

Poetry Series

Leila Samarraï
- poems -

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Leila Samarraï()

A Poem About A Crocodile

In the dreadful crocodile land
Something odd is always at hand
Quickly, swift, a non-stop jerk
Is this bold dragons' constant smirk
They're strongest with bellies filled
Drunk on blood of men they've killed
Out of Nile's vast delta here
Three dreaded crocs did appear
Through an Adriatic slit
Two more whales came, via Split.
Two Siberian beasts more
Reared out of Mulyanka's shore
From Mulyanka of Perm Krai
Russian, then Italian sky
Crocs their freedom do not lack
Down the Sava-Danube track
Gathered 'low a bridge's bend
Suicidals near their end
These beasts roam about the town
One fierce bite has me pinned down
As they swim and float around
Pin-like their eyes I have found
Meaty prey sniffed by their noses
Sharp-toothed jaw said prey encloses
I've a deal with them worthwhile
Cro co do co lo do rile
May their trio boldly hop
And on horny scuta drop
May blood-showers flow like ale
Lubricating our scales
One life but one Euro's worth
Our words but empty pits
Hollow caves our stomachs sit
More cash for twos we commit
I've a deal with them worthwhile
Cro co do co lo do rile
Down their shoulders I descend
Embracing them with my arms
My tummy is going nuts

Hunger dancing in my guts
Already they're set to drop
Already by waves they're called
Why waste thought? Use this dilemma
To toss this human Kinema
To the current evergoing
Hell-way they gave, full well knowing,
Dreams that they had all perceived
It's quite gruesome, this whole plot
Now life has it, then has not
What does my arm small and lean
Embracing their waistlines mean
Even killers feel depressed
Post doing what they do best
I meandered into titles
Which I find to be mere trifle
But who's bloody all the while
Moreso than a crocodile
Who will pay the deal enisled
Other than the crocodile
Watch thysel oh murderer
Suitable and pick-of-litter
Are cutwaters none the fitter,
Windshields and the lightning rods
Are but desperate roughneck sods
And their circle-natured days
As they float livid and dreamy
One drunk sailor, brave and scheme-y,
Swims across the river's dirt
Two oars tied around his skirt
Sings away the filthy Beast
Bathed in the light of East
With a fiery yelling slope
Right then he sang: 'I give hope.'
Golden wings upon his back.
My deal is rendered futile
From my present crocodile.
Come another chilling morrow
I will seek a new tomorrow
Past the bridge and midst of branches
Where tangles a wrinkly road
Rage about my gold grows hot

Which I withdrew from the slots
This strange body, livid, frail
Chisels open this whole pail
Living dead man lets out shrieks
Mercy is what this one seeks
We vomited from the bridges
Till at twilight what we knew
Was a perfect scenic view
One whole city at our palms.
Belgrade cracks before our eyes
Statue-shadowed, it's alight
Eternal is this vignette
Of a fiery townsman's tête
Under Victor's statuette.
Our deal, though, is most worthwhile
Ro co do co cro co file
Gentle mom frightens her child
With a carcass most reviled
They rend those who cannot swim
New age jumpers, wretches dim
Slime and lees the water sweeps
One life, joyless, Death doth reap
In the slimy croc-filled dip
The beast took my blood's turbid sip
One black freckle graced my leg
Their three lids are snow-filled kegs
Two icicles slipped mid-stream
From agape, cold Nile, it seemed
Wherein formed an iceberg vast
Empty trash can, of crocs past
Wicked that have fled erstwhile
No more delta formed by Nile
All its force now in exile
Emigrants on nightly mission
Clatter on with sharp dentitions
And their bodies slither slow
Pays up, then comes to me quick
To get my whole body licked
There's no flight, no submarines
Nemo quisquam captain-like
Nor a sailor, one whose looks
Dwell in Jules Verne's famous book

Nor hope in the light of day
Which mid-hearts doth lives and stays
While we were so full, nubile
Prior to the crocodiles...
Prior to the crocodiles...
Cap'tayneNemo, come to us
Up close comes the Nautilus
Maybe there is hope, I chime
To engender a new rhyme
And while beasts all roar and flail
Let's elope towards a new tale
Do come closer, do come closer
Worry not, worry not
You are but a child, you are
Squeal and weep and spew some snot
Even though a child you're not
Trudge, step all over the valley
For your shepherd follows by
Should I try and throw the die?
But, that number falsify
For the croc doubts aught and low
Taken by his mighty stench
That the killer up and went
Boat amid the night blood fled
With it filled the riverbed
And exchanged the Euric lead
Guate's cute asylum spiel
Now I must break our deal
Cro co do co lo do reel
(Cò?)
Do co cro co ro do KILL!

Leila Samarraï

A Thousand Ways In Which My Father Died

Some say that my father died ...
beside the Tigris, mighty, silent, mysterious.
Witnesses say that his body protruded
from the liquid hot sand,
his face was a mask, a misleadingly golden hue
in the never setting sun.
Others say that my father resurrected.
One can see him stumbling down the deserted streets
wearing the dark sunglasses
escorted by combat Hummers from machine-gun turrets,
escorted by easy -on -the -trigger -boys
(What a lie! BANG BANG! BUM BUM!)

Legend tells my father died
when the huge Erbas E300 Air France crashed into the Atlantic ocean, the most
modern aircraft and the pride of the French company.
The ocean whispers he never flew by plane.
Somewhere in the background I can hear their booming voices: He died dressed
in a camouflage uniform of the Iraqi Revolutionary Guard with a glint of the sun
on the epaulettes.
He still had a desire to live; at least until the moment he pounces his plane on a
selected target and joins the virgins in Paradise.
But the witnesses do swear that he, a martyr - suicide, casually pulled the plug
to open the cabin, once, twice, three ...
"Damn bastard" - he thought at the time - "Again, there is no
electricity! It must be that the fuse under the dash burnt out
once again. The last one we had."
(Can you imagine that?)

