

Poetry Series

Mohammad Yousef

- poems -



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Mohammad Yousef()

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'Legal Drafting of Commercial Contracts in the Public, Private and Joint Sectors in
Arabic and English',

'Find the Hidden Pictures 35 Parts' series,

'Dictionary of Maritime Shipping',

'Technical Drafting of Contracts',

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Technical and financial study of offers

Team management

Crisis management

Conflict management

Problem solving

Business negotiation management.

Associate member in many international research institutions.

Leaves Of Grass In Syria

By Mohammad A. Yousef

In the heart of ancient soil,
where the Euphrates whispers secrets to the wind,
and the sun spills its golden light
over the crumbling stones of history,
leaves of grass emerge, resilient,
like memories rising from the ashes of yesterday.

They sway in the breath of a forgotten breeze,
dancing to the rhythm of unseen hands,
a chorus of green against the backdrop of time,
each blade a testament, a silent witness
to the stories etched in the ground—
of laughter, of tears, of the land
that held generations close
and watched them wander away.

Here in Syria, where olive trees stand guard,
their gnarled limbs cradling the weight of sorrow,
the grass, too, knows the taste of resilience,
the way it unfurls beneath the weight of war,
finding light in the cracks of asphalt,
growing wild where hope dares to tread.

The sun sets over the valleys,
casting long shadows that cradle the earth,
and the grasses shimmer,
as if to remind us that life persists,
even in the harshest of climates—
a mosaic of green among the rubble,
a soft whisper amidst the roar of history,
each leaf a promise,
each stem a prayer for peace.

In the fields where children once played,
where laughter echoed like bells,
the grass stands tall,
a green tapestry woven with the threads of dreams,

and as the stars emerge,
they blanket the night in a soft embrace,
reminding us of the beauty that remains,
even when the world seems broken.

For in the leaves of grass in Syria,
there lies an echo of the past,
a yearning for what was,
and a glimmer of what could be—
a call to remember,
a call to nurture the green,
to let it thrive where it may,
so that the spirit of the land,
and the stories of its people,
may live on,
dancing on the winds of time,
forever entwined with the roots of hope.

Mohammad Yousef

Song Of Myself

By Mohammad A. Yousef

I sing not just for the echo of my voice,
but for the pulse of the earth beneath my feet,
the whispering winds carrying tales of ages,
each leaf a story, each raindrop a memory,
a symphony woven through the fibers of existence.

I am the river, winding and wild,
flowing through valleys of doubt,
cascading over rocks of resilience,
each bend a new chapter,
each ripple a reflection of the soul,
carving my essence into the landscape of time.

I am the sun,
rising with the promise of a new dawn,
casting light on shadows long-held,
burning brightly with the fervor of awakening,
illuminating the hidden paths of dreams,
nurturing the seeds of possibility buried deep.

In the crowd of faces, I seek connection,
hearts beating in unison,
the laughter of strangers,
the tears of lovers,
the silent vows of friendship,
woven into the fabric of humanity,
a tapestry rich with the hues of our being.

I am the laughter that erupts,
the tears that fall unbidden,
the quiet moments of reflection,
the chaos of life's unfolding,
each emotion a note in the grand composition,
echoing through the chambers of my heart.

I embrace the dualities,
the light and the dark,

the solace of solitude,
the clamor of togetherness,
for within each contradiction lies a truth,
a harmony waiting to be discovered.

I am the earth,
the mountains reaching for the sky,
the valleys cradling secrets of the past,
the oceans whispering to the stars,
a reminder that I am part of something greater,
a pulse in the vastness of the universe.

I sing of the dreams deferred,
the hopes that rise like phoenixes,
the struggles etched into the skin,
the journeys that twist and turn,
for every step is a note in this song,
a testament to the resilience of the spirit.

I dance in the moonlight,
lost in the rhythm of my own heartbeat,
the universe a stage for my unfolding,
each moment a verse in this endless poem,
a celebration of the self,
a chorus that echoes through the cosmos.

So I sing,
not just for myself,
but for the collective song of us all,
the symphony of existence,
where every note matters,
where every voice is heard,
where every story is woven into the fabric of life.

In the end, I am not alone,
for I am the myriad,
the essence of every being,
the song that carries on the wind,
the melody that lingers in the silence,
a testament to the beauty of being,
a song of myself,
ever echoing,

ever evolving,
ever alive.

Mohammad Yousef

Socrates Says: Know Yourself

By Mohammad A. Yousef

In the echoing chambers of ancient thought,
where shadows dance with the flicker of reason,
a voice emerges, timeless,
a whisper in the corridors of the soul—
“Know yourself.”

What does it mean, this call to introspection?
To peel away the layers,
like an onion,
each skin a story, a belief,
a mask we wear,
crafted by the hands of others,
or perhaps, our own trembling fingers.

Beneath the weight of expectation,
we often forget the melody of our own heart,
the rhythm of our breath,
the essence that pulses beneath skin.
What do you find when you delve deep?
A sea of dreams,
or a barren desert of doubt?

To know oneself is to wander,
to become both the traveler and the map,
to embrace the contradictions,
the light and the shadow,
the joy and the sorrow,
the triumph and the failure.

In the silence of contemplation,
where the mind wrestles with the stillness,
fragments of truth emerge—
like stars breaking through the night,
each one a revelation,
each one a reminder:

you are not alone.

The search is a labyrinth,
twisting and turning,
sometimes overwhelming,
yet within its intricate paths lies freedom,
the liberation of understanding,
the unshackling of spirit from the mundane.

So, rise, seeker of self,
with courage as your compass,
and venture into the depths,
past the fears that linger,
past the echoes of judgment.
For in that sacred space,
the universe unfolds,
and you, glorious and flawed,
become the oracle of your own existence.

Know yourself,
not just the polished version,
but the raw, the real,
the unvarnished truth.
Each scar is a story,
each joy a fleeting glimpse,
and in the tapestry of life,
you are the weaver,
the artist,
the eternal question
and the answer
waiting to be embraced.

Socrates knew it,
as he wandered under the Athenian sun,
with wisdom as his guide.
To know oneself is to embark
on an endless journey,
a pilgrimage of the spirit,
where each moment is a stepping stone,
each breath a declaration:
I am here,
I am alive,

and I will know myself.

Mohammad Yousef

An Ode To Myself

By Mohammad A. Yousef

In the quiet hours before dawn,
when the world still wraps itself in shadows,
I rise, a silhouette against the pale glow,
a whisper of dreams unfurling,
each breath a declaration,
each heartbeat a drum,
celebrating the tapestry of my existence.

I am the sum of my laughter,
the echoes of joy woven into my skin,
the soft creases of lines—
stories etched by time,
tales spun from laughter and tears,
a mosaic of moments,
each fragment a testament:
I have lived, I have danced in the rain,
I have stood still in the eye of the storm,
a steadfast lighthouse amidst crashing waves.

I am the fire in the belly,
the ember that refuses to dim,
the spark that ignites
the mundane into the extraordinary.
I embrace my shadows,
the doubts that claw at my spirit,
for they are the weights that ground me,
the push that drives me to soar,
to rise higher than the clouds,
to stretch my wings wide,
a phoenix rising from the ashes of yesterday.

I am the artist of my own canvas,
painting with hues of resilience,
strokes of vulnerability,
each color bold, unapologetic.

I blend my fears with hope,
a palette rich with the complexities of being,
and in this creation, I find my voice,
a melody of strength,
a harmony of self-acceptance.

I am the wanderer of my own path,
not just a traveler, but a seeker,
gathering pieces of wisdom from the soil,
the whispers of the trees,
the laughter of the wind.
I tread softly, yet I tread fiercely,
my footprints marking the earth,
a testament to the journey,
to the lessons learned,
to the love that flows from heart to soul.

I am the keeper of my dreams,
the architect of my tomorrows,
each vision a star in the vast expanse,
mapping constellations of possibility.
I will not be contained by the confines of fear,
nor will I shrink beneath the weight of expectation.
I will spread my arms wide,
embracing the universe,
for I am infinite potential,
an unyielding spirit dancing through the cosmos.

So here's to me,
a symphony of contradictions,
a canvas painted with the essence of life,
celebrating not just the triumphs,
but the struggles, the stumbles,
the moments when I felt lost,
for they are the threads that bind
the fabric of my being,
each flaw a jewel,
each scar a badge of honor.

In this ode, I find my truth,
a testament to the beauty of becoming,
of evolving, of breaking and mending,

of standing tall in the face of storms.
I am here, and I am enough,
an ever-unfolding story,
a timeless echo in the grand symphony
of existence—
and in this moment,
I choose to celebrate me.

Mohammad Yousef

Song Of Olive Trees

By Mohammad A. Yousef

In the heart of sunlit hills,
where time dances slowly,
the olive trees whisper,
their silver leaves glinting,
like secrets shared among ancient friends.

Roots stretch deep,
cradling stories of the earth,
each gnarled trunk a testament
to resilience, to storms weathered,
to the embrace of sun and rain,
where every drop is a song,
every gust a gentle sway,
a melody woven into the fabric of the land.

They stand, guardians of the past,
their branches heavy with promise,
each olive a tiny universe,
a burst of history,
a taste of the sun-kissed soil,
an echo of laughter,
of hands skilled in the art of harvest.

In the dusk, when shadows lengthen,
the trees exhale,
a sigh that carries the weight of ages,
the warmth of shared meals,
the clinking of glasses,
the birth of traditions,
a legacy draped in green and gold.

Listen closely,
and you will hear the voices of ancestors,
woven in the rustle of leaves,
the hum of bees,
the flutter of wings,
the soft tread of a child playing,

a tapestry of life unfolding
beneath the ancient canopy.

The olive trees know the language of the wind,
they speak in hushed tones,
in the rustling of their branches,
whispering tales of peace,
of wisdom born from patience,
of the slow, deliberate rhythm of growth.

There is a stillness in their presence,
a reminder that all things take time,
that every fruit must first blossom,
that every story must find its voice,
rooted deeply before it reaches for the sky.

So let us gather beneath their shade,
let us share our dreams,
our fears, our laughter,
for in this sacred grove,
we become part of the song,
a chorus of souls,
resonating with the pulse of the earth,
as we celebrate the beauty,
the legacy of the olive trees,
the silent sentinels of our history,
the keepers of our stories,
the song of olive trees—
an ode to life,
a hymn of hope.

Mohammad Yousef

E'temad Al-Rumaikiyya

'the Beauty Of A Woman, A Line Of Poetry, And Al-Mu'tamid Ibn Abbad Made Her The Princess Of Andalusia'

By Mohammad A. Yousef

In the sunlit embrace of Andalusia,
where the olive trees whisper secrets to the breeze,
there stands a statue,
a silent sentinel of beauty,
E'temad al-Rumaikiyya,
the muse, the poetess,
a heart woven from verses,
her essence suspended in time.

