

Poetry Series

**Mohammad alKurdi**  
**- poems -**

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## Mohammad alKurdi(March-23-1986)

'Life is easy as you spent and hard as you lend'.Thank you for reading my writing, and i really appreciate your comment...

# Fade To White

Gather you all roses  
To give me too different choices.  
Which make a cute face  
I was looking for for ages.

Gather you all together, if you may,  
And let these painter's colors  
Discover from you today  
A picture? a sweetness with covers.

Gather you all again  
(For having only one  
Gives no satisfaction) .  
With a great perfection  
Completes the other 'everyone'  
To cast your spell, hell to begin

Hellish! No one of you makes an art.  
Selfish! all of you I regard.  
You need no others says the yellow,  
Red: rosy hell you will swallow,

Green: in a safety suffering promises  
A road with no end,  
And feeling blue in you places  
And hope gone with the wind.

After thinking:  
Don't be a fool and change the rule  
That 'White' has always been almighty  
It has a calm safe pretty base  
With no ugly treachery face.

I have decided, i have discovered  
That I was blinded, I was governed.  
No more choices, no more contrast  
White cases-the only clear colorst

Turn off all your colors, painter!

At the end all will fade.  
No more emotions, neither  
No more games to be played

For life the wise is much harder,  
As it always has been,  
Than the stupid's which is 'a wonder'  
With its foolish pretty skin.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Fated

Too long it was since they first met  
She looked when he gazed then the two  
Eyes rested in the same nest best.  
As a lyric had found his tone  
He began to play his music  
She was spreading her influence.

The waited soul mate finding in  
Each other; their two hearts started  
To beat each to each and not sleep  
To where the life could lead and beat.

Started beating fearly, meeting.  
In a wink and all of a sudden  
That heart's feeling couldn't be trodden  
All what they had drawn for the next,  
Ended because they knew that their  
Fate was not, not made as they aimed.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Flying High

I've got a vision,  
That I'd like to share—  
A feeling of how happy is happy  
And how beauty is fair:

I see me flying high up there,  
Then having a rest with no burden to bear,  
Sitting on a couch of leaves  
Located high among the clouds  
Then staring up at the sky  
With my seat waving me like a feather on a fly

Slowly slowly

I come back to the earth  
Sensing the beauty  
Of the fresh air when I  
Deeply take a breath.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Foreshadowing Picturesque

A picture.

A texture.

A mixture.

It gives pleasure.

That leaves green look black after the rain;

The sky reddish, orange after crying and feeling some pain.

After that rainy evening and sunset

Everything smells good and is wet.

You breathe in that fresh air which transferred to the mind

To give you the feeling of accomplishment no one can ever hide.

That reddish orange evening sky,

And dark green black leaves:

They all try to perform the moment of unity,

They go into each other, not trying to compete,

But finding the other, can make them complete.

They paint the image of integrity-

The sky and each leaf-

They tell you that there is hope

For you to surrender, to believe,

That one day, your life, yourself,

Is gonna be heavenly achieved.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Good-Bye

Hello you world,  
Sometimes you seem to be unfair.  
Hello blue sky,  
Looking at you make me feel dry.

Hello roses,  
You velvet red roses,  
Why so, so soft you are  
When it shouldn't be so that far.

Hello you butterflies,  
Beware of the eyes and be wise,  
For being that slave  
You cannot rise.

Hello you world again,  
You have to be changed then  
For one last breath, hello...good-bye.  
Good-bye you world  
See you next life.

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# Here Or There? !

Can ya predict what it is? it  
Is black or white  
There is nothing to find.

Right or wrong, or  
Freight or fright, for  
Something to hide.

That's you or him?  
What are you trying to tell him.  
Why don't you look at you  
Everything is, is in a mess,  
Or just forget, it is,  
It is all about chess

A guide to lead ya? no.  
Guess if you like to live  
With a sigh in your own believe.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Hope For The Unseen

I've set out a journey  
So that I can sail  
To reach the Promised Land  
Ignoring the sadness that has been on my tail.

I have an eye on my painful past  
Though I know grief will never last;  
I still have the other on the future to be drawn  
To create happiness of an angelic life that goes on.