An aircraft runway in front of him has become heated, Bsand around it shimmers
with a bluish light. Across the sky dark clouds began to spring.
There are rumors he went mad before his death.
He saw the figure of an old woman dressed in mourning dress at the site of the
automatic pilot, a contrast to her unreal pale face, as if she were immersed in
water for days.
He froze in horror while she was silently watching him with empty eye sockets.
"Open the box." - She said, this time it was a deep voice without
emotion. "There's a picture inside."
A few seconds later,

scorched dismembered parts of human bodies were scattered miles around.
Tormented by madness he died in hysteria, alternately he laughing and shaking
with fear
(This is catchy, I give them that!)

In unison voices, they baptized their Gentleman testifying before the global
audience:

there was a body of a child, it sailed to the surface,
there was an intact body of a wrinkled old woman with eyes closed, as if asleep,
her face pale almost white, her hands turned blue from the water. Beside the
corpses swam a black box.

There was a picture inside.

The old lady was me.

The picture was mine.

(I do not know even what to say..

What an imagination!)

They say my father blew himself up with a bomb somewhere, beside the Tigris,
mighty, mighty, silent, silent-
mysterious-

Oh so mysterious,

witnesses say that his body protruded from the liquid hot sand, his face was a
mask a misleadingly golden hue.

After all, who cares if the bastard died?

You see..

I believe none these stories, do you Father?

You Father, you murderer, you Father, you murderer.

Leila Samarraï

A Wandering Soul Poem

A wassail around the grave
Of the Russian mystic
Lunacy crucified in his eye

I knit a wreath for the vixen
Who was suffocating next to the shaft,
Tearing the grid with her teeth,
Who was breaking the joists,
Eating sonnets,
She rode the Lion's gate
In a dress with a décolletage
Cut with her sword and enflamed with her pyre

The heads of the five Mycenaean bulls.

My blindness,
Put me away into wilted flowers
So I repose there
Already my corpse reeks strongly
The one that never dies
Whose wounds were played in the darkness

While unease ripens in the fog
Lulled inside the years
A bloodied sun comes out in the west

Leila Samarraï

Another Dream

The scream of three children among the leaves
Close to the waterfall and the abyss
Roses too close to them
Should I follow them or overlook them

Strange decisions
And children miracles with no self-belief
In due time the ground and constellations should be known
So the last revelation
Is not empty time
And crucified echo of footsteps in seclusion

Leila Samarraï

Calderon Said: Life Is A Dream, "The Darkness Will Understand'

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Calderon said: life is a dream
A deceptive escort between two awakenings
Neither life nor death
Nor something third
Neither life after death
Nor death before life
And it dies among hour hands
Before it spends the night in our bodies

Segismundo chained by precarious stars in vain
Announces a great illusion
And circles of mute dreams

After one thousand and two hundred nights
I see my bones peering in the gardens
If eternity would rule before the dawn
Perhaps it would cure the loneliness

Leila Samarraï

Dark Eros

You are here again,
observing, waiting within me...
brutal eye

„Turn around“

You arrive
In nudeness
Of a black seam

„Begone, pensiveness! Leave the red lace
and a ducat to the mourner for the last blues.“

But, behold!

You and I challenge each other
For thirty six years
With pride we welcome the morning
In fornication.

If I would to eat you, sharp ear!
And devoured the hood
If I would... sharpen your dagger
And your spade, Lady, kiss in the darkness
I could with you –with a bullet to the forehead!
Into the creak of the sky

For There and Here
For Now and Never
With a clap and colors
In cold hue

In the womb of a casket, laid and pale
To shine with you in moonlight.

Leila Samarraï

Farewell Song

Glass panes beautify life and love
Let them try to break the lens of our homes
And flowerpots fizzing with flowers of sin

You who laugh showing your black teeth
Your greed and dread are in vain
If your face falls asleep in a broken mirror

It does not matter
I am away into the north whose absence is meaningful
Into silence and cold
Where only the trees resemble humans

Leila Samarraï

For That, Marcus Aurelius, Whenever You Look At Yourself, 'The Darkness Will Understand'

How fast the shadow passes said Marcus Aurelius
Soul is temporary, isn't it, he hoped
Banded with demons for the third time
The guilt his pustule, man a sacrifice and life a sub specie of a boil

Discontent is what is perfect
Since ancient times you cannot lose what you did not have
Ponder

If you separate yourself once
If you learn about the inherited justice of pain
Can poison and arson be useful
Have you not become too lenient Marcus Aurelius
Before divisions and longings
Provoked on purpose

Today things are completely open
Until the bloodthirsty wind knocks them down
And carries them away into tomorrow which will not be

For that, Marcus Aurelius, whenever you look at yourself
Remember if the shape is an obstacle to the essence
And answer who is the bigger liar
The dream or the shadow in the mirror

Leila Samarraï

Forgiveness Poem

To feel blue-
what is it?
a faded fire
in the eyes?
a numb hand on my chest
as I lay dying, among the graves?

Being angry-
what is that?
a wide open mouth spitting
hundreds of poisonous flowers?
sometimes the most beautiful words
are spoken on the wrong side of the world

Forgive the bastards!
forgive them for...
"So you became a Christian? "
"No, I am not a Christian, I am a woman"

Being dead,
what is it like,
after all this?
there is no death except for one.
that hour is yet to come.
however, time and space do not exist.
and I remain a naked hungry ghost

Being a hungry-
what is it?
a knife impaled in the stomach,
made up of a thousand thunder bolts!
I'm purged through a holy fire of
bonfires and stars!
what a feeling!

Bloody ravines everywhere,
now and to come! Ego te absolvo!
bastards everywhere: I absolve you all!
malvados, screams, bloody ravine, villain

Vo vjeki vjekov! Ego te absolvo!
Schwein, Schwein, everywhere,
now and to come:
I absolve you all!
Amen! Amen! Amen!

Leila Samarraï

Gilda, The Serial Kitchen Killer

I'm Gilda!
I get up!
I glitter!
I cook.

Lunch lounges under laughing chandeliers.
They smile back and the knife blades beam in luminescent light.
They illuminate my garish gilded plates.
Light light everywhere!
Plates talk as they hop and bounce
Feed us!
Eat us!
Kill us!
Polish, polish me, my Nazi!
Dinner time!
Play the macabre music!
GOLD GOLD EVERYWHERE.

