

Poetry Series

**Moez Ben Meftah**  
**- poems -**

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**Moez Ben Meftah(29/1/1970)**

# A Good Friend On The Net

A Good Friend on the Net

A good friend on the net ...why not?  
A new face that you trace,  
Small bits that interlace,  
A fake treasure you may get,  
She could be a mild pet,  
You may be a naughty cat.

A good friend on the net,  
A pink dream in daylight,  
It makes you at least forget,  
But who and what?  
A crushing dive in a heart's nut,  
A pearl you met but couldn't get,  
You could forget your misery,  
Being a lone among thirty,  
Your heavy debt, a bloody plight,  
The nightmare of last night.

What a friend on the net!  
A soul lurking within a cloud,  
A dawn breeze that whispers loud,  
The more it leaks to your heart,  
The more you feel you are quiet.  
The days pass chasing the night,  
You keep your race in the chat,  
From Rmada in the south to Bizert,  
You Keep the best for the last,  
Or you like the top to be the start.  
First you get her user name,  
Then came the chain, a full profile,  
her best pics on deskpot,  
And the number of her phone set.

A good friend on the net, Come along ...  
who is the mouse who is the cat?  
Who is the fish within the net?  
A whole year went away since the start,

Another year went aside,  
Another one quickly slide,  
And the world is the world,  
The sun rises from the east,  
And the moon always bright,  
The rainbow is an arch of seven colors,  
The red is red and the white is white,  
The change occurs in your mind,  
Life cells badly hounded by her figure,  
By the bugs, by the babes of the chat.

A good friend on the net,  
A fast-food, a French 'fret',  
And your age has gone undone,  
The best moments rushed fierce,  
Precious hours flew and left,  
Then you fix a rendezvous  
And there came your 'dark lady, '  
Check your guesses and cash your bet,  
Face to face with yourself,  
Face to face with the snares,  
Beneath her bosom, beneath your hat,  
'What am I? What I say? ', you may say  
'What is she... what is it...  
The day-after or the doomsday? '  
She is a windfall just sent,  
A lily flower you can't deflower,  
Like snow born a fresh then will melt,  
A dew dropp brought the dawn and quickly left.

A good friend on the net,  
You sit and sip the coffee where she sat,  
Break the ice and roll the ball!  
Here she is a good friend,  
On the net, or a fiend interwoven,  
Well knit within the net.  
You drank the coffee then you went,  
Oh stars you are true despite the clouds  
That veil the cheerful face of the sky,  
The face of ocean looking upward,  
And the sky gazing downward,  
Both blue but never blue come what may.

A good friend on the net,  
What is the name of a girl,  
what is the glimmer of a pearl,  
If all girls think alike,  
All the same whether ugly or smart?  
What is beyond her woven words?  
What is behind your eye's iris?  
A lump of wish rife with cares,  
A core of whim that stares,  
A libido laden down by snares?  
What language should you use...  
If your house is within your mind  
And what you own is, what you rent?

A good friend on the net,  
you quit the scene,  
you lost the bet,  
Empty cups on the table,  
Nothing was real, there was no deal,  
All you built swept away by the dust....  
She didn't drink.... you didn't know...  
But empty cups on the table,  
A bleak horizon, a gale of wind,  
A wave of wonders veiled your gift,  
A crimson flower gently cut,  
you left the scene and went back,  
To the first square where you start,  
you went again to the net like a rat.

A good friend on the net,  
We all live within the words,  
We don't feel ourselves beyond the borders,  
Your friend is your idea, and thought,  
The letters t, s that you cross  
And the I, s that you dot,  
The real friend in meat that you really meet,  
Is your smart mind, your kind heart.

© Moez Ben meftah  
April 2008

Moez Ben Meftah

# A Prisoner

A prisoner

Clouds are in the sky  
Where the rifted whiteness  
Where birds always fly  
And ships in the swelling sea  
Listening to the warbling tide  
Where I can never be  
Over there there is a bee  
Kissing the roses of my garden  
Making honey for me and thee  
Oh manacled sad fellow  
Where might you be in a prison void of key

Moez Ben Meftah  
Raggada - Kairouan  
7-11-91

Moez Ben Meftah

# Away She Went

Away she went..

Twenty six a fearful mix  
A stream of years with no suffix  
A bleak span struck with hits  
An age of rage amidst the mist

Oh baby, you're a sprouting lily  
For every hand in this land except his  
For thee I trace the rolling chilly  
Wheel of woe swelling in fears

Once I saw your serene eyes  
Down I fell on my knees  
It could be a fault of any sort  
Or a chase of wild geese

she was majestic in every inch  
Always the best indeed she is  
Away she went out of reach and  
Took my soul like nectar by the bees

Before she left she kept a promise  
That she would come again  
To take revenge of every man  
I don't care if she goes or she comes

Once lost whom to ask?  
And every friend wears a mask  
To find your home is your task or  
Keep rambling from the dawn to the dusk

Ask your mum or the traffic cops  
You couldn't be always undone  
Playing music to passers-by with no fun  
Clinging to thirst by empty drops

I like my lines full of Rs,  
Rife and bright as the stars

I love her name I love her eyes  
Perhaps she did perhaps she does

Every girl is a heart and a frame  
They look alike but not the same  
Be aware, if duped it's a shame

Moez meftah  
Raggada - Kairouan  
12.11.95

Moez Ben Meftah

# Back To Bathos

Back to Bathos

Oh...'tis hard  
to quit thine cosmos  
It tingles nerves to dwindle down to a toss  
Oh...summer is wearing off and so is our old Syprus  
Damn it..obliged  
To quit what I'll miss  
My quill, the beach and thine kiss and hiss  
Obliged to set off for the class cos  
Obliged to go back to a dull bathos.

Moez Ben Meftah

# Beads Of Mully

Beads of Mully

I hate isogists  
Yet I see in their faces light  
I once called them rats worms of soot  
But deep I feel they have bright light  
A wierd fragrant smell coming from their rot  
Why do they insist  
How could they resist?

