I am the last to go to bed
At the late night
And the first to wake up
Before the day light
I am the one to check everything
And keep all at my sight

I am to lock the shutter
And open the curtains in summer
And make the fire of winter
And always keep to the gate
And wait
For the dog to come in
From HIS evening walk
And wait for the cat
To finish HER game with the rat

Then I have to make the breakfast
Ready for everyone in the house
But for delay
I am the one to blame and denounced

I am the one, the lady would ask
About her brown pair of shoes
And the master would inquire
About his polished boots
And the young mistress, about her suit
and would ask about her new dress
And the young master, you can guess
He would ask about the stuff of his sport
And his T-shirt
I am the one who would remove all their dirt

I am the one, everyone would call
As if I am the only human soul
Who would immediately respond to the whole
But they would not wait to get the answer
So, I have to respond quicker and faster

I would open the garage
For the lady for work to go
And wait for the big master
As his turn soon would draw

Then the young lady and the boy would call
To escort them to school
To carry their bags and their tools
And I must always keep clean and cool
And ready to answer all questions
And then back to feed them all

I have to feed all the folk! !
With different taste of dishes
To satisfy all their wishes
Different meals I have to cook
But always a subject of their mock

I have also to entertain the guests
Upon the master's request
I am the one to manage his wealth
And keep his family's health

And since I am said to have a good voice
I should have to sing some melodies to the boys
So, they would not disturb or weep
But peacefully soothed to sleep
I have the little girl whom to please and talk
And I have the dog, for the evening walk
And still
I am the only one who is not allowed to get ill
I am not allowed to get sick
As the rod is spared for me and the big stick

So, I just need to close my door and weep
Weep and weep, with silent voice
That I have always to keep

Then I shed my hot tears
Very hot tears
And lonely go to sleep

And embrace all my fears

I am the housemaid
Who is made to sweep off
All sadness of your lives
And not allowed to grieve
But always have to strive

I am the housemaid
Who is to keep your family happy and tight
I am the guard of your dreams at night
But my own dreams, I have them to hide
And washed away with the first ebb or tide

I am the housemaid
The first to wake up
At the early morning light
To start the daily fight
And the last one to go to bed
In the late midnight

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Eagle On Top

Despite your authority
And despite my pains
Despite the long captivity
And despite the chains
Despite my inability to refrain
Despite all restrains
Despite your limitless might
I will continue to fight
For my rights
And will remain
Like a free eagle on the top
of the Marah Mountain*
I will remain
The sky above is mine
The valley, the air as well
And the vast plain

* Marah is a mountain in Darfur

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

To Doctor Islam

Now my daughter
You have just left your lovely school seat
Although it is difficult to leave your schoolmate
But this is your fate
And this is what you have been trained to meet

Our congrats from mom, sister, brothers and me
And many congrats from the whole family
That you have got your medical degree
So you are now educated and more free
To read and learn in your field
And assimilate all the knowledge
The human mind was ready to yield

You have got your medical degree
And ready to treat all human illness
With carefulness

So in work you will see the rich,
Bragging with his wealth
And the penniless as well
But your job is to be nice to both
When they are helpless and ill
As both are looking for health

So when a patient comes to your Kingdom
He is there to seek your medical wisdom
Sickness is a moment of real human helplessness
So you need to be equipped with all the kindness

You need to be sympathetic and very nice
And ready to give the right medical advice

Sometimes a patient may only need your smile
That would be like magic from the first while
To cure him immediately from his vile

To some patients you may just prescribe more fluids
Dehydration is the cause of health deterioration

And the cause of death among the children of all the nations
So your patients may need only this simple medication

Some patients may only need to sport themselves for a week
With a half hour walk, they may no longer need the stick
They may get recovery through a game or a football kick

Some patients may only need to increase their vegetable meals
With some more fruit they may dismiss all the bills
Some patients may only need someone to talk to
And make their company
So do it as possible as you could do

You may prescribe water, vegetables, fresh air or more fruit
or a stay under the sunbeam
Or prescribe a run or a little time for a swim

My girl, you are now a physician
But to patients you are the magician
Who is ready to wipe all their pains
With only one magical touch
So you will need to do them well
As their expectations on you are so much

You always need to refine your knowledge
And every day improve your medical skills
Check your patients from head to heel
And go through the body with a kind human feel
This will immediately help them to heal

Money should not be your aim in life
But human souls you need to revive
Then the happiest person you will be
When you see your patients healthy and alive
And ready to live and survive

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Maya Angelou: You Will Remain Phenomenal

Maya Angelou, you are original
Exceptional,
So, you are phenomenal

Because you cannot hide,
that beautiful smile on your face
And you cannot hide your perfume
That fills all the space
And travels hundreds of miles
Because it is all original
So you are exceptional

You are phenomenal
Because of your style
The way you talk,
the fashionable way you walk,
an arrogant she-peacock
So men cannot help but to gaze and look
gaze and look, and Still, still
They will never be able to tell
Why you are so phenomenal

And Ladies, too
would continue to wonder
Why you are so phenomenal
Because they do not see
How you are so cute
And how fashionable you look
In your stylish suit
And how graceful is your foot
In your graceful boot

Ladies also do not see
the span of your hips
And the pearls uttered from your curled lips
Because you are so original
So you are phenomenal

And no wonder that men

Do not realize how you're so cool
When you get into their rooms
Like the mistress in the school
So they all
Suddenly fall,
Down on their knees
And swing about you like honey bees
Because you are the loveliest flower
That had ever trodden their floor

Men adore the beauty of your eyes
in fact they adore the secrets in your eyes
Where you hide seven hundred of skies
So let them fall down like butterflies
To kiss your feet
And let them die when you dance and shake your waist

Because you are exceptional
So you are phenomenal
But still men do not see
the mystery in you
they are blind or pretend to be so
They are not smart enough,
In fact they are stupid, too
To see beyond their physical mind
Yes, they are simply deaf & blind

But they can see now why you are so proud
Because they have just come to understand
Why your head is always upward
And why you behave like a lord
Because you are beautiful smart and slim
And decisive like a sword

They have just known
Why you don't shout
or jump about
Although you can all afford

Maya,
Because you are so exceptional
You will always remain phenomenal

And you will remain phenomenal
Because you are simply, smart and proud
And the most beautiful among the whole crowd

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Liverpool Slave Port

Although Liverpool was late in entering the slave trade, but she quickly surpassed London and Bristol to become the number one slave port in the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century.

Liverpool,
Liverpool you were the gate to hell
So, I hate you as I hate London,
Nantes and New York as well
Every piece of me does boil with hate
As through your gate
My black race were put to fate
Their awful luck on your soil
And spent all their lives to toil
To make your wealth
And bring your health
Your hate is in every pore in my flesh
In the run of my blood, and it is always fresh
You slave trader, cruel traitor! !
My black race were driven into your dirty ports
Under the view of your very judges and your courts
They were forced into slavery
Driven in your merciless, unfriendly, slippery roads
Enslaved and smuggled by day and night
Through your hideous tunnels and secret docks
Naked Children clinging to naked mothers' breasts
They had to walk all the way and would never rest
Women and men all were chained
Hand to hand or cuffed foot to foot
Like cattle, they were hooked
By a burly piece of wood
Salty sweat ran into their eyes
And hundreds of grimy flies
Bite their skinny faces and broken thighs
They were all naked
And the feet were bare
And none a piece of cloth to wear
Then, they were auctioned in your market place
Like animals not like a human race
And they were to be dispersed in every space

To build your British Great Empire
And they did...
In the plain or in the mire
They did the heavy job in the farms
Built bridge and built the dams
They cut the wood for the winter's fire
And cooked the delicious food
For the master and all his neighborhood
Only one girl in the master's house
She was the only black maid
Who was made to wake up the first
And the last to go to bed
All broken from foot to head
Oh, Liverpool
Your dirty history can never be bygone
And because of the harm you have done, to the black race,
You will be forgiven by none! !

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

From Africa To America

It was an early morning in my village
When I left my family in their cottage
And stealthily went, as to be the first
To fetch some fruit, from the forest

My village peacefully slept under the mountain
Enjoying the healthy air and the generous rain
Where my tribe had been living for years
Everything was grown and shared with peers
Our farms were rich with types of grains
And the good sky did never cease to rain

So, our stores were full with types of food
For family and everyone in the neighborhood
We were rich and rich enough
We had beautiful girls to love
Ready to give children, birth after birth
We were the happiest men on earth

Our villages in peace did they remain
With green plains and continuous rains
The tribe wellbeing was maintained
By wise women and bravest men

We had time to love, to wed and time to fight
We had time to sing under the moon's bright light
And we had time to grow and enjoy the food
And time to converse and dance in the wood

We had the learning to raise the cattle
And plenty of arts and wood to whittle.
We had the time to go to battle
We were able to read
And we were able to write

We know arithmetic and religion, too
We had time to worship the God
In only ONE we believed, not in two
Our elders had time for beautiful tales

To teach the boys and the girls
and we had skills to treat the ails.