But among the plates, shiny, gold and pink, one cracks.
The gold was gutted by my knife!
It was the unsharpened one that spoke to me...

Feed us!
Eat us!
Kill us!

Suddenly the fridge is jumping for joy.
And then there's the vampiric meat I cut up last summer.
Dance! Hop Hop! Dance!
It's the one I cut up last summer
She looks at me vindictively, and shouts:
YOU KILLED MY MOTHER!
My knife quivers above the sparkling sink water
Come out deep fish
Octopus, crabs, snails!
The chicken wants his gizzard back
COME OWWWWWT!
(finger points down in swirling dirty dish water)

Serial killer of meat and crab
Blond-haired metonymy of death
The lights die. All is dark.
I scream at the mutiny.
One by one they attack.
With a meat cleaver
(Clean us, clean us, you dirty bird! Sing!)
Dead zombie guests assault me, shuffling forth.
Vindictively, fork stabs the pork
Once more into the battle of the Green Fork!
"I can't stand the pain! "
"Wait for MEEEEEE! "
RED RED EVERYWHERE. DRIPPING.

Tomorrow the police will find me in a glass jar.
I'll just be two golden eyes and a rotten iris...
Swimming around, contained and happy.
My kitchen will finally be clean!

Leila Samarraï

Hush

You will go blind soon I think
Like the dead that squint
Near strong light
The victors at the end of all suns
Who brought forth the octopuses on the shores
Usually rising
With a finger on the lip
whispering.

The dead are hungry on flame
Joy is their power
By the vermilion of shame
Each new morning is provoked.
The sign of shame before the living
Is achieved by watching:
Roams the eye oblique onto the elbow
And the sharp taste of the living.

Tell me what I merely remember
And what haunts me in the dream to remember
Uncertain is the speech
The hush curses it.
You get the sun used to dieing
On the place where I dissolved
Speaking and hushing,
I hear only that which
Echoes
With barking silence.

Who extolled the dead
Who sang,
Ash or fire?
Do I hear a voice?
Or is it just the falling of the leaves?

I no longer hear you
Nor is my throat strained by vessels.
So have the dead decided
Young lovers

With tongue under the throat
Flung back
towards the twisted death of the living.

Leila Samarraï

I - Prophet

I - Prophet!

I wade onto the devils blasphemy

Chiseled inside

The womb of the Sphinx

Where dead Oedipus

Murders father-Chronos

Tied to the flute of Pan

from which the

(un) maker Logos

does not reach.

I - Prophet!

Mock the cross

And the Chosen one's

Beaten ribs

His saint-peter-esque

Descendents of the new

Tower of Babylon that quarters

Unborn children.

I - Prophet!

I urinate into Lethe

Scattered in the heads

Of Pandora's bastards

I kiss the wound of Caesar

As predicted by Genesis.

Leila Samarraï

I Am Hyperborean, Atlantean

I live in a country where the sun never sets;
Eratosthenes and Pliny, they write stories about me;
Waiting for me to show up
In a world that really does exist,
In a land that lives in a world of myths.

I have fed hundreds of swans flying
I have fed hundreds of swans flying...

I was the defense counsel
At The Battle of Thermopylae.
I live and die to fly in Thrace's winds, for the golden freedom described by
Pindar.

I am a Hyperborean living in Serbian land.
I am an Atlantean living in Serbian land.

I embrace the pillars of Hercules
I am an inspiration to the writings of Plato
And Ignatius L. Donnelly
I am a visitor to the magnificent Garden of Eden
I kiss earthly gold and walk through the ocean.
I am the queen of Egypt
I am a teacher, showing Phoenicians their alphabet
I poured hyperborean shadows into the golden bars

We mock the poor Hyperboreans
Who dream of Thrace's winds. BUT

In one horrible day we died, trampled by
A hairy brethren of elephants.
In one horrible day and one night, we
Sank into the ocean, lost.
I am a hedonist who
Lost her might from fear.

I was a Hyperborean woman
In the land where the sun never sets

I was a Hyperborean woman
Who fed her swans, watching them fly in the wind.
I did not die in a world of myths
I was defense counsel at The Battle of Thermopylae
Apollo took me to Delphi in his carriages
So that I might spread his doctrine to other nations
Since then no one has ever seen me,
I'm still waiting for her to become.

I am a Hyperborean living in Serbian land.
I am an Atlantean living in Serbian land.

Leila Samarraï

I Was Told To Drop Dead

I was told to drop dead
Drop dead! ?

I – who shatters you upon a lupine rock
I – who kills you with the breath of breeze
I – who holds your hair inside my palms
I – who do not hear your supplications and don't know them
I – who carry the roar of waves within my furious brain
I – who crush you with cheekbones of oak
I – in front of who you hop like maddened dervishes
I – before who Samara resurrects from the dead
I – for whom the rocks groan from pain
I – before who Caesar scrapes his white knees
I – who carry in my chest a heart with twelve ventricles
I – who breastfed Romulus and Remus
I – who murdered Caligula during Palatean games
I – who break flesh and eat your bones
I – who turn honey into a new pillar of salt
I – who extract the uterus from the moon
I – who poison your bodies with breast milk
I – who tear tendons with ruby lips
I – who knock you down with words of great-genesis
I – who am a wind which topples giants with my treading
To me you tell to drop dead! ?

Leila Samarrai

Imprisoned Beauty

Imprisoned beauty
In three layers poured
During a hellish night

Helen,
Intrigue ate you
And Erinyes
In turbulent water
Tongue burns from gall

Trojan woman,
Shave your beards!
And you shall see truth:
Shackled naked bodies
Stumble through underground passages.

Through myths
My death
Will be the eternal memory
Of sun's fiasco.

Leila Samarraï

In The Age Of Apocalyptic Wonderful Miracles

The word lost power, but the power lost not the word.
From weary mouths rests in diction
In the age of apocalyptic, wonderful miracles.

The Grand Idiot will be fed by Earth
And the meek will be buried under it.

Miracles prevail over Courteous Miracles
Courteous fire
Courteous solitude

From the cliff of eyes
Into the imaginary house
Under the dead tongue
Acrimony wants to plot.

Leila Samarraï

In The Age Of False Tongue

Stupidity, how many mouths have you fed
And how many masks sweetened!
How many spirits barred with rusty taste.