On tv I could see snow in Sundahar  
And in Cechen there is frost and mist  
How could they resist  
Tell me how far they persist  
They look like people of the earth in manly beards  
So close to earth so dear like seeds  
You could not see food there  
' cause everything breeds and feeds  
When Bash Tony smiles  
I feel he got what he needs

I yearn to that smile of lofty prestige  
I smile and look at the mirror  
I feel the siege  
I would like to smile with Mully white beads  
The smile isn't just showing white teeth  
It is a celestial look that says much and reads

Moez Ben Meftah  
November 2009

Moez Ben Meftah

# Down To Earth

Down to Earth

By chance we met in the morn about nine  
The night was tender, the weather's fine  
Both agreed and came to sign  
In October just before twenty nine

Precious...ime I have no scheme  
Sly I look or so I seem, but  
Frank I am and so is my theme  
Believe me my sweetie....im

Gloom has gone once for all  
It was you who gave the call  
Days ago I was dull I was a doll  
now the world is fine 'n I am all

I loved twice this is thrice,  
In my heart there is a bias  
For nobody but your eyes  
Serene they are, they are nice

What was done I say was done  
And we are two again  
But let the two turn to one  
Very soon like the moon, like the sun

I am proud I do not lie  
And I am sometimes shy  
So you are and so ok  
The past's gone and eternity is today

But be yourself and not me  
To be able to hear and see  
Who is who and who is she?  
Otherwise we couldn't be

I need your soul more than ever

Please come soon for thy lover  
You are his bed and his cover  
he is cold going to shiver

Dark lady, thee I love  
down to earth and not above  
I am the hand you are the glove  
From your heart I couldn't shove

I am yours, thou art mine  
You are the rhythm and the rhyme  
You are the sense of every line  
If you vanish could they come to combine?

Moez Ben Meftah  
Raggada - Kairouan  
12.11.95

Moez Ben Meftah

# Et Tu Brute!

'Et tu brute'  
I wanted say  
I could sway  
What a grab what a stab!  
Oufffff, 'tis rough as thee  
And it is like a noose, mute  
It shook my spine and spear  
It would shake Shakespeare  
'Et Tu brute'  
I wanna say  
Still, you're still cute  
You couldn't refute  
That I loved my folks  
And I loved thee to suit  
That heart of nobles you lost  
It is love 'sans doubtte'  
Et tu brute  
I wanna say  
My warm splashing blood  
will sue you, it'll shoot

Moez Ben Meftah

# Eves Of Halves

Eves of Halves

Eves of halves  
Eves of rivals  
uneven spheres  
Of young calves  
Who drives who  
And all wives  
are poles apart  
hives of snares  
nestling in hives  
A full whole all in all  
gowned in a dress  
alas that hot built  
is but blue archives

The silky juicy flower  
there thrives  
The more you approach  
the charm of her mind  
The more your iris  
down below dives  
Fierce battles over  
bottles and bottoms  
And unhealthyhaves  
trade with wealthy haves  
trafficking nikabe hares  
Bald everywhere  
Bodies of no hairs  
You could hear the  
gory whim rattles  
The folks of thobes  
black os and robes  
Are but cattles  
hooked on kettles  
reigning over brittle cattles

You know not  
The tender

lamb-like labia is  
sharper than their knives  
And all cells of cognition flee  
As epileptic quiver arrives  
Miss veiled villain  
took to a tablet viber  
opposite to her  
is a stout embiber

'Mum to be happy  
Here is just in cyber  
I till to tell you my will  
Save me mum  
this world is ill  
These tribes just drill  
Their earth is still still  
And money we get is nill  
How sweet to retrieve thee  
Mum and trace you  
By my quill

Eves of halves  
Eves of rivals  
Eves as eaves  
The blond face  
of Mss Zizzy is veiled  
In a dark Kaaba  
And the curvy south  
blasphemes in jeans  
Invisible beams trenscend  
yet not grand as lolitta seems

Eaves of halves  
Eaves of rivals  
That head that may  
implore Allah is sublime  
Yet zipped captions  
on curvy triangles read  
'come to me sometime'  
A head that doesn't rime  
with the epicenter

of Telimsani Rime

Moez Ben Meftah

18/5/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

# Face Flower

-

Moez Ben Meftah

Faceflower

Every day, every hour in the hour  
Same query, "what is it in your mind? "  
plethora of facets of one's heart  
Well briefed in the photo of a flower

The sweet dreams of an old summer  
The nasty fears, the nightmares are there  
Like air; flimsy films that are rare  
And nothing traces that than a flower  
Recent journeys to Florence  
Or the plan to fly to France  
Or jotting down a new cadence  
Have affinities with a flower

'Hishman's' aborted sole romance  
Then his verses raving nonsense  
And the lost future of absence  
Are well depicted in the blues of the flower

The Gaza brooks of crimson gore or  
The kids of Aleppo bleeding there all the more  
Our dreams stabbed deep in the core  
here we are, other shades of 'deflower'

The nude forecast of the weather still unfinished  
And the metal news tale ill-furnished  
The thirst of lust now well burnished  
Could be gowned in the color of a flower

cheap-sweated peers of Oliver Twist  
Seen begging in Mogadishu wretched East  
Well surveyed by the eyes of the beast  
Could be traced in ailing pale flowers

The hijabee teens in Sanaa's dodgy streets

Smuggling goods to Houthi Shiites  
The faceoff vindicated on Emirates  
Once again these are  
looks of the flower

The platoons of skinny Bloke schoolgirls  
Laden down by no-life sero skills  
And the topic is 'how to rid landfills?  
Find ways to relieve our flowers! '

The Siberian subzero snow blanket  
Freezing Syrians in Sofian market  
The Bengals in the streets of tough Muscat  
Maybe traced in victimized lily flower

Every day, every hour in the hour  
sleep well, eat well, have a shower  
You delete bad pics, yet again they soar  
That's it, a new chance for other flower

For thine quest to be cleansed and purify,  
Pioneer as martyrs before to fly  
And keep this world  
May be met in left behind dry flowers

The more you haste you get slower  
So lend your oar to Mss mower  
A new approche with every rower;  
A new view, here sprouts another flower

The love story leading to Marry  
With no regrets nor sense sorry  
drives ahead then never worry  
To deflower is to seed a better flower

Everybody knows well the Day After  
By the preface of the gone chapter  
The bygones, yet, receive more flowers  
There is hate, yet, regret stays longer.