She, who danced with words,
whose laughter echoed through the palatial halls,
as Al-Mu'tamid ibn Abbad,
the king with a poet's soul,
saw in her the light of a thousand sunsets,
the constellations of a thousand dreams.

Her beauty, a delicate line of poetry,
inscribed on the parchment of history,
each curve a metaphor,
each glance a sonnet,
a tapestry of longing,
woven with threads of love and loss.
In her presence, the world stood still,
as if the very air
held its breath,
savoring the sweetness of her being.

Oh, how the gardens bloomed,
with jasmine and orange blossoms,
in the wake of her steps,
how the fountains sang,

the water cascading like verses,
each droplet a reflection of her grace.

In the courts where whispers turned to songs,
her voice, a melody of dreams,
wrapped around the hearts of men,
who sought to capture her spirit,
yet found only shadows,
for a woman like her could not be tamed.

E'temad, the princess of Andalusia,
a sovereign of the soul,
her crown forged from starlight,
her throne, a tapestry of poems,
as she reigned over the hearts
of those who dared to love,
and dared to write.

She danced between the lines of her own creation,
a wordsmith carving destiny from the silence,
her quill dipped in the ink of the cosmos,
each stroke a revolution,
each stanza a testament,
to the power of a woman
to inspire, to uplift,
to be the heart of a kingdom
that blossomed in the poetry of the night.

And as centuries folded into folds,
the winds still carry her essence,
the fragrance of her spirit
mingling with the air of Spain,
reminding us that beauty is eternal,
that poetry is the breath of life,
and in a world where empires rise and fall,
the heart of a poet
is a legacy that endures.

So let the statue stand, unyielding,
a tribute to a luminary,
to E'temad al-Rumaikiyya,
whose beauty, like a line of poetry,

still whispers through the alleys of time,
reminding us all
that love, in its purest form,
is the highest art,
a realm where the heart
is always the king,
and the woman,
the everlasting queen.

Mohammad Yousef

The Day Of Clay

By Mohammad A. Yousef

In the heart of Andalusia,
where orange blossoms whisper secrets,
and the sun spills gold on the courtyards,
E'temad al-Rumaikiyya,
a name woven into the tapestry of time,
a poetess, a muse,
a voice that dances upon the strings of the lute,
her verses echoing through the arches,
where history breathes in the sigh of the wind.

Consort to Emir Al-Mu'tamid,
a ruler adorned in wisdom's cloak,
his throne a cradle of dreams,
they walked through gardens of poetry,
hand in hand,
the pulse of the city thrumming beneath their feet —
the day unfolds, a canvas of clay,
soft and malleable, waiting for the sculptor's touch.

The clay, earthy and rich,
holds stories of love and longing,
of battles fought in the shadows,
and laughter that rings like silver bells,
each grain a memory,
each lump a heartbeat,
a testament to resilience,
to the beauty of creation and destruction,
each shape molded by the hands of fate.

E'temad, with ink-stained fingers,
carves her soul into the fabric of the night,
her words a gentle caress,
like the cool breeze that sweeps across the Alhambra,
carrying with it the scent of jasmine,
the weight of history,
the promise of tomorrow.

In the Day of Clay,
she stands, a goddess of the written word,
her spirit intertwined with the earth,
a phoenix rising from the ashes of silence,
her poetry flows, a river of fire and water,
filling the spaces left by absence,
breathing life into the void,
a symphony of existence,
echoing in the hearts of those who listen.

The Emir gazes upon her,
his eyes a mirror of adoration,
in his kingdom of poets and dreamers,
where the stars are woven into the fabric of night,
they are bound by more than love,
for in the heart of each verse lies a world,
a universe crafted from clay,
where every syllable is a step toward eternity,
and every breath a celebration of life.

So let the clay take shape,
let it mold the echoes of their dreams,
in the glow of the setting sun,
as the sky blushes with stories untold,
E'temad al-Rumaikiyya,
a timeless spirit,
her legacy etched in the sands of time,
forever dancing in the light,
a beacon of hope,
a testament to the art of living,
in the Day of Clay,
where poets are born,
and love knows no bounds.

Mohammad Yousef

E'temad Al-Rumaikiyya

By Mohammad A Yousef

In the heart of Andalusia,
where the sun spills gold over the olive groves,
E'temad al-Rumaikiyya dances,
a silken thread woven between shadows and light.
Her laughter, a melody carried by the Guadalquivir,
sings of longing, of love,
a tapestry of emotions spun with the finest silk.

She stands, ink-stained fingers poised,
a quill in hand,
each stroke a whisper of the soul,
a sonnet to the moonlit nights of Seville,
where jasmine blooms in secret gardens,
and the air is thick with the scent of ripe fruit.
Her verses, delicate as a moth's wing,
flutter through the corridors of the Emir's palace,
where dreams and reality entwine like lovers.

Al-Mu'tamid, a poet himself,
draws strength from her spirit,
his heart a canvas painted with her words,
each line a brushstroke of passion,
each stanza a sigh shared beneath the stars.
Together they weave a world,
where the past drips like honey,
slow and golden,
and the present pulses with the rhythm of the oud.

E'temad, a muse in the twilight,
her eyes a reflection of the heavens,
holds the power of the ancients,
the wisdom of the ages,
her voice a river,
flowing through the hearts of the forgotten,
reminding them of the beauty in their scars.

In the gardens of Al-Andalus,

time bends,
and the walls of the universe echo with their laughter.
Here the poets gather,
their souls entwined in a symphony of words,
and E'temad, the bright star,
guides them through the labyrinth of language,
her spirit a flame that never falters.

But shadows lengthen as the sun dips low,
and history, a cruel puppeteer,
pulls at the strings of fate.
The whispered promises of forever
become echoes in the wind,
as kingdoms rise and fall,
and the sands of time shift beneath their feet.

Yet in the heart of a poet,
legacy dances,
and E'temad al-Rumaikiyya lives on,
her verses etched in the stones of Seville,
her laughter carried by the breeze,
a reminder that love,
in all its forms,
is an eternal flame,
burning brightly against the dark.

So let us gather in the twilight,
beneath the arch of a forgotten palace,
and sing her name,
for E'temad, in every heartbeat,
remains a testament to the power of words,
a spirit unbound, soaring forever,
through the verses of time.

Mohammad Yousef

Wallada Bint Al-Mustakfi

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the heart of Córdoba, where the rivers weave
and the scent of orange blossoms dances on the breeze,
a woman emerges, a spirit uncontained,
Wallada, daughter of the caliph,
born into a world of silk and shadows,
where poets sing and the night is alive
with whispers of love and longing,
where every word is a caress,
and every glance, a promise.

She walks through the gardens,
her head held high, crowned in her own right,
a rebel in a realm of constraints,
where men wield pens like swords,
yet she wields her heart,
a quill dipped in the ink of desire,
her laughter, a melody that breaks the silence,
her voice, a storm that stirs the still air.

Wallada, with her flowing robes,
embroidered with stories,
each stitch a testament to her defiance,
to love unbound, to a spirit unchained,
she opens her door to the poets,
inviting them to share her world,
a haven for the lost and the yearning,
where verses are not merely written
but breathed into life,
and the echoes of her laughter linger
like notes played on a lute,
resonating through the corridors of time.

She loves fiercely,
her heart a tempest,
drawing in the likes of Ibn Zaydun,
whose words are silk,
whose passions ignite the night,

together they dance in the moonlight,
two souls entwined,
yet the world, with its scornful gaze,
seeks to tear them apart,
to bind her to the chains of tradition,
to silence the voice that refuses to be hushed.

But Wallada, oh Wallada,
with eyes like stars and a spirit like fire,
refuses to be dimmed,
she carves her own path through the tapestry of fate,
a tapestry rich with color,
each thread a rebellion,
each knot a story yet to be told.

In the great hall of intellect,
she stands as a beacon,
a lamp against the dark,
her words, a bridge across the chasm,
a path for the brave,
for those who dare to dream
beyond the borders of their time,
to love without limits,
to write without fear.

And though history may seek to forget,
to cast her into the shadows,
her spirit rises,
a phoenix from the ashes,
for in every heart that beats with passion,
in every pen that dares to challenge,
she lives on,
a whisper of rebellion,
a song of freedom,
a testament to love's unyielding power,
and the unquenchable thirst for self.

So let us remember Wallada,
not just as a name in the annals of time,
but as a force,
a reminder that the soul is vast,
and the heart, no cage can contain,

for in her, we find the essence of poetry,
the essence of life—
wild, beautiful, and eternally free.

Mohammad Yousef

Muhammad Ibn Zakariya Al-Razi, Philosophy

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the heart of ancient Persia,
where the sun kissed the earth
and shadows danced with the wind,
lived a mind, a seeker,
Muhammad ibn Zakariya al-Razi,
a name whispered through the corridors of time.

With ink-stained fingers,
he traced the contours of knowledge,
a physician, alchemist,
and philosopher—
a weaver of thoughts,
a sculptor of ideas,
in a world brimming with uncertainty.

In the flickering light of oil lamps,
he pondered the essence of the soul,
the balance of elements,
the alchemy of the human spirit.
Each scroll unfurled like a flower,
petals of wisdom opening to the dawn.

He gazed into the depths of the human condition,
not merely to heal the body,
but to unravel the tapestry of existence—
a tapestry woven with threads of joy,
sorrow, and the relentless pursuit of truth.

He questioned the dogmas,
the chains of conformity,
and with a heart both fierce and gentle,
he carved out a path of reason,
a sanctuary for the curious,
a refuge for the weary.

In the bustling bazaars of Baghdad,
amidst the merchants and scholars,

he spoke of the stars,
the unseen forces,
the pulse of the universe—
a symphony of atoms,
a dance of celestial bodies.

What is health, he mused,
if not the harmony of the soul,
the alignment of the mind and body,
the delicate waltz between reason and emotion?
His words, like seeds,
took root in the fertile soil of intellect,
growing into trees of thought,
casting shadows of understanding.

He penned the "Kitab al-Hawi,"
a magnum opus,
a compendium of medicine,
where knowledge flowed like a river,
nurturing the thirst for inquiry,
filling the gaps of ignorance
with the light of enlightenment.

In the quiet solitude of reflection,
he explored the realms of the unseen—
the interplay of faith and reason,
the dialectic of existence,
the paradox of life itself,
where certainty dances with doubt,
and questions breathe life into answers.

Oh, al-Razi,
you who stood at the crossroads
of science and philosophy,
a beacon for those who dared to dream,
who sought not just to heal,
but to understand the very fabric
of what it means to be human.

In the annals of history,
your voice echoes still,
a reminder that the quest for knowledge

is a journey without end,
a pilgrimage of the mind,
an exploration of the heart,
for in the quest for truth,
we find ourselves.