To know false flattery,
To smell infertile life;
Mirrors to the wolf
Galleys on lies, in trance.

But I know that naked truth is a dressed lie,
Magnificent urge watching the ruins.

In the age of false tongue
Without weapons and prow
I cannot conquer the world with symbols of certainty.

Leila Samarraï

Kitty Kisses

Fluffy, curly-headed, looney ball!
He jumps upward and bounces off the walls.
Thwack! (Kerplunk)
Then he curls up, snoring in his sleep.
(Huuuuuuuhh. guhrrrrrrr huuuu grrrr grrrgrrr.....siiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...)
He is such a such a noble cat!

Sometimes I call him Gerard Erickson.
Sometimes I call him Sanders Pennington.
He speaks, cat, dog, human:
'Tomcat, are you going to eat the dog's leg, perhaps? ' (rub, rub, up-tail)
'Sspurr -ior! But.. I would paw - fer beef steak.'
(Huuuuuuuhh. guhrrrrrrr huuuu grrrrr)
'Are the chicken wings too bad for you? '
(blglglblglIIgbbblglblglIboggllghghghghh)
A roasted mouse in the microwave?
'Disa-purr-! , slave! "
(P - KIIIIIIIIHHHHHHHHHHHHH! ! !)

Before that, scratch my elevator - butt!
Then he turns, in Dead Mousie pose, and clumsily mumbles orders:
'Open My door'
'Close My Window'
'No, do some 'Prairie-Doggin''!
'Do some Cat - Dance! '
Both left feet moving
Then
Both right feet moving
'Walk like a cat, you, clumsy camel!
Think like a cat!
More kitty - like! That's it.
More kitty - like.
More more cattitude!
You have no style, let's get you to ballet! '
He sings soprano (Mrrrowwww. Mrrowwww. mrrrrrowwww.)

'Merry Meow Birthday, my Batler, where are you?
Happy Meow, too you, too!
Fetch me my slippers!

Pass on my reading glasses!
I have to get my higher degree.
Heeeeeere kittykittykittikittykitty!
Heeeeeere kittykittykittikittykitty!
Heeeeeere kittykittykittikittykitty!
Go kitty! ...Off'

Winding Up
Digging In
Revving Up
Once he is in his cat - cradle
I am telling him tales to his fluffy tail
He is my, fur real, Claw-some friend
He is my dearest and purrrr-fect son
Arm to paw
Cheek to cheek
Heart to heart
Lips to muzzle (mwahhhh)
(Lub-dub...lubdub....lub-dub... Lubdub....)

Leila Samarrai

Like Waves Of The Water

When will the nothingness begin
When will we hear the echoes of the morning
Devoid of celerity, love and wisdom

The hour will come
To be concurrent
To be silence and flash
To be collision and creation
So through the moment of nothing
You would be born to this world

From then spread through the taste of nothing
Like waves of the water

Leila Samarraï

Listen

Listen

Do not wait for the Sun without shadow

It does not differ a harlot

From a drowning woman upon a shore

May the kiss of poetics

Release your thigh to my lips

May the shriek silence everything

Except the gentleness of a fresh prepared rain

I do not regret

That the river sand will cover every stanza

Leila Samarraï

Nocturnal Chatting With Poetry

A poem has no friend, only acts her plays
A little bastard with gruff verse, she is!
She has been given weeps and ways
About thousand years of age or day
Since the truth has been painting gray
Since the May has been singing gay

A POET:

Here's my pulse of passion
My cut is too deep for screams
That slope of my heart..... The smell of freedom.....

A POEM:

(Burn me, give me passion, more passion)

A POET:

Happiness blushes before my presence
Wonderful me!

A POEM:

Is there still a hope for madness
And a millions of so – called truths

A POET:

With my poor cheek
Wheeled into the cross
With the same safeties and deaths
My arising makes all happy

A POEM:

A sense of dry cheek for god's sake
It's a relief to get rid of you:
The strangled bird
The honest truth maker
The deceiver of music
Tell me,
Where are your sorrows?
Where are your Tartare?

Where are your butterflies?
For you hold this, to be me?
As a blue snow pattern
Of Myself?

A POET:

The same sailors walking the sea
With hired vessel
I was hit and raped

A POEM:

(babble jabber)

A POET:

The sailing long

A POEM:

(boring!)

A POET:

The sailing long
Neither seen or known
My time is delusive meat of light in
the poem of a murderer

A POEM:

You are NOT and never be.

A POET:

But unlike you, I always loved...

A POEM:

Liar, swift like laughter of the thief
That dreams on the edge of insulation

A POET:

That was (just) my heart

A POEM:

So brave a knock

A POET:

Where wind – death stopped the burning clock
I never sang so wise and still
But, o poem glory, it's against my will.
All's strained what was mine
'Tis the soul of night that strikes in moonshine.

Leila Samarraï

Number

NUMBER

In the beginning there was a number and it created harmony
Compacted into 10 heavenly veins.

To him the music – owes.

To him – love owes.

To him – the truth owes.

Beauty? Yes!

Each idol in the head– to him the Holy owes.

The Number feeds the Ethiopian children with monads in the midst of Green
Africa

Cele-kula (this you must have known!) is built of Numbers,
It is rolled by children down elysian fields of the Righteous

Number rules as well over the body of Osiris,
The Number testified about remaining loaves
On the bodies of hunchbacks and the poor
Which like dark figures of Calais await the whirlwind of Justice
To banish them from the asylum of Doubt.

Number knows of tomorrows and of yesterdays
Number knows who you are, and who am I.

The Number traverses the army of armies of Amen of Libya
While the sheep bleat and search for wolves.

The army hesitates
And swimmers hesitate
?h, my geometric sea.

THE CHOIR OF IDEALISTS:

?, Pythagorean triad, show yourself!
Who are you?
What are you?
Have you impoverished for us?
Have you thrown away all your mo – Hopes?

NUMBER:

I came to you as a golden calf and you did not recognize me!
There would be no Hymns of the Nile without – Number,
The Colossus of Rhodes would not be without– Number,
Spartacus, yet him, Liberal, not without the – number!