Moez Ben Meftah



# Fate Is Fate

Fate is fate

No cloud in the sky

My flower

Is withering

Tomorrow it will die;

To the lamb as I am going

If she weeps or cries fate is fate and nothing

Moez Ben MEFTAH

23 - 10-91

Moez Ben Meftah

# Few Words

Few words suffice to umbosom  
Though I still say I am alright  
Every minute straw is a microcosm  
Of an invisible gory damn plight

The caricatures of blue sarcasm  
Peppering our papers day and night  
The sensual entities of anarchism  
The curvy babes nude on beach site

The horrific boobs the v of the bosom  
The lurking school girls held tight in tight  
Stockings, leggings with v-shaped chasm  
Now good intentions dwindle to a naught

And I get to make a bolt to the hot prism  
All nerves quiver towards her chasm  
She wows hard as I get in the bosom  
And few frictions suffice to orgasm

Few words are enough for a polyglot  
To twig the tongue of the com-dot  
The www here is not what is meant  
It is rather worldwide Tunisian webnet

The know-all are so keen on the chat  
Politics, Wall Street and business quest  
Yet, youngsters are hooked on the g-spot  
None controls this and no diplomat is for that

Few short words suffice to get off the track  
What Tunisian teachers know is a nick-nack  
And our students get the bac to go to the fac\*  
In fact they get back to go to the real f\*ck

Do gooders are afraid lest they get a sack  
While the undergraduates suck in the sack,  
The PhD in Raggada\* means Pretty Huge Dick

And the profet\* has nothing to do with the Prophet

8 October 2014

Moez Ben Meftah

# Go Boothward Young Doves

Go boothward young doves then fly  
And ram that polling slot with a nay  
A no for any veto no for any delay  
And fie for that Novemberous dismay

Thou art the thriving future of today  
Thou art the crimson hope that will slay  
The horror of the Big Brother and Lady Lai  
And weed out that gory era of disarray

Go forward, no recoil, come along hey  
I am waiting you, I can't help it, you know  
All of a nation, Africa north most will chant and cry  
With the joy of a young boy, with a hell of sigh

And march and shout and chant high  
In streets in cafes on hills in plains of rye  
I love you Tunisia, I do love you smile, waltz and sway  
Never will I let you shed tears never will I cry

Moez Ben Meftah  
25/10/2014  
11 pm

Moez Ben Meftah

# Hello

Hello

'Hello',  
I like to say  
With every morn glow  
Hello!  
Superb is your prose  
And the spouting rose  
Below  
Ah..you know  
Much of your  
Eden is pink  
I think hell Is a bit low  
Hold on please, get slow  
My back does bow  
The bone nods no  
I need not dough  
Nor I like to touch 'like'  
In Facebook ado  
And I do not do

Hello senses seem shallow  
And once uttered  
they drive you deep below  
To balcony scenes of Romeo  
To the romance to draw  
In an English ivy bangallow  
To pictures of Dorian Gray  
To redo Marline Monroe's blurred

I do that and more for you  
Lest you earn dislike  
and much stigmatic ado

Hello  
What colors  
Are in today's rainbow  
Those are my pics to you

And I bleed more pro  
With comments splashing below  
I like  
I do not touch thine photo

Cause of the sins of years ago

A sole disfigured picture I drew  
of you in front of my eyes, new  
The Marlboro smoke hovers  
over me it soars, it grows,  
it blends with snow  
I browse thine eyebrows  
petal by petal  
I go below, oh..no...what eyes  
Who borrows codes  
to understand a hidden smile  
And I have a Cupid heart  
that grows beyond disguise

Hello  
That juicy cloud I will follow  
I will see thine eyes in every color  
In the ark of rainbow  
I will come so long as there is you  
So long as that horizon can't be narrow  
As long as there is a pursuit of morrow

Moez Ben Meftah  
20/5/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

# I Am...

I am...

I am the subdued latent dream of Jallalabad  
I am the inforfeited rebellious splashing blood  
I am the zillion of blasphemous nays you rudely nod  
I am the deprived nerves of the utopia Angelina-Brad  
I am the lenient submissive mum that loathes dad  
I am the &quot;again&quot; you insist on in place of &quot;instead&quot;

Moez BEN MEFTAH

28/09/2014

Moez Ben Meftah

# In Other Dye

Tomorrow  
Another day...

Tomorrow  
Another die.....

To mourn  
In other dye.....

Moez Ben Meftah  
27/3/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

# It Is The Call

It is the Call

I got taste of all fruits  
I wore all suits  
I travelled till the end  
I have trodden all roots  
I got all sensual shoots  
All that is funny  
I came to the verge of it  
What is it I did not try  
What is left after all fellow scouts?  
There is it, a yearning to a distant ode  
To a blessed Aden an abode  
I should retrieve my god  
I feel it is coming  
it is a holly call

Moez Ben Meftah  
April 2012

Moez Ben Meftah

# Lady Lai

What am I lady Lai?

I swing I sway, how far I go deep?  
I feel frail, but again I sail  
How long you drill in my nail  
Layers under layers underlines  
A waste land beneath sand  
Every pain leads to a piggy pain...  
And I surpass, I transcend  
Every hour, the next second  
I have a new mind in the same brain

I have a gift like thieves of function shift  
Ah ...there comes a time to pray  
You prostrate and supplicate  
You go through reefs of thieves  
Then you suffocate, you go to work,  
You face the people, you duplicate.

What do I say, am I ok?  
Why I do I delay and lie?  
Why do you avoid why, why  
When people want to know?

What am I?  
If all numbers reduced to one  
What taste has the garden  
If all colors become red  
And the spring becomes fall  
All months become November  
What to do if you are born in May

What shape have I and tou  
in the iris of private eyes  
If lines must be states-quo  
What figure could I draw  
If all geometry is reduced to an o  
What sense for sixty nine  
If you are not that guy?

What money have the poor what dough  
If "the ox is oppression in the lion is the law."?