So let us raise our quills,
let us walk the path you forged,
in the spirit of inquiry,
with open hearts and hungry minds,
for the legacy of al-Razi
is not just in the scrolls he left behind,
but in the fire he ignited,
the flame of curiosity
that burns eternal within us all.

Mohammad Yousef

Al-Ghazali

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the heart of the ancient world,
where deserts whisper secrets
and the stars, like scattered thoughts,
adorn the velvet night,
there lived a seeker,
a soul ablaze with questions,
Al-Ghazali, a name woven
into the fabric of time.

Through the bustling markets of Baghdad,
where spices danced in the air,
and scholars congregated
like moths to the flame of knowledge,
he walked,
a humble heart cloaked in curiosity,
his mind a labyrinth of reason and faith,
a bridge spanning the chasm
between the seen and the unseen.

With ink-stained fingers and furrowed brow,
he penned tomes that would echo
through the corridors of centuries,
a voice of clarity
amidst the clamor of doubt.
He unraveled the threads of philosophy,
slicing through the tangle
with a sword forged in reflection,
challenging the minds of men
to look beyond the veil
of mere existence.

In the quietude of night,
when the world was hushed,
he sought communion with the Divine,
his heart a chalice,
overflowing with yearning,
a flame flickering in the dark,

illuminating the path of self-discovery.
He found solace in the stillness,
the sacred silence
where whispers of truth
danced like shadows.

The Sufi mystic,
a wanderer of the soul,
he embraced the paradox of being,
the intertwining of love and loss,
the dance of the ephemeral,
each step a prayer,
each breath a testament
to the beauty of existence.
He taught that knowledge,
when stripped of arrogance,
is but a humble servant
leading us to the threshold
of the Infinite.

Al-Ghazali, a lantern in the fog,
a beacon for the lost,
he beckoned the hearts of men
to awaken from the slumber of indifference,
to dive deep into the ocean
of their own consciousness,
to emerge, transformed,
like pearls from the depths,
radiant, whole,
bearing the wisdom of the ages.

And as the sands of time
slipped through the fingers of history,
his legacy blossomed,
a garden of thought,
where scholars and seekers alike
gathered to sip from the well
of enlightenment,
nourished by the waters
of his insights,
the echoes of his voice
still resonating in the hearts of those

who dare to question,
to seek,
to love,
to believe.

In the tapestry of existence,
woven with threads of doubt and faith,
Al-Ghazali stands,
a testament to the journey,
the endless pursuit of truth,
a reminder that in the labyrinth of the mind,
the heart will always find its way home.

Mohammad Yousef

Al-Kindi

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the heart of the ancient city,
where the sun met the shadows of the minarets,
there lived a man, Al-Kindi,
a philosopher, a dreamer,
whose thoughts flowed like the Tigris,
deep and unending,
carving paths through the stone of ignorance.

He walked the streets of Baghdad,
his mind a tapestry woven with threads
of Greek wisdom and Eastern lore,
a bridge between worlds,
where the stars whispered secrets
to those who dared to listen.

In his hands, he held the light of reason,
a lantern in the dark alleyways of belief,
illuminating the mysteries of existence,
unraveling the fabric of the cosmos,
as if he were a weaver,
crafting a new understanding
from the fibers of thought and inquiry.

Al-Kindi, the first of the philosophers,
sought the truth in the dance of numbers,
in the harmony of the celestial spheres,
his heart beating in rhythm
with the pulse of the universe,
each idea a note in the grand symphony
that echoed through the ages.

He wrote of the soul,
a radiant essence,
a flame flickering against the winds of time,
and how it yearns for knowledge,
like a bird longing for the sky,
for freedom, for flight,

to soar beyond the confines of the flesh.

In the alchemy of his mind,
he transformed doubt into wisdom,
chaos into order,
gathering the scattered stars
of philosophy, mathematics, and science,
like a cosmic collector,
his intellect a constellation
guiding the lost ships of thought.

Al-Kindi,
the philosopher of light,
who understood that knowledge
is not just an accumulation of facts,
but a luminous path,
a journey of the spirit,
where each question opens a door
to another realm of understanding.

He spoke of ethics,
of the harmony between the self and the universe,
how the heart must align with the stars,
and how kindness,
like the gentle touch of a breeze,
can stir the soul,
awakening the dormant seeds of compassion
planted in the garden of humanity.

Oh, Al-Kindi!
Your words are echoes in the canyons of time,
a reminder that the quest for truth
is a flame that never wanes,
that the mind, when set free,
can illuminate the darkest corners,
transforming the mundane into the extraordinary.

In the annals of history,
your legacy endures,
a beacon for those who seek,
who wander through the labyrinth of thought,
in search of the sacred,

the beautiful,
the infinite tapestry of existence,
woven by the hands of the curious,
the brave, the dreamers,
like you, dear Al-Kindi,
a philosopher whose light still shines,
guiding us through the vast expanse of what it means
to be alive, to wonder,
to know.

Mohammad Yousef

Al-Kindi, The Soul

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the shimmering sands of ancient thought,
Where shadows of the mind stretch long,
Al-Kindi, the philosopher, the seeker,
Walks amidst the echoes of reason,
A solitary figure,
Draped in the robes of wisdom,
His heart a vessel,
Carrying the weight of stars and souls.

He gazes into the abyss of existence,
Where the essence of being dances,
A flame flickering in the winds of time,
The soul, he whispers, is not mere shadow,
Not a fleeting wisp of breath,
But a symphony, a cosmos in itself,
A harmony of the divine and the earthly,
A bridge between the ephemeral and the eternal.

In the gardens of Baghdad,
Where knowledge blooms like jasmine,
He sows the seeds of inquiry,
As the sun dips low,
Painting the sky in hues of curiosity,
He contemplates the nature of the soul,
The intellect's light, a beacon in the night,
Shining through the fog of ignorance,
Illuminating paths yet unexplored.

"Is the soul a whisper of the divine?"
He questions the winds,
"Or a mere echo of fleeting moments?"
With ink-stained fingers,
He captures thoughts in delicate scripts,
Crafting a tapestry of wisdom,
Where reason entwines with the heart's longing,
Where philosophy dances with poetry,
And the soul sings its own song.

O Al-Kindi, your voice resounds,
In the chambers of the heart,
In the minds of those who dare to dream,
You taught us that the soul is not confined,
It soars on wings of understanding,
An unbroken thread in the fabric of existence,
Where every pulse is a note in the grand symphony,
Every heartbeat a reminder of our shared essence.

As the moon rises over the minarets,
Casting silver light upon the pages of thought,
Your legacy, like the stars,
Guides the seekers, the wanderers,
Through valleys of doubt,
And peaks of enlightenment,
In the quest for truth,
In the search for the soul.

You painted the cosmos with the brush of reason,
And in your strokes, we find ourselves,
Awakening to the whispers of the universe,
Embracing the mysteries that bind us,
For in the dance of the stars,
In the silence of the night,
The soul finds its place,
A testament to the journey of being,
A celebration of Al-Kindi,
In the infinite tapestry of existence.

Mohammad Yousef

Al-Farabi, The Soul

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In ancient winds of wisdom,
where the stars whispered softly,
a voice arose,
a seeker of truth,
Al-Farabi,
the soul of philosophy,
a bridge between worlds,
where reason and spirit entwined.

He walked the sunlit streets of knowledge,
his thoughts like rivers,
flowing through the valleys of understanding,
gathering stones of insight,
the essence of existence,
the harmony of being,
a melody echoing in the chambers of the heart.

In the marketplace of ideas,
he traded in enlightenment,
his words,
a tapestry woven with threads of logic,
stitching the fabric of intellect
to the warmth of the soul,
for he knew,
the mind was a garden,
and the soul, its tender bloom.

Oh, Al-Farabi,
with your quill dipped in the ink of stars,
you charted the heavens
and laid the foundations
of a city,
where the just shall dwell,
where the virtuous shall rise,
and the seeker shall find solace
in the embrace of knowledge.

You spoke of the divine,
the first cause,
the unmoved mover,
who ignites the flame
within the heart of humanity,
a spark that dances,
yearning for the light,
for the higher purpose,
the symphony of existence
that resonates in every soul.

In your words,
the essence of love unfurled,
the bond that transcends the material,
the connection between the self
and the vast cosmos,
where every heartbeat
is a note in the grand composition
of life,
a reminder that we are all
threads in the infinite tapestry.

And in the quiet corners of your mind,
you pondered the nature of happiness,
the true city,
not of stone and mortar,
but of wisdom and virtue,
where the soul soars,
unfettered, unchained,
embracing the beauty of existence
as the stars embrace the night.

Al-Farabi,
the soul's philosopher,
you beckon us to awaken,
to see beyond the veil,
to dance with the questions
that linger like shadows,
to embrace the light
that flickers within,
for in the quest for knowledge,
we find ourselves,

we find our place
in the great cosmic design.

So let us wander through your thoughts,
explore the labyrinth of your mind,
for in every passage,
in every turn,
we discover the essence of humanity,
the quest for truth
that binds us all,
and in that pursuit,
we embrace our own soul's journey,
echoing your wisdom,
resonating in the heart of existence,
a testament to the legacy of Al-Farabi,
the eternal seeker,
the soul of philosophy.

Mohammad Yousef

Al-Farabi: The Philosopher's Dream

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the heart of ancient lands,
Where the sands whisper secrets of time,
A mind arose, luminous as the dawn,
Al-Farabi, a seeker of wisdom,
A bridge between worlds,
Where reason meets the divine.

His thoughts danced like the stars,
Illuminating the night,
A constellation of ideas,
Where philosophy intertwines with music,
Harmony of the spheres,
Echoing through the corridors of the soul.

In the bustling markets of Baghdad,
Amidst the clamor of voices,
He found the pulse of knowledge,
A symphony of cultures blending,
Greek, Persian, and Arab,
Each note a piece of the cosmic puzzle.

He wandered through the scrolls of Aristotle,
In every line,
A thread connecting the earthly to the celestial,
Crafting a tapestry of intellect,
Where ethics kissed the essence of being,
And politics danced with the spirit of the state.

Al-Farabi, the second teacher,
With Socrates and Plato as his guides,
He envisioned a city of virtue,
Where reason reigns,
And the soul finds its true home,
In the embrace of harmony and justice.

He spoke of the virtuous man,
A beacon in the storm,

Navigating the tumult of existence,
With wisdom as his compass,
And knowledge as his armor,
A guardian of truth in a world of shadows.

In the silence of the night,
When the moon bathed the earth in silver light,
He pondered the mysteries of existence,
The nature of happiness,
A melody of the heart,
A quest for the ultimate good.

And oh, how he longed for unity,
For the brotherhood of minds,
A collective consciousness,
Where love transcends the boundaries of self,
Creating a world where all could flourish,
In the garden of thought and compassion.