A number, it is the bald, mad poets
And cotter bolts!
Silly, mad, those crazier, the craziest and... Preludes!

Number – arose from Earth for Saturn.
Fell from heavens for Thoth.

CHOIR OF MATERIALISTS:

Take us to the Grand Cut – to tailor holy dresses the day before the Holy day:
For emperors, and their wet nurses
Once again for wet nurses
For shahs, patricians,
Eagles of gold, aghas, tarragons
And other Proposers?

Number – it is harmony, king and cage for verses.
Even some Jacobite is a Number – scarecrow for the Girondist.
And pipsqueak, of course, Antic C. ??(n) s?n from feces of the Greek revolution.

Number, those are all beginnings
And causes
The golden section of time in caves
With Metempsychosis.

Number, those are all rejected kisses,
Number – measure of doubtfulness and laughter of the insane paladin,
A tucked in courtesan.

Go to the temple of Eros so they shoot an arrow to your chest.
Let all Lunacies fall in love with you
And lunacy enamored to create itself anew within you

And crazy Eros will look at you

Will take out the heart from the womb of the ideal Semele
Shot, walk down the shores of the Peruvian sea
That is how freedom from the Number is deceitfully summed!

Do not envision the Number divided (do not even think about a fraction)
Remember the ten, with a laugh.

That is how Pythagoras counted as well

1

2

3

4

Counted all the way to ten

Ten shoes

And ten shores

And ten dreams

And ten bridges

And ten lunatics

– Pythagoras finishes;

Forbidden to dip horse bean into the number.

I am Etalides and I have been in... in... plants.

I am Pyrrhus and I sojourned inside the rotten womb of gluttonous emperors.

I am Euphorb and I blinded Homer

Because into the Number much like the Sun you cannot gaze long.

I murdered Achilles,

Tarried within Paris,

I cannot claim I have not within you as well.

And the divers keenly look for him,

Beneath the surface are the sunken ships

Carcasses of Hyperborea

Colonnade of martyrs

Silenced witnesses.

„The Number, those are all heavens“ – calculated Pythagoras
and discovered the golden thigh in the Theater.

Omen

In this hour I foretell the future despair
Despair which comforts me in my madness
Indistinct despair, voiceless
Like a reticent rock deliberating a curse
How can I determine the correct hour?
From where do I remember that familiar silence?

Yes!

I foretell the cruelty upon which I will be reminded
by future expectancy, traced upon my stomach
by splendid, bright and aging
foretelling of future absence
Absence will get in the way the night of sand
Will not be
It appears to me the absence will last far too long
and that fear which values my soul
Alike a strength of a single metaphysical day
when all was said from within
That fear reinforces my soul
in the bottom
and one spoken out

Yes!

Of inconsolable shameful sarcastic foretelling
in opposition to the merciful sky which extinguishes the candle on my breast
Prophetic
Destinies, apparitions, movements
of the image seen within under the bone
The only one which who exists for future absence. Foreign land
Vis-à-vis the one who awaits the wind will cocoon itself
How to determine that which is the future and which will not come
Nothing welcomed. Valued only with already familiar
dieing
but that which was welcomed and received corrodes the skin beneath the gizzard

Yes!

The forgotten must always be condensed inside the head
My hope no longer puts up with me.

Merely butchers with bloody knives
For that reason,
Compose your smile and walk out before the views of people filled with love
was told to them by She who will not come

Leila Samarraï

Rape Poem, From The Book 'the Second Birth Of Tragedy'

I.

Have you ever been raped?
Has anyone's large hairy limb ever poured into you?
Has anyone ever said to you, Bitch, do it already?
Have you ever been impaled by a man's fruitful seed?
Have you ever been a Turk's demeaning experiment?
Have you ever been denounced as an unfortunate mistake of Eve's prehistory?

Have you ever been raped?
Has anyone ever stuffed you like an apple on a spear?
Have you ever dreamt of love's blind ecstasy?
Have your dreams of ordinary love been murdered?
Has anyone ever drooled saliva onto you, like a furious dog?

And your flesh was resisting?
And your bones were weeping?
And your body was screaming?
And your bloody lips sang a grotesque song?

Until womb wounds erupted?
Until heinous stumps came out of your uterus?
Until hanging jaws withdrew into the darkness?

2.

I cut the thread of existence
In solid dark chambers, and hundreds
Of rats patrol my heart.

I cut the thread of existence
I am a masterpiece of mad genius
The Master of Light, maybe?

My face hides in the shadows
My blazing mind hears gunshots
And I pick the decaying bits off my skin

You're a starving slave to the Ripper

You're extracted from the horny goat's seed
You're licked by his bleeding tongue

In essence, it's nothing but the call of a dull mind.
A delicious screaming beast.
You are that ripped hemisphere of meat,

You are that torn woman
Yes...You....

3.
The billowy music is lost to you.
In water, in wind, in rocks
No divers turn the water stone

So, you flower...

This is the world of the lie
This is the world of the lie
It is so warm Father
It is so cold...

This is a false world
This is a false world
Of thirsty angels who die
The former world no longer exists.

4.
Have you ever been raped by someone?
You should try. Like a vampire,
You will be bitten for everlasting life

In an endless night of whining sodomy
Yelling, screaming, crying,
Bloody, sweaty, teary.

Whose Hell do you choose?
Are you too a raped bitch?
Sun... Please... Father?

Requiem For A Mosquito, May Your Spirit Rest Upon These Toxic Fumes

1

I love your milk colour, nearby madhouse,
I love your fatuum traitors cry,
To Now or Once, to hellholes or sneak thieves
Which summons the harlots of Time.

Pull the drains, sewer bunnies.
may your spirit rest upon these toxic fumes,
I love your shiny little bumps, your aggro,
Simply... I love your shaft.

The Belgrade on Krnjaca*
screwed up its sewage line to
contaminate the crime scene.
with raw sewage.

The Wraith will come dragged along the floor
Belgrade, you are an asylum in the open river
while sailing on a burning duvet

2

To Kunst for homeless god
to Happiness and vindictive mosquitoes
to calls of local bar hopping slut.
and fine Sers missing communal apartment.