The news is read, the views turned red  
The papers are led instead, on Friday  
Preachings read before being read

What am I if I fear disarray  
The folks wishes go astray  
Because of cupid Lai  
And her spouses in silence slay  
A whole nation from south most  
To the north of the bay

What am I?  
If I am not direct  
By the way  
Have you read  
Catcher in the Rye?  
You say good words  
To your girl  
You don't kiss  
Your lips tend to bite  
And the serpent hiss  
Then she passes  
And you miss

Alone you imagine  
You get the zest  
More or less  
You pull thirty one  
As if you caught her  
Fragrant and braless

What am I?  
I don't like the news  
Who represents who?  
The anthem I hear is so dear  
Before I get to class  
Then I know I am within ten million  
And the sum is a fuss

Say something, shout, call the birds  
Insult me within a café,  
Speak about the kids of aids  
Or the frail girls of Bombay  
Burn a fag like your dad  
Are you dead? It sounds sad,  
You are mad, very bad, unsaid...  
All beasts scream when hurt  
Cows mow, the ewe bleaches  
The dogs bark, donkeys bray  
And you cuddle your injury  
You shut up.... fie daft pry!  
May you burn in the fry!

Am I the age that passed by  
Or the bleak moments of today  
Or the time coming before the Day  
Or that whole line still undone  
From the first gasp till I die  
A student I am like I was yesterday  
Or so will I until when I pass away?

Moez Ben Meftah  
May 2008

Moez Ben Meftah

# My Class And My Club

My Class and my Club

When I come to the class,  
I always feel alright,  
But sometimes I arrive  
Quiet uncertain with fright,  
From something or someone  
Exerting a sort of might.

Yet the club is my home,  
And the home after storm,  
Is the shelter of the heart.  
A stem of zeal for every start

In the class you have to do  
What is right and be polite;  
You have to work with 'whereas',  
'Yet', and, 'but' and 'despite'.  
Breaking the rules between times,  
May cause you bad plight.

In the club there are no musts,  
But what you can and what you might,  
More than that, the cyber world  
Provides you the room to chat  
On Yahoo, or the British site.

In the class quite often,  
You feel a bore and furthermore,  
It is hard to twig the lesson  
Or at least the major part.  
The correction of the test,  
Might become a mark-fight  
And the pupils never fail  
To have something to nag about

In the club everything  
That you hear is so dear

To your ear, to your pen  
And the hearts of your heart;  
Say whatever and sit wherever,  
On the left or the right,  
Nobody whatsoever can ever  
Deprive you of your right.

In the class it so happens,  
That you lose the appetite,  
An feel rambling as a kite,  
But once you join your brothers,  
And belived sisters in the club,  
Very soon on Friday afternoon,  
You feel afresh; quiet at ease with delight;  
You can relate your stories,  
And the reveries of daylight.

Language tasks in the class,  
Are always a heavy diet,  
In addition to many shouds and should-nots,  
You have to write and be alright.

In the club you are allowed  
What seems wrong outside;  
The taboo that you feared,  
Turns out to be ok and fully right

You could embosom your grieves  
And voice out your views,  
Besides that, you can accuse,  
Enjoy the muse of black and white  
And be heard with respect and delight.

The teacher's lesson I suppose,  
Is bread and butter for those who matter;  
The good-good boys  
And the pretty girls,  
But the bad-bad ones,  
Couldn't share this daily feast  
Or at least have a bite.

Here, whereas in the club,

The spicy dish is for all;  
The poor kids, the so-and-so  
And of course the very bright.

Moez ben Meftah  
Tataouine, May 1999

Moez Ben Meftah

# Oh Lord

Oh Lord

Oh lord oh god  
For thee the sun rises  
For thee is the sunset  
And for thee creatures of oneness fast  
Oh lord oh God ya Allah  
So slow is the shade of this globe  
Yet our time passes past so fast  
Oh lord pardon me  
For things I kept shut in my chest  
Pardon me For asking you  
what time is left  
from the age that went past

Oh lord oh god ya Allah  
The dawn smiles and I start to fast  
The twilight hugs this earth  
and I break the fast  
Everyday rewinds my sins  
of the other day uncast  
Every night reminds cells  
There will come a hard test  
Yet I never get derailed  
As thine mercy is the host of a zealot  
And your grace is but a stone's cast

Oh lord oh god  
Hail to thine sweetest guest  
The dearest wayfarer RAMADANE  
I celebrate that, I burn scents  
I lit antique lamps for it  
I tie colorful ribbons on lamp posts  
I burn amber I do namast  
I recite the verses You love best

Oh lord oh god  
This month passes fast

As the other Ramadan sneaked swift  
And I fear lest  
Eden Passes my temple  
And I am again a fuss ill thrust

Oh lord oh god  
For thee this time I confess  
And I may not do unless  
I come across a pain so merciless  
Oh god oh lord I then confess  
I address, I redress, I undress,  
I toss my mess into thine boundless bliss  
And who dares die  
in the demon-made blast  
Who dares be lost  
in whims set ablaze in a wild forest

Oh lord oh god  
you know all pulses of good  
In veins of my chest  
You know the hisses of lucifers spoiling the fellow fasters seeming chaste  
You know the olms and dimes  
I gave the blind sosistris  
You know the ransom I paid  
To free tangled wrists  
You know supplications I uttered..  
But not meant as spelt  
You know the roar I evoked at home  
And I deprived mum from siesta rest  
You know the doves I chased just  
to be chased and the bullets  
that ravaged little ones and went unjust  
and what was made of the chicks nest  
You know.... you know....you know  
as you knew the tiny stubborn  
chew in my chest  
You know the dawn prayers I missed  
You know the calls I ignored and I slept  
You know how much i've been rude  
yet I still request and insist

You know how much

I tilted to love thee most  
Yet I loved Samantha best  
And to reshuffle our fates is your  
enigma nobody knowest

Oh lord oh god  
You Know all I Knew and I know not  
What will come from what went past  
You know I know it is preordained  
To be the way I am now cast  
So what to do what to foretell what to forecast  
I have nothing to deny today  
Except the repentance I delayed  
Though no more is left of the tough quest

Oh lord oh god  
For thee I forsake the all day long zest  
For thee I stand upright  
In the middle of the night crest  
and delay my small hours rest  
For thee I cancel all tours  
northward, to south, to east and west  
as for thee is the real long quest  
For thee I never booze  
As I forgot the milk of mum's breast  
For thee I quit the grilled,  
the fried and the  
luscious roast

Oh lord oh God  
Ten days of RAMADONE left  
And a whole score before  
has gone in jest  
Yeh fellows run run  
some more run in earnest  
Oh lord oh god ya Allah  
these are our hearts.....  
.....

