

Poetry Series

Mohammad Noaman Al- Hakimi



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Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi()

CV of the Yemeni Man of Letters Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

In the Name of Allah, the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful

Biographical Profile: Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi is a contemporary Yemeni writer whose creative contributions span poetry, translation, cultural criticism, investigative journalism, and education. He belongs to a generation for whom knowledge is an act of resistance. Through his works, he has developed a literary project that blends a Sufi spirit with modernity, rooted in Yemen's spiritual and cultural heritage, while striving to transcend geography to reach the human being in his fragility and consciousness.

He began his literary journey in the 1990s and has published twelve poetry and prose books in Yemen and abroad, with some works translated into English. He has also contributed to developing the local cultural scene by supporting young talents and organizing literary events, leaving a tangible mark on Arab cultural journalism.

His work has been addressed by critics and academics from inside Yemen and abroad through critical studies and in-depth readings. He has received local and Arab awards and honors in recognition of his distinctive creativity and literary mission, which restores the essential meaning of language and upholds writing as a metaphorical path toward truth.

Key Milestones Birth and Upbringing: Born in Al-Mualla - Aden on September 2, 1972, and later moved to Taiz where his creative journey began. He was influenced by the local Sufi environment, especially the legacy of Sheikh Ahmad bin Alwan (d. 665 AH), which imparted spiritual and intellectual depth to his writings.

Academic Formation: Graduated from Sana'a University (1994-1995) with a Bachelor's degree in English Language, ranking fifth in his department.

Chapter One: Literary Characteristics

Experimentation and Innovation: He blended Yemeni heritage with modernity in experimental works such as *Bilqis' Basil* (bilingual) and *Texts Defiant of Convention* (expressing alienation).

Sufi Spirit: His Sufi inclination is evident throughout his poetry, as discussed in Dr. I'tidal Al-Kathiri's study *The Impact of Sufism on Al-Hakimi's Poetry*.

Distinctive Titles: Examples include *Delayed Echoes of the Ant Valley* and *Sensing Beyond the Hamza*.

Genre Diversity: His writings span poetry, criticism, journalism, and translation, often provoking social and political reflections.

Cultural Contributions

Supporting Young Talent: He dedicated a column in *Al-Jumhuriya Newspaper* (Taiz) to highlight new voices and helped introduce emerging writers through the Popular Poets Association and the Yemeni Writers Union, Taiz Branch.

Critical Journalism: He wrote for *Yemen Times* and *Al-Jumhuriya* on social and political issues.

Investigative Journalist and Cultural Editor at Yemen Times

Fields of Expertise: Investigative journalism, field reporting, cultural editing, and documentation of Yemeni heritage

Years of Experience: 6 years

As Cultural Editor:

Supervised and curated cultural content for *Yemen Times*, with a focus on preserving and promoting Yemeni cultural heritage.

Documented local customs and traditions through projects such as the renowned "Yemeni Superstitions" series.

Fostered cross-cultural collaborations with international writers and researchers, including partnerships with Canadian author Larry Frolick.

Key Achievements

Investigative Report "Hays: City of Bats and Political Maneuvering": Uncovered severe neglect of public services in Al Hudaydah Governorate, leading the local governor to announce immediate reforms.

"Yemeni Superstitions" Series

Attracted international interest and directly inspired a Canadian publication highlighting Yemen's cultural heritage.

Women's Rights Investigations

Exposed critical issues such as child marriage and the trafficking of young brides abroad, exemplified by the report "Gone to the Unknown."

Advocacy for Marginalized Communities

Investigated the plight of the Al-Akhdam (Muhamasheen) community in "Combating Centuries-Old Isolation," which spurred humanitarian initiatives, including significant support from embassies like the Embassy of Japan to improve living conditions for this historically marginalized group.

Impact and Recognition

International media coverage of his work, including references in Larry Frolick's book on Yemen.

Tangible governmental and diplomatic responses triggered by his investigative reporting.

International Presence: His English texts were discussed by the Canadian researcher Larry Frolick, who proposed publishing them under the title One Hundred Poems for God. He has also participated in Arab cultural festivals.

Chapter Two: Notable Published Works

- **The Gate of Longing (2004)** : A work combining emotional expression and identity issues. Abadi Studies and Publishing House, Sana'a.
- **The Lote Tree of Azal (2007)** : A poetry collection exploring the depths of human existence. Abadi House, Sana'a.
- **Trembling Heartstrings (2011)** : Poetry reflecting social and political transformations and their impact on the artist's spirit. Abadi House, Sana'a.
- **Alqis' Basil (2012)** : A bilingual poetry collection in English focusing on love, homeland, and beauty. Introduced by Canadian writer Larry Frolick and Indian critic Dr. K. M. Tiwari. Abadi House, Sana'a.
- **Texts Defiant of Convention (2014)** : A blend of classical and free verse

emphasizing individual freedom and openness to the unknown. Abadi House, Sana'a.

- **Delayed Echoes of the Ant Valley (2016)** : Concise, intense texts addressing existence, history, values, and personal reflection. Department of Culture, Sharjah, UAE. ISBN 9789948138013
- **Carbon Copies of Water's Migraine (2021)** : A prose poetry collection tackling social conflict and life's dissonances. Department of Culture, Sharjah, UAE.
- **What Scarcity Doesn't Hide in Meaning (2019)** : Explores marginalization with a focus on neutrality, innocence, and peace. Department of Culture, Sharjah, UAE.
- **Forward... Forward (2021)** : A collection of journalistic work, including research articles, investigative reports, travel writing, translations (English-Arabic) , and interviews with local, Arab, and American writers. Culture Office, Taiz.
- **Creative Duplicity (2022)** : A book of dialogues on creativity and art, featuring in-depth conversations with Arab thinker and critic Dr. Omar Abdulaziz. Department of Culture, Sharjah, UAE.
- **Sensing Beyond the Hamza (2022)** : A collection addressing hidden and unheard meanings, exploring language as a tool for overcoming pain and suffering. Department of Culture, Sharjah, UAE. ISBN: 9789948041771
- **Dialogues of Meaning (2024)** : Reflections on cultural and intellectual dialogues with Dr. Omar Abdulaziz, covering desire, fear, reception, and critical readings of global writers and artists. Department of Culture, Sharjah, UAE.
- **Wine of Daily Ecstasy (2024)** : Poetry capturing the essence of daily life through verses expressing joy, comfort, and tranquility. Arwiqa for Studies, Translation, and Publishing, Egypt.