Yet time, that relentless river,
Would carry his name through the ages,
A whisper in the winds of philosophy,
In the echoes of scholars who followed,
The path he carved with ink and insight,
A legacy of light in the annals of history.

Al-Farabi, the dreamer,
The philosopher who soared with eagles,
In the realm of ideas,
His spirit dances still,
In every inquiry, every thought,
A reminder that wisdom is a journey,
Not a destination.

So let us walk in his footsteps,
With open hearts and curious minds,
For in the quest for knowledge,
We find ourselves,
In the embrace of truth,
And the beauty of understanding,
A world reborn through the eyes of a sage.

Ibn Rushd: The Light Of Reason

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the sunlit halls of Cordoba,
where shadows dance with whispers of thought,
a mind ignited,
like a lantern in the dark—
Ibn Rushd,
a name that echoes through the corridors of time,
daring to bridge the chasm
between faith and reason,
between the ancients and the seekers.

Born under the Andalusian sky,
where the call to prayer mingles
with the stirrings of philosophy,
he wandered through scrolls of Aristotle,
unraveling the threads of logic,
seeking the unity of truth,
not in the sanctity of dogma,
but in the clarity of understanding.

Oh, how he danced with doubt,
embracing it,
like a lover at twilight,
for in every question,
he found the seeds of wisdom,
and in the tumult of ideas,
he forged the path of enlightenment,
his pen a sword against the ignorance
that cloaked the minds of men.

In the marketplace of ideas,
he stood tall,
a beacon for the lost,
his voice a clarion call,
resonating with the harmony of the spheres,
challenging the blindfolds of tradition,
inviting the world to ponder,
to dissect the fabric of existence,

to see the divine in the rational,
the rational in the divine.

Yet, amidst the accolades,
the accolades that flowed like the rivers,
came the shadows,
the whispers of dissent,
for the truth is often a double-edged sword,
and the chains of orthodoxy
are heavy,
binding the hearts of those
who fear the light.

Ah, Ibn Rushd,
you spoke of the harmony of the cosmos,
the dance of the stars,
and the heartbeat of the earth,
your thoughts like a river,
flowing through the ages,
nourishing the soil of inquiry,
sprouting seedlings of Renaissance,
inviting scholars from distant lands
to sip from your well of knowledge.

In the twilight of your years,
as the sands of time slipped through your fingers,
you watched the world unfold,
the tapestry of ideas weaving
into a fabric rich and vibrant,
colored by the hues of your intellect,
a legacy unfurling like a banner
against the tempest of ignorance.

Yet still, your spirit roams,
in the minds of those who dare to question,
in the hearts of those who seek,
in the classrooms echoing with the sounds
of debate and discourse,
your voice, a gentle breeze,
reminding us that to think,
to ponder, to argue,
is to be truly alive.

Oh, Ibn Rushd,
philosopher, physician, poet,
your light shines still,
a guiding star for the curious,
a reminder that in the pursuit of knowledge,
we find not just answers,
but the very essence of our humanity,
that the quest for understanding
is the greatest journey of all.

Mohammad Yousef

Ibn Rushd, The Soul

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the golden embrace of Andalusian sun,
where philosophy dances with the shadows
of the olive trees,
there lies a spirit,
a mind unbound,
Ibn Rushd, the soul of reason.

Born in the cradle of intellect,
where the echoes of Aristotle
whisper through the halls of time,
he wears the robes of inquiry,
the mantle of wisdom,
a seeker of truths hidden in the folds
of ancient texts,
in the verses of the cosmos.

He walks the labyrinth of thought,
tracing the lines of existence,
where faith meets reason
like two rivers intertwining,
flowing through the valleys of understanding,
each drop a question, each ripple a revelation.

His words, like the wind,
carry the fragrance of enlightenment,
filling the hearts of those
who dare to dream beyond the stars,
who seek the light of knowledge
in the twilight of ignorance.

He stands at the crossroads of faith and science,
a bridge between worlds,
unfurling the scrolls of wisdom
to reveal the dance of the celestial spheres,
the harmony of the universe
composed in the language of mathematics,

the poetry of existence
woven in the fabric of reason.

Yet, in the halls of power,
his voice, though thunderous,
was often met with silence,
the shadows of dogma lurking,
cloaked in the fear of ideas
that dared to challenge the status quo.
But still, he spoke,
for the soul knows no chains,
it soars beyond the confines of flesh,
a phoenix rising from the ashes
of antiquated beliefs.

Ibn Rushd, the soul of the ages,
a luminary igniting the minds of the lost,
his legacy a beacon,
a lighthouse in the tempest,
guiding the ships of thought
safely to the shores of clarity,
where questions bloom
like wildflowers in the desert,
each petal a testament
to the courage of inquiry.

In the twilight of his days,
as the sun dipped below the horizon,
he penned the verses of his heart,
a testament to the undying spirit,
a reminder that knowledge is a journey,
not a destination.
In every syllable,
the pulse of the universe,
the rhythm of existence,
the eternal quest for understanding.

So let us gather the threads
of his wisdom,
weave them into the tapestry of our own,
for in the soul of Ibn Rushd,
we find the essence of humanity,

the relentless pursuit of truth,
the celebration of thought,
the heartbeat of the cosmos,
echoing through the corridors of time,
reminding us that we are all
seekers of the infinite,
dancers in the light of enlightenment,
forever bound by the soul of reason.

Mohammad Yousef

Aristotle And The Soul

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the quiet chambers of ancient thought,
Where shadows dance with flickering flames,
A philosopher stands,
Beard like wisps of smoke,
Eyes deep as the Aegean,
Searching the cosmos for the essence,
The very breath of being.

Aristotle, master of the mind,
Unraveled the fabric of existence,
Threads of matter intertwined with spirit,
In the grand tapestry of life,
He sought the soul,
That elusive spark,
The animating force that stirs the clay,
Breathes life into the stillness of matter.

Not a ghost in the machine,
Nor a whisper in the void,
But the form that shapes,
And the essence that defines,
A dance of body and soul,
In harmonious embrace,
Each a reflection of the other,
In the mirror of the universe.

He spoke of the soul as potential,
A seed within the earth,
Yearning for sunlight,
For the warmth of experience,
And the nourishment of knowledge,
To grow, to flourish,
To become what it is meant to be.

'To be, ' he declared,
'Is to realize one's purpose,
To actualize the dreams woven in the fabric of being, '

The soul, a catalyst, a journey,
A quest for virtue,
An exploration of the good life,
Where reason reigns and passions dance.

In his words, the sun rose,
Illuminating the path of ethics,
The golden mean, a balance,
Between excess and deficiency,
Where the soul finds its footing,
In the intricate waltz of existence,
Guided by reason,
And the compass of morality.

He gazed at the stars,
In their silent brilliance,
And whispered to the cosmos,
What lies beyond the veil of flesh,
What stirs the heart,
What calls us to rise,
To know, to feel, to be more than mere shadows,
To seek the truth that binds us all.

The soul, he said,
Is not merely a vessel,
But the essence of who we are,
The sum of our passions,
Our intellect, our dreams,
A unity of parts,
A symphony of existence,
In the grand theater of life.

So here we stand,
In the echo of his wisdom,
With questions that linger,
And a search that never ends,
For in the depths of the soul,
Lies the heart of our being,
A flame that flickers,
A light that guides us home.

In the labyrinth of thought,

Where Aristotle walked,
We wander still,
In pursuit of the soul,
In a world both vast and intimate,
Finding purpose,
Finding meaning,
In the dance of life,
Ever searching, ever striving,
To understand the profound,
To embrace the beautiful complexity
Of the soul that dwells within.

Mohammad Yousef

Avicenna And The Soul

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the quiet chambers of thought,
where shadows dance on parchment,
Avicenna, a seeker of light,
wove threads of reason and spirit,
a tapestry of existence,
where the soul whispered its secrets,
an ethereal echo in the vastness of being.

He stood at the crossroads of mind and matter,
a philosopher with the heart of a healer,
navigating the rivers of wisdom,
where knowledge flowed like an endless stream,
and the essence of humanity lingered,
a flickering flame in the night.

What is the soul? he pondered,
a question like a bird in flight,
soaring through the skies of inquiry,
untethered by the weight of the flesh,
a divine spark, a breath of the infinite,
that stirs within the chambers of our hearts,
an inner light guiding us home.

In his writings, the words danced,
each syllable a step towards understanding,
the soul, a unity of intellect and desire,
a celestial compass navigating the cosmos,
where the earthly and the divine converge,
an unbroken bond, a hymn of existence.

He spoke of the soul's journey,
its ascent through the realms of thought,
a ladder of reason leading to the divine,
where the intellect shines like a star,
a guide through the labyrinth of life,
illuminating paths of virtue and truth,

each step a testament to the quest for meaning.

And in the marketplace of ideas,
his voice resonated, a clarion call,
to seek beyond the veil of appearances,
to touch the essence of what we are,
reminded that the soul is not a solitary flame,
but a constellation of connections,
woven into the fabric of humanity.

Through the corridors of time,
his legacy endures,
a beacon for those who dare to question,
to explore the depths of their own being,
for in the heart of Avicenna's wisdom lies,
the timeless truth that we are more,
more than flesh and bone,
more than the transient whispers of the world.

We are the dreamers, the seekers,
the bearers of a sacred flame,
and as we wander through the landscapes of life,
let us remember the words of the sage,
that the soul, in its infinite grace,
is the bridge to the eternal,
a reminder that we are all connected,
in the grand symphony of existence,
a part of the divine melody,
echoing through the ages,
a song that celebrates the soul.

Mohammad Yousef

Aristotle And Avicenna And The Soul

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the quiet halls of ancient thought,
Where shadows of wisdom linger,
Two minds converge,
Aristotle, the Stagirite,
And Avicenna, the Persian sage,
Dancing through the realms of the soul.

Aristotle, with his gaze set firm,
On the essence of being,
Dissects the soul,
Not as a ghostly whisper,
But as the essence of life itself—
The form within the flesh,
The reason that shapes the chaos,
The rational flame, kindled in the heart of man.

The soul, he claims, is the engine,
Driving the chariot of thought,
A triad of faculties—
The vegetative, the sensitive, the rational,
Each a note in the symphony of existence,
A melody echoing through the cosmos.

Across the sands of time,
Avicenna, with ink and quill,
Seeks the same divine spark,
A beacon in the labyrinth of the mind,
He speaks of the soul's journey—
A traveler between worlds,
The essence of the self,
An eternal flame, undimmed by mortality.

In his "Book of Healing,"
He unravels the threads of the intellect,
The active and passive,
The unity of thought and essence,
Philosophy and faith entwined,

As he crafts a bridge to the divine,
A luminous path leading to the One.

Both sages, carving their truths,
From the marble of existence,
The soul, a canvas, painted with reason,
And emotion,
A tapestry of experience,
Threaded with the questions of being—
What is it to feel, to know, to exist?