Moez Ben Meftah  
25/6/2016



# Os Of The Globe

Os of the globe

You can't have centers  
without making an o  
Stories shall turn full  
despite even if and even though  
And the universe doesn't  
care to much ado  
Creatures that refuse flights  
will sometimes go  
We moved from vegetarians  
to digitals thanks to that o  
That ciphers of Logarithm  
refuted vacuum and states quo  
And the scientific no long lived yes  
It is traced in the iris in the pupil's elbow  
In our nostrils, on tops of tits  
, in cells of our marrow  
On tops of trunks of lipido

In fact in that nought  
we trust to make dough go

Moez Ben Meftah  
December 2014

Moez Ben Meftah

# Punica

Pulps of Punica..missed

It was twilight  
summer was preparing to quit  
the scene of a bohemian English neighborhood  
in the outskirts of southmost.  
The tender moisture  
on the tight and brand new  
black sweater was ushering  
a nearby fall looming  
with generous blossom  
and more yearning and tense rimes.

I was sitting on the shaggy lawn  
in the large tranquil park....  
the temple to be prayed in for just one time  
and then I will quit  
as unique faithful disciple  
and keep all its doors ajar  
though I will never retrieve  
the path to its blond dome .

At that moment I was fingering  
the most luscious punica granatum  
I have ever touched.  
It was red-brownish  
and on the verge  
of being rendered tarnish  
by the hot sweat leaking  
from my shivering fingertips.  
I felt hungry and I couldn't grasp  
the soft pome eying my guts  
and my iris revengefully and sadisticly.

Tender was the cool breeze  
airing the place  
with all sorts of fragrant smells  
that have never fondled  
my nostrils before and the lily-like Marlboro

smoke was hovering over  
the blond glamorous hair waves  
scattered on skinny Rojitta

There, I was thinking  
of how I when to get rid  
of the tight rind and start  
tasting the first pulp of the globular  
windfall of a prostrate Supheytila.

Oh...damn it..  
if only I could have fallen  
in a bottomless pit of obliviousness.  
The dream wore off in no time..  
in fractions of a crazy second  
of the endless twilight...  
sure it would stay endless  
as long as the tender spirit  
of the memory still beats  
and shimmers heartfully within my scull.....  
I would stay cursing  
the lady Su and her hoarse voice  
calling me in a cockney vulgar tongue,  
'dinner is ready...dinner on the table..  
we are waiting Mo! '

Moez Ben Meftah  
15/2/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

# Sheperd ...!

Sheperd ...!

He looks at the white lamb  
It is dam is grazing  
Kids are sucking and jumping  
And there are geese  
Pecking the sowed furrows  
Surrounded by chicks  
Oh; hapless young shepherd  
Dig the rocky soil and damp  
There is your mother  
She died before you cried

Mouez meftah  
7-11-97

Moez Ben Meftah

# Stay Tuned!

Stay Tuned!

My door was shut and so were the windows,  
I could hear in my kitchen, a big blast in Belfast,  
A tempest in the West and in Palestine it blows;  
Sixty minutes of BBC World news and comments.

I took my pipe to change the air in Hyde Park,  
An old acquaintance greeted me 'hi, Jack! '  
Then stuck his eyes to the Sun's page of porno(s) ,  
I called a taxi and River Thames quietly flows,

May I find in the land that muse of the moors?  
In the cab Julian Marshall was voicing his views;  
The British love of the quid and the Euro's\* heroes.  
'Slow down please, could you ride to the muse? \*

The driver smiled and set the set into blues.  
On the way I saw the mobs in Trafalgar square(s)  
A gathering of Kurds, and Arabs of double o's;  
Banners, flags, caricatures, and much ado(s) ,

'Down down with Saddam, strike him with the Cruise! '  
'Go south young man! '\* and that was an abuse,  
The cab's guy lost temper as the quest was at loose,  
If I could fly to Mir with the Russians in Soyuse,

'Go to Brighton sir, ' and let it go as it goes.  
'Please gear up, ' I said 'and put off this snooze! '  
In Palace Pear, most people were in pairs,  
The elders in reveries and the young in snares,

And I rambled my eyes in the skies and pebbly bays,  
I could see huge clouds resembling nuke mushrooms  
Covering few Arabs, a lot of WASPS and the Jews,  
And the deep Atlantic was knitting with the waves,

Quaky shrouds and brown coffins of all sizes.  
Back to home to chewing and ejaculation rendezvous,

My abode was wide open and my wife at the doors,  
'We got a call, we have to go or else it blows! '  
Still to come...stay tuned to Aljazeera good news.

Moez Ben Meftah  
Tunisia October 2002

Moez Ben Meftah

# The Other Day

Tell me something about the other day  
Tell me how we missed the joy yesterday

If you couldn't write about that mix  
Send me the few pics

Oh I couldn't write any more  
I just stare at the our gallery or

I the souvenirs of holidays  
Or drip a hot tear never dries

Moez Ben Meftah

# The Roads Untrodden

The roads untrodden

Folks ask which way is more modern  
I say on this matter I still ponder  
How many times it's been sworn  
I will take the roads of wonder  
So That I will share woes of the forlorn  
Cause I know only the miserable are torn  
Everyday new ways with them are born  
Five times aday I hear angels are around and under  
The echo fades away and again I lament I morn  
Signs of liberty are in ways untrodden

in Smiles of kids  
in destinations of wander  
In the direction of sunflower  
In the painful pop-ups of pop corn  
In the fazes of foetus still unborn  
In the face of tsunami striking all of a sudden  
In the tones of rain drops pattering leaves of mirander  
In the symphonic Big Bang of thunder  
In the halal spouse once was a big blunder  
In the blue prints of Romeo traced ash of the wayfinder  
In the message of Selmon's jay revealing the hidden wonder  
In the enigmatic hissing of African anaconda  
In the tears of frauds confessing ill-gotten amber  
In the letters we catch in the twilight of anonymous sender  
In the joy of the pet retrieving its abode once forgotten in Uganda.

Moez Ben Meftah

Moez Ben Meftah

# The Spirit Lah Lah

The Spirit Lah Lah

Where is it the free spirit I once lost?  
The dear treasure I had ignored most  
I know not the finale of this keen quest  
Is it deep underneath or above Everest?