His works address the suffering of both the Yemeni and universal human being, employing language to confront reality and reveal the unspoken. His books have been showcased at international exhibitions such as Dubai Expo, Riyadh, Egypt, and Greece. They are also available at Yemeni universities including Sana'a, Al-Bayda, and Taiz, as well as Arab libraries such as the Arab Book Forum (Jordan) , University of Khartoum Library, UAE Writers Union, Al-Babtain Library, and others.

Unpublished Manuscripts

Poetry (Arabic & English, ready for publication) :

- Names Built Upon Adam (poetic texts)
- Glimmers in the Darkness' Wrinkles (rhymed poems)
- The Truth Beyond the Hamza (spiritual texts)
- Avocado Disappointment (English poetry)
- Water's Migraine (English translation of the published Arabic collection)
- Sung Poems (classical Arabic and dialect)

Prose & Narrative:

- Literary Mediums (journalistic articles)
- The Bead (multivocal experimental narrative on war)
- The Devil's Trail (short fiction)
- Benjelous: The Yemen Few Have Seen (English essays, reportage)
- Between Two Floods: Noah and the Metaverse (study)
- They Write Poetry, We Don't Write Their Lives (interviews with hidden creatives)

Criticism, Studies & Essays:

- The Point's Tanween (critical studies)
- Rhythms of the Other (English essays)
- Interrogating the Movement of Narratives (literary interviews)
- Game of the Snail (philosophical dialogues)

Translations:

- The Treasures of Bilquis (translation from English to Arabic)
- The Apathetic Dinosaur (translated into Arabic)

Chapter Three: Anthologies and Literary Contributions

I. Collective Works:

- Poets of the Prophet (Cairo,2018)
- Poets of Yemen (Cairo,2018)
- Ten Thousand Scorpions - by Larry Frolick (Canada,2002)
- A Poet and a Poem - Ibdaa Foundation, Sana'a (2008)
- Patriotic Poetry by Yemeni Poets - Ministry of Culture, Sana'a (2005)
- In the Shrine of Tam - Tam Literary Association, Marib (2018)
- Spikes of the Oasis 1 & 2 - Al-Waha Cultural Association (2007)
- Encyclopedia of Yemeni Figures and Authors - Dr. Abdulwali Al-Shamiri (Beirut,2018)

II. Cultural Participation: In Yemen:

- Al-Saeed Foundation for Science and Culture (Taiz) : 2006,2008
- National University (Taiz) : Poetry evening (2007)
- Yemeni Writers Union (Taiz Branch) : Ongoing activities
- Taiz University: Various activities (2008-2019)
- Taiz Culture Office: Events (2018,2020)
- Ibb Governorate: Annual Poetry Festival (2009)
- Aden & Sana'a: Joint evenings with Arab and Yemeni writers (2005-2010)

Musical Productions: Two albums: Land of Hope and The Most Precious

(performed by Al-Ruwad Band, Taiz,1999)

Chapter Four: Awards and Honors

Literary Awards:

- Yemeni Poetry Festival Award (1998) - Ministry of Culture, Sana'a
- Al-Thaqafiah Newspaper Award (2002) - Second place in a poetry competition
- Saudi Family Magazine Award (2004) - First place for a poem on Darfur
- Yemen Ministry of Culture Shield (2006 & 2008)
- Golden Shield - Al-Waha Cultural Association (Sweden,2010) for Olive Woman (First Place)
- Taiz Culture Office Shield (2018 & 2021)
- Best Arabic Poem Award (2019) - Maraya Literary Association, Iraq
- Literary Peace Award (2020) - for Water's Protest (Tam Literary Movement, Marib)
- Recognition for Delayed Echoes of the Ant Valley (2016) - among the Top 8 Arabic Books at Sharjah International Book Fair

Special Honors:

- Shield of Tarim - Islamic Culture Capital, for excellence in prophetic poetry
- Featured in Towards the Mind - Al-Saeed Foundation for Culture

Chapter Five: Academic Qualifications and Professional Experience

I. Academic Credentials:

- Bachelor's in English Language - Sana'a University (1994-1995)
- Certified TKT Trainer - British Council, Sana'a (2009)

II. Professional Experience:

Education & Training:

- English Teacher in public schools (1995-2004)
- EFL Trainer (2009-2013)
- Lecturer in English Literature - National University, Taiz (1999-2002)
- Translation Lecturer - Al-Saeed University, Taiz (2018)

Cultural & Media Roles:

- Secretary, Yemeni Writers Union (Taiz Branch, 2003)
- Writer for Al-Jumhuriya and Al-Thaqafiah, Taiz
- Literary Translator - Taiz Culture Office (2020-2022)

III. Professional Memberships:

- Member, Yemeni Writers Union - Yemen
- Secretary-General, Popular Poets Association (Taiz)

Chapter Six: Cultural Activities

Foundations of Cultural Presence:

Local Activities:

- Literary participations in Aden, Ibb, Sana'a, and Taiz Governorates
- Poetry Festivals: First Yemeni Poetry Festival (Taiz, 2000)
- Ministry of Culture festivals (Sana'a) over several years
- Critical workshops and creative writing (1999-2010) at Al-Saeed Foundation, Writers Union - Taiz, Taiz University, and other local cultural institutions

Organizational Activities:

- Organizing poetry evenings at universities and cultural centers in Taiz
- Book signings, such as Delayed Echoes of the Ant Valley (Cairo, 2016 - Arouqa Publishing)

Media Contributions:

- Weekly column: Lanterns in the Light's Trust - Al-Jumhuriya Newspaper (Taiz) , dedicated to discovering poets away from the spotlight

External Openness:

- Member since 2006 of Al-Waha Cultural Association - Sweden
- Member of Poem Hunter Literary Association - New York
- Nature of participation: publishing poems, narrative texts, articles, literary translations, and serving as media officer at Al-Waha (2012)

Chapter Seven: Journalism Career and Works in English

I. Journalism Career

A. Positions and Contributions

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Journalist and Editor Yemen Times (English) : Covered cultural events, investigative reporting, and feature articles (until 2003) . You can find his archived articles using the search query: ("Noman Al-Hakimi" OR "Mohammed Al-Hakimi") site: yementimes.com ?? Google Search Link

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"Family and Development" Magazine (Arabic) : Editorial Secretary (2003) .

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Xinhua News Agency (China) : Correspondent from Taiz covering news and managing advertisements (2009) .

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Local Newspapers: Journalism and literary contributions to:

- **Al-Thawra** (Sanaa)
- **Al-Jumhuriya** (Taiz) from 1993 to 2008
- **Al-Thaqafiya** (Taiz) (1993-2011)

B. Nature of Journalism Work

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Specialized Articles:

- **Articles** on Yemeni folk literature.
- **Investigative series** (e.g., "Yemeni Superstitions") .
- **Coverage** of local seminars and conferences.