Aristotle, with his empirical gaze,
Plucks the fruits of observation,
While Avicenna, a mystic in thought,
Reaches for the stars,
Each a seeker of the same truth,
In the labyrinth of the soul's essence.

And so, they converse across centuries,
In the whispers of the wind,
In the rustle of leaves,
In the heartbeat of humanity,
As we ponder our own existence,
The nature of the soul,
A quest unending,
A fire that refuses to fade.

In the echoes of their voices,
We find our own,
A reminder that the journey is the destination,
That in the pursuit of knowledge,
We touch the divine,
And in the depths of the soul,
We discover the universe within.

Mohammad Yousef

Avicenna: The Philosopher's Dawn

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the cradle of ancient Persia,
where the sun spills secrets upon the earth,
a mind, vast as the sky, began to stir—
Avicenna, the seeker, the healer,
a beacon in the night of ignorance.

Born beneath the stars in the village of Afshana,
he walked the lands of wisdom,
gathering knowledge like wildflowers,
each petal a thought, each stem a theory,
the garden of his mind thriving
with the essence of Aristotle, Plato,
and whispers of the East.

He donned the cloak of the physician,
his hands wielding the scalpel
as deftly as a poet wields a quill,
carving pathways through the flesh,
unraveling the mysteries of the heart,
the soul, the spirit—
a tapestry woven in the loom of existence.

In the dim light of candlelit chambers,
he penned *The Book of Healing, *
a symphony of science and spirit,
where reason danced with the divine,
and the pulse of the universe echoed,
a heartbeat resonating through time.

He spoke of existence, essence,
the nature of being—
a philosopher fierce as a lion,
tamed only by the quest for truth,
his words cascading like rivers,
flowing through the valleys of time,
nourishing the minds of those who dared to dream.

In the halls of Baghdad,
his voice rose like incense in the air,
a fragrance of intellect,
as scholars gathered,
a constellation of thought,
each star flickering with the light of inquiry,
each question a spark in the dark.

But shadows loomed,
politics and power,
the turmoil of empires rising and falling,
yet Avicenna stood tall,
a lighthouse amidst the tempest,
his wisdom a guiding star
for those lost in the storm of uncertainty.

He traveled the realms of the unseen,
where philosophy met mysticism,
his heart a bridge between worlds,
bridging the gap of understanding,
illuminating the paths of reason,
with the lantern of his intellect.

Oh Avicenna,
your legacy a river coursing through history,
each droplet of thought a testament,
to the beauty of inquiry,
to the love of knowledge,
to the truth that whispers softly
in the ears of those who listen.

And now, centuries later,
your name echoes through the corridors of time,
a reminder that the quest for truth
is a journey without end,
a flame that flickers in the hearts of the seekers,
a symphony that calls us forth,
to explore the depths of our own existence,
to heal the wounds of ignorance,
and to embrace the light of understanding.

In the vastness of the universe,

you remain, dear Avicenna,
a spark of brilliance,
a timeless soul,
guiding us still—
the philosopher's dawn,
forever illuminating our path.

Mohammad Yousef

Meeting At Night

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the twilight hush,
where shadows weave
a tapestry of whispers,
the world holds its breath,
waiting for a rendezvous,
a heartbeat in the stillness.

The moon spills silver
upon the path,
a guide for wandering souls,
each step a promise,
each rustle of leaves
a secret shared in the dark.

The air is thick with anticipation,
the scent of damp earth and blooming night,
a bouquet of longing,
as I tread softly,
my heart drumming a wild rhythm,
echoing the pulse of the night.

Fingers outstretched,
I trace the outline of dreams,
where shadows dance in the corners,
and the stars, like scattered jewels,
sparkle in the velvet sky,
each one a witness to our desire.

In the distance,
a figure emerges,
cloaked in mystery,
eyes glimmering like distant fires,
the space between us
charged with unspoken words,
a gravity that pulls,
weaving our souls together.

Time dissolves in this sacred hour,
the clocks silenced by the symphony
of crickets and nightingales,
while the world outside fades
into a blur of forgotten worries,
leaving only the two of us,
wrapped in this moment,
this fragile eternity.

We share a breath,
the warmth of our closeness igniting sparks,
and in that fleeting embrace,
the universe collapses,
a cosmos contained in a heartbeat,
where every sigh becomes a star,
and every glance, a constellation.

So here we stand,
beneath the watchful eyes of the night,
caught in the web of our own making,
a meeting not just of bodies,
but of spirits,
as we weave our stories
into the fabric of the dark,
each moment a thread,
each heartbeat a stitch,
until we are one,
lost in the beauty
of simply being,
together.

Mohammad Yousef

Midnight Meeting

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the hushed embrace of the night,
where shadows whisper secrets,
and the moon, a silver sentinel,
hangs low in the ink-black sky,
a gathering unfolds,
beneath the trembling branches
of ancient oaks,
their leaves murmuring like old friends
sharing tales long forgotten.

Time drips slowly,
each tick of the clock a heartbeat,
and the air, thick with the scent of damp earth,
carries the weight of unspoken words,
of dreams stitched together
by the golden threads of hope
and the frayed edges of longing.

Figures emerge from the darkness,
cloaked in the mystery of night,
their faces veiled by the shadows
that dance around them,
eyes glinting like distant stars,
each one a universe of stories,
of laughter buried in the folds of time,
of tears that glisten like dew
on the lips of dawn.

They gather in a circle,
a sacred space where silence speaks,
where thoughts tumble like leaves
in the crisp, cool air,
and hearts pulse in rhythm,
bound by the threads of understanding,
woven tighter with each shared breath,
each glance that lingers longer
than the last.

Words, like fireflies, flicker to life,
illuminating the dark with bursts of brilliance,
some soft and hesitant,
others bold and unyielding,
each syllable a bridge
spanning the chasm of solitude,
each pause, a heartbeat,
a reminder that they are not alone.

The night listens,
the stars blink in approval,
as stories spill forth,
tales of love lost and found,
of battles fought in the silence
of their own minds,
of whispers that echo louder
than the roar of the world outside.

And in the depths of this midnight meeting,
they find solace in vulnerability,
they find strength in their fragility,
like the delicate petals of a moonflower
unfurling to greet the night,
embracing the darkness,
knowing it is both refuge
and revelation.

As the clock ticks toward dawn,
the air thickens with unspoken promises,
with the hope that this moment,
this fragile collection of souls,
will linger long after the shadows fade,
that the threads woven here
will not unravel with the light,
but will bind them together,
in a tapestry of shared existence,
a reminder that even in the heart of night,
when the world is still,
they are never truly alone.

So, they rise,

as the first blush of dawn
paints the horizon in soft pastels,
carrying with them the echoes
of laughter, tears, and dreams,
each step a testament to the night,
to the meeting that stitched their hearts,
and as the sun breaks through,
they carry the magic of midnight
into the light of a brand new day.

Mohammad Yousef

Midnight Tide

By Mohammad A.Yousef

Beneath the weight of a velvet sky,
where stars, like whispers, flicker and fade,
the ocean breathes—
a rhythmic pulse,
a dance of shadows and silver.

The moon, a sentinel in its glowing gown,
casts a silken path upon the restless waves,
each crest a sigh,
each trough a secret,
as the tide swells,
an ancient lullaby echoing through time.

The air is thick with the scent of salt,
the promise of midnight caresses,
and I stand upon the shore,
my feet sinking into the cool, damp sand,
a witness to the eternal embrace
of earth and water,
a lover's quarrel,
a tempestuous romance.

The horizon stretches,
a canvas brushed with deep indigos and midnight blues,
where dreams drift like boats
on the edge of sleep,
waiting for the dawn
to break the spell,
to shatter the silence
with the song of seagulls and sunrises.

Waves crash and retreat,
each surge a heartbeat,
each whisper a memory—
a tale of longing,
of journeys taken and lost,
of treasures buried in the depths,

awaiting the brave or foolish
to seek them out.

I listen closely,
to the language of the tides,
the stories spun in foamy froth,
of lovers who kissed under starlit skies,
of sailors who ventured beyond the horizon,
of the fleeting moments
that slip through fingers like grains of sand.

Oh, midnight tide,
you hold the world in your embrace,
the weight of all that has been,
and all that is yet to come.
You are the mirror of the soul,
reflecting the depths of our fears,
our dreams, our wildest desires,
as we stand at the edge,
caught between what is known
and the mysteries that beckon us forth.

So let us dance,
you and I,
upon this sacred shore,
where time loses its grip,
and the moonlight weaves its magic,
where the midnight tide
calls us to surrender,
to embrace the ebb and flow,
the beauty of impermanence,
and the serenity of the unknown.

Mohammad Yousef

Noon Tide

By Mohammad A.Yousef

At noon, the sun hangs heavy,
a golden orb suspended,
casting shadows that dance like whispers,
across the sunburnt earth,
where time drips slowly,
like honey from a glass jar—
thick, sweet, and unhurried.

The ocean sprawls, a restless sheet,
of blues and greens,
glistening under the watchful eye,
of the midday sky,
where seagulls wheel and cry,
their voices a sharp contrast
to the soft lullaby
of waves kissing the shore.

Here, in this moment,
the world exhales,
the air thick with salt and sun,
the scent of seaweed and adventure,
as children build castles,
moats filled with shimmering dreams,
while lovers hold hands,
tracing infinity in the sand.

The horizon stretches,
an infinite tapestry,
where sky meets water,
and the heart beats louder,
in the embrace of the noon tide,
a rhythm that syncs
with the pulse of the earth,
carving a space for solitude,
for laughter, for longing.

Time bends in the heat,

the clock a mere suggestion,
as the sun paints golden paths
across the surface of life,
inviting all to wander,
to lose themselves in the warmth,
to let the waves wash over worries,
to revel in the simplicity of now.

And as the tide rolls in,
it carries with it stories,
of sailors and sirens,
of treasures lost and found,
whispers from the depths,
that mingle with the laughter,
the sighs, the fleeting glances,
each moment a pearl
strung on the necklace of noon.

So let us linger here,
in the embrace of noon tide,
where every breath is a promise,
every heartbeat a reminder,
that life, like the sea,
is vast and unpredictable,
yet, in this very hour,
we are anchored,
we are free.

Mohammad Yousef

To Summer

By Mohammad A Yousef

Oh radiant season,
Your laughter spills like golden rays,
A symphony of warmth unfurling,
In the arms of fields aglow,
Where daisies nod in sun-kissed reverie
And the air hums with the buzz of life.

You come with your tapestry,
Woven in shades of emerald and sapphire;
The trees dance in your gentle embrace,
Leaves whisper secrets to the breeze,
While rivers gleam like molten silver,
Carving paths through the heart of green.

I long for your light,
The way it drapes over shoulders,
A tender cloak against the chill of shadows,
The way it ignites the horizon
With strokes of tangerine and blush,
As day surrenders to the symphony of dusk.