We learned to count our cattle and sheep
We knew when our crops were ready to reap
We had the skills to get water from the deep earth
And the knowledge to tell the coming of birth

We knew all about stars in the sky
We knew how to cook and bake the pie
And all about the wealth in the ground
And how to decipher the echo of the sound

So when we beat our drums during the night
That was to make ready for a fight
And when we beat our drums during the day
That was to celebrate a wedding day

But when we send the smoke signs to our kin
So we would never be taken by sudden
It was to tell the advance of some enemies
And be ready for the fighting ceremonies

So we had a culture when you came to our land
And took our races chained hand in hand
To plant cotton and sugar on your sand
Millions of black fellows had long to stand
Under the burning sun, they were to remand
Som when your white ships anchored at our coast
Everything had gone with the wind and we were lost
With your guns you came to hunt men and boast
And displaced my race to paying the heaviest cost

That was one early morning and that was my last day
When I last saw the green plains where I used to play
In a slave ship across the Atlantic I made my way
To the new world with historical dismay
Where we were displaced, enslaved and forced to stay

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Step Down General Basheer

Step down
From the chest of my nation
Step down
From the back of my town
Step down
From my people's chest
it is time for the nation to rest
Mr. President
Step down and disperse
From earth
We want to see no more of your face
And no more breath
We have come to the end of the race
It is the end of the race
Mr. President
Step down
Release your dirty boot
From my people's foot
From our throats
Rest your gun
And you'd better run! !
Run Mr. President
Since there is no more fun
And there is no more time
To commit any more crime
Mr. President
Step down
Stop shooting and killing our race
Step down
And dismiss from space
Step down
It is too vile
We'll wait not for a while
But march to freedom
And drink from the Nile
Our Freedom sip
And walk
To finish the trip
Mr. President

Step down
We've refreshed our souls again
With fresh blood in every vein
In the veins of the nation
Women and men and children

Mr. President
Step down
Our blood has gone drained
And sank into the deep sand
To water our poor land
And enrich our soil
Like the tears of our kids
With drying lips
Rotting lips
And broken hips
From lack of milk and human tips
Our blood sank deep
To quench our thirsty land
Ad enrich the sand
Mr. President
Step down
step down from my people's throat
Into your sinking boat
it is late
In fact, it is too late
To face your fate
To face your terrible fate

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Long Walk To Freedom

Pome by Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

- Dedicated for the Young CAMP Walkers in Sudan
- Dedicated to Dr. Abdemoinm Ali Yagoup

Wait not for freedom
For freedom do not wait
Just walk and haste
Do not be late
It will never come to knock your gate
And will never be served on plate
So, it is your fate, to walk to freedom my son
To have your freedom done,
You will have to walk or would better run
Towards and beyond the Sun
tossing your head in the air
Like an eagle, you never look down
You never yield to the ground
Your eyes, a Greyhound's **
Would never miss his prey
But looks forward
Towards his reward
With sharp eyes
Able to pierce through the midnight
And ready to fight
Freedom - my son - is your right
It is your natural right
But it is far and high
Far as the red star in the sky
But, it is within your reach
If you are keen to walk and fetch

- Long Walk to Freedom: Autobiography of Nelson Mandela
- Greyhound: Noble race of hunting dogs

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Lovely Creature

I love your features
I love all your gestures
Cause I love the future
Since I love you, so I love the nature
I love you
I love this creature

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Years & Tears

Sudanese were suffering since the military coup of 1989 by Omar Albasheer.

Millions of tears
Were shed at all spheres
Tears of children
Tears of mothers
Tears of fathers
Tears of friends
And tears of lovers
Tears of women
And tears of men
All were shed
To water the sand
Of our land
Tears of miseries
Unprecedented through all human histories
Years after years
And your tyrant gun
tearing our men
You kill for fun
playing a game of hit and run
To disperse the rest of our race
In every space
Years after years
With millions of tears
And still your boot on our faces
And your machines eliminate all the races
From the face of our land
And uprooting happiness from the sand
Uprooting all the races
human beings and animals and birds
Races of plant species
With merciless brutality
To castrate fertility
You kill to eradicate our race
From the face of the earth
And bury our date of birth
To dismiss us
From the book of registry

From the book of the human history
But we will cling to live and stay
Like our tears rooted
In the deep sand of our land
To fight for the rights of our children
For rights of women and men
For freedom night and day
To keep Darfur a human paradise
We will never give away
But will cling to live and stay

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Why Are You Sad?

Oh, poor lad
Why do you always look so sad?
Your face does never show any smile
And you did never look happy or glad
Not even for a while
Is sadness your life style?
Why are you always sad?
My dear lad!
He said, 'Sir, it was all my fault
'Because I slept
So, the car had leapt
To crush into the truck
And for my bad luck
Only for my bad luck
I killed my lovely duck
I killed my lovely Mom
Who used to take me by the hand*
And lead me over the sea or on the land
Into wisdom, joy and sense.
She left me like a child with no defense*
Alas, I lost my Mom
Then I lost my lovely home
I was the only one to blame
Since then I'm on an everlasting flame
But although in her lonely grave,
She still wants me not to grieve
And that I have long beautiful days to live
She did never leave me
Me, she would never leave
She always remains my Mom
Although in her lonely grave
She is still my dome and my secret room
As she had once been my love & home'

*Michael Leunig

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Step Down

Mr. President
Step down
From the chest of my nation
Step down
From the back of my town
Step down
From my people's chest
it is time for the nation
to get to rest

Mr. President
Step down and disperse
From our earth
We want see no more of your face
And no more of that breath
We have come to the end of the race
It is the end of the race

Mr. President
Step down
Release your dirty boot
From my people's foot
Rest your gun
And you'd better run! !
Run Mr. President
Since there is no more fun
And there is no more time
To commit one more crime

Mr. President
Step down
Stop shooting and killing our race
Step down
And dismiss from every space
Step down
It is too vile
We'll wait not for a while
But march to freedom
And drink from the Nile

Our Freedom sip
And walk
To finish the trip

Mr. President
Step down
We've refreshed our souls again
With fresh blood in every vein
In the veins of the nation
in the veins of women and men
And in the veins of our children

Mr. President
Step down
Our blood has gone drained
And sank into the deep sand
To water our poor land
And enrich our soil
Like the tears of our kids
With drying lips
From lack of milk and human tips
Our blood has sunk deep
Like tears of women with rotting ribs
And broken hips

Mr. President
Step down
step down from my people's throat
Into your sinking boat
But alas, Mr. President, it is very late
In fact, it is too late
To face your fate
To face your terrible fate

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

River Nile

River Nile

Oh, River Nile!

You run like a silver chain

Through the green African plains

You did never stop or restrain

And you did never complain

On the desert you run,

Under the burning sun

You run

In winter, you run

Like a sheet of gold

Rich with stories and rich with fun

And millions of secrets, yet untold

River Nile, where do you come from?

From heaven or paradise?

Or from a holy fountain, you rise?

You were running millions and millions of years

With full might shedding no tears

With abundance of waters

You share over all spheres

You did never rest for a while

But running thousands of miles and miles

Happy and generous Oh, River Nile!

Accommodating the fish and the crocodile

You run from country to country

From century to century

You give with kindness

And your gifts have reached

The poor villagers on the banks

The herdsmen and peasantry

You give without ranks

Or wait for thanks

Then through cities you run

Untired but happy and full of fun
Your gifts are unlimited
Everywhere they have gone

You run from Tana, your start station
To the Delta with no hesitation
Carrying the blessing of the nations
To Nubian and Egyptian
Your holy water, to the rich and the poor
is inoculation

Your White Branch comes from Victoria
Through the forests of Equatoria
Then runs to meet the Blue Nile
Coming from Abyssinia
Elegant and proud in his style
From the plateau above
Then you with all the love
Meet in Khartoum, and both
March towards the North

On your banks grow millions of vegetation
Plant species and animal populations
Harmoniously live with human nations

Then from Victoria to Khartoum in the Sudan
You meet the Blue Nile like a loving couple
Then together you make your journey to Aswan
To the Mediterranean you make your great travel

You the White Nile
From Victoria you start your march
From hill to hill and from valley to valley
You cross the borders
You give no orders
But peacefully run, you are never harsh
Through Equatoria to the Savanna
To the edge of the Desert in Khartoum
Where you are received as a bridegroom
Always calm, childish and polite
Full of manners and civilized

Blameless as you easily run
Flood-less on your banks
To enable the poor fisherman
Collect his net full with fish
And the child to get his herd
To drink from your generous dish