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Interviews: Conversations with Arab and international thinkers and artists, including:

- **Dr. Samir Al-Omari** (Palestine)
- **Dr. Shihab Ghanem** (UAE)
- **Imail MacDonald** (Canada)
- **Harry Frolick** (Canada)
- **Dr. Omar Abdulaziz**

C. Journalism Impact

Social and Official Engagement:

- His investigative report on the Hays District in Al-Hodeidah, published in Al-Thaqafiya (Taiz) under the title Hays: City of Bats and Political Controversy, prompted then-Governor Shamlan to respond within a week by sending a fax promising urgent provision of water, electricity, and essential services.

- His Yemen Times series on Yemeni Superstitions inspired Canadian writer Larry Frolick to visit Yemen in 2000. Frolick traveled to Taiz to meet journalist Mohammed Noman Al-Hakimi to learn more about Yemen's heritage and culture — documented later in Frolick's book "Ten Thousand Scorpions: Searching for the Treasure of the Queen of Sheba." ?? Related Articles ?? Interview ?? Part of the Superstitions Series

II. Selected Research Articles in English

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"The Sweepers: Fighting Centuries-Old Isolation" - An analysis on marginalized communities in Yemen, published in Yemen Times,2001. ?? Read it here

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"Dream and Demon" - A study on the suffering of Yemeni women facing early marriage (Yemen Times) .

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"Has Gone to Dra" - An investigation into the trafficking of Yemeni girls through arranged marriages.

III. International Dialogues

Engaged in extended discussions with writers, thinkers, and artists from Turkey, Morocco, Egypt, Syria, and Palestine.

Chapter Eight: List of Critics and Researchers Who Studied His Works

Most studies are available online:

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Abdulrahman Tayyib Ba'akar: Prominent Yemeni writer, poet, and historian.

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Dr. Omar Abdulaziz: Leading Arab critic.

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Dr. Samir Al-Omari: Palestinian researcher (Sweden) .

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Mohammad Ibrahim Al-Hariri: Syrian writer and poet (Kuwait) .

-

Dr. Abdul Wali Al-Shamiri: Yemeni poet and Ambassador to the Arab League.

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Mohammad Bin Mohammad Al-Mujahed: Writer and founding member of the Yemeni Writers' Union.

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Fouad Al-Mahanbi: Poet and writer, Ministry of Culture - Sanaa.

-

Dr. Abdulaziz Al-Maqaleh: Yemeni poet and scholar, Yemeni Research Center.

-

Dr. Bakil Al-Azhari: Yemeni critic and artist.

-

Ahmed Al-Jabri: Writer, poet, and Director General of Taiz Radio.

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Ammar Al-Junaid: Modernist poet and innovative critic.

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Alwan Mahdi Al-Jilani: Yemeni writer and poet.

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Farea Al-Shaibani: Yemeni poet and critic.

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Ammar Al-Badhaiji: Yemeni critic, poet, and media figure.

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Abdulrahim Al-Kulaibi: Critic and poet - Taiz.

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Dr. I'tidal Omar Al-Kathiri: Associate Professor - University of Aden.

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Dr. Mubarak Hassan Al-Khalifa: Sudanese researcher - University of Aden.

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Dr. K. M. Tiwari: Indian author and critic - University of Taiz.

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Dr. B. Kumar: Indian professor, English Literature - University of Taiz.

-

A. Ammar Za'bal: Yemeni critic, journalist, and media figure.

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Larry Frolick: Canadian writer and researcher.

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Nadia Al-Saqqaf: Editor-in-Chief, Yemen Times.

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Prof. Dr. Abdulhamid Al-Hussami: Professor of Critical Literature - King Khalid University, Abha, Saudi Arabia.

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Prof. Dr. Abdullah Hussein Al-Bar: Author of The Meaning of Text and its Poetic Interpretation: Diverse Readings in Modern Yemeni Poetry.

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Dr. Youssef Hassan Noufal: Author of Encyclopedia of Modern and Contemporary Arabic Poetry.

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Encyclopedia of Yemeni Poets: Comprehensive documentation. ?? [Link](#)

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Encyclopedia of Yemeni Figures and Their Works ?? [Link](#)

Research Focus Areas:

- **A**esthetic and artistic: analysis of text aesthetics, linguistic innovation, stylistic development.
- **T**hematic and social: representation of Yemeni popular consciousness, resistance to injustice, impact of war, daily life.

Key Critical Conclusions:

- **E**lusion of heritage and modernity: blending Yemeni heritage with modern techniques.
- **H**uman depth: artistic portrayal of human suffering.
- **S**ocial documentation: recording Yemen's transformations through text.

- Stylistic diversity: seamless transitions between poetry, prose, and journalism.

Key References:

- The Meaning of Text and Poetic Interpretation - Dr. Abdullah Al-Bar.
- Encyclopedia of Modern Arabic Poetry - Dr. Youssef Noufal.
- Encyclopedia of Yemeni Figures and Their Works.
- Study: The Impact of Sufism in Al-Hakimi's Poetry - Dr. I'tidal Al-Kathiri.
- Larry Frolick's analysis in Ten Thousand Scorpions.

Chapter Nine: What They Said About Him

Selected Tributes and Critical Comments

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Larry Frolick (Canadian writer and researcher) : "I was astonished by the intrinsic value in Al-Hakimi's poetry and the eloquence of its structural composition... as with all Arab poetry that stirs the auditory sense and the visual imagination alike."

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Walid Al-Saqqaf (Publisher, Yemen Times) : "Al-Hakimi worked with the paper for over six years and was an excellent journalist and capable correspondent throughout."

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Nadia Al-Saqqaf (Editor-in-Chief, Yemen Times) : "I had the opportunity to get to know the creative Mohammed Noman Al-Hakimi very well."

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Prof. Dr. I'tidal Omar Al-Kathiri (University of Aden) : "True poetry shortens distances; what amazes the reader of 'Sidrat Azal' is that the thread of eloquence never slips from the poet's hand."

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Dr. Abdul Wali Al-Shamiri: "You have amazed me with the remarkable brilliance of your new talent — vivid, youthful poems."

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Ammar Za'bal (on Shighaf Yetada'a) : "To be a poet and a Sufi is to be on a journey uncovering a world that always needs unveiling. Sufism and poetry intertwine and merge with lavish love, an organized introspection into a spiritual experience filled with the pain and wonder of searching, questioning in a strange realm — seeking to sense the unknown, to discover what lies behind this thick curtain of lived reality, in pursuit of meaning and the revelation of feelings and emotions."