I still have the unseen,  
The eye which will shine, glitter and twinkle,  
With hope of the goodness serene  
That destiny rhymes with my cheerful visionary scene.

Mohammad alKurdi

# I Regret It

I left my favorite plant at home.

It needs some water,

It needs some care.

It's dying now,

It used to be fair.

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# I Stood And Started Daydreaming.

I stood and started daydreaming.  
I knew that I could never  
Stay close with no bleeding.

I surrendered to fate,  
Went out thru the gate  
Of that feeling.  
Closer, smoother;  
Farther, harder.

Oh I fear to cross the frontier  
To reach the land where you are, dear.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Life

It's but a season  
Comes and goes with no specific reason.  
That's the so called "life, " which holds you tight,  
Almost dying with no knife.

What is desired is out of reach.  
I'm choked up; there's no speech;  
You can see your goal,  
You can't have it,  
You can't beat them all,  
All you can do is to think about it.

Had it all been easy to get,  
It wouldn't have been that same life,  
You, I bet.  
It would've been Paradise  
With no more tears  
Falling off the eyes.

And only spirituality lasts for good,  
And only God can make this maze understood.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Life Is Too Short

Thru the crowd, at noon, she sneaked,  
To catch me, to knock me off my feet,  
To pour her water,  
To nourish the seed  
In me,  
To make it flourish,  
To make me complete.

Come along and make yourself near  
'Cause life is too short,  
Let's make it freak.  
Have fun!  
I never want you to run.  
Let's make this moment leak.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Mademoiselle Littérature

C'est le matin.  
C'est le premier matin d'art.  
C'est joyeux et gentil  
À la fac d'art.

The sun is bright.  
The world of delight  
Overwhelms me, oh dear  
As u create my ecstasy.

Its a novel start.  
It's a new beginning.  
It's time to live  
With the euphoria of fantasy.

Ah!

Never jump your horses;  
Be patient with me.  
Don't hand me tragedy;  
Romance is my creed.

Lofty is such a place  
When I meet such a face  
Smiling, laughing, blushing and setting me for a royal race.  
There, begins my immature tale  
Which I'd like to publish one day or to set a sail.

Mohammad alKurdi

# March

March has approached  
Accompanied with its sorrow and pain,  
Attached with the rough sickness and dirty rain.  
It has a goal to be obtained:  
To shatter laughter,  
Beauty,  
Tranquility,  
And smash life's ornamented frame.

O! Lord, may You do me a favor  
And make melancholy go no further?  
May You put a terminating end  
To the gloomy life  
Before the promised day, of this month,  
Blows its dusty wind?

Mohammad alKurdi

# Not Anymore

I cut my finger by a knife.  
It bled and bled;  
The blood was dark red.

I couldn't feel it.  
I couldn't receive the pain—  
Couldn't have it cold or hot,  
Or sense it warm or not.

I cried.  
I lost some abilities.  
I died  
That I used to have some facilities.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Once Upon A Time In The Central Liberty

To have a place there is my Muse,  
To breathe in love, passion, and clues.  
Looking through that window,  
Seeing those grand green trees,  
To sense people happy on the meadow,  
Under the blue sky stretched like the seas—  
I feel the happiness.

I feel happy with Poe, Sidney, and Plato;  
I'm in love with Hardy, Miller, and Marlowe.  
Those give attraction  
With no more such satisfaction.  
To be there is to enjoy the eternity  
In the bosom of the central liberty.

Oh! Such pleasure! To have a crayon  
When listening to Fabian, Dalida, and Dion;  
A feeling je ne change pas,  
Because it has that je ne sais quoi.

Oh! Friends. For everyone a have some feeling,  
That is different from the other, that is appealing.  
They make it a world of art, a place of delight,  
Appeals to my heart, and gives me the might.  
They are the power, on which I depend,  
And I hand a flower and by everyone to be held.

How I wish!  
I wish it could last, to have it not passed,  
To make it divine, and to tell you:  
I wish it always be mine—  
To be in that paradise-like heavenly place,  
To draw a smile on my lonely face.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Only For You

The sun is shining  
On the hearts of angels,  
On the hearts of innocent children,  
And is shining for you.