So you together meet at Khartoum
Then embrace each other
As darling lovers
As babies embraced by their mothers
Then like a married couple in their first day
You meet with the Blue Nile then run away
In your honeymoon
Both to the North
With your endless force

You the Blue Nile, you are always young
Rough and masculine
Fierce and furious and always ready to sway
Your enemy
So you push the White Nile back to make your way
Then run to the North with no delay
Through the desert in the North of Sudan

So the Blue is always rough with you,
You harmless White Nile
You are always kind and wise, too
Like an old man with his naughty son
Together agreed to Egypt, you run

Through the Nubian Civilization
Where three hundred Pyramids witness
And guard the nation
You head to North to the Sea
Carrying the Sudanic culture
To the world to see
From Nebtta and Merowe,
from Karma and the Barkal
Through Dongla through the desert you flee
To the Sea

To the world, you carry the Nubian civilization
A token of friendship
To human population
Then Nile with full motion and emotions
You tell the story of the Sudanese greatest nation

River Nile,
Your banks stand to tell our great history
From Piye, the black Pharaoh
and all his family tree
Whose empire extended from Khartoum
To Mediterranean Sea
Who stood against the bloodthirsty of Assyrians
Saving Jerusalem from enemy
El Kurru, Nuri, and Meroë all stand
As witness of great history
Great deeds crowned by the Mahadi with his victory

The old temples stand strong and fair
with Mosques Minarets
Shooting high in the air
For Allah Akbar to travel free
Through the atmosphere
To reach human beings everywhere
To herald the Dervish victory
on the British Empire
And across
Stood the Church with the Cross
You can hear the bell on Sunday
And the Mosques send the calls
of prayers on Friday
They together stand as symbols
Of true religious integration
Among the Sudanic nation

As if Nile you want to say there is space
For all human faith
For all human race
To live happily on the face of your earth
Space for all human race
for Africans,
for the Arabs,

for the Coptics,
for the Jews,
for the Christians
And the Muslims as well
All happily live on your banks
Devoid of race prejudice or social ranks

Boats sailing along your generous shores
With plenty of food to the rich and the poor
The fishermen go back home
Happy and thankful to your generous hand
And the farmers happy with
the soil of their land
They grow once and harvest twice through the year
With plenty of food to spare
and nothing they have to fear

Women and children kings and fools
All human beings happily crop
from your unlimited pools

How many civilizations did you witness?

The Greeks

The Roman,

The Nubian,

The Kushian,

The Turkish,

The French,

The English,

The Pagan,

The Jewish,

The Christians

And the Muslim Dervish?

How many civilizations did you witness?

How many Kings and Queens asked your friendship?

And how many Pharaohs had had their trip?

How many Saints or Prophets had your grip?

Moses, Jesus, and other great men of God

All were to lead their disciples to the righteous roads

But some tyrants in the sea they were rot

Like a great father always kind to them all

Giving without waiting for thanks, at all
You are fair River Nile
And you are fair to the whole
The birds in the sky
And the animals on the banks
All have their share
The plants, the human and the fish
Your water still abundant and fresh

You had once been worshiped
Thousands of years ago
Brides were given as bribes
To appease your Ego
That you should not stop
But continue to flow

Oh River Nile, the Snake God you were said to be
All thankful to your daily run from South to North
like a never ending history
And of course
You did never change your course

The Churches' bells
And the Mosques Minarets
on your banks,
Send their calls and thanks
And both stand
As symbols of unity of the land
Shooting high with Allah Akbar in the air
Gracefully and fair
And you are still running River Nile
Proud and smart in your elegant style.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Hughes And The Blues

Oh, Hughes, Langston Hughes
Your BLUES inspired your race
To wake up and win the race
To keep on to Freedom and trace
Every corner in the space
The BLUES traveled over mountains,
Valleys and crossed the oceans
To all human nations
Heard over Mississippi and the Boston Bay.
Then all free men and women learned to believe and say
That we are born free
And endowed with the right to life
The freedom of where to live and strive
As man or woman, as husband and wife
And have the right to dream of the light of the day
The light that came from New Orleans
To the Bronx and Harlem, to New York City, too
Your songs brought your race, their identity
Your songs will live in eternity
To let them taste the sweet taste of freedom
With full human dignity

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Wait Not

'Gather quick out of darkness'
'All the songs you know'
'And throw them at the sun'
'Before they melt like snow' *
Sure opportunity does not come twice
so be wise
It will not wait for you
so you should know
It is like snow
If you do not run, will quickly melt in the sun
Simple physics as you know
Therefore, you have to go
And do what you have to do
What supposed to do
Wait not for anybody to tell you
What you need to do
Never wait for someone to tell you
Where to do so and so,
When to do so or so
And Why to do so or so
Life is short and opportunities, too
So gather quickly all that you can
And wait not for any woman or man
Let them hurry and follow your steps
And back you
And together cross the river
Enjoy the sweet life and forever
So, gather all your luck at once
And drink it in one sup
And drink even the dryness of the cup

*Langston Hughes

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Your Birthday

Happy Birthday
Some years ago
We celebrated your twenty-two
Today is your birthday
And you are still twenty-two
Next year we will celebrate
Your twenty-two
And hundred years to come
You will remain twenty-two
As age, does never tell on you
Age does never tell on you
You were as beautiful as toady
Smart and arrogant and tall
As a palm tree
Some years ago
We all used to say
That you were the star in the sky
Far, too impossible and so high
To reach
We used to say
You were the moon
In her full bloom
You were the phoenix
Every day with a new day
To remain the queen of all the hearts
And the rest for all the human souls
In fact you are the rest for the whole
And the whole at your feet
Because you are their Queen
And this is your due respect
Then, you are free to set free
Or captivate
Because you are the Queen
And free to do
Whatever you want to do
But let's now celebrate your new reign
As you are still the Queen
And still young,
Smart, tall and beautiful,

And still twenty-two
So happy birthday to you
Maha, happy birthday to you
At your twenty-two

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Granddaughters Newcomers

Retajj, the daughter of my son
Have just come to the world full with fun
And Lojjian the daughter of my daughter
Are received with milk gushed at your face and water
To celebrate your birthday
Granddaughters you have come to the world
To fill the vacuum
With some freshness and happiness at home
You are as smart and beautiful as your Moms
And gentle as your Dads
Grandma is happy for both
As if she is the one who gave your birth
All uncles, aunts, nephews and nieces
And all the kin and kith
Are all happy for your arrival
To add to the big family
Which has begun to grow with the third generation
To build the nation
So, you are adding one line in the grand book of history
And give strength, more to the family tree
And power to the country
Our all traditions run in your veins
To inject the family with fresh blood
Your names will be engraved with capital blocks in gold
You will enjoy your time among your loving race
And grow with full grace

Smart and tall like dads and beautiful Moms
Then you will both go to school
And granddaddy will be your school mate
He will wait for you at the gate
And will not regret whenever you are early or late
When you are out at the end of the school day
He will collect you home happy and gay
And will play
All your childhood games
And may help to give your dolls some beautiful names
He will carry your bags with some broken pencils
And torn exercise book-notes

Full with greasy stuff and remains of food
Then you will be back home
To fill all the rooms
With joyful chaos and riots
Then you may break my phone
And make upside down all my room
You may tear my notes or books
And may step into my shoes
Or put on my boots
And you may break my glasses
You may as well have some cries
Of madness for no good reasons
Then you will get bored and tired
And would go to sleep
Then Granddad may have a nap
For the rest of the day
To make ready for tomorrow
With a new start, happy and gay.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Black Cinderella In The White House

Black Cinderella in the White House
Malia Obama, the black Cinderella
Under presidential umbrella
Fills the White House with naughty childhood
A butterfly that moves from wood to wood
And shares happiness with all the neighborhood
Wherever she goes attracts everybody's look
A she-peacock
An African Cinderella
In an African cloak
She moves like a wave
From shore to shore
To share happiness
With the rich and the poor

Malia the black Cinderella of our time
The black sun that heats the winter's rime
In the White House, with an African rhyme
A naughty child, she is, with hot blood
Like River Nile in his full flood

Malia fills the White House kitchen
With the aroma of cocoa from the tropical zone
And the smell of coffee from Abyssinia
And the taste of tea from Kilimanjaro
Where granddaddy had come from Kenya

Malia fills the dreams of our children
As their black Cinderella
Who disperses light over all places
Inspiring them to go overseas, lands and spaces
With big dreams and smiling faces

Malia is the symbol of freedom
Who dared to put back
The dark history of her race
And started a new race
With dignity and grace

The White House was once a symbol of domination
Built by the black nation
Their blood was mixed with every block
Each stone,
Alone, has a story of his own

Under whips
And kicks on the hips and the ribs
Men and women of the black race
Were there in the race
Under the sun
Under winter's grace
They had to race
To place
And replace
One block over one block
And a stone
On a stone
And mix their black blood with cement
To raise a mansion
For the white master
Of the White Garrison