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Abdulrahim Saeed Ahmed Saif (on Nabuwiya Al-Hakimi) : "In the poet's verses, poetic flow glides like a clear stream, words align like beads in a necklace, poetic images unfold like ocean waves, emotion peaks at full blaze, and you feel immersed in a world brimming with poetry, shadows, green spaces, visions, radiance, imagination, brooks, happiness, and love."

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Mohammad Ibrahim Al-Hariri (on The Leftovers of the Valley of Ants) : "Reading Al-Hakimi's poems is not an attempt to market his verses or promote his pen — already known in Arab poetry circles — but rather the distillation of reading poetry that shows in every line it belongs to this distinctive poet whose quick visual grasp frames each image within a tense sphere before it slips beyond his insight."

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Samir Al-Yousifi (Editor-in-Chief, Al-Thaqafiya) : "Poet Mohammed Noman Al-Hakimi has his own poetic flavor and a style that resembles none but himself... I can recognize Al-Hakimi's poem even if it bears no signature or sign."

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Prof. Dr. Abdulhamid Al-Hussami (on The Gate of Melancholy) : "If Al-

Hakimi's debut collection 'The Gate of Melancholy' (2004) did not plunge into radical experimentation, this does not mean it lacks authenticity — it is undeniably the true work of poet Mohammed Noman Al-Hakimi alone."

Chapter Ten: Institutional Acknowledgment

Major Honors

- Invitation from the 21st Century Foundation (Sanaa,2007) to publish Sidrat Azal to expand cultural reach.
- Invitation from Aruqa Foundation (Egypt,2016) for a cultural event in Cairo celebrating his works.
- Support from the Yemeni Writers' Union (Sanaa,2004) to sponsor the printing of The Gate of Melancholy.
- Backing from Taiz Office of Culture (2021) to publish Quddam... Quddam (journalism/translations) .
- Support for printing Reihan Balqis (2012) — writer/poet Abdul Fattah Al-Asoudi.
- Sponsorship by the Hayel Saeed Anam Group (2005-2007) : a two-year contract as poet and translator providing a stable creative environment, recognition, and care.

Chapter Eleven: Literary Vision

Conclusion: Cultural Impact and Future Outlook

Impact: Mohammed Noman Al-Hakimi's works have bridged heritage and modernity, redefining contemporary Yemeni poetry by:

- Documenting social and political transformations (notably in Shighaf Yetada'a and What Scarcity Doesn't Hide) .
- Keeping Yemeni Sufism alive through an artistic lens addressing modern human concerns.
- Empowering young voices through writing workshops and media recognition.

“His works are a cultural map rediscovering Yemen through language.” — Dr. I'tidal Al-Kathiri (The Impact of Sufism)

Future Vision: He aims to:

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Establish a Documentation Center for Yemeni Literature, including:

- A digital archive for young writers' works.
- Extensive translations of Yemeni authors into English.
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Develop the project “Literature as a Way of Life” through:

- Writing workshops for marginalized groups and displaced people.
- Adapting texts into theatrical and visual works.
-

Complete his War Trilogy:

- The Bead (published 2023)
- The Devil's Ravine (manuscript)
- Benjelous (in progress)

With God's help, Al-Hakimi hopes to publish these forthcoming works or expand their digital presence.

Word of Thanks: “I express my deep gratitude to all who contributed to this creative journey:

- The Sharjah Department of Culture for supporting this literary project since 2016.
- The Yemeni Writers' Union for nurturing my beginnings.

- The Hayel Saeed Anam Group for its significant, tangible support.
- Fellow writers whose pens have made words an act of resistance and beauty. This journey is but one chapter in Yemen's story, written by the voices of its own children."

Closing Mark: Thus, Mohammed Noman Al-Hakimi continues to write Yemen with words — trusting that words never die as long as there is a poet on this land to catch their resonance and recreate them as warmth and steadfastness

Bilquis's Basil

published Poetic Collection

by Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

taiz, Yemen

Bilquis Basil

Poems by/ Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

1-On Lady Bilquiss Mashqor

When the nights commit themselves
To flame,
Into this great unnamed house,
This house with no visible address,
Rooms that never answer your hellos,
You may retire, assured of its silence
Until the Horse appears, as from a dream
Belonging to someone else,
perhaps many others.
He carries her sprig,
The Lady Bilquiss mashqor
Down from great Saber,
The cold mountain
That kept the Seven Sleepers lovely for centuries,
Sheltered from the heat of the sun.
Away in the West,
Books are written
Their pages flutter like dancing scorpions,
We sigh,
Content that the music
Is always here,

bright between the words
Even the words never spoken.
Only a few know this music,
Obey
The final command
to play its song
Opening everything
to the summer clouds
Selling their last flower
For one quicksilver note.
Great men and dark caves are twins
Here in this slow desert
They have their satisfactory potion.
The queen of Sheba bestows her gold,
Incense of the throne, and her love
Freely on the dwellers.
They enjoy the glory that once was
And find her scent
As it is.*

As it is: said by Bilquis (the queen of Sheba) when answering the Prophet in the Holy Quran. Mashqor: the basil, sacred to the ancients.

2-For Al-Mujahed
Let me just once
Travel in that distant sphere,
Let me silently roam
Over the white wake of the dead
Let me share your memory
With the Fresh Green Branch.
By those like you
Reality prevails
And the unbidden Night retreats,
The way of life is made home again.
After your death, my brother,
Taiz was bereaved, the blind sighed,
The dolls and the qat provided
Their usual comforts.
Who but you, could share
The rose-pain of your departure?
Who but you, could consider
The courtesies of universal literature,
This love-world we have drawn

With our youthful alphabets of fire?
Who will abide with Hamza*
In the great empty House?
You took such pains, a remembrance
For the years to come, the years.
The constellations won, in the end
Your dedication is theirs,
You devoted heart and mind
And struggled one man against the sons of Time.
Hamza, : The writer Al-Mujaheds young son.

3-Looking Upon Al-MuaLa

The light-mirrors on Mualas cheeks have pampered me,
Do you think the sea will appear and dance?
Or is she waiting for me first?
O Stream, this is the way
Over here, I have taken my last breath
I am ready, you are welcome to it all
These eyes have admired girls from afar
My heart runs with the swollen river
I am sundered in two like its banks.
It is true, I confess
My fondness for brunettes is well-known
By the girls of Tawahy*, who are less than faint
Let us embrace each other, then
For togetherness is the impossible aim,
One can take love the other, the dream.
Omima knew well, how dream loves to fight
With love, day and night!
Tawahy: reputedly the area of the loveliest girls in the Arabian Peninsula.