In your presence, laughter is the language,
Children chase fireflies,
Their giggles echo against twilight,
As the scent of jasmine lingers,
A sweet promise of nights unbound,
Where dreams unfurl like petals in bloom.

You bring the harvest,
A cornucopia of colors,
Tomatoes bursting with summer's sun,
Peaches that drip with the nectar of joy,
And the laughter of picnics laid out,
Blankets spread beneath the watchful sky.

But oh, how you slip through fingers,
A fleeting embrace of warmth,

As the days stretch and curl,
Like a cat basking on a windowsill,
Until the shadows grow long,
And the cool breaths of autumn whisper.

Yet, dear Summer,
You are a memory etched in the heart,
An echo of laughter, a dance of light,
A promise that lingers,
Even as the leaves turn to ember,
And the world wraps itself in a blanket of gold.

So here's to you,
In all your unbridled glory;
To the long, lazy afternoons,
To the stars that blanket the sky,
To the unquenchable thirst for adventure,
And the simple joy of being alive.

In the embrace of your warmth,
I am reminded,
That life is but a season,
And every moment,
A fleeting brush with eternity.
To Summer, I raise my voice,
In celebration of all you are,
A love letter to the sun,
A dance with time,
Forever cherished,
Ever remembered.

Mohammad Yousef

To Winter

By Mohammad A Yousef

In the hush of dawn,
where shadows linger,
and frost weaves its lace
on the brittle edges of leaves,
I beckon you, Winter,
with your breath of silver chill,
a whispering wind
that dances through the bare trees.

Your arrival is a symphony,
a quietude that blankets the earth,
painting rooftops in white,
turning the world into a canvas
where silence speaks louder
than the songs of summer.

Here you come,
draped in clouds of ashen gray,
the sky heavy with secrets,
each flake a story,
each gust a memory.

I feel your fingers,
cold and tender,
tracing the contours of my heart.
You bring the long nights,
where time stretches like shadows,
and the fire crackles with warmth,
its glow a sanctuary
against your encroaching chill.

Oh, Winter,
you are the pause in the breath of nature,
the moment when life slows,
when everything retreats
into the stillness of introspection.
The world beneath your cloak lies dormant,
yet beneath the surface,

the pulse of life beats softly,
waiting for the thaw,
for the sun's embrace to melt
the icy grip of your reign.

You are both harsh and gentle,
a paradox wrapped in layers,
the bite of bitter winds
coupled with the soft kiss of snow.
You teach us endurance,
the beauty of resilience,
as we huddle close,
wrapped in scarves and dreams,
sharing stories that warm the soul,
while the world outside
transforms into a wonderland,
each step a crunch of joy,
each breath a cloud of hope.

So come, Winter,
with your stark beauty,
your serene solitude.
Let the nights stretch long,
and the stars twinkle like promises,
for in your embrace,
I find a quiet strength,
a reminder that even in the cold,
there is warmth
in the heart of stillness,
and soon,
the world will awaken
to the gentle stirrings of Spring.

Mohammad Yousef

To April

By Mohammad A Yousef

Oh April, how you waltz upon the cusp of spring,
with hands outstretched,
cradling the tender blooms,
the laughter of the rain,
the whispered secrets of thawing earth.

You arrive wrapped in a shawl of soft pastels,
a canvas splashed with colors,
where daffodils nod their golden heads,
and cherry blossoms twirl like ballerinas,
dancing in the ever-gentle breeze.

The world exhales,
as winter's grip loosens,
and in your presence,
the sun, a timid artist,
paints shadows long and playful,
on the canvas of awakening days.

Each droplet of rain,
a promise, a kiss,
a chance for life to unfurl,
to stretch its limbs toward the sky,
as robins return,
trilling songs of nostalgia,
their melodies weaving through the branches,
echoing the joy of rebirth.

In your embrace,
the earth sighs,
and beneath the surface,
seeds stir,
dreaming of the light,
of the warmth,
of the touch of the sun,
their roots reaching deep,
anchoring hope in the soil.

You are the architect of change,
the midwife of transformation,
as you coax the dormant dreams
from their slumber,
whispering tales of what could be,
and what has been,
in the rustling leaves,
in the budding flowers,
in the laughter of children,
chasing rainbows and puddles,
their joy mirroring the sky.

Oh April, you are a symphony,
a gentle crescendo,
where every raindrop is a note,
and every bloom is a verse,
a celebration of life unfurling,
in all its messy, beautiful chaos.

Let us gather your gifts,
the sweetness of your breath,
the scent of fresh earth,
the promise of abundance,
and let them fill our hearts,
as we wander through your days,
lost in the poetry of your essence,
the fleeting moments
that remind us
to embrace the now,
and dance,
like petals caught in the wind.

So here's to you, dear April,
with your capricious smiles,
and your soft, tender heart,
for in your fleeting embrace,
you teach us
to cherish each bloom,
to revel in the rain,
to find beauty
in the ever-turning wheel

of life's extraordinary cycle.

Mohammad Yousef

To Autumn

By Mohammad A Yousef

O Autumn,
you arrive with a whisper,
a rustling of leaves,
golden hues spilling across the landscape,
crisp air wrapped around the earth,
yet your beauty carries a weight,
a heaviness that tugs at the heart.

The sun hangs low,
a weary traveler bidding farewell,
casting long shadows on the ground,
where remnants of summer linger,
like memories slipping through fingers,
fragile, ephemeral,
each moment a fleeting sigh.

You paint the trees in a palette of decay,
crimson and amber, a farewell embrace,
yet beneath the vibrant tapestry,
lies the sorrow of what has passed,
the laughter of children,
the buzzing of bees,
the long, lazy days stretched under the sun.

Fields once bursting with life,
now stand silent,
grain laid low,
a harvest gathered, yet uncelebrated,
the echoes of joy swallowed by time,
as frost creeps in,
a thief in the night,
stealing warmth,
leaving only the chill of remembrance.

O Autumn,
you are a bittersweet symphony,
the music of change playing softly,

reminding us that beauty,
like the sun, must set,
that every ending carries a longing,
a nostalgia for days painted in light.

Yet, in your sorrow,
there is a softness,
a gentle acceptance of the cycle,
the promise of rest,
the quietude before the frost,
the hush of nature in slumber,
preparing for the rebirth of spring.

So let us walk together,
through the golden fields,
the cracked earth,
the quietude of fading days,
embracing the beauty in the sorrow,
the light in the shadow,
the inevitable farewell,
as we gather the remnants of summer,
and hold them close,
like fragile dreams,
as we bid adieu to the sun,
and welcome the stillness,
of your fleeting embrace.

Mohammad Yousef

The Duels Of Ali Bin Abi Talib In Islam

By Mohammad A. Yousef

In the shadows of ancient sands,
where the sun kissed the horizon,
and the whispers of faith danced upon the air,
stood Ali Bin Abi Talib,
a lion-hearted warrior,
a beacon of justice,
his name etched in the annals of history,
a tapestry woven with valor and sacrifice.

In the realm of the early years,
when the world was cast in the tumult of belief,
he unsheathed his sword,
not for glory, but for truth,
for the whispers of the divine,
for the fragile souls seeking light
in a time of darkness.

The first duel,
a tempest of steel and spirit,
against the giants of disbelief,
where the cries of the faithful
echoed through the valleys,
and the ground trembled beneath
the weight of righteous wrath.
With every swing of Zulfiqar,
the blade of destiny,
he carved paths through the shadows,
a guardian of the nascent faith,
a champion of the oppressed.

In the arenas of the heart,
fierce battles were fought,
not just against the flesh,
but against the very essence of tyranny,
as he stood against the armies of disbelief,
with eyes aflame,
and a heart steadfast,

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the embodiment of courage,
the soul of the Ummah.

The duel with Amr bin Abd Wudd,
a clash of titans,
where the heavens held their breath,
and the earth bore witness
to the unfolding of destiny.
A moment suspended in time,
where faith met ferocity,
and the roar of the crowd
echoed through the ages.
With a single stroke,
Ali severed the ties of oppression,
a testament to unwavering belief,
as the dust settled,
and the cries of victory rose like incense
to the heavens.

But the duels were not merely of swords,
they were battles of the spirit,
where the heart must remain unyielding,
the mind clear as the desert sky,
for every strike was a lesson,
every victory a step closer
to the divine promise,
to the eternal truth.

In the throes of his struggles,
he bore witness to the trials of the soul,
the betrayals that whispered through the wind,
the friendships that turned to shadows.
Yet his heart, a fortress of love,
embraced the fractures of loyalty,
for he knew the path of the believer
is paved with patience
and illuminated by compassion.

As the sun sets upon the horizon of time,
the legacy of Ali Bin Abi Talib endures,
a saga of faith,
a symphony of valor,

echoing through the corridors of history,
inspiring the hearts of millions,
to rise against injustice,
to wield their own swords of truth,
to embrace the battles within,
and emerge victorious,
just as he did,
time and again.

So let us remember the duels,
the clashes of spirit and steel,
the unwavering resolve of a man
whose heart beat for the Ummah,
whose legacy is a guiding star
for those who seek to walk the path,
to fight against the shadows,
to uphold the light,
in a world often lost in darkness,
where the spirit of Ali
remains a flame,
an eternal beacon,
shining through the ages.

Mohammad Yousef

Toyocracy

By Mohammad A. Yousef

In the land where whimsy reigns,
beneath the arching rainbows of imagination,
the streets are paved with plush dreams,
and laughter dances in the air,
a vibrant symphony of squeaks and chimes.

Here, the ballot box is a treasure chest,
overflowing with crayons and marbles,
where every vote is cast with a flick of a wrist,
each choice a leap into the boundless sky,
and the echoes of toy trumpets sound the call of freedom.

In the park, a kingdom of blocks rises,
towers of possibilities reaching for the clouds,
as friends gather around,
building castles not just of plastic,
but of hopes and laughter,
each brick a promise,
each corner turned a new adventure.

Dolls and action figures take their stand,
debating the fate of the playground,
with the wisdom of giggles and the gravity of dreams,
while teddy bears serve as wise counselors,
their stitched smiles holding secrets of the heart,
keeping the spirit of kindness alive in the buzzing crowd.

The leaders of this land,
not suited in ties or cloaked in power,
but donned in capes and crowns made of glitter,
run races and share candy,
where power is measured in smiles,
and the currency is joy and creativity,
exchanging ideas like marbles in a game,
rolling through the grass,
chasing the sun.

In Toycracy, the rule is simple:
every voice matters,
from the tiniest action figure to the grandest plushie,
each opinion valued, each heart heard,
under the watchful eyes of plastic dinosaurs,
guardians of the playground democracy.

Here, the skies are painted with the colors of togetherness,
as kites soar high, tethered to dreams,
and the merry-go-round spins stories
of friendship, adventure, and play,
a carousel of endless possibilities,
inviting all to hop on,
to join the dance of imagination.