But now THIS has all become your own
The palace is now all yours
Built by your own race
Who dug deeply in the earth
To build a rooted base
And decorated the House's face
To enable you play happily and freely
And fill all the space
With joy and peace

And then you trace history
To sweep all the misery
Of your old African people
Then together with Sasha
With full privacy
In your presidential rooms
You can sleep and read
And have some childish dreams
Of smart African bridegrooms

And beyond there, your beautiful Mom and Dad
Enjoy their time
As Masters of the White House
Masters of the black
Masters of the white
Masters of all
In fact, masters of the world as a whole

There Michelle Obama, the first lady
Now you can see
Like a queen of land and sea
Tall as a tropical palm tree
Wherever she goes or whenever she was seen
She fills all places with happiness and glee
Smart and beautiful and free

The white cook is ready
To serve the White House guests
And the staff is ready
To obey the first lady's requests
The plane USA is ready
To fly on her demand
To the moon if she wants
To the west or to the farthest east

Malia is the dream that
Our children have to live
And the future for all, so we do believe
That racism will no longer be
But forever it would leave
Leave all places
And disperses in spaces
From every corner on the earth
And Malia will be the angel of peace
And the guard of freedom for all the human race

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

George V Salutes Digna*

George V Salutes Digna*

Although Othman Degina's men were equipped with very primitive weapon such as spears and swords, they won most battles against the British and the Egyptian invaders in the Sudan. Digna, a Sudanese leader of the Mahdi led a powerful army that invested Sinkat and Tokar, destroying Egyptian reinforcements for the former garrison on 16 October and 4 November 1883. On 2 December his men wiped out another Egyptian force near Tamanieb. In December 1883 Colonel Valentine Baker arrived at Suakin to march to the relief of the garrisons, but he suffered a defeat at El Teb on 4 February 1884.

I

What happened to you George?

The King of England

The King of Seas

The King of Land

To humbly stand

On such a poor sand?

II

His Majesty stately ship, dropped anchors on the Red Sea

To India, his majesty was on his way

But he changed his course to Port Sudan, on the Red Sea

To see, just to see

A Sudanese warrior, by the name of Othman

Known as the lion of the East of Sudan

III

So, his Majesty to Sudan made his way

And he came to Sawakin one day

And had a walk in the city

Escorted by her Majesty the Queen

And a school of noble men

To measure the Length and Width of his vast empire

Where the sun rises here, and sets somewhere

IV

Then the King asked his men

To fetch Digna to show respect

To the King of Britain and India

And the Dominions as well

His Majesty called the prisoner

To where they dwell

So, the men hurried up
To get Digna from his jail
And told him the royal tale
That the King would allow him, with grace
To meet His Majesty face to face

V

Digna was secured a prisoner in the jail
He was old,
He was sick,
He was weak,
And he was pale
But, still, still
Full with an arrogant faith
He refused to get to the royal place
'He is your king'. He roared in their face
'He has nothing to do with this space'

VI

Nevertheless,
The King insisted to see that man
With such a superego
So, to the prison, His Majesty, Himself had to go
Accompanied by his men
And her majesty the Queen
And all his royal kin
To see Digna, who was at his old age...
In the prison's cell, like a bird in a cage
But in fact, he was a lion in his den
Full of the dignity of the Bejja fighting men
Who had given great lessons to the British Empire
And who had broken the notorious English Square

VII

So, his Majesty insisted to see the man's face
But Digna refused to give him a face at all
Instead, he gave Him His back and faced the wall
Clinging to his copy of Quran, his holy book
And to the King of England He did not give a look

VIII

Then the King got out His royal sword from his sheath,
The King got out his royal sword flashing in the air,
Like a cord of fire, the King got out His royal sword,
He got out the royal sword,
The King got out His royal sword,

And raised it as high as he could afford,
As if to touch the sky
And then...

Saluted the lion of the Sudan in his den
As great men greet other great men
Thus his majesty left the prison, then
IX

Then the King recalled Kipling's words
That celebrated the bravery of the Fuzz-Wuzzy
Who broke the English Square
And gave an unforgettable lesson to the Squire
And the whole British Empire

X
As if the King was recalling those words
of Kipling verse

'We've fought with many men across the seas, ' **
'An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not: '
'The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese; '
'But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.'

'Our orders were to break you, an' of course we went an' did'
'We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair; '
'But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square'

Thus His Majesty left the prison, then
With the pleasure of seeing the lion in HIS den

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Love Deffered

I

It was fifteen years ago
I was forty-five
You were twenty-two
Tall as a palm tree
And you were all fresh & free
Beautiful, young and smart
In fact, you were a piece of art

II

Ebony was your colour
Cocoa was your flavor
Ivory was your smile
Jasmine was your smell
That could march hundreds of miles
Into our young nostrils

III

You walk like a military personnel
In fact, you walk like a colonel
Tall and slim as a nail

IV

When you show up.... accompanied
With the whole charm of the continent
The flavor of tea from Kilimanjaro in Kenya
The odor of coffee from Abyssinia
And the cocoa aroma from Ghana
And the richness of the tropical forests from Equatoria
And the fresh Nile from Victoria

V

Oh my African queen
With your Ivory smile
And Ebony style
You are the real pride
Of your African tribe
In fact you are the pride of all tribes

My African queen
With your Ivory smile
And Ebony style
You are truly the bride of the Nile

VI

You were the jewel of our English class
Do you remember Sembene Ousmane?
'Tribal Scars and Letters from France'
Working together on Langston Hughes
Listening to the Jazz, the Pop and the BLUES
Coming from the high lands of New Orleans
And the old Mississippi
And we heard the high voices of Harlem
And New York in the English (B)
Mt queen, we did have a nice time
With Andrew Marvel in his rhyme
In his Coy Mistress
Then Shakespeare with (thou) and (thee)
In his English summer day
But you were lovely, and more temperate
Than any Shakespearean sonnet
Because you were so African
And more beautiful, than any English summer day
And you will remain beautiful as you were yesterday.
As today and tomorrow, and as everyday

VIII

That was fifteen years ago
I was forty-five
And you were only twenty-two
I know I am bad at mathematics
But I am sure now about my sixty, so..
As I am certain about your twenty-two!
But you are still that African palm tree
Always lovely and green,
smart and tall and free
Oh my African Queen
And thus you will remain
As young as you want to be
cause age will never tell on you
But it will only, only tell on me

IX

You will read this poem
And you will know
It's specially designed for you
And you will get the message
In a minute or two

As you are always smart
And the same piece of art.
And as it was fifteen years ago
You are still twenty-two!

X

Sometimes I spy on your dreams
To see if I am there with you
Sometimes I spy on your page
On the Facebook to guess your age
And wonderfully you are still
That beautiful typical African girl
And still not engaged
At this age! ! !

Because of your high selectivity
And because of your high taste
You will never meet an equal mate
Because of your high rate! ! !

XI

I am sixty
You will never be thirty
You will always keep to your twenty-two
As time does never show any disparity on you
And we will never meet
And I will never be your mate
I know this is my fate
Like the East, that will never meet with the West

XII

It was fifteen years ago
I was forty-five
You were twenty-two
Tall as a palm tree
And you were all fresh & free
Beautiful, young and smart
In fact, you were a piece of art
So, stay at your twenty-two
May God bless you
And all of you
My African Queen

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

My Village

It is a long time since
I left my African Village
And to town I made my the passage
With a bundle of clothes
That was all my luggage
Then to school on foot
With little money
And some crusts of food
To begin the journey of my learning
At my boyhood

II

There I met nice people on the road
All with new clothes
Women with new shining eyes
Laughing with new ivory teeth
Healthy boys in new heavy boots
Young girls with long beautiful curls
And new bright shoes

III

Oh, my village
At the back of my head is your image
To which I always long and long
Hovering as a beautiful song
A song at the back of my head
A song that will never fade

IV

And beyond there I can see
I can clearly see
The green moors lay ahead of me
And a herd of sheep
Grazing on the green bed
And a she-donkey with a nodding head
Followed by an ass
And a cry of pain from a young lass
She was hit on the skull
By her naughty bull
And another cry coming from the east
And a dog barking in the west

V

There I can see
I can clearly see
A train of women coming from the pool
Different women from all ages
Coming from the pool
Some are stout and some are small
Some are short, some are tall
Some look so smart
Some look like a fool
Women from all walks
Coming from the pool
But they are all
With happy faces and smiles
Though they fish water from a distant mile
With heavy tins on their heads
Dropping on their bare breasts
Beating their dancing waists
All chatting in high voices
That can easily be heard
But low pitches are used
then some gossips are said
VI