4-Rasha

I would be a faltering oasis, Rasha, content
To become your beach of dry grasses
The last thing your eyes see, in departure
Go! Take everything, leave me the scaly monster,
Every bristle stinging with desire.
Rasha, is it enough this man is astonished?
Or will my amazement only satisfy you?
Stone or glass, I am sunk and lost
Every door keeps some of you apart from me
Making me forget if I should push or pull it!

5-Out of Aden

Out of Aden, blue time issues forth like a ship
That has somehow learned to flaunt mountains
Or perhaps the mountains dispatched one of their kin
To seek such perfumes as the markets now manufacture.
Be blessed, my home, love and fascination
Are almost the same thing, the stout
And brave men of our history,
Will not let us go, their strength remains taut
In the angle of the prow, the cutting of the waters.
Be blessed, my home, love and fascination
Are almost the same thing, the stout
And brave men of our history,
Will not let us go, their strength remains taut
In the angle of the prow, the cutting of the waters.
How wide is this faith-path, this reckoning at dawn?
It is glory to be challenged, to face the storm
To keep the coastline perfectly intact and calm within
While dark waves rush at darker clouds, without

6-The Last Knights Phantom

Here rests my convoy, on this stony plain
We encountered the calamity, old memory
How the revolution came apart in the dark
Just as we were about to attack.
The air is thick with sweet bitterness like smoke
The years have lost their way to my heart
I hug my nostalgia, a childhood companion
Still boasting he once saw the last knight.
Why should I die of longing
When the white flag flies high
Over our friends and easy intimacies?
Let us burn what we have, recalling
The liquid Lyre and its ever-thirsty Player.

7-More Resemblant To the Shades

Verse is a more resemblant to the shades
When your spectrum glimpsed or appeared to me
And reveals in eyes of the flood my soul
Crowned with bracelets of the crescent
And in the bottom of myself visions get greened

And trails with sublimity palm of fantasy
And mix ignitions of green high lands
With pains of streams and the hills
Overwhelmed me the pleasure when early starts on
Persons of the love, stands before me
Seeing when I mention Prophet Mohammad
Yearning glows in all of the feelings
Smelling odor breezing from the letters
On embers dewed in my essay
Purifying heart as long as it to be
Beloved of Allah my business and concern
As long as I look at him, I'm fortunated
Secrets of the beauty and secrets of the love
As long as I submit him my devotion
I encircle every precious in whole of the life
Me O Mustafa, is a lover slave
Heading you, O Messenger in bad of the state
A pardon, O my Master to the inexperienced, is it there
And a refuge for the ideal heart?
Imagining the expressing spoiling my whole of flesh
If I retrieve the old passing days
And revise calamities and the pains
And 'icons' fantasy of the time
And sank in haze of a shyness
Struggling me reduction in reduction
O master I'm in any of circumstance
A refugee at door of you thence accept my convergence
In light of hands you've, I appeal my invocations
To 'The Gracious', how if you're the light
A leader to the guidance after the misleading
So grant me a blink of eye of love
Completeness I substantiate to one, that's of mine
- O Master you, the one I know for the forgiveness
And a deserver to mediate un punishment and the grant
A leader of demonstration on the Day of Judgment
Thence no nearness of vending nor else of any cost
For this I vowed the precious of my life
To your love, myself and my belongings
Hoping you'll stay with me in communication
If communication with the world is so interrupted
And bide O my God prayers on every blinking
Upon Taha and family, his ancestry, of all the best

8-Cooing to Forfeiture

You went away alone
Chewing on tidbits of the past
Sipping the clear wine of emigration
Not given to family or home
And turning your heart afresh.
Where are the masterpieces of our ecstasy?
You took nothing with you, eyes remote
You made me custodian of birds cooing
Forfeiting everything, to turn your heart afresh!

9-Winter and Compunction

To whom do we initially affiliate
With whom do we really associate
We are missing such a common aim
We adhere to nothing. What a shame
Completely adrift, were made for surrender
Made to bow low to a lower pretender
Yielding up every thing we've been given
Living with the long odds of being forgiven
Of no avail boastful of our past brave
Still cheering the one in the grave
Who could ever become greater
We marched with him as leader.
Feeling rather hanged for losing face
Consent whole to scandal and disgrace
That apparently came to our doors
With a mere scaring out of force
Holy precincts clearly violated
Arab dignity deeply insulted
They vanished like a mist
Not a nightmare or a jest
Shall we stand up afresh ?
Wrestle those now poised to tarnish
And confronting peril lain
Elimination negligence prove vain
Will spring come to us again
Will Arabness rid us of pain?
To protect dignity violated
To restore land invaded

10-Much Fie on Pain

In vain those words speak
shall long they pine and peak! ?
My calls have reached no world
This heart has grown but weak
Oh speak of moon, for thee I seek
O stars of noon, dust off thy reek
Stand by thee, get sight of light
Defame incult, discard that leek!
That fame had gone to drain
That dawn but shown in vain
They've come to flee at thee
You've come to prove insane
As frail, those words and leaves
As souls, O slaves of thieves
Oh still you claim of sighs
But sip all night's grieves
How cruel you moan afraid
How large you brate in bed
As bird in cage you sing
What a shame to cry and shed
So loud the cries of pain
So much my land does gain
Does wait for a world of hope
But alas! Does wane and wane
Shall long we fly asleep? !
Admit all woes and weep
It was but some we've got
'As this you sow you reap'O thee insane, unite the brain
Do try to flee that cause of bane
Mortgage all hopes to dream's chief
Much fie on pain, much peace o rain!

For land does sing this song

Does ring it's dawn and bong

Till those unfair get low

Get down to cry for long

11-Reversion Tunes

Here rests my convoy

On pains and a calamity

Of remembrance

And dark revolutionary dreams

About to resolve to attacking

The whole world.
Why is the dream fractured
And the white flag lacks
A home and supporters!
Why should I die of longing
Though enough intimacys chaff
And friends? !
Here the lyre is playing
Its reversion thirsty tune
And none can hear such sweet
Chanting in my heart,
But you!
Here I shed another tear
Over this darkness embraces
Teeming with distress
To feel at ease about all

For his thirty-three years he seems to know much more about humans and human feelings. Expressed in his poetry lines he forcefully takes you through a world of emotions and wonders. The most amazing thing is that he writes poetry in both Arabic and English.

With his bachelor of English from Sanaa University and years of experience as an English language teacher, Mr. Al-Hakimi has mastered this foreign language and published more than 90 poems in both English and Arabic.