Spraying for mosquitoes!
are you my executioner?
you've disarmed the vengeful mosquitos
itching
cursing
a short-tempered star
a lightning strike
frost in dictionary

And soon.. all these years
seem just like a blink
of the bite.. inseminated...
earthquake!

Don' t get nervous phantom of the
birthplace shores.

Requiem for a mosquito
and soon, your music shall come,
some slacker roadkill shall come,
plastic heart shall soak it all in.

Like ammonium nitrate...

3

To add mincemeat out of the filthy Ser
mix mixture carefully into medicinal
soup
For Hannibal.

Poke and doodle
In the pokey, up to the rectum river,
then
plant yourself like a squatter

And... put some ice in the urinals.

*Krnjaca (Serbian Cyrillic: ??????; pronounced [kr??at??a]) is an urban
neighborhood of Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. It is located in Belgrade's
municipality of Palilula. (source: Wikipedia)

Leila Samarraï

Samira's Comfort

SAMIRA'S COMFORT

You bite the poem under the tongue and words which made reminiscences into dust

They do not understand you, actrisa.

It is time for aktshluss

You were chewed by the populist phenomenology

Of verses devoid of poetry

In the band of false troubadours you cannot be actor primarium patrium

Aristocrat among poetesses do not forget that the Arabs divined your fate with arrows

Do not worry, Leila, I enjoyed reading your verses,

I Samira, the trade woman from the satrapy of forgotten empires

On my breasts I bared the burden heavier than the grandiose pillars from Hatra

Forever banished from the cradle of two folk I belonged to by the disfavor of Alan and Beog who found a dying city

Do not worry, Leila, with you are Greeks and Sarmatians and your name is nailed into the Grecian affiches

Announced by Sophocles on fliers and billboards of alternative theaters

And Caligula dances with your Greek single act dramas on Palatine games

Do not worry, Leila, unpopular poetess in a world which you overcame

With the miracle of discovering the secret home in which you mastered silences

Do not forget everything is a matter of injustice because there is no justice

Do not forget the world became a mine field and an insult

Do not forget another world will be chiseled by your verses of immortal longing

Do not worry, Leila, there will be time for all those who hotly growl on the mention of your name to understand

The unbearable ease of existence and the feather of your French Alexandrine.

Leila Samarrai

Scream And Whisper

May the screams echo. After that
The silence will stumble like a whipped wild horse;
A moment pilled inside the throat
Overpowers the yowl and endless wind
That whimpers down the roads of land we are condemned to

In a deaf room, in a deaf night, by deaf ears
The scream in my throat is anchored
To the howling whisper.

Leila Samarraï

Shopping Mall

Stack on a hanger next to each other
Skintight heads, throbbing with pain
In hangman's loop are warmly tucked
A memorial plaque burst into tears
Madmen wailing over it
Soft is crystal glass from which
Reflexions are pouring down
Reflexions of the consumers
Aglow with a fervent rumour
The shop window turned its back
Its cheek cheeky and superior
For this vaguish market longing
And a couple of known guests
Head winked to the executioner
For today enough, let's rest
But East from Eden, there's a sign:
Clearance sale! Alas, roaring
Corridor
There's no line
Street dogs hustling in the shrine
Crystal mechanisms drool
Dripping from them mirrors are
Is that loony or a fool
Narcissus that lost ideals
Pooches running to the shelving
That is, it seems, never ending...
Fields of boots and shirts lie there
Clock is ticking
One more second
Unsuspected revolutions
Until the final closing
Even pigs are crying now

Leila Samarraï

The Darkness Will Understand

8

In the bed I do not rely on commandments
The roses already fraught with wind
How many clocks do you ask
While the morning overladen with eternity is late
Delirium morning

They foresee the end of the world
Through star gates
They will wish to open them, open them they will not be able to
They will wish to close both them and the road
The poems shall herald the dead
The dead and the living will depart for false mouth
Without a single sense

My God sleeps murmuring prayers
After which I inherit sadness, wind, mountains, birds
Yet hands and bole resist

I do not fear bullets
And horseman of the apocalypse
But you
My beloved Father

Leila Samarraï

The Dread Of Dead Birds, 'The Darkness Will Understand'

29

The dread of dead birds
In the ambient of a stake-out
Is the song of blood

Exists
A slightly higher pitched thought
Like the distances
Lave themselves with silence

Sail away eyes down Attila's ill-whirlpools
Dig out the birds
Which are self-sufficient
Convinced
That the most beautiful voices
Reach
From dead lines in the ground

We need them
At the beginning and the end of love
We always summon them then

Leila Samarraï

The Dreamcatcher

Stopped by the fear of waiting
You do not grow
Not even into a dream catcher

When you pass over a flame with a flame
Behind you the void and wind
Become the connection of unreal knots

Leila Samarraï

The Fate Of The Damned One

Blindness – the fate of the damned one
Hush – the habit of a killer
And dream – the wake of a mortal

It could have been three men
Merged with their eyes
Even though one of them is the blind man

To encounter a man with all his senses is a rarity
Because the road is not marked
Yet
If you do not see
Or do not dream
Or do not know how to keep quiet

Leila Samarraï

The Last Moh's Day

1.

The Mohawk day: is lost and gone
The stink of ink in poor stomach and glossary
With glyphs and sad music.
Shall I taste the harp – like sound?
Or mad drums of boats – shaped percussion.
Thus my spite greets humanity.

The Spark once came in a shape so dim
The twofold mirror twinned nobody.
Black nobody in rift crystal, bring no – way not all is there

Nature has so many talents, an old dark breaker
Twisted tree, a mark of blemish
For some only a birth defect
Tiny line of malformation. –
I truly say: she knew her way
So, one day she made Moch's day.

So I forgot who I was, why I was here in non- subsistence
Never here I'll never be, no, never – be in co -existence
With the whip of an arty bastard
Stinkers and rats crawl nearby, but stinkers eat the dogs among the living.
Slaughtered `em all out of kindness
A sweet act of tender office.
From the sole of Nature's heart.

At peace vigilance.
The bitter wind is bitter breath.
I smell the lofty gasp in leeway.
Look! The starry skies and snowstorms you gave me.

For what? To see?
How can I?