There I can see
A young girl and a little boy
Taking care of their herd
And some old ladies
At the back of their huts
Muttering some strange words
Growing maize and peanuts
And there is my grandma
Busy with her pots
Cooking our evening meal
I cannot tell but I can feel
What she is cooking for us
And there is my granddaddy
In the thorny fence
Cleaning his donkeys' remains
VII

Oh my village what beauty is that
When the moon is full and fair
With little stars and freshly air
And the weather is cool

as rain begins to fall
On the lusty sand dunes
At my village in lately Junes
Then happiness befalls on all
And beyond there I can see
The green hills of Kordofan
Shooting very high
With pride in the sky
And clouds hanging above
Like a canopy of care and love
Covering the sand dunes of Kordofan

VIII

And on the far horizon I can see
A fleet of migrating birds
Black and white in fleet or pairs
Coming to dwell and free
As usual on my granddaddy's tall tree
And make thoughtful dialogues
All the night, then go to sleep
I can see the white bird stealing
From the black one a little cane
To build a nest for her children

IX

Oh my beautiful Village
There I can see my mates on their donkeys
To the market with local products
To sell their groundnuts
Happy all the day
Chatting all the way
Speaking all the time
But no one would wait
To listen to his mate
Cracking jokes
Some are out of date
And some are obscene,
If no adult is observed
Or appears on the scene

X

I can see the evening approaching
With glimmering sun
And tall shadows on the grounds
Sketching some beautiful fun

On the sand dunes
Then night falls
Where nothing can be heard
But some cows within the herd
Lazily chewing their food
Or a pool of dogs assembled
At some hot bitches
Making some hideous pitches
And some mews of cats
Busy on secret acts
And some are chasing rats and yell
In the back yard of my field
And a lion far away cuts the silence
With a big roar from the hill

XI

Oh my beautiful village
Then the night comes with peace
Tranquility falls on every piece
Except of some giggling sounds
Leaking from a hut far away
Of a newly married couple
Happily giggling all the night
Up to the daylight
Enjoying their honeymoon with full delight
And when all the villagers
Go to their farms by day
The couple will turn away
To go to sleep all the afternoon
Till the next dawn
That is their honeymoon
In an African Village

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The Battle Of Shaykan

The Epic of Shaykan

The Battle of Shaykan. The people of the Soudan had won their freedom by their valour and by the skill and courage of their saintly leader.... But, whatever is set to the Mahdi's account, it should not be forgotten that he put life and soul into the hearts of his countrymen, and freed his native land of foreigners. The poor miserable natives, eating only a handful of grain, toiling half-naked and without hope, found a new, if terrible magnificence added to life. Within their humble breasts the spirit of the Mahdi roused the fires of patriotism and religion

Source: Winston Churchill: (River War, file: /Users/Home/Desktop/)

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The Epic of Shaykan

Pome by:

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek

I

In the fifth of November

Eighteen eighty-three,

In the last century,

We had the greatest war

In human History,

When our country, was set free,

By Al-Emam Al-Mahadi

II

Under the Baobab tree,

The Mahadi set his tent

And thousands of tribal men, did attend

Came from all over the country

To pay allegiance to their legendary

III

Under the tree,

Sat the Mahadi with staff of war

On his right, Abu Garga,

On his left, Hammdan Abu A'anga,

Who deprived the enemy to sleep

All the way from Duwiem to Shyakn

And made them weep

There was also Ya'agoub,
With his flag. It was BLUE
Wad Anogomi with the RED one,
He was there, too
Sawarr Adahab and Basheer A'agab Aldour,
And Elyas Um Berrair,
All were there in the war
And in the middle Musa Wad Hillo
With the GREEN flag with other men,
They all saluted their Leader,
Then marched with their men,
Into the enemy's den
Like African lions

IV

The Imam surrounded by cavalry
Some hundred men armed with sticks,
Some swords and spears
With only sticks, swords and spears
They fought and defeated
The greatest Empire
In the shortest battle,
In the human history
Where (Hicks) and his men
Were buried near the tree
In the sand dunes of Kordofan in Shaykan

V

Under the tree stood the Mahadi,
As strong as the tree
Stood the Mahadi with some
Thousand men in lion skins
they were one man's heart
Fearless, waiting for the war to start

VI

Then the great Imam shouted:
Allah Akbar,
Allah Akbar,
Allah Akbar,
And led his disciples
In a long war prayer
Then he said Amen,

And ameeen, said all his men
Then the word, was heard
That the Imam had declared,
The war,
With a thundering roar

VII

So, the Imam declared the war
And warned his men:
'If you are only late to fix your shoe'
'You will miss the greatest show'
'That will we spare no foe'
'No one we will be spared for you'

VIII

Then in fifteen minutes,
The show was all done **
On the sand dunes of Kordofan in Shaykan
Against the Egyptian troops,
Led by an Englishman
And some European groups
In the sand valleys of Kordofan in Shaykan
The enemy had faced their fate
Drowned in the sand dunes of Shakan
In the sands of Kordofan

IX

Several thousand men
From all the tribes of Sudan
Came to Shaykan
They came from the west
They came from the south
They came from the north
They came from the east
They came to Kordofan
To the Mahadi in Shaykan

X

The Imam was under the tree
With Chief of Staff
And waves of brave men
Went into the enemy's den

XI

And Allah Akbar was sent free
All over the country
It went over mountains

And crossed the seas
From Shaykan to London,
From Cairo to Aswan
That some hundred men
Charged as one man
With mere sticks, swords and spears
They defeated the greatest Empire
And broke the British Square

XII

With only swords and spears
With no fears
They charged,
Eyes full with tears
Tears of joy
To destroy
Their peers
With only swords and spears
They broke the British SQUARE
And defeated the British Empire
In the sand dunes of Kordofan
In Sudan

XIII

They hit the enemy from right and left
And gushed up like ghosts from ground
With no sound
And came down from trees as tropical rain
And destroyed (Hicks) and his men
In fifteen minutes' time, they were all drained

XIV

As all the books told the story,
In fifteen minutes,
Ten thousand men had vanished
In the shortest battle in the human history
Ten thousand men of infantry
With heavy guns and artillery
Had all gone
In the sand dunes of Kordofan
Within an eye blink,
In a wink
From ash they went to ash
Into the history trash
In the sand dunes of

Shaykan in Kordofan

XV

The enemy was made up
of eight thousand regular Egyptians,
And one thousand bashi-bazouk cavalries,
With ammunition
And one hundred tribal irregulars,
From different nations
And two thousand camp followers,
With fifty days food
And an immense baggage
And a train of five thousand camels
With luggage
The army also carried
Some ten-mountain guns,
Four Krupp field guns,
And six Nordenfeldt machine guns.
But in fifteen minutes.
They all had gone
By some brave men, it was done
In the sand dunes of Shaykan in Kordofan

XVI

Our fighters had done,
The greatest business
That our enemy himself,
Was an eyewitness
That our brave men round the Mahdi
Sent into history dustbin,
Hicks Pasha and his men
And buried them all in Shaykan
In the sand dunes of Kordofan

XVII

Hicks, although, you were brave
And well trained
With experiences
You had already gained
In Abyssinia and India
You were famed
But here in Sudan
Your fame was tamed

Cause for money you fought,

You fought for money
While the Dervish - there -
Fought for their honey
XVIII

It was not your fault
Since you had not been told
About the brave lions
Of the Sudan in Kordofan
XIX

What were you doing in my country?
Had you been invited
To a wedding party?
In Shaykan in Kordofan
Or was it a dream of honeymoon
With your bride?

So, you came
With your Saxon prejudice and pride
With dreams,
Your dreams so big and wide
With royal aristocracy
That you couldn't hide

Why did you come to Kordofan?
Because of some thousand pounds,
You had as a bribe! !
But you had the lesson from the tribes,
Of the Dervish of Sudan in Shaykan
XX

What a bragging General you had been! !
What did you use to tell your men?
'That you would hold the heaven'
'if it falls down with your guns'
'And that the earth would be trodden'
'With your military boots, if it moves or runs'
But in fifteen minutes all had gone
In fifteen minutes, all was done
By the brave men in Shaykan in Kordofan
XXI

We admit you were brave
You were very brave
And highly trained

But our men were brave, too
And equipped with (Eiman)
So, they won the war
Cause of their Islam and their Quran

XXII

Oh, Hicks you fought
For glory,
For fame and ambition
We, for emancipation
For the sake of the nation
And buried the enemy of the Sudan
In the sand dunes of Kordofan

XXIII

All the Egyptian Army
Was shaken in Shaykan
On the sand dunes of Kordofan
By the Mahadi, PEACE BE UPON HIM
And PEACE be upon his brave men as well
In the fifth of November
Eighteen-eighty-three
Our country was set free,
By the Mahdi,
Sudan was free
We broke the notorious British Square
And defeated the Great British Empire,

* The battle took place in November 5, 1883, in Shaykan near Obied, about 600 KM from Khartoum in the West of Sudan: between the Egyptian Army led by the British General Hicks Pasha and some European Generals and the Sudanese Dervish led by Imam Mohammed Ahmed Al-Mahdi.