The earthly land  
Is turned to be The Canaan,  
'Cuz it's a terrestrial Eden,  
Only for you.

I turn the world into a Paradise  
And raise happiness, joy and smiles.  
When, into the vision of mine, you come thru,  
Only for you.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Phantasmagoria

Through the dark road she walks,  
Where there is no hope, no move, no talks,  
Creates the peace of silence,  
The sound of calmness.

It's spring;  
Spring it is;  
Spring.

No more troubles, no more lies.  
No more ends, no more lives.  
It is the peace of mind that will never hide,  
Immortality at its endless ride.

She did this in a glance,  
To raise you up to the seventh heaven's hands.  
What if to have this feeling there's more than one chance?  
An imagination no mortal can ever on it put their hands.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Pretty

Walking down the road in nowhere  
Knowing not to go, but there  
With a view a scene a picture can be seen  
And takes the attention while being there  
As the others are not there

That mystery is a glory  
Is an art which tells a story  
A symphony plays 'do not worry'  
Trembling the heart with no sorry

Is a flower sends its perfume  
To those who want to resume  
To where the life begins and ends  
In a wink and no another sense

I say the P is the Pretty that i must follow  
That R the Road which by i will borrow  
The E with the End that will end  
To the T Towards what i call  
Why and Y is You.. You.

You are pretty

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# Reality

Time passes by uselessly,  
To make itself safe, away from cruelty.  
Words are uttered jumbled mumbled  
As the clock tick tacks, but no increasing number.

There it starts, the beginning of the end:  
(It's the end of daydreaming) ,  
To be accustomed to the real world  
With a shattered feeling.

Ouch! The mind starts to ache  
As soon as the great wall of aspiration has to break.  
They say "a piece of cake":  
But it's Fake:  
Sorry, reality was deluding.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Rhetorical Questions

Why is a sweet so sweet  
While I cannot taste it.  
Why can others do it  
While I cannot have it;  
Cannot obtain it;  
Cannot own it;  
Cannot put my hands on it;  
Cannot feel it;  
Or even have a close look on it.  
I don't deserve it?  
Or, just, I mustn't be with it.

Mohammad alKurdi

# She Walks In Smoothly

She walks in smoothly  
Reaching a high-class stage,  
Performing beauty,  
Slapping the audience's rage.

Crushing silence,  
Shattering peace,  
Causing a heart-shake, with violence,  
Completing a painter's half-painted piece.

The picture is re-drawn.  
Life is re-shaped  
To fit the beauty of hers  
To cast colors upon the dry field.

And land is dwelled again.  
And rivers go on.  
Fruitless plants give birth  
To novel blossoms that please man.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Shine And Stay

The sun shined  
Up in paradise,  
And gave its rays  
Through the dull skies.

Its light, on the sea's surface,  
It was reflected,  
To cause it to move,  
To wave, and not to be pretended.

It does no harm.  
It makes me warm.  
It takes me to eternity,  
To the Elysian Field, to my dignity.

Stay!  
Don't make a sunset.  
Play!  
You are to win; you, I bet.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Sleek

Sleek

And is a beauty freak;

Glittering

Like a shiny silver earring;

Flying

Like a butterfly hovering;

Swayed

Like a feather with no weight; -

Music played...

Mohammad alKurdi

# Spring

Swing, swing,  
My feelings swing.  
Spring, spring,  
My heart springs  
Out of its place  
Once the earth follows the trace

Of the Spring.

The view is plain.  
The scene is clean.  
Beasts are tame,  
Each got a new name:

The poor got luxury;  
The desperate got hope;  
The injured got health;  
The lonely got company;  
The cold hearted got warm rain,  
To feel, to play,  
To love, and to sway.

Green are the fields.  
The roses are blooming.  
Nature becomes harmless,  
Playing symphony music.  
The strings are shaking  
While flutes are blowing,  
To offer pleasure  
To please the hopeless  
Who's for an anamorata longing.

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# Sun-Cured

It didn't happen to me that I might miss the sun  
That warms me  
Helps me  
Lights me  
Cures me  
And shows me what should be done.