I fetched all through the earth and at last  
Nothing is to be done, alas, it is then lost  
It is not in my pocket, it is in vain tossed  
In the middle of nowhere, too overcast

Where is that spirit if it is not really lost?  
It is not in the banquet of the affluent host  
It is not in the prizes of the Oscar contest  
And never could it be in nooky whimsy blast

And in Yankees Dream it doesn't it exist?  
Nor does it lie in the hot chick's puffy breast  
Is it nestling timidly in Robin's lurking nest?  
Is it in the joker's jest put in tears with earnest?

Is it left to future flights to the liberal west?  
Who knows it may come drunk late at last  
Where is it my spirit, I mourn, sure it is lost  
Who foretells what comes from what is next?

It is not there in my pint, or in my tight grasp,  
In the luscious tender lamb, spicy `n well roast  
In the dry liquor, in the quenched stress thirst  
It is not in the wild ecstasy of the horniest zest

Where is it then if it is beyond any cost?  
It is not in the deciduous courtesan bust  
It is not in the due rainfall just forecast  
It is not in the whirls of the whistling gust

Nor in the pyramids within pharaohs crust  
Where is my spirit, I grieve most, I am lost

Is it in the disguised chance that moves fast?  
In the scribbles of flies round the lamp post?

It is not in the high-tech pads I relish most  
It is not in the realm of ever green habitats  
Where is it? No lulling reply to thine quest?  
And every query guides to an intricate quest.

Oh, latent virgin spirit, is it tied in Corp.'s soot?  
Is it in *laissez fair* or in the suffocating red boycott?  
Is it in the words of the young idiot rushing past?  
Raving, &quot;lah lah lah, Mao med, `tis just, no next&quot;?

Ah, as fools of white slavery pass by, truth is thrust  
It is shimmering with joy in a blessed chaste chest  
It is in my heart crowned with euphoria in its best  
It is fools' *la ilaha illa lah* if you twig the dawn's roost

Moez Ben Meftah  
October 2014

Moez Ben Meftah

# The Teacher Said

The Teacher said

'Look, we write 'man' and they write 'Man'  
The teacher said while the film is on  
Nogeeb Ulla asked, 'why we are always run?  
Is it a mistake in grammar or just for fun? '

'No, son, the man there is quite done;  
Look at the films 'Batman' 'Superman' '  
'Yes, sir I know but there reigns the demon man  
The Kabolian doesn't know what to do with his hands  
When he leaves his gun  
Look, they went to the moon  
They have torpedoes in our lagoon  
They have arms tougher than the typhoon  
They can listen to your phone calls and know downfalls in Rangoon  
They are everywhere in Jerba in Japan and in here they may come soon  
Who drives them out of here, who can do  
Who?  
who is stronger than the stinger of bee fifty two

Look sir I feel I am a boo  
If I don't answer your question too  
If I don't I will help them to carry on shuffling their sho  
I feel myself on top of all tyrants when I hear Mactoom's call  
Who is stronger when you hear 'mightier than all'  
The statues of motionless deity had gone  
So had the lofty budah in Bohemistan '

-'Yes, son, what was done was done  
gods nowadays are not stones but flesh and bones  
People who give you food water electricity and Sharonstone  
They are people who surround you and you can't shun

No, sir I can Sorry you can but only when you run us '  
-'No sir I won't be run so long as there is a sun  
I believe we'll be what we're again  
When man, you write 'man' as man with a capital antenn  
When you stick the picture of victory I've drawn

When you stay a reverend teacher in Sajnan  
When you have the truth of Os and the light of Ban'

Moez Ben Meftah  
February 2013

Moez Ben Meftah

# Tulip Frozen

Tulip Frozen

Gonna freeze, laden down by celestial Lilly chips

Yet they are always tulips hailing lips

Is it even so winter, then pour more heaps 'n sips

Come on oh...'how cums it?

' Cold but Cool I dwell on top of thine nips

Dip..dip..dip dip what a tone!

A Cupid heart beats and the gore on petals warmly drips

No snow now, though seen, no

You know let it go flow

Tulip, labia, lips, nips and the fluid of spirit drips

Moez Ben Meftah

16/1/2016

Moez Ben Meftah

# We Key Leaks

It is not a wonder It is not strange  
It is not an orange it is a small sponge  
That absorbs the high blue sea  
Do you know what is it Mr. Arrange

Guess, take your time, wonder 'n ponder  
Its maker is a man who likes to change  
This blue globe into a sweet fresh orange  
Transparent like the hair of Mr. Assange  
A smart bloke who likes to deal and reveal  
The unread, the unsaid, the unpaid, the dead  
To undress the invisible fraud and behead  
To make you learn from the ipod and ipad

That democracy that you know is a lie  
And freedom of press is another fuss  
Do you know what is it? please guess  
Take a walk, wander stroll around  
It teaches you that southmost governors  
Are vampires and Americans are  
christians but when the prey is you  
They become jews  
And drink the juice after eating  
Jewsmallow when the mouton is from your ewes

Guess again, come along, what is it?  
It teaches you that in fact  
There exists not a taboo  
You are a bore you are a boo  
If you go to street to protest  
To hold your fist to insist  
To run fast against the weather forcast

Do you know what is it?  
Come along you are not so far just  
It is something that sneaks  
Like snails under pale hay  
It never breaks it never goes disarray  
It creeps it crawls, it sleeps over dust

And scatters its saliva over the mast  
Guess what is it?  
Oh say it with the tongue in cheeks  
Do not say 'we key leaks'

Mouez ben meftah  
Tatawine- Tunisia 2011

Moez Ben Meftah

## Wear A Bra...

'Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,  
He who would search for pearls must dive below, '

JONH DRYDEN

Wear a Bra...

He took a Royal fag, lit it with a match and whiffed twice,  
'Look, ' he said in jest, 'wear a bra if need be, or stockings,  
Breast your shirt with a read badge\* like Imams nowadays.'  
'Look, ' he rejoined flinging the butt outside- that's nice! -

'Last night I talked to a big antenna of Fatimites Uskut yard, \*  
And drunk a lot of bad stuffs with a batch of private eyes,  
What's in that if you are under siege, in the middle of a siege,  
And to get out, roll the ball and break the wall of chilly ice, '

He went on, 'more than that, you get to know your enemies;  
You learn better how to teach, before you leap think thrice.'  
Then he grasped another fag with a tone of don't you? - tag  
And waved at two blokes greeting him from without.