** The battle was said to have lasted about an hour from the beginning to the end, but the actual fighting took only fifteen minutes as some history books told the story. It was the shortest battle in the human history.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

The Moon Is A Loaf of Bread

George Bailey: What is it you want, Mary? What do you want? You want the Moon. Just say the word and I will throw a lasso around it and pull it down. Hey. That is a good idea. I will give you the moon, Mary.

Mary: I will take it. Then what?

George Bailey: Well, then you can swallow it, and it'll all dissolve, see... and the moonbeams would shoot out of your fingers and your toes and the ends of your hair... am I talking too much?

Source: It is a Wonderful Life (1946) : A film produced in 1946 by Frank Capra and starred by James Stewart (1908-1997) and Donna Reed (1921-1986) : where this dialogue took place about the MOON

So how do you see the moon in the sky?
When she is bright and blooming?
Or when She is shy?
With Her white face full of glee
And her picture reflected on the silent sea?

Do you see the moon as a mere piece of rock?
Or a nice lady's face devoid of a dangling lock?
Do you see the moon's face as a bride in her wedding dress?
Surrounded by her bride mistresses
Filled with joy and happiness?

How does the bridegroom see the moon?
Like his own bride?
Does he see her contented
With delight and pride?
And beautiful and elegant
With more delight?

How does a lover
See the moon's face?
Does he see the moon like
His darling's face?
With sweet smiles
And a tiny mouth ready to kiss
Or a full breast to embrace?

How does prisoners see the moon's face?
Prisoners, the moon, they do not enjoy
However, the moon is a piece of rock to an angry man
As deprived from pleasure and joy
But it is a piece of bread, far to reach to a hungry boy

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

From Prison Residency To Presidency

I

In an endless horizon,
In a lonely Zone
The Robben Island stood alone
Amid an angry water,
Where nothing to see
But an endlessness angry sea

II

The Robben Island,
stood amid the ocean
A rocky penitentiary
With no emotions

III

A place,
with none-human feature
A symbol that stood
for human torture
Through the century
Through the human history
Stood the Island
as a statue of human misery

IV

To this island,
Mandela and his fellow men
Were brought in chains
Confined in solitary rooms
What crimes did they make?
They only refused the apartheid
They had nothing to hide
They were highly dignified,
And full of African pride

V

Mandela and companions
Were introduced to their new homes
In the Robben Island in solitary rooms
Hundreds of men with smiling faces
Assigned to imprisonment cause of race
In that place

VI

Mandela with heavy shackles
Dangling from his skinny hands
Like a handkerchief of a bridegroom
In his first marriage day
Then to his comrades he would say
'Oh, men...'
'Freedom is a state of mind'
'And that, every dark night'
'Would be followed by one bright'
'So, keep happy and tight.'
'To win the fight'
'And have back your human rights'

VII

And that, men let's say that:
'The prison is a five-star hotel'
'A temporary motel'
'Where we should happily stay
'Live and play'
'And show no signs of grief'

IX

So, the men faced their fate
like brave men
They held to that belief
And spent imprisonment.
with pleasure, with no grief

X

Then from Robben Island
Mandela marched from his Prison Residency
To South Africa Presidency
He was the greatest dreamer,
in the human history
Who fought bravely,
and set all the African free

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Robben Island

Robben Island *

I

Madiba marched, into Robben Island *

In the Indian Ocean

A solitary place

Where only the angry motion

Of waves slapping the hard rocks

With pitiless emotions

II

Mandela marched

into Robben Island

Tall and slim

like a tropical palm tree

To put his name

in the book of history

And set all Africans free

III

He walked into the Island

A Chief of an African Tribe

Steadily treading the soil with full pride

With a lion stride

Then the gates were all opened wide

IV

Mandela was confined

In his solitary cell

Did he cry or yell?

No, he was as happy as a child

With a new doll in his jail

V

And because he was brave and wise

He wrote the story that could never be retold twice

As he changed his Prison into Paradise

*The local tribal name for Mandela

** An Island in the Indian Ocean, about 7 km from Cape Town, where Nelson Mandela was political prisoner for 18 years.

Dreams Of A Girl From Darfur

I

I dream of a morning full with peace
With no planes on my head, shooting my place
I dream of bread just a piece
But bread is far as the moon
You can see HER face
But hard to reach and seize

II

I dream of a dress
with some red buttons
And a pin for my hair
and a scented soap
And a paint for my nails
and a scarf of cotton for my head

III

I dream of a singing toy
with whom to talk
And share my dreams
when we sleep or walk
I dream of a bed to sleep on
And a pair of slippers of my own
I dream of a sheep
And a farm to reap

I dream of going to school with a nice mate
Who will share my secrets and share my fate
Then together we read, write and draw
Draw pictures of birds, animals, flowers, deserts and snow
And we do arithmetic problems, and English, too

IV

I dream of peace
Peace for me
Peace for my friends
Peace for my Dad and Mom
Peace for my dog
Peace for my doll
I dream of peace for Darfur as a whole

Dreams Of A Boy From Darfur

{Our Children have the Right to Dream}

I dream of a new black suit
With a long tail and a leather boot
And two socks, the size of my foot

II

I dream of a shirt with long buttoned sleeves
Embroidered with animals, birds and leaves
And a high collar
And a tie with a fine color

III

I dream of a red brick school
With a high wall
And a swimming pool
And a field for football
To share with my mates

IV

I dream of a book of my own
And pencils of my own
And a bunch of color pens of my own
And a drawing book for me, just alone

V

Then I will be able draw flowers,
in the forest and butterflies,
and the moon in the bare skies
and a bird on a tree comes or flies
I will draw dogs in the backyard
Caring not of the eyes of the spy
Or curiosity of the passersby
Then I will draw my beautiful Mammy's face
Bearing the features of my race

VI

I dream of a loving teacher
With a red dress
And a smiling face
Always full with happiness
Seeing me at the school's gates
Then enjoying the pleasure of learning
With my fellow mates

V

I dream of a TV set
To watch Tom & Jerry's
And Cinderella in the Wonderland
And the tales of fairies

VII

I dream of a flute to play
To please my Dad and Mom
And when I am tired or bored
I would climb to my bed
With a heavy head
And bid a good night to my sister
And have a sound sleep
In the long nights of the winter
With my pet

VIII

I dream with a cup of milk in the morning
With a loaf of bread
To share with my brothers and sisters
I dream of a warm home
With Dad and Mom

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Rainbow Dreams

Dreams are colorful
As the rainbow
Dreams like streams
Some are fast
Some are slow
Some may longer live
And some may immediately leave
But most dreams tend to stay
And become true
And just a few
Will be pending for tomorrow
So hold fast to your dreams
And let them grow
Sooner they will all be true

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



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Untraceable Dreams

Dreams are true as the flowers in spring
They are as true as the wedding ring
In the finger of your darling
Dreams are true as singing birds in an early morning
They are true as the breeze from the nearby seas
They are fair as your lover's hair when flings to and fro
Dreams are true, though they are untraceable things
But they can swim and fly with wings.

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



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Dreams & Hopes

Dreams are the bliss for the bride in her first marriage day
And the hope for the sailor in a rough sea
And the delight of a graduate to get an (A)

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Are Real

Dreams are real as the stars in the sky
And true as the baby's cry
Dreams are the crowns of queens and kings
They are the pleasure of ladies
And the realm of fools and cradle of babies
But they are real and come true
So, hold to your dreams, despite of the foe

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Heavy & Light Dreams

Some dreams are heavier than lead
Some others are lighter than light
Some are clear as the day
But sometimes darker than the night
However, never let your dreams escape your sight
Hold on to your dreams, they will come true
Then it will be the moment of delight

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Define A Dream!