I miss the morning now.  
The sun has set.  
I need it now  
To calm my feelings a little bit.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Tears Rolling Down And Sleep

The tears are coming down my face.  
I can feel every step they make.  
I can taste them bitter and salty.  
I can touch them wet and walking in peace.  
I can't stop them from rolling down my cheeks.

Mohammad alKurdi

# The Maturing Sun

SEASON of rain, with sorrows and pain,  
A cloud up in the sky shouts, weeps, and wants to cry—  
It is a gift of heaven  
A work with perfection;

Roses, lands, and plants  
Those were dusty, now all are clear at a glance.  
The image is pure and bright,  
It gives the beauty with the night's delight.

Like Earth, we are the mirror of it,  
We weep tears, and sometimes we're bled;  
We have this boon that we'll never forget,  
It purges the soul, cleans the heart  
From all our sins which are  
In our bodies have a part.

What's next after that rainy day?  
What's next after that tearing way?  
The maturing sun is up watching us  
To enlighten us and help us finding ourselves.

What's done is done  
For it's a new road for every one  
To start to make it "has begun."

So strong I am like a new-born child;  
The journey began with eyes wide open wild.  
No fear, no tear, no sorrow  
No more needs to borrow;  
I have everything: truth and reality  
From "up in the sky" they are a charity  
Which are sent from God, God Almighty.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Water

Water.

A dropp of water

Springs up high to the sky

Showing man's smile behind a sigh.

She has the ability to cheer up the long face,

To make it happy using her convex surface.

Then, and after that, not to misunderstand,

She falls down and be crushed on the floor,

Not to end life, but to make her sisters adore

Sequencing the job and rise up

From that fertile fountain

And nourish man weak-hearteden'.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Welcome Back Fall

One...

Two...

Three...

A fourth step will make me free.

Feeling the rain drops,

Under the arch of trees,

To be a refugee.

Everything is new.

Everything is bright.

Yellow leaves are falling through

The path, defending the light.

They're swaying in the wind,

Dancing, when fresh air is to bend.

Such harmony they all perform:

Trees are gay, with smiles, and not to decay,

Cheering up the roads, the rain,

The falling leaves when they play,

Welcoming the new season coming back home.

Welcome back little dear fellow,

With your skin dyed in yellow.

This is your shelter, and it's my honor

To befriend you, and be your partner.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Whatever It Costs

I do not know if you do know,  
If that piece of me could  
Not flow,  
To you to catch yours and  
Might draw,  
A picture of you in my law.

No body knows,  
No body'll never cause  
Effects on a mountain  
Will never bow right then.  
Standing forever his own rose  
Fragile dream comes towards.

He bought to fulfill oh  
Whatever it could cost, or no!

Mohammad alKurdi

# White Dove

Down the river walking I was.  
After seeing me, she did a pause.  
Looking for a shelter- as she was astray—  
She ran to me with no delay,  
Directly when I stretched my hand,  
With a smile that made me mad.

Her wings on my chicks played  
Music that was for the soul such an aid.  
While she was hugging me,  
Honest is all I could be.

To be protected, tight held  
And blessed she wanted.  
To be loved, admired  
And brightened she needed.  
I did my all to give the help.  
And I got happiness whenever one of her feathers I held.

Oh! Dear angelic creature,  
Please help yourself when I'm gone.  
No one has that endless feature,  
But we are to make amour timeless done.

Mohammad alKurdi

# Wind Of Change

A season comes,  
Then it goes away.  
Another succeeds  
Continuing the way.

The sun rises.  
The sun sits.  
A body turns into ashes  
Performing its own end.

Changes change  
To turn the page  
'Cause life is a continuation,  
A phase after phase.

Nothing lasts,  
But there is always a new start.  
What passed was fast,  
But it still has something in the human's part.

Still memories run deep into us  
Keeping nostalgic feelings overwhelmed with the loss.  
For all what have been ambiguously felt,  
For all what have been mis-blessed,  
For all what have been left behind,  
For all what have been left with no cover to hide,  
For all those will miss the coming days,  
For all those will regret the trodden ways...

... There should be apologies.

To tap on their shoulders  
To be an elegy  
To lessen grief  
To reduce the sorrow  
To give some light  
To pave the future way to follow.

... With Apology.

... Yours Sincerely.

Mohammad alKurdi