He was also chosen by Larry Frolick the Canadian author in his book Ten thousand scorpions in search of queen Shebas gold! as a face from the kingdom of Sheba'

By The Yemen Times Editor in Chief Nadia Al-Sakkaf

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Water Suffering A Headache

new Collection Of Poems By Yemen's Poet Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Water 's Carbonic Images of Headeace

Collection of Poems

By Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Gulls

Gulls, diverging from the water's edge,
Apologize for the music that stirs my soul,
A cacophony of memories in the breeze.



PoemHunter.com

Majesty of Plastic

I know the sand has drained my dew,
And withered in the sun.
Now, you seek refuge in my poetry,
The sorrow reflected in my eyes,
Trying to extract verses from my fingertips,
Wandering through the landscapes of my imagination.

I am a poet,
With the spontaneity of a river,
Scattering my heart's biscuits
To the hungry souls who fast in silence.

As long as I am a poet,
My blood will surge like waves,
And the sea shall remain my path.

I suggest something:
Imagine transparent casings,
Protecting water from the sharpness of reality.
Acquire one to cover my sentiment,
So you may touch it with your long nails
And carbonated fingertips.

Do you really care about making me available
In the markets of darkness?
What is the reason for this preoccupation?

Do not expect me to become a cloud,
Drifting away if sadness unravels its deserts.

Resorts of Whiteness

This accumulated stock
Celebrates my triple name, severed by a tear,
Leaving me resilient, not eroded like dust
Before the unyielding sea.

I hunger for a single crumb of thought
And thirst for a sip of observation.
I have relocated to a homeland
That clashes sharply
With all that confiscates life.

Hookah Ascensions

In the throats of these standing poems,
Like hookah smoke,
We twist and turn,
Not drooping under the cloud,
Nor evading the monoxide of ideas.

Incense Gentleness

All my modern poems await
Your herbal voice,
Shade them with your reflection,
Be shrewd to my beams
As they distill into blues!

Whiteness, celebrating the winter of my hand,
May provoke you,
For I am not Sufi.
Yet, I witnessed the burning resorts,
When imagination aged,
And language became thick with despair.

Forum

For the two eyes of the poem,
Our new poetess opens
Her brown forum for revelation,
Requesting visitors
Not to attempt to hack
The IRC server!

Apricots Saleswoman Expects

I stand here,
My maiden anxiety clinging to poetry,
Bearing calamities
With Roselle-infused morale.

War rages on,

Anxiety provides logistical support
To my bulging cerebral arteries,
And the war stretches on.

What is noblest in this conflict
Is the exemption of the mad,
From lounging in the deprived streets
Of this city.
I can no longer see Jamal
At Al-Noman Coffee,
Nor Hamoud Talha.
How did they become aware it is war,
And they must depart?

How I miss my friends—
Gossiping feels widowed without them,
And Qat sessions suffer from hysteria.

Every night, I yearn
To see my favorite channels,
City 7 and those scrolling down.
I long to hear the Windows 10 tone,
And type poetic texts
With my cell phone's keyboard.

Darkness incites tyranny,
Whenever it catches sight of us,
'In the dawn's way! '
Yet, the poem has a Rajab moment,
Refusing to sit at the dialogue table
Or to deal on credit.
"They will not pass away! "

The apricots saleswoman expects
A bomb to drop on Saber Mount tonight!
Oh, my God,
The mountain reclining on my right shoulder is doomed!

Gum Virility

The pen, too, cannot remain impartial
When dealing with texts
That share a pack of gum.

It is your slander
That stirs my throat.
You know that scratching at a coat
Does not work!

Try to remember,
I left my sticky scent
In every vial of your femininity,
To help you overcome
The dark longing moments.

Each joy in the belly of my hand
Carries my love messages,
With which I commend the presence of the absent.
Fold your hand gently,
So that joy does not fly away!

You will soon receive my comments on your new texts.
Read them alongside Nescafé,
To ensure the ideas are not disturbed.

You are here, attempting to transform darkness
Into bras for the forenoons.
I searched carefully within it
For phosphorescent towers
Of Jasminum Sambac,
But found nothing.

I hope your tenderness can accommodate
Some delicate words,
And that love can appreciate
The illiteracy of my heart.

Temporarily Suspected

While they wanted poetry to be a call cabin,
Al-Baraduni had gotten it suspected.

Medication

A homeland swells
In my arteries,
Demanding the mother of my blood
To step aside for the brain,
As it belongs to the breed
Of 'BCD, '

Sowing calcified rancor
Before my heart's reinforcements,
Leaving all my spiritual beacons
Paralyzed as a result!

Dust of Pigtail

Distressed by the weight of my cribs,
These pillows pressed upon their flowers,
I cast down an entity
Unrobed from its gardens.

It is like a cave,
Priming with noise.
No longer is the moon of prophecies 'Hakimi, '
Nor is the horizon of pigtails.
The sands of the heavy-hearted
Were his curiosity,
And his texts, the voices of the confused.

No more room for fat songs
In the throats of my tufts,
And the wind cannot add
Any more catastrophes
From its offspring.

Envisaging Beloved

To a woman
Descending from the oddest tree,
I extend the palm of my heart
To the door of the Greatest.

I ventured into
Her spiritual forums,
To read what Al-Muzaffar did not say
To the castle,
And what the basil archives
In the cheeks of the girl of the forenoon.

Timeworn Sunshine

I console my chord
With a timeworn melody
And a gum poem.

I should sing,
For the corridors are hungry for light.
Everything in my blood
Is a placebo curiosity,
Offered as a delusion to my beloved,
So she may respond!

Grating Censer

Trace your clipped machinations in my text;
Poetry has been kind
To their wild layouts,
Which somehow made them tame.

I believe the poem descends
From the musk of the bride;
It possesses potency in her insights
Into existence,
Encoding what shocks the sun
With the whiteness of visions.

The poem is a secret,
No more enjoyable than a text,
Scorching the grips of a mind
Whose dullness is imminent.
And no more pompous
Than becoming a shadow
Of a poetic text!

Enjoy my smile that you cherish,
Rest assured,
The grass will not dim its light
As meteoritic lampposts do
In my blood.

Only share with me
The expanse of my night lenses,
So together we may read
What ignites our fingertips
Before every adversity.

Been Added into Exile

My letters have transformed into gorgeousness,
Now trying to wear
A whisper's mantle,
To weave a homeland
From its sun brides,
Much like the decorum of the beloved.

But the flax of your mystic soul
Is more fragrant than the paradise
Of the poem.
I wager the sun of my feelings for a year
On a language that can draw forth your tears,
And that my capacities might befit
The new color of whiteness.