In such cheer and my good spirits
Only martyrs go to heaven
Since I'm trapped in blowup fashion
In unborn ways of shifting lips, bold to kiss my habitations?

Oh jackals, how I envy you!
God forbid all swift captains to live too long

But on the fancied Moch' Last Day, one stood in order,
foolish phoenix, sculpted anger –
gun dog on behalf of all afore
And he sang a song of noble, elevated, golden spirits!
A summary for bad luck man, for the misfortune
Praise the boldness!
His face was hope
I, once dead craved my forgotten secret tunes
While he stood so steadily.

2.
At mating time of the Holy Cow, I promise you –
That I shall be seen... there.
Painted blue, with a tear in... this hand!

Tear?
My perturbation of the unexpected wounded inbounds
Took flight quick in the old dark blank
Embracing my own spit again, my forceful and glowing antipathy.

Cheap and petty as the Word demands
When the shell is breaking, the shell must be broken
Holy Hammer for Holy Stroke.

An accusation!
An accusation!
Fair parody of the sacred battle
Blessed are falsehood and misery! *

* – indeed they are!

3.
I despise soft angers.
Like felon who cry: Amen.
My tongue licks tools and means so disgraced
And their flames overlap me.
As falsity of guns and fires. As offence in the path of mind.
The truthful mind is immortal light for those who dare to find

The Blind comfortlessness of the broken king – his nutshell had veiled his
Graced courage.
Finally, do dare.
Shoot!
In all the hearts that fade away.

4.
The tone so sharply flirts with action
Towards betrayals, those wicked offenders
You are the core of Moch's rubbled grief!
Indeed, is that so?
The vow trembles gladly in the heart of the thief.
The drowning age.

Drowned on All Fool's day
Is there any cheat to blame for such a shame
Evildoer cries aloud, therefore the "Why" for his heavy laugh
When you see the clown, indeed, you smile.

Laughter is not for the Fool
Too many fragments in the sacred heart
The cruelest mouth that never be so cruel
As my despise of morally sigh..

The jester moans and weeps
Such promises!

You, mislead! It's common sense
And!
The lawful right of sinful worms
A robbery of hope – invention
Undying interest of Judas
Makes kiss so sweet in amusing farce.

The love is born of necessity
let "why" stay cold for bride to be
Risen from the ashes...
Such palaces for non – such kings

God the Father
God the Father

Where's your son?
And where's your sin.

God the Father
God the Father
Where's your son?
And where's your sin.

Leila Samarraï

The Perfect Love

I'd give you the perfect love
and the wretch, without which there would be no perfect love
I'd give you a night that has yet to be born
and morning with vile intentions that has not happened yet

I'd give you lavishly morning in the wasteland
I would given you all the sweet languages
and all the shapes that were slowly matured in me

I'd give you them, wolves and jackals
and Beethoven's Ode to Joy
and Belgrade on fire from which I
managed to escape,
roasted, skinned and cooked
I would give you Heaven and Hell

I'd give you the fire
and the quiet joy
and the child's language

All that is both happy and sad
and wounds that emerge from the mud
and my childhood
and my father whose hands killed me twice
and his words were rubbed into the places that hurt

I'd give you my luxuriously morning in the desolation
and feeble tail surfaces in the text
and truncated chairs in my poems

I'd give you everything!

Leila Samarraï

The Second Birth Of Tragedy

Gods too seek sanctuary in dreams
(Conversation of Hypnos and Melpomena)
(place of deed: the cave of Hypnos)

(Hypnos sits in front of the fireplace, wrapped in fur, shivers from the cold while simultaneously playing with a pendulum carefully observing it from all sides. It appears as though he deeply thought over, those thoughts brightening him. Melpomena enters, all in rags, unkempt hair, bare headed.)

MELPOMENA:

Do not look at me with sleepy eyes! I know where I should be now!
(ripping the remains of the dress from her body and plucking hair. She wept.)

HYPNOS:

Have you canceled the play?

MELPOMENA:

Not I her, but her me... Not I... No longer.

(Hypnos returns to the pendulum and wraps himself in a black chasuble, while he shivers with his entire body.)

MELPOMENA:

(gazing at him)
Trickster, oh Hypnos
Wrapped you are in theater curtains
Blacker they are than thy cave
Wave towards me with your pendulum
I dreamt with an eye open
And I have seen reality, oh ???????
That beloved lie of the Theater
Do it!
Mesmerize me!
For the whisk of the mad hypnotiser
Sways even the wings of Gods
Illusion!
The wings of a bird
Overshadowed once a dream!
(A Shadow is hard to overshadow!)

Livid, pale, awake to death
I am no longer Melpomena!
An aggressive clown I am
In the theater of comedy!
(Follow me into the theater!)
Come! Do! Wave your hand!
In front the audience, the wild beast
With a thousand soft heads!
Overshadow me! There, in front of all!
For
Perhaps clean laught(mock) er(y)
Summons the mind to play
And Nature to believe the Truth
(Who to whome but an illusion to an illusion)
Perhaps destructive ???????
Fills the emptiness in the act
In role!
Enchant me!
Either I sleep as before
Or close my eyes.

HYPNOS:

Let us go, but after I stoke the fireplace.

MELPOMENA:

Yes, too cold is for dreams... And I...
Play passions
Improvising merely...
Here and there...
No flash

HYPNOS:

Tragedy!

MELPOMENA:

Fixed her eyes on me, horrified!
?h, my loving Hegote
From whose lips
I drank
Plunged the knife to hearts
Murdered heroes
In a role I play

And all that...
Miserable, miserably lifeless
Are furries prosecuting me?
Must be because of Megara
She set me against Talia
Maddened by jealous
So my wag sister
Derides me out of vengeance.
Let us go now, depart!
(rises suddenly)

HYPNOS:

May the fire burn
Now that I have stoked it!

MELPOMENA:

One wood is breaking
In the fireplace. It is raw.
His organic nature
Does not let it go aflame!
Same as I... Burning
With fire of violent passion.
Violence! Without passion! That is it!
And the violence!
She burns, but I do not see
Nor the senses feel her.
If I could like before
Believe in passion
I would birth the truth
And be the same old
Playful tragedienne
I lost myself in the theater!
(Why, I? ! Melpomena!)
Merely I am a wild cavewoman
Strolling the theater, but not walkng it
The play does not survive.