So let us build this world together,
where toy soldiers march in unity,
where creativity is the most potent force,
and every day is a new chapter,
written in the language of laughter,
in the heart of Toycracy,
where democracy is as bright as a child's smile,
and the spirit of play reigns supreme.

Mohammad Yousef

Mozart In Lattakia

By Mohammad A Yousef

In the sun-drenched embrace of Lattakia,
where the Mediterranean whispers secrets to the shore,
the salty breeze carries notes of a distant past,
as if the waves themselves remember the cadence
of a boy prodigy, flitting like a bird,
wings painted in harmony,
his spirit woven into the fabric of the sea.

Here, beneath the arching palms,
where the citrus trees bloom in golden hues,
and fishermen cast their nets with rhythm and grace,
I imagine him, a ghost of genius,
tracing the cobblestones with delicate footsteps,
each step a sonata, each pause a silence,
the air heavy with the weight of notes unsung.

The marketplace hums, a tapestry of voices,
where spices and laughter mingle,
and the distant echoes of a symphony arise,
melodies twirling like dancers on the lips of the crowd,
as if the very earth beneath is inspired,
tapping its feet to a concerto only it can hear.

In the ancient fortress that guards the coastline,
I see him, quill in hand,
ink flowing like the tide,
scribbling dreams on parchment,
each curve of the pen a brushstroke of light,
a canvas alive with the pulse of history,
the echoes of strings and keys resonating
through the corridors of time.

Oh, Lattakia, with your sun-kissed shores,
what stories you cradle in your heart!
The laughter of children, the chatter of poets,
the sigh of lovers beneath the starlit sky,
all harmonizing in a symphony of life,

as if the universe itself conspires
to celebrate the genius that once roamed,
to echo the laughter of a child,
whose notes still linger,
like the scent of jasmine in the evening air.

As twilight descends, painting the horizon in lavender and gold,
I hear the distant strains of a piano,
fingers dancing across ivory keys,
each note a ripple in the stillness,
a reminder that art transcends borders,
that music is the language of the soul,
and in this ancient land,
the spirit of Mozart finds its home,
a sonnet woven into the fabric of the night,
an everlasting ode,
echoing through the ages.

In Lattakia, where history and melody intertwine,
I breathe in the world,
and listen—
for in every heartbeat,
in every whisper of the breeze,
the maestro lives on,
alive in the dreams of all who dare to listen,
alive in the melody of the sea,
forever composing,
forever free.

Mohammad Yousef

To Love Means You Never Say You Are Sorry

By Mohammad A Yousef

In the quiet hours of the night,
when the world outside folds into slumber,
we linger in the soft glow of candlelight,
the flicker of shadows dancing on the walls,
echoing the unspoken truths between us,
the weight of words unsaid,
the gravity of silence that cradles our souls.

To love means you never say you are sorry,
not because the heart is devoid of remorse,
but because we have ventured beyond the brink
of petty apologies,
into the realm where understanding reigns,
where the tapestry of our lives
is woven with threads of forgiveness,
and the colors of our flaws
are painted with the hues of patience.

You, with your laughter that spills like sunlight,
and me, with my storms that brew and rage,
we are a tempest and a calm,
a juxtaposition of chaos and peace.
In every quarrel, in every sigh,
we find the pulse of our connection,
the heartbeat of our shared existence.

I have stumbled,
tripped over the jagged edges of my tongue,
yet your eyes hold the mirror of acceptance,
reflecting not the hurt, but the growth,
the bridge we build with every misstep,
every moment of vulnerability
that stitches us closer together.

We are not perfect,
not a fairytale with polished edges,
but rather a canvas splattered with paint,

a mosaic of memories, some bright, some dark,
each piece significant in its own right.
To love is to embrace the imperfections,
to dance in the rain of our mistakes,
to find beauty in the cracks of our hearts.

So here we stand,
not needing to utter the weighty "I'm sorry,"
for we understand that love is far more profound,
a language spoken in gestures,
a promise held in the everyday,
the way you tuck my hair behind my ear,
the way I still reach for your hand,
even after the storms have passed.

In this love story we are writing,
each chapter unfolds with lessons learned,
with laughter that echoes in the hallways of our minds,
and whispers of affection lingering long after the dusk.
To love means to recognize the grace in each flaw,
to navigate the labyrinth of our hearts,
to cherish the journey more than the destination,
and to know that in the end,
we are enough, just as we are,
cloaked in the warmth of our shared understanding,
forever entwined in this beautiful, messy dance.

Mohammad Yousef

Military Zone

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the heart of the conflict,
where the earth trembles under boots,
and the air is thick with the weight of duty,
two souls find sanctuary
in the most unlikely of places—
a military zone,
where love is a whispered secret,
an unspoken code,
a fragile bloom in the desolation.

He, a soldier in khaki,
arms trained to protect,
yet his heart beats wildly,
a caged bird longing for flight.
She, a nurse with gentle hands,
her laughter a balm
for the wounds of war,
her eyes a refuge,
shining like stars in the night,
even amidst the chaos.

They meet at the edge of the barracks,
where the sun dips low,
casting long shadows,
and time seems to slow,
each moment stretching,
a thread pulled taut,
as they share stolen glances,
each look a promise,
a silent vow against the storm.

Their conversations are hushed,
words fluttering like moths,
drawn to the flame of connection.
He speaks of duty, of honor,
yet in her presence,
the weight of the world falls away,

and he dreams of a future
where the uniform is a memory,
where the echoes of gunfire fade into laughter.

She tells him tales of home,
of fields painted in gold,
of sunsets that linger,
and how the gentle breeze
whispers secrets through the trees.
In her stories, he finds solace,
a glimpse of what could be,
a life unshackled by orders,
a dance of freedom beneath the stars.

But the sirens wail,
the call to arms,
breaking the fragile spell,
and he must don his armor,
the weight of the world returning,
the specter of duty looming large.
Yet, in the depths of his chest,
a fire burns brighter,
ignited by the love he has found,
a flickering flame
that no battle can extinguish.

They share a final embrace,
a moment suspended in time,
her hands against his face,
his breath mingling with hers,
and in that heartbeat,
they promise to remember—
the warmth of their laughter,
the softness of their dreams,
the love that blossomed
in the harshest of terrains.

As he marches away,
his heart is a battlefield,
a war of longing and hope,
and she remains,
navigating the tides of uncertainty,

her heart a compass,
pointing ever toward him,
the soldier she loves,
the man made of courage,
and the promise of tomorrow.

In the silence that follows,
their love endures—
a beacon in the darkness,
a testament to resilience,
for in a world marked by strife,
it is the quiet moments,
the whispered words,
the shared glances,
that carve out a sanctuary,
even in a military zone.

And so they wait,
counting the days like soldiers,
each sunrise a step closer,
each sunset a reminder,
that love,
like the strongest of armies,
will march on,
unwavering,
undaunted,
until they meet again,
in a world unburdened,
where the echoes of war
are replaced by the music of home.

Mohammad Yousef

Now I Am Sixty

By Mohammad A.Yousef

Now I am sixty,
a bridge where time sways gently,
its wooden planks creaking,
each step a whisper of yesterdays,
echoes of laughter, soft refrains,
the rustle of dreams long nurtured,
and the quiet wisdom of lessons learned.

The mirror reflects a map,
lines etched like rivers on a vast landscape,
each wrinkle a tale,
each gray hair a badge of survival,
a testament to storms weathered,
to sunrises embraced,
to the sweet, fleeting nature of joy.

I stand at the precipice of memory,
the past a tapestry woven in vibrant threads,
childhood adventures in the wild,
the first taste of love,
the heart's aching, glorious dance,
moments caught in the net of time,
like fireflies in a summer night.

Now I am sixty,
with the heart of a wanderer,
the spirit of a dreamer,
the courage to say,
I have lived, oh how I have lived!
The world, a canvas,
my soul the brush,
strokes of color splashed across the expanse of being.

The laughter of friends,
a chorus that swells,
the warmth of family,
a hearth that glows,

each connection a thread in the fabric of existence,
binding me, lifting me,
filling the spaces in my heart.

I find solace in the quiet mornings,
the beauty of a single flower,
the way the light dances through the trees,
how the breeze carries the scent of earth,
each moment a reminder,
that life, in its impermanence,
is a gift wrapped in the layers of time.

Now I am sixty,
and the horizon stretches before me,
a canvas still unpainted,
possibilities shimmering like stars,
dreams waiting to be reclaimed,
new adventures beckoning,
the promise of tomorrow singing softly,
like a lullaby on a moonlit night.

So here I stand,
with open arms and an open heart,
ready to embrace what comes next,
for now I am sixty,
and I am just beginning.

Mohammad Yousef

Gnostic Love

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the twilight of knowing,
where shadows dance with light,
I seek the secret whispers
that echo in the chambers of the soul,
where love becomes the hidden truth,
a divine spark igniting the mundane.

Oh, Gnostic love,
you are the thread woven through the fabric,
the tapestry of being,
unraveled in the labyrinth of existence,
a journey inward,
where the self merges with the cosmos,
and the heart beats in rhythm with the stars.

You are not the tender touch of flesh,
but the caress of understanding,
a silent communion of spirits,
where the illusion of separation fades,
and we become the essence of one another,
breath mingling with breath,
thought intertwining with thought.

We wander through the ruins of belief,
discarding the chains of dogma,
for you, my love,
are not bound by the limitations of the world,
but soar through realms of consciousness,
where knowing and unknowing dance,
and the divine reveals itself in paradox.

In your gaze, I find the universe—
the cosmos swirling in the depths of your eyes,
a reflection of the eternal,
the questions that linger like stars,
each one a gateway to a deeper truth,
each touch a reminder of the sacred.

Let us shatter the veils of illusion,
peel back the layers of the mundane,
and delve into the mysteries
that await in the silence between us,
in the spaces where words dissolve,
and love becomes the language of the unseen.

We are the seekers,
the wanderers of the infinite,
hand in hand,
tracing the lines of destiny,
for in this Gnostic love,
we unravel the threads of our being,
we embrace the paradox of existence,
and find solace in the chaos,
the beauty in the breaking.

Let us rise from the ashes of despair,
reborn in the light of understanding,
for love, my dear,
is the illumination of the soul,
the awakening of the spirit,
an alchemy that transforms the mundane
into the divine,
the ordinary into the extraordinary.

So here we stand,
in the sacred space of Gnostic love,
where the mysteries unfold,
and the heart knows what the mind cannot grasp,
where every heartbeat is a prayer,
and every sigh a revelation,
in the dance of existence,
we find our truth,
and in each other,
we are home.

Mohammad Yousef

One Day, She Wept Out Of Jealousy

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the quiet of the evening,
when shadows stretched like whispered secrets,
she sat beneath the old oak,
its leaves murmuring tales of the past,
her heart a fragile echo,
thumping against the stillness,
as if demanding to be heard,
to be understood.