However, I saw in the pupils of my sails
A circular contraction
While reading your gleam!

Sir,
Let me share what remains
Of my combustion flowers—
Your brown love poems.

The water recedes
Over headwaters,
And mud is a half-circle.

Give my set loose from the sandy pediments
A helping hand, if you may.

Read on the overheated nostalgia,
The chances of glory,
And dip my characters
In fiction.
Read on my touchiness,
The gospels of mountains.
Read on my touchiness,
The gospels of mountains.

Frost

Sunlight weaves through the garden,
Occulting itself within my heart,
Delivering verses that dance,
Leading me to songs of clay.

A new melancholy light emerges,
Devoid of any sorrow,
On a tapestry of revelation,
In a moment of clarity,
Becomes an echo of muted whispers.

It beckons me to gather my heart's essence,
Craving the hue of my glow,
Dewed by twilight's silence.
I pray for the spirit of yearning clouds,
For the tender whispers of camaraderie,
And a longing that spans
The mountains' endless patience.

It reflects:
The long desert's demon is I—
How deeply I've spelled earthly nostalgia!
How it smolders,
How it weeps!

I continue to pray
For the helplessness of streamlet's song,
Unaware of how to ascend its grief.

This is the essence of my heart:
Frosted and wrapped in rattles,
Tears weaving melodies
On winter's cheeks.
Coldness rends her Sabian strings,
Forgoing revelations,
The day after the spirit of grandeur faltered
In the despondency of lilies.

Do Not Open Windows

We do not need candles, O my darling,
For darkness is a wellspring of power.

Our existence is blessed,
By our Lord, the Dark.
Just close your eyes carefully now,
And behold what the metaphysics of surprise
Conceals.

War has devoured
The shoulders of my daily verses,
Smashed the universe's psyche.
Who now trims the pride of whiteness?
Who demonstrates the provocative dance of interpretation?

Do not open windows
While ideas hover,
I fear the pressure of sudden light
Might shatter
Your gaze.

What I possess from your love, O Arwa,
Is your pomegranate scent—
The true essence of delight.

Disappointment of Avocado

Many times I've said:
Do not burst,
Avoid the trap of the wind's hyenas.
O Lucy,
Death besieges me, dear,
Sequestering the light of my brightest days

With stubbornness and abandonment.

Whom do you seek to please?
Do you see how sorrowful the paths are?
Do you feel the heartbreak of each morning
That doesn't lead us to 'Fresh Spring'?
Do you know how the avocado
Bears disappointment?
How the rooms of 'Kazafil' linger in gloom,
And dimness reigns in 'Panorama'?

I expect now
The days' defiance stuns your heart,
The bitter nostalgia sheds your tears.
You know you are wrong;
You misinterpreted my sentiment,
And thus you shot astray.

We shall endure, twining our pillars of love
From the roots of our fears.
You know, since you surpassed mirrors,
I no longer hold my beloved Lucy
On my eye's platforms.
I do not rush;
The wounds have calcified
In the heart's center,
And healing is a weary endeavor.

Yet your knowledge that my heart
Will forget your missteps
Is always your sting!

My heart is the sole home for yours,
I dwell entirely within your realm.
Hey Lucy,
I am all that sometimes kneels
In awe of your glory,
And all who defend
Your sky.

You have shattered my moons,
But in a mystical moment of

Forgiveness and purity,
I was generous!

Your voice still sings in my blood,
Harmonizing with your love
As your hand brushes my chest,
Then your radiant smile whispers,
"Hey Dad!"

You sigh for a kiss
On my right knee,
As the essence of your overwhelming love
Surges forth, right?

The dawn of longing still
Combs through my heart's creased desires.
O my twin sentiment,
How you mirror your lover
In every way
Except
For your glinting glass!

My heart remains like morning,
Bathed in harmonious radiance,
Throbbing with purity.
What do you have of affection,
And serenity?
What do you have of

L
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Y?

Whittling Passions Down

I hunch over my notebook paper,

Doodling,
Praying for grace in my language of love.
Fix all my common mistakes,
Fashion my accent,
Prune my compositions,
Unlock my creativity,
Engage all my senses.

I am desperate for more of your tenderness.
It is unfair to let my longings go unattended,
For love is a solitary affection.

Let us uphold the only rule
German writer Goethe knew:
You must be kind.
Try to reward my sentiments gracefully,
Always be inspiring,
And keep me grounded.

Never lash out at whatever,
Never provoke fights.
You know the dilation of my Basilar Artery
Is whittling me down.

I will remain obsessed with your creative pursuits.
I savor every turn of phrase
In your love words.

I believe our toil will never cease
To bring joy.
I am plain lucky to be with you;
There is always magic
In being surrounded by your passions.

To Hero Cartoons

Soon it will be 40 novels,
The waiting desert has cruelly nurtured a deeper thirst.
I wish to use your fervor to read the clouds' desires,

To tempt their ample forms.
Boredom has grown a savage giant
In the rain-kissed greenery.

Your passion is quite cold,
And no considerate shawl
To cover my withering struggle.
No friend to turn my grief
Into a song of destiny.
Those thin cries are my poems' pleas
To hero cartoons,
Within my Megadolicho imagination,
Rebelling against the wind.

Yet the heart has become a bound flame
To darkness' embrace,
Proven merely a bleeding upon the sands,
Culminating in deeper sorrow
And love's futility

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

For Al Mujahed

Let me just once Travel in that distant sphere, Let me silently roam Over the
white wake of the dead Let me share your memory With the Fresh Green Branch.
By those like you Reality prevails And the unbidden Night retreats, The way of
life is made home again. After your death, my brother, Taiz was bereaved, the
blind sighed, The dolls and the qat provided Their usual comforts.

Who but you, could share The rose-pain of your departure? Who but you, could
consider The courtesies of universal literature, This love-world we have drawn
With our youthful alphabets of fire? Who will abide with Hamza* In the great
empty House? You took such pains, a remembrance For the years to come, the
years. The constellations won, in the end Your dedication is theirs, You devoted
heart and mind And struggled - one man against the sons of Time.

“Hamza, “: The writer Al-Mujahed's young son

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi



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Cooing To Forfeiture

by Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

You went away alone Chewing on tidbits of the past Sipping the clear wine of
emigration Not given to family or home And turning your heart afresh. Where are
the masterpieces of our ecstasy? You took nothing with you, eyes remote You
made me custodian of birds cooing Forfeiting everything, to turn your heart
afresh!