Dreams have no definition
Unmeasurable, sensational but inaudible
Deep as oceans and unfathomable
Worthier than gold, in fact more valuable
Dreams have no limitation
Dreams are worthier than imagination

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

I Have A Dream*

I have a dream that you no more rate me
with the color of my skin
And that you will not
Judge me in term of kith and kin
And that my pigmentation
Will no longer be the mark of my nation
or intonation
or determine my social situation
And that the color of my eye
Is no more a sign of any indication
And that the touch of my hair
Won't count for race categorization
'I have a dream that all children of the nation**
Won't be judged by the color of the skin
But by the content of education'

* The title and the poem are reference to a Speech by Martin Luther King at the
'March on Washington' in 1963

** With little modification

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

 PoemHunter.com

Dreams Need Care

I

Dreams like babies, like buds
With little care they grow and face their fate
Loving babies, would do them good
And care would make buds grow into a wood

II

A baby needs the care of his loving (Mam)
And buds would easily prosper in the farm
So, mother your dreams like a mother
And care for them, like a father or brother
Make cradles for your dreams, that is you heart
And make your souls the soil for them, to start

III

Build an empire of dreams
And make them grow
as fast as they could go
Who were emperors?
They were just big dreamers
So, like them you should do

IV

Build a throne out for your own
Build a mansion of your own
Kings as well were big dreamers
Yes, they were! !
So, be a king yourself, or a multi-millionaire

V

Hold on to your dreams, belittle them not
They may be deferred for a while
And they may be growing slow,
But hold fast to your dreams,
Dreams like friends,
They always remain faithful and true

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Refugee

I
Refugee.
Refugee
Refugee
And sometimes you make it better
To call me asylum seeker
But I am a woodpecker
Just moving free
From tree to tree
To build a nest
To rest
And embrace my newborn
To my breast

II
I am not a refugee,
I am not a refugee
I am the victim of the East
I am the prey of the West

III
I am not a refugee
I am a simple human being
With very little dream
Very little dream
A mouthful of bread
And a piece of ice-cream
A rag of cloth to cover my nakedness
And a piece of mattress
to sleep,
And a glass of milk to stop the baby to weep
And for the girl I need a little Barbie toy
And a singing clock for the boy

IV
Refugee,
You call me refugee
But behind me
I left a sweet home and a library
Tens of books to read
And many friends were there
Where I used to play

And there stood
The remains of my home
It was of mud, straw and clay
But warm and happy, I dare say
V

And there was the big tree
Where I used to sit
With my girl
Planning for the wedding day
And there was the sea
Where I had once dreamt to flee
And there were the boats
Waiting on the bay for me

VI
But now you call me refugee,
I am not a refugee
Here is my story
And a long story it could be
VII

Once upon a time there were
Several men and women
And children on a boat in the sea
They were from different races
From many places
Africans,
Asians,
And some Arabs from Yemen
In fact, they were from Aden
There were:

Ali from Iraq,
Sillasy from Eritrea,
Hassan from Somalia
Shabore from Lahore
Lyla from Aleppo
Azeem from Afghanistan,
And I was from Sudan
We were all in the same boat,
Sharing the same human fate
And the same human feelings

VIII
We were all in a rocking boat in a rough sea
In a dark night we set out for the journey

In darkness where your hand could hardly see
My baby on my lap and the lady on my knee
An old man and his dame also clinging on me
And a young maid would cry also had to flee
And the terrible waves roaring as a falling tree
And beyond there was the vast eternity

IX

Refugee.

No. I am not a refugee
I am your guest I am supposed to be
To share your food and drink with me
It is history that repeats itself
Go back and read your history
Please, go back one century
When your grandpa came to my country
But he was not a refugee
Do you think he was invited for a wedding day?
Or he was a traveller who lost his way?
Do you think he came with bare hands or foot?
No, he came with a gun, well trained to shoot!
He tore down my peace and place
He robbed my wealth and health
And now you spit on my face
And call me refugee!

X

I am your guest, your company
You need my company!
Cause we have a long journey to go
So, we need to meet
As human mates
This is our fate, our woven destiny
I am not a refugee.
I am your guest
I am a part of you
As you are a part of me'*

*Langston Hughes

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Dreams Always Come True

Dreams are a blessing when they come true,
And hopes if deferred, or become slow
So, always hold to your dreams
Never let them escape your hands or flow
And never let them go
As sooner, your dreams will all become true

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Kings, Children & Dreams

A child always has a dream, to become a king
With unlimited power, over everything
But the king would always like to cling
Back to childhood dreams
So the king is keen
To enjoy freedom that once he had been
But do you think the king could gain,
his lost dreams once again?
the dreams of children?
Nay

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Wild Dreams

Dreams are wild creatures
difficult to tame
They are untraceable
by secret agents or policemen
They cannot be restrained
No one can make them remain
So, keep your dreams safer
Embrace them in your heart, in your brain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Proud Dreams

Make your dreams
like drops of rain
Once a piece of cloud
Then falls to the ground
As snow or evaporate in the air
Keep your dreams always proud
And never let them caged
Or disappear in the ground

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Are Drops Of Rain

Dreams like drops of rain rise in spaces
Then when they are heavy and blessed
They would come down to wash our faces
Dreams like rains evaporate in heaven
Then to earth they would come down
To clean the body and the soul
And wash away the dust of the town
Happiness for the rich and for the clown

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Blood In The Veins

Let your dreams run as blood in your veins
Let your dreams as fresh air
that goes in lungs unobserved or seen
Let your dreams travel everywhere
To feed your soul and feed your brain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



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Dreams And Flowers

Make your dreams like wild flowers
Freely grow in the moor to get the power
And send their scents equally to the rich and the poor
Let your dreams be the joy of the maid
And the pleasure of the child
And the hope of the lost in the wild
In a rainy storm with an angry motion
Let them be the breeze for the seamen in the ocean
And a crown for the bride in her first marriage day
Let your dreams be a token of love and a call of pray

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



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Dreams & Streams

Make your dreams, as free as the streams
That can flow over dams and cross the distance
Or deeply go into the sand, in spite of resistance

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



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Great Dreamers Never Complain

A man with dreams is a free man
Whether detained in a dark jail
Or handcuffed with heavy chains
Or be bullied by dirty men
Or buried in a gloomy well
Or deprived of rights or sent to hell
A man with dreams does never feel the pain
So, he not complain
Because great dreamers do never complain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



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Dreams Are Wealth Shared By All

All people have the right to dream
the poor and the rich,
the fat and the thin
the short and the tall,
the black and the white
Dreams are the freedom of the body
Freedom of the mind and freedom of the soul
Dreams are the food of the heart
Property of fool and the smart
Dreams are wealth shared by all
By you, by me, by the human as a whole

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed



PoemHunter.com

Hold Fast To Your Dreams*

Hold Fast to Your Dreams*

*Dedicated to the great dreamer poet Langston Hughes

'Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die

life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly.'

Langston Hughes (February 1,1902 - May 22,1967)

I

So
hold
fast
to
your
dreams

II

Keep
them
always
high



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III

Let
them
fly

IV

as
free
as
birds
in
the
sky

V

Hold
on

to
your
dreams

VI
Hold
them
very
fast

VII

So
no
one
would
dare
to
steal
them
or
restrain

VIII

Let
them
free
as
drops
of
rains

IX

Free
To
come
On
The
ground
or

fall on mountains

or

free

to

fall

on

the

vast

plain

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Juba 1977

I

I came down off the plane
To face an everlasting green plain
Stretched before my eyes
An eternity, but a paradise

II

My lungs filled with the tropical drops of rain
Slapped my face with small grains
And hit my rotten body
To remove all my pains
Severe pains of long history of long captivity

III

Out of the plane, then I came down
Geography my welcoming hostess to the town
And history honored me with the native crown
Here I do belong,
So, why did I stay away that long?

IV

Then beyond, from among the race
From among the whole race
I saw your beautiful face
Yes...

I saw your beautiful face
Your lovely face, that I can always trace
from among million of faces
Shining like our tropical sun
Rich with beauty, full of fun

V

Then I saw your hand
Highly raised in the air
Inviting me with all love
to draw near and near
And then I felt the fire
the tropical fire, there
There, in my heart
And almost everywhere

VI

When I saw your beautiful face
Among those beautiful races

I drew near and near
Then you took me in your breast my dear
And I cast all my soul
Like a newborn in your arm
To stay there safe and calm
VII

I came down
Then you took me through the town
Our beautiful town
Everything was happy,
The human beings
The animals,
The trees,
The birds,
The butterflies
The beasts
And the bees
And the naked boys with shining skins
Happily playing in the muddy streets with their kins
And there our African dogs happy and free
Anywhere they can flee, eat, or sleep,
and can freely meet and mate

VIII
The tropical rain hit my cheek
And words escaped me to speak
But at last I did reach the peak
Oh, my African queen, here I am back
So, hold me tightly to your breast
And let me have my long rest
This is at last, my nest

IX
I am here to remain
And live my days once gain
So, please hold me tightly in your arm
And feed me from your African farm
Fresh tropical milk and let me dream,
The dreams of the Nile
And tell me all the tales of the frogs
And the dogs
And the tale the crocodile
X
Here I belong and come to stay, my darling queen.

And will never run or turn away
I am here to stay
On my African land
To plant smiles and hopes, in our tropical sand

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

What Brings Us Together?

We all feel
We all fear
We all smell and hear
We all see,
far or near
We all aspire
To get somewhere

II

We all drink,
We all eat
We all love and hate
It is our fate!