The world spun on,
a carousel of laughter and light,
but within her, a tempest brewed,
a storm of green,
shimmering like emeralds,
sharp as broken glass.

She watched,
as he laughed with someone else,
a radiant smile blooming
like wildflowers in spring,
and envy crept in,
a serpent slithering through her veins,
coiling tightly around her heart.

Oh, how it stung!
Each chuckle, a shard of ice,
each glance, a dagger,
piercing through the veil of her confidence,
unraveling the tapestry
she had woven with care,
threaded with trust and love.

Memories flooded her mind,
moments held dear,
now tainted with the taste of bitterness,
the sweetness of shared dreams,
now soured by the salt of doubt,

and she felt small,
a mere shadow of herself,
lost in the labyrinth of comparison.

What was wrong with her?
Why could she not be enough?
The questions spiraled,
a cyclone of self-reproach,
while the world continued its dance,
unaware of the tempest within.

Beneath the boughs of that ancient tree,
she let the tears flow,
each drop a release,
a cleansing of the spirit,
the weight of envy dissipating,
like mist under the morning sun.

In that moment, she learned,
that jealousy is a thief,
stealing joy,
erasing the beauty of the present,
and though it left its mark,
like shadows upon her heart,
she found a flicker of strength,
a whisper of resilience,
that would guide her back to herself.

So she wept,
not just from jealousy,
but from the recognition
that she was human,
imperfect and real,
and that even in moments of darkness,
there lies a glimmer of light,
a path back to acceptance,
a journey toward self-love,
where envy loses its grip,
and the heart finds its way home.

Mohammad Yousef

Absent Soul

By Mohammad A.Yousef

In the quiet corners of a dim-lit room,
where shadows stretch like whispered secrets,
an absent soul wanders,
a ghost of laughter lost in the folds of time,
fingers trailing through the dust of memories,
each grain a testament to what once was.

The walls sigh softly,
holding echoes of footsteps that no longer tread,
the scent of jasmine lingers,
a reminder of late-night conversations,
where dreams were woven into the fabric of dawn,
and promises hung like stars,
glimmering in the twilight of shared hopes.

Yet now, silence reigns,
a vast ocean where ripples of absence
create waves of longing,
each heartbeat a question,
each breath a plea for return,
the air thick with what-ifs and if-onlys,
the weight of unspoken words pressing down,
like a fog that clings to the soul.

There's a chair that waits,
its arms outstretched,
a sentinel to the moments lost,
as the clock ticks with relentless precision,
counting down the minutes,
the hours,
the days,
until the sun washes the room in golden hues,
but still, it feels like night,
the light not quite reaching the heart.

The absent soul is not gone,
but woven into the very fabric of being,

a tapestry of laughter and tears,
their essence lingering in the spaces between,
in the songs humming softly in the background,
the rustle of leaves outside the window,
the warmth of an empty cup,
still holding the taste of shared secrets.

And in this solitude,
there lies a strange beauty,
for the absent soul teaches us to cherish,
to hold tight the fleeting moments,
to see the light in the shadows,
to understand that absence is not an end,
but a bridge to the depths of connection,
a reminder that love transcends the physical,
that souls intertwine beyond the veil of presence.

So let the heart ache,
let the tears fall like rain,
for in this cacophony of loss,
there blooms a garden of remembrance,
where every petal tells a story,
every thorn a lesson learned,
and the absent soul,
forever etched in the marrow of existence,
dances in the wind,
whispers through the leaves,
an eternal echo of what once was,
and what will always be.

Mohammad Yousef

Sometimes I Feel Mystic

By Mohammad A.Yousef

Sometimes I feel mystic,
like morning fog weaving through the trees,
a whisper of secrets held in the hush,
where shadows dance and sunlight plays
upon the edges of my mind.

In the quietude of dawn,
when the world is still wrapped in slumber,
I wander through thoughts as ancient as time,
each breath a caress of something more,
the pulse of the universe thrumming beneath my skin.

I touch the fabric of the unknown,
fingertips grazing the threads of fate,
and in that moment, I am both lost and found,
a flicker of stardust adrift in the vastness,
a solitary note in a cosmic symphony.

The trees speak in rustles,
their leaves shimmering with tales untold,
while the wind carries messages
from realms unseen,
and I am a vessel, open and yearning.

Sometimes I feel mystic,
as if the stars have conspired
to illuminate the path I tread,
each step a brushstroke on the canvas of existence,
each heartbeat a reminder of the magic within.

I walk along the edge of twilight,
where shadows blend with fading light,
and I am both the seeker and the sought,
the question echoing through the corridors of my soul,
the answer swirling in the depths of the night.

In the stillness of the moonlit hour,

when dreams unfurl like petals,
I listen to the heartbeat of the earth,
the rhythms of life pulsing through the veins of creation,
and I am reminded of the tapestry we weave.

Sometimes I feel mystic,
as if the universe is a mirror,
reflecting my essence back to me,
and I wonder if the stars see me,
if they know the weight of my yearning,
the depth of my longing for connection and truth.

With arms outstretched, I embrace the unknown,
a wanderer on this journey of discovery,
for in the embrace of mystery lies the beauty,
the promise of what is yet to come,
and I revel in the dance of the unseen.

So let me be mystic,
let me flow like water,
and rise like smoke into the heavens,
for in the alchemy of existence,
I find the sacred spark of being alive,
and that is where I truly belong.

Mohammad Yousef

Mary Magdalene

In the dim light of dawn,
where shadows mingle with whispers,
she walks, a silhouette against the rising sun,
Mary Magdalene, bearer of secrets,
her heart a vessel, brimming with stories—
of love, of loss, of a world turned inside out.

Once, she was a name spoken in hushed tones,
a woman dismissed,
cast aside by those who misunderstood
the depth of her spirit,
the fire in her eyes,
the way she danced with her demons,
embraced her scars like medals of survival.

In the marketplace, beneath the weight of judgment,
she stood tall,
a beacon of resilience,
her laughter echoing through the cobblestone streets,
each note a rebellion against the chains
that sought to bind her.

When the world turned dark,
and hope slipped through fingers like sand,
she found solace in the gaze of a wanderer,
a teacher, a healer,
who saw her not as a shadow,
but as a tapestry woven with grace,
each thread a testament to her journey.

They walked the hills together,
the wind carrying their dreams,
a symphony of footsteps on ancient paths,
her heart swelling with the truth of his words,
the promise of a life unshackled,
a love that knew no bounds.

But the tides of fate are cruel,
and the dawn that once sparkled with hope

turned to twilight,
the weight of betrayal heavy in the air,
the echoes of a crowd shouting,
the nails driven deep into the innocent wood,
the world gasping, holding its breath.

In the silence that followed,
she stood at the foot of the cross,
her tears a river of sorrow,
each drop a prayer for the love
that had transformed her,
turning her darkness into light.

And when the stone rolled away,
and the dawn broke anew,
she was the first to witness
the miracle of resurrection,
the promise reborn in the fresh air,
the light spilling like gold across the earth.

'Why do you seek the living among the dead? '
His voice, a melody of hope,
and in that moment,
she became the herald of good news,
the first to carry the truth—
life conquering death,
love transcending loss.

Mary Magdalene,
the keeper of scars, the bearer of light,
your story is a testament
to the power of redemption,
to the strength of a heart
that dares to love,
to believe,
to rise from the ashes
and dance in the dawn.

You are not just a figure in history,
but a symbol of every woman
who has stood against the tide,
who has dared to love fiercely,

and who has found strength
in the depths of despair.

Oh, Mary,
the world may whisper your name,
but your spirit roars,
echoing through the ages,
a reminder that from the shadows,
we can all emerge—
reborn, renewed,
and forever free.

Mohammad Yousef

Olive Fruit Harvesting

In the hush of dawn,
when the sun stretches its golden arms,
the olive trees sway gently,
their gnarled branches whispering secrets
to the cool, crisp air.
A symphony of silvery leaves,
dancing like a thousand tiny mirrors,
catching the light,
reflecting the promise of the day.

The harvest begins,
footsteps echoing on the earth,
as hands, weathered and wise,
reach for the plump, dark jewels,
each olive a story,
each one a treasure,
clinging stubbornly to its branch,
waiting for the tender persuasion of touch.

Baskets brim with the bounty,
green and black,
swelling with the weight of summer's sun,
each fruit a testament to patience,
to the gentle caress of the breeze,
to the rain that kissed the soil.
The rhythm of plucking,
a dance of labor,
a connection forged in the quiet of nature,
where time moves slowly,
and the heart beats in sync
with the pulse of the earth.

Underneath the trees,
the ground is scattered,
a mosaic of fallen olives,
each one a forgotten dream,
each bruise a mark of life lived
underneath the vast, unyielding sky.
The earth cradles them,

recycling their essence,
feeding the roots that anchor the trees,
as if to say, "You are never alone."

Children laugh and chase shadows,
their joy weaving through the branches,
while elders share tales of harvests past,
of storms weathered and seasons embraced,
of recipes passed down,
of oil that glistens with history,
a liquid gold poured over bread,
a life shared around tables,
nurturing bonds that span generations.

As the sun dips low,
casting long shadows upon the ground,
the last olives are gathered,
the day's work etched in the lines of hands,
in the smiles shared over the fatigue.
The air is thick with the scent of earth,
of olives crushed into oil,
of meals yet to be made,
of stories yet to be told.

In this sacred ritual,
the olive fruit harvesting,
we find more than labor,
we discover connection—
to the land, to each other,
to the heartbeat of life itself.
And as night falls,
under a blanket of stars,
the trees stand watch,
silent guardians of our toil,
promising that tomorrow,
the cycle will begin anew.

Mohammad Yousef

Chopin In Lattakia

In the fading light of a Levantine dusk,
where the Mediterranean whispers secrets to the shore,
the air thickens with salt and nostalgia,
and the echoes of a piano weave through the olive groves.

Frederic, lost in the amber hues of twilight,
his fingers dance upon keys,
each note a ripple in the warm evening breeze,
each chord a story spun from the threads of time.

Lattakia stands, a guardian of ancient tales,
its cobblestones, worn by footsteps of wanderers,
carry the weight of history,
as Chopin's melodies rise like incense,
filling the alleyways with haunting reverie.

The sea, a vast canvas of blues and greens,
reflects the turmoil of his soul,
as waves crash like the heartbeats of lovers,
and the moon, a silver witness,
paints the horizon with dreams unfulfilled.

In a modest café, the clinking of cups
mingles with whispers of the past,
where the scent of cardamom and jasmine
entangles with the bittersweet strains of Nocturne,
the world outside, a distant echo.

Here, amid the laughter and the sorrow,
the spirit of Chopin finds solace,
each note a balm for the weary heart,
each crescendo a cry for freedom,
in