'Look! ' he said, 'those guys were among the hell of guests  
Of the Lieut's\* feast last night; he served us meat and rice.  
They talked of Ghariba's synagogue\* and the Jews big blast,  
And kept silent like Mickey when he faces a lot of mice.

'Now, let me tell you another thing quite different, ' I put in,  
And show you, if you wish, other faces of the dice;  
I agree, nowadays you have to fear everything with an ear:  
The ewe, the lion, the ostrich, Ali Ezzat Vegovitch, Talibans

And the great bug bear of intellectual chatterboxes; avarice.  
But, if you move ahead on your own within this hazy maze,

And perhaps you don't refrain in every faze you have to bias,  
You lose your temper, and then you'll temper your poor mind,

You'll look schizoid in peoples' eyes and your I becomes I's.'  
He retorted, 'that is not what it is! ' but I went on in the point,  
'By and by, you love the beer and sir Shameer becomes dear,  
You hush the beep; you oversleep and you forget your five prayers.'

'Is that so? ' badly aroused he inquired, 'yes it is, ' I rejoined,  
'And further more, you'll have a schizophrenic mental chaos:  
In prairies, you could see the wolf free and loose in the fore,  
Wearing no simile or a metaphor but his fur n' menace,

But in the zoo, he lurks himself in the rear and much more  
Of what you fear, creeps to you in various modes of disguise.  
Look, my dear, you got a wife, a brainy son, viz., FEAR-US, \*  
To indulge- I admit- I don't begrudge, a nice cab and a house.'

'Assalam...'dropped in an ex-mate of November's\* Alcatraz;  
That's the Man who taught me how to pray and how to mind.  
'What a chance! ' He exclaimed, 'lucky me...I can't believe!  
Great minds think alike or our thoughts very often coincide? '

'That's Allah, ' I replied, 'by his laws all events must abide...  
Ok, do you like a cappuccino or a cool decanter of Sabrine? '\*  
'As you like, ' he replied, 'coffee, tea, or a sort of insecticide.'  
Because I know, sir Habeeb boycotts any cola or other wise.

'Excuse me my brothers, ' intervned sir Kawak, \* 'what? ' I said,  
'Now I got to go, ' he replied, 'to take the boy to kindergarten  
And change the glasses cause I bought the wrong size,  
I'm sorry to leave you and we haven't met for about two years.'

By now, I am sure you got the gist of the man who versifies:  
Many people stay great despite the one who drags them to minimize,  
Old Habib is an isle by himself and all the rest of the guys,  
Are but ciphers, without figures, that stumble into pits of demise.

MOEZ BEN MEFTAH  
SEBTEMBER 2002□



# What Am I?

What am I?

Am I the words I say  
Or the words I don't say?  
Am I my face in the mirror  
Or another look behind my eye?

What am I if I am not  
The pronouns I portray  
And I always say 'I, mine, my....'  
Is it so? .. in yeh I exist not  
I find myself in nay.

I love lamp posts, masts, rafts  
Palm trunks, the hill standing still,  
The antique edifice, the mill,  
I hate the hay, the quill,  
The brittle ill, Mr. x, the nil,  
The lily, the daffodil.

What am I? a warbling dove,  
A twilight owl or a raving jay  
A nightingale trapped in the clay  
What is the use to pretend  
And I don't intend to stand  
Strong, I won't stand till the end?

What am I?  
A hypocrite in the face of emirate  
I booze at night.. in the morn I pray  
Am I the wishes I convey,  
Or the whims I stifle like a gay,  
I am a hypocrite, aren't I?  
Am I what I admit or what I deny?

The haves have homes  
And domes upon their abodes,  
Bank accounts and codes,  
And you have.. you haven't a hut,

A nut, a shortcut to the spirit whereabouts  
Have you? ....say it ...don't lie

You have a cop in your brain  
Red lights, a nodding full stop  
Your eyes monitor what you say,  
A spy within a spy, a private eye,  
It counts your cups on the tray...

I swing I sway, how far I go deep?  
I feel frail, but again I sail  
How long you drill in my nail  
Layers under layers and  
A waste land beneath sand  
Every pain leads to a piggy pain...  
And I surpass, I transcend  
Every hour, the next second  
I have a new mind in the same brain

I have gifts like thieves  
There comes a time to pray  
You prostrate and supplicate  
You go through reefs of thieves  
Then you suffocate, you go to work,  
You face the people, you duplicate.

What do I say, am I ok?  
Why I do I delay and lie?  
Why do you avoid why  
When people want to know?

What am I?  
If all numbers are reduced to one  
What taste has the garden  
If all colors become red  
And the spring becomes fall  
All months become November  
What to do if you are born in May

What shape have I in laser ray  
If lines must be states-quo?  
What figure could I draw

If all geometry is reduced to an o  
What sense for sixty nine  
If you are not that guy  
What money have the poor what dough  
If 'the ox is oppression and the lion is the law.'?

The news is read, the views turned red  
The papers are led instead, on Friday  
Preachings read before being read

What am I if I fear disarray  
The folks wishes go astray  
Because of cupid Laila, the lusty la  
And her spouses in silence slay  
A whole nation from south most  
To the north of the bay

What am I?  
If I am not direct  
Like a laser ray  
By the way  
Have you read  
Catcher in the Rye?  
You say good words  
To your girl  
You don't kiss  
Your lips tend to bite  
And the serpent hiss  
Then she passes  
And you miss

Alone you imagine  
You get the zest  
More or less  
You pull thirty one  
As if you caught her  
Fragrant and braless

What am I?  
I don't like the news  
Who represents who?

The anthem I hear is so dear  
Before I get to class  
Then I know I am within ten million  
And the sum is a fuss

Say something, shout, call the birds  
Insult me within a café,  
Speak about the kids of aids  
Or the frail girls of Bombay  
Burn a fag like your dad  
Are you dead? It sounds sad,  
You are mad, very bad, unsaid...  
All beasts scream when hurt  
Cows mow, the ewe bleaches  
The dogs bark, donkeys bray  
And you cuddle your injury  
You shut up.... fie daft pry!  
May you burn in the fry!