III

We all sleep and have dreams
Joyful dreams or awful dreams
Hollow dreams, they could be
And sometimes deep

IV

Some dreams may come true,
Some may be deferred
And some may disappear
As mere dreams in the air

V

But we are all here,
Share,
Share, the same flesh,
Blood,
Spirit and soul,
We all:

Be colored,
White or black
Man or woman
Young or aged,
Short or tall
Smart or a mere fools
We are all one day,
will be doomed to end somewhere! !

VI

Mortality is our common fate,

And here we are just to wait,
But, friend, your question is still there! !

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

To A Jet Fighter

I

I have always dreamt of flying a plane
And travelling miles and miles away
Swiftly flying over vast plains
Then back to earth with friends to play

II

I have once dreamt to climb the sky
To collect the stars with barely hands
And make them a garland for my love
And bracelets round her arms

III

And there we would stay
And build a hut on the moon of clay
And there we would run and laugh
Run and laugh, Laugh and play
Through all the day
Then send kisses to everyone

In the sea or on the bay

IV

I have once dreamt to fly with friends
Far away and have more fun
Playing a football match on the moon
And spend the day in the shining sun
And have some rest in the afternoon

V

I have once dreamt to be a pilot
Travelling in the skies day and night
Happy with my dreams full of delight
But alas I've dropped the idea of flight

VI

YOU have once been my hero in the air
When I saw you flying high like a bird
When you go that height and disappear
In the farthest Northern Hemisphere

VII

Then when I grew up I came to live the fear
That your jet was shelling my village everyday
With heavy bombarding with a hell of fire
So you were killing my race in such a way! ! !

VIII

When I hear your machine high in the air
Then I'm certain you're there to eliminate my race
And destroy my land and set my folks on your fire
And displace the rest in every corner in the space

IX

So why did you kill my uncle and my father?
Why did you kill my nephew and my brother?
Did they rape your sister?
Or did they sleep with your mother?

X

Did they steal the sleep from your eyes?
Or did they harm any one of your boys?
Or did they trot on your daughter's toys?
Or did they drink your baby's milk?
So, why did you seize me all my joys?
All my joys?

XI

Why did you shatter my hut with that flop?
A poor hut it was of mere mud and straw
That a piece of match could have done the job! !
Why did you kill my dog and break my bow?

XII

Did you really know the men that you kill?
Or your work is to sweep whoever moves on the hill?
Is your work to smash all creatures on the sand?
Or it is to crush every moving object on my land?

XIII

The men you killed you even did not know! ! !
And the girls you shelled you never saw
You made our children's lose their joys
Though; they did not steal your children's toys

XIV

Why did you kill my dog and my donkey?
Though my dog did not bark at your daughter! ! !
And my poor donkey did not spill on you water!
So why did you kill those folk
With whom you did never have a talk?

XV

Darfur is my grandfathers' birth and place
We have made the history of this paradise
So we will remain on this sacred earth

And we will survive and win the race
And keep the history of the noble race
Despite your jets, despite your ugly face.
Dawadmi - Feb 2015

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Despite... Despite...

I

Despite you ugly Antonov *
Despite your horrible Molotov
Despite your terrible Kalashnikov
We will remain

II

Despite your bombers' flight
Shattering villages day and night
We will remain and fight

III

Despite your heavy artillery
We will remain
Despite your oozing planes
We will remain
Despite your missiles
Tearing every mile on the land
We will remain
Despite your arsenal of ammunition
We stand as ONE nation

IV

Despite your military boots on our faces
We will remain
Despite the killing of our races
We will remain
Despite the systematic rape of girls
They will remain
Despite the honor bequeathed on the rapists
for their deeds
They will remain, indeed
Despite your humiliation of their Humanity
They will remain
Despite devastating their fertility
They will remain
And give birth of more beautiful children

VI

Despite their long captivity
They will remain
Despite your crimes,
They will remain

Despite your pride
They will remain
Despite your vanity
They will remain
Despite all their lips
Despite the drought on their lips
Despite all the scars on their hips
They will remain

VII

Despite all the burden
Our girls will remain pure and virgin
To bear our offspring
To survive and remain
And many children they will bring

VIII

Despite the horror you befall, on our children
Wretched girls and boys
Deprived of milk
Deprived of toys and joys
They will remain
Despite your horrible deeds on women
Despite the elimination of men
Despite your efforts
To inject fear in their veins
They will remain

IX

Despite the long cold nights
Despite the heavy rains
They will remain
Despite the hunger and disease
Despite their severe pains
They will remain

X

Despite the million lies
You often release day and night
We will remain
Despite the elimination of the nation
We will remain
Despite the eradication of life on land
Despite the pollution befallen on the sand
We stand

XI

Despite the hate in your dark heart
We will remain
Despite all the agony
We will remain
Despite your fathomless power
Despite your guns exhaling death like shower
We will remain

XII

Despite all your deeds
We will breed love and seeds
And stand once again
To plant apples on the Marrah mountains*

XIII

Despite all the firm tight
Darfur will rise and fight
To restore hopes and rights
For women and men
And it will remain
To witness the morning bright

XIV

Despite your death vessels and tanks
Despite your millions in the banks
We will remain
Despite your total lack of wisdom
We will gain dignity and freedom

XV

Despite your ugly Molotov **
We will gain our freedom
Despite your horrible Antonov **
We will gain our freedom
Despite your dirty Kalashnikov**
We will gain our freedom

*Jabal Marrah is a famous mountain in Darfur in Western Sudan

**all Russian weapons

KSA - Jan 2015

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

My Grandson

My grandson when you smile,
My heart beats for a while
The sky would come down with rain of joy
And hits the town, when you smile
Your pretty face would shine,
To light all human universe and mine,
So, may Allah bless your lovely face
Your smile moves the sinews of my heart,
And every vein in me with love would start.
When you smile, I see your witty eyes,
Glittering as stars in the skies
Your smile branded our long dreary life,
With bliss and turned, our home into a hive
But when you cry, and you always cry!
Why darling do you always cry?
I don't know why you cry?
Why do you often cry?
But any way, when you cry
Your beautiful pitch goes so high,
Then our grandma would leap quick and fast,
She could touch the sky, to cast, on you, her thinly arms
With her very loving heart,
and soothing you on her chest,
With all her caring art.
Oh, our lovely thing,
You lovely thing! !
Our lovely beautiful human being! !
Hadn't you shown up,
We could have ended our lives, on rocking chairs,
Recalling our old days by lazy fires,
With dismayed eyes, full of tears
Nodding, full with sleep,
And sometimes, may secretly weep,
Weep;
Weep our long passing days,
Creeping with hideous fear!
But my Dear
Oh, my very Dear!
You came into our life,

Like a morning breeze,
And washed our worries,
With the greatest ease.
You stealthily came to revive,
Our old dreams,
To reclaim our lost games
And enjoy life once again
With all our might
And regain, with all the joy
So, my boy, my Dear boy!
Would you let's show our gratefulness?
And let us express our heartily indebtedness?
For you have got us back to the morning light
To fight our last fight!

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed

Rabha The Sudanese Marathoner

When the sun came down on the mountains
And all creatures crept to their heaths
And the roaring lions set out of their dens
And the birds were back to the trees

When the village fire was no longer burning
And the sleepy children climbed to their beds
When every couple to his dwell was returning
And the dogs in their huts hid their heads

When the African night crept like a ghost
And veiled with his dark sheet every place
Rabha stealthily left her home with a (post)
And out of the village she began the race

In the darkness of darkness she fled away
As lonely as a baby whose mother had lost
Through the dark forest she forced her way
And down the hills staggered with her post

As a hurricane she was fast to go
And her heart like a drum strongly beating
And her small feet the spaces were to mow
And the wind on her cheeks fiercely heating

She could hardly see her way as it was too dark
As no moon was there, the earth to light
And fear sharpened his teeth, a brutal shark
But Rabha was fearless and full of delight

(Pheidippides) much waters was said to wade *
For two days he did not stop to breathe
To Sparta he ran so fast to seek the aid
And Athena at last had won the wreath

So, Rabha did not fear the slimy things under her feet
She did not fear the lions roaring near in their dens
And she did not fear the hyena hunting for the meat

And she did not fear things skulking in the fens
But bravely ran from Fungar to Gadeer
She defeated her fear and her human soul
She ran fast and fast like an African deer

She sold herself for a highly sacred goal
She ran over hill and vale and on the passage
Her face was full of happiness, as happiness should be
And in the early morning she came with the message

And those were the last words delivered to the Mahadi
'The enemy is approaching in heavy heaps of gun'
'With seventeen hundreds men with food and horse'
She uttered those last words and her soul was gone
And with those words she changed the history course

Rabha was the lesson we shall teach to our generation
She was the dream that the Turks could never ban
She was the symbol and the pride of the nation
Rabha was the song for every dame and man

She was the greatest heroine of our land
And the hope we have to plant on every sand

Dr. Ahmed Gumaa Siddiek Mohammed