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi



PoemHunter.com

More Resemblant To The Shades

by Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Verse is a more resemblant to the shades When your spectrum glimpsed or appeared to me And reveals in eyes of the flood my soul Crowned with bracelets of the crescent And in the bottom of myself visions get greened And trails with sublimity palm of fantasy And mix ignitions of green high lands With pains of streams and the hills

Overwhelmed me the pleasure when early starts on Persons of the love, stands before me Seeing when I mention Prophet Mohammad Yearning glows in all of the feelings Smelling odor breezing from the letters On embers dewed in my essay Purifying heart as long as it to be Beloved of Allah my business and concern As long as I look at him, I'm fortunated Secrets of the beauty and secrets of the love As long as I submit him my devotion I encircle every precious in whole of the life Me O Mustafa, is a lover slave Heading you, O Messenger in bad of the state

A pardon, O my Master to the inexperienced, is it there And a refuge for the ideal heart? Imagining the expressing spoiling my whole of flesh If I retrieve the old passing days And revise calamities and the pains And 'icons' fantasy of the time And sank in haze of a shyness Struggling me reduction in reduction O master I'm in any of circumstance A refugee at door of you thence accept my convergence In light of hands you've, I appeal my invocations To 'The Gracious', how if you're the light A leader to the guidance after the misleading So grant me a blink of eye of love Completeness I substantiate to one, that's of mine

O Master - you, the one I know for the forgiveness And a deserver to mediate un punishment and the grant A leader of demonstration on the Day of Judgment Thence no nearness of vending nor else of any cost For this I vowed the precious of my life To your love, myself and my belongings Hoping you'll stay with me in communication If communication with the world is so interrupted And bide O my God prayers on every blinking Upon Taha and family, his ancestry, of all the best

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

On Lady Bilquiss Mashqor

On Lady Bilquis's Mashqor

By Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

When the nights commit themselves
To flame,
Into this great unnamed house,
This house with no visible address,
Rooms that never answer your hellos,
You may retire, assured of its silence
Until the Horse appears, as from a dream
Belonging to someone else,
perhaps many others.

He carries her sprig,
The Lady Bilquis's mashqor
Down from great Saber,
The cold mountain
That kept the Seven Sleepers lovely for centuries,
Sheltered from the heat of the sun.

Away in the West,
Books are written
Their pages flutter like dancing scorpions,
We sigh,
Content that the music
Is always here,
bright between the words
Even the words never spoken.

Only a few know this music,
Obey
The final command
to play its song
Opening everything
to the summer clouds
Selling their last flower
For one quicksilver note.

Great men and dark caves are twins
Here in this slow desert
They have their satisfactory potion.
The queen of Sheba bestows her gold,
Incense of the throne, and her love
Freely on the dwellers.
They enjoy the glory that once was
And find her scent
As it is.*

*As it is: said by Bilquis (the queen of Sheba) when answering the Prophet in the Holy Quran. Mashqor: the basil, sacred to the ancients.

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Winter And Compunction

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With whom do we really associate
We are missing such a common aim
We adhere to nothing. What a shame

Completely adrift, were made for surrender
Made to bow low to a lower pretender
Yielding up every thing we've been given
Living with the long odds of being forgiven

Of no avail boastful of our past brave
Still cheering the one in the grave
Who could ever become greater
We marched with him as leader.

Feeling rather hanged for losing face
Consent whole to scandal and disgrace
That apparently came to our doors
With a mere scaring out of force

Holy precincts clearly violated
Arab dignity deeply insulted
They vanished like a mist
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Shall we stand up afresh ?
Wrestle those now poised to tarnish
And confronting peril lain
Elimination negligence prove vain

Will spring come to us again
Will Arabness rid us of pain?
To protect dignity violated
To restore land invaded
..

By Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

The Last Knight's Phantom

by Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Here rests my convoy, on this stony plain
We encountered the calamity, old memory
How the revolution came apart in the dark
Just as we were about to attack.

The air is thick with sweet bitterness like smoke
The years have lost their way to my heart
I hug my nostalgia, a childhood companion
Still boasting he once saw the last knight.

Why should I die of longing
When the white flag flies high
Over our friends and easy intimacies?
Let us burn what we have, recalling
The liquid Lyre and its ever-thirsty Player.

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Out Of Aden

mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Out of Aden, blue time issues forth like a ship
That has somehow learned to flaunt mountains
Or perhaps the mountains dispatched one of their kin
To seek such perfumes as the markets now manufacture.

Be blessed, my home, love and fascination
Are almost the same thing, the stout
And brave men of our history,
Will not let us go, their strength remains taut
In the angle of the prow, the cutting of the waters.

Be blessed, my home, love and fascination
Are almost the same thing, the stout
And brave men of our history,
Will not let us go, their strength remains taut
In the angle of the prow, the cutting of the waters.

How wide is this faith-path, this reckoning at dawn?
It is glory to be challenged, to face the storm ?
To keep the coastline perfectly intact and calm within
While dark waves rush at darker clouds, without

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Rasha

Rasha

By/ Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

I would be a faltering oasis, Rasha, content
To become your beach of dry grasses
The last thing your eyes see, in departure
Go! Take everything, leave me the scaly monster,
Every bristle stinging with desire.

Rasha, is it enough this man is astonished?
Or will my amazement only satisfy you?
Stone or glass, I am sunk and lost ?
Every door keeps some of you apart from me
Making me forget if I should push or pull it!

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi



PoemHunter.com

Reversion Tunes

Here rests my convoy
On pains and a calamity
Of remembrance
And dark revolutionary dreams
About to resolve to attacking
The whole world.

Why is the dream fractured
And the white flag lacks
A home and supporters!
Why should I die of longing
Though enough intimacys chaff
And friends? !

Here the lyre is playing
Its reversion thirsty tune
And none can hear such sweet
Chanting in my heart,
But you!
Here I shed another tear
Over this darkness embraces
Teeming with distress
To feel at ease about all

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

Looking Upon Al-Muala

By / Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi

The light-mirrors on Mualas cheeks have pampered me,
Do you think the sea will appear and dance?
Or is she waiting for me first?
O Stream, this is the way
Over here, I have taken my last breath
I am ready, you are welcome to it all
These eyes have admired girls from afar
My heart runs with the swollen river
I am sundered in two like its banks.

It is true, I confess
My fondness for brunettes is well-known
By the girls of Tawahy*, who are less than faint
Let us embrace each other, then
For togetherness is the impossible aim,
One can take love the other, the dream.
Omima knew well, how dream loves to fight
With love, day and night!

*Tawahy: reputedly the area of the loveliest girls in the Arabian Peninsula.

Mohammad Noaman Al-Hakimi