Am I the age that passed by  
Or the bleak moments of today  
Or the time coming before the big-bang Day  
Or that whole line still undone  
From the first gasp till I die  
A student I am like I was yesterday  
Or so will I until when I pass away?

Moez Ben Meftah  
May 2008

Moez Ben Meftah

# Why, Yankees!

Why, Yankees!

You badly crippled the big Red Bear with clues,  
As Napoleon assassinated Trotsky and his views,  
'Cause two tough captains in one ark never agree.  
If they fight they will make their ark an old hulk,  
And it drowns with the cargo and all the crews.

And the WASP of USA of course needs a frail wasp,  
But not a naughty stinger of imperial large grasp,  
So that the Frontier moves ahead and grows'  
And the old Dream never reaches a last gasp.

But, as the old cold clash between Western booms  
And the red Big Brothers came forth without glooms,  
All the people felt afraid and fixed up their zooms,  
Close to the Cherokees large yards of mass tombs.

The lesson was once frankly laid by sir Kissinger:  
The globe needs just one Master of Supreme Law;  
'by bread not by gun' you can keep states quo,  
And the lion is the law and the ox is oppression.

On the eleventh of September, at about nine a.m.,  
The premonition was true in about half an hour;  
The Twin Towers were no more and neither were  
The Yiddish dough and Uncle Tom's masterminds.

Ladin down by Bin Ladin, you couldn't admit that  
The world was again to the Muslims and Arabs,  
We'd reigned over you long ago, you had a turn,  
And now again, thank Allah, our sun also rises,  
Oh...Yankees you are no more CIA sooth Sayers.

You could have read the big blast in Buddha's bulk  
Blown down by the mines of Afghan Taliban's,  
In the silent wolf eying you on the flags of Chechens,  
In the crimson chilly gore of Palestine's brave boys.

And in just a jiffy, you'll get superb news about the  
Despots of the East and the baptized Arab pharos.  
The same rule of old timers still applies nowadays:  
Never can the naughty cobra turn to a mild goose.

So, the pharos, from Moses' days until that of Cairo's  
Can toss, by use of force, al the gypsies back to cells  
And put the rest of the folk to the sword or the noose.  
They could pepper the Magna Charta with feud laws,

But they couldn't temper with the truth that he knows:  
One plus one never equal the result of two zeroes;  
Those who have hearts of faith will become real heroes,  
And the lusty on the thrones, will stay nasty bores,

So, it is even so, defy us with your one-ton laser bombs,  
We've got more than zillions of zealots of real oneness,  
And two masterpiece entragons of millions of hajj goers,  
One in Taiba and the other in valleys of no meadows.

Hey, Yankees! take the high-tech hard wares and snares!  
Hail to Ka'aba, Al-Medina or Jerusalem's yellow domes!  
Don't forget your stallions and the nooses of cowboys!  
Or, apache us from afar, you mass killers of Mohegan's!

MOEZ BEN MEFTAH

SEPTEMBER,2002

Moez Ben Meftah

# You Exist Not

How much is left for morrow?  
That day never comes, you know,  
you look ahead it looks narrow,  
We're but plethora of tales, much ado,  
We break the ice of the day by 'years ago'  
What's left of your build?  
A skinny edifice of bones with no marrow,  
A mind that thickens but doesn't grow  
A tongue raving around the clock just to show,  
You think or you think not,  
You exist not outside your words 'n shadow,

September 2014

Moez Ben Meftah

## You Remember?

So sweet you were that night  
The sea breeze was so tender  
And the full moon so bright  
Much of that past will linger  
And sure we will always write

When you screamed and I held you so tight  
And you're scared of the neighbor's dog Simber  
We met, strolled and sat on the bridge at night  
And the words we said soothed the agony of September  
The passersby were dry like geometry and algebra

When you invited me for a spicy diet  
Your mates Sue and Fat left the chamber  
We did not eat anything, never did we bite  
Though I liked your meat, you fancied cucumber

When we had a Tunisian luscious night  
We danced amidst sweet dreams in summer  
And the landlady felt our dazzling love's light  
Your serene eyes were glowing like fresh ember

When you lied on my knees quite quiet  
And your Marlboro smelled like amber  
And I would tend to fondle your apples right  
Then I'd stifle my whim, I'd bite my finger

When we passed by the Hungarian student  
Held silent in the arms of Hadi Chamber  
And you said shame on him and his svelte  
And I wished we fell right in a hot slumber

Then I took you home after midnight  
And the way without Hester were somber  
I dashed hot verses in the sense that I might  
Wake up in the morn and find the missing member

When I bought you the best gift of delight;  
Two lovers cuddling each other in a river  
You took my present yet there would come a night  
I recall its script 'I'll always...' the rest I can't remember

When I gave you a necklace in brown light  
You were in white blouse, a stripped skirt under  
And your perfume was Tresor Midnight  
Your word 'rupture' was tears and thunder

And you wiped my tears and stifled my fears  
I feared lest the apple be cut before it is ripe  
And we went apart though we stayed near  
And I could not help it, crying hard that type

When I had Betty's dry Malibu and got right  
And all friends danced on the Lyrics of Timber  
Then you rushed out and cried out of sight  
Your eyes poured as the rain of December

When we made for the car boot's, we were eight  
We bought antiques and second hand nick-nacks ...  
You did not like mates to see your trifle plight  
You bought a deficient clock with no number

When we used to waltz in Debenhams's site  
And in our pockets just a quid or a fiver  
We relished seeing the world at height  
Your heart was an edenhams and moreover

You remember London farewell party  
The day we travelled to Thames with Betty  
And met all sweet friends round nine thirty  
The first time we had sailed to an almighty

We met our gorgeous Guilford teachers  
Who made us feel beings of same features  
Not poles apart as stratas of misery and riches  
Hence prof Mathew danced with Arabian creatures

When the intractable spirits went in disarray

And the zeal of love sprang as foolish bray  
The Sousse babe gave in to the blowjob array  
All of a sudden the chaste Trad kissed Jay

Oh how hard to cry on the tone of Mayada  
And the Tower Bridge looms miming bye  
And the thickening fog over Thames delay  
Any hope to get into Eden or approach nearby

september 1994

Moez Ben Meftah