HYPNOS:

Console yourself, Melpomena! That is good tragedy!

MELPOMENA:

But unblessed!

Unawakened by conscious, how was she made? !
Not by my skillful hand!
She made herself!
Broke loose from her Creatoress!
Run amok!
No Muse to tame her!
What inspiration is it?
It is sinister grimacing
And roaring of omni-human
In a shroud of theater curtains
Dead souls, dead tongue awaits me.

HYPNOS:

I am life for I am Dream
I am Illusion and Companion
What I learned
Teaching Calderon
And few more awakened Dreamers
Walking on dreams
Whipping their hopes
Waking untamed desires
Benumbing reminiscences
Rinsing the dream of Gods!
That much double-natured I am!
No need for a sabre nor a blade
Nor a mask
To kill the knavish king
If you can see
The fire of fantasy in the fireplace,
Do not accede for untruth
And do not play from the heart (A Woman!)
Against the Stanislavic pendulum.
(As he spoke it, Tragedy reborn.)

Leila Samarraï

The Signs Along The Path Are The Only Thing Left For You

You do not grasp – the spilled blood is chiming
From unveiling you wrongfully dread
In agony of you yourself
While we pine atop Grecian terraces.

Daughter
Still rivers are audible in endeavor
And at that conjoined

In mirrors is the road to land of dead
And worshippers of the chronometer
And the unachievable bloom of summer

Put the pigeon on the fire my daughter
We are going to satiate ourselves
Grasshoppers as well my daughter
Before they abandon us through the windows

I forefeel that the unreliable man
quiets his breath and embarks on the way
of Beauty, Ordinance and Wars

The signs along the path are the only thing left for you

Leila Samarraï

The Silence Of The Stone Sleepers

The silence of the stone sleepers
And the tricked audience

I say nothing before the mute sounds
I foresee fever
I guard you from silence
And city spies in bloom
Even though eyewitnesses keep us apart

The disappearance of colors
Turns Day into night
And the broken into rock

Into the ninth hour

Leila Samarraï

The Three Witches Of Salem

I stand naked
Wrapped in flame and smoke.
My long hair-
Oh, my long, flax fiber hair...
I forgot my hat and broomstick
I left my shoes in the chimney.
The trial begins.

WITCHES:

The first witch wears labeled clothes
Her name is Margaret.
She claims she has never been to Oz.
But you can see the magic swimming eerily in her eyes.
"Sheriff Corwin, the black Tutuba, actually Succuba
the poet is from Barbados
The magic is swinging eerily in her eyes!

JUDGE: "Whatever it is...the woman it is! "

Abigail, stop twitching in your sleep!
Again, she is having nightmares, Judge!
Another wears pointed shoes, she is Edwardian.
Abigail's mother,
She's The Queen of spades with a high hat

THE VILLAGE:

"You do not have a husband! Who delivereth you? The devil! "

"I am,
washerwoman
The executioner and the victim"

THE VILLAGE:

"She does not deserve to live! "

The third was my mistress.
Stingy with words.
Goddamn my black blood
In the ludus!

Hold it!
Startled by a witch!
Back into the darkness!
"Go away, you're dead!
She's dead! "

So I died.
As befits,
Tomorrow I'm going to die
Tomorrow is going to die
Love will die
Between empty hands
(The absence between hands)
Eyes are for blindness.. a daily basis

I will be rooted deep like an oak
I will be that gentle, sweet sonnet
I no longer dream of poppies in wheat
Yes, I, A Witch in Salem's village,
I listen to someone else's breath inside me.
I burn in the fire and
I'm shivering.

The trial continues uninterrupted.
My ashes descend.

Leila Samarraï

The Truth

Mystics listen to her
Cynics vomit her
Midwives truth-birth her
And since always
Welcome her on hands
That insidious trash
To fill their pitchers
With her feces.

Born from the spirit of pride
From the spleen of law
From the blood of forefathers
From the womb of lies
From seventy seven
Forgiveness

The fools loved her
Saints like a knick – knack
Showed her on the fair
Liars about her
Sexually fantasized

Ecce veritas
Spends her life next to Dionysius,
Bloodless turkey cocks and donkeys
Smell her sacred beak.
Crowned with laurels
Permeated with boredom
In the tasteful asylum
And she sings in blood
To dampened strings

While watching her reflection
In the lavatory of Hades
Remembers
Progenitrix
Now already an aging whore
Arose from the dream
To maintain the dream.

Leila Samarraï

The Visitor, Pharos From The Desert

These are my times

When the word is not answered with a word
Harpies speak with the language of dervish
With feces they color the paintings
Of Baghdadi castles.

Bring the fire, lighthouse keeper,
And the moonlight, reflection of the night
So ships see harbors
Sufis meditate through the cry.

Mold, visitor, the bowls
To feed Masnavi to the hungry
and suppress the longing of souls for a soul

Leila Samarraï

There Will Be Time For Me To Tell You

There will be time for me to tell you
Will the words spin tomorrow as well
And will the essence be the thread

Stooped candelabrams stalk me
Between yearning and fear
Between passion and constancy
Always present while you sleep restlessly
There where the beginnings end

Solitude too has been captured, molded and limited
And her contents gnawed off in the tempest
Where the beginning and the end meet
Each full moon

Leila Samarraï

Time On The Other Side Of The Wall (The Poem Of Childhood) , 'The Darkness Will Understand'

I squint through the grid
Sweeping
Are the murmurs of childhood
Symbols of intimacy
And dreams
One by one
One by one
And time became
Time on the other side of the wall
And of life behind us

Leila Samarraï

Walk Down The Boulevard

These streets will never be close to me.
The land is lonely, and the sky is
A dreamy shroud the color of the bloodied stone.

Wind taps on the bones,
The birds gnash with their fangs.
My imprisoned walk desultory from collisions
with revived pillars.
I walk the ghostly cage of felt
Which serves to soothe the birds
Lost in a dream, cumbersome, I grow
Amidst Necessity.

Leila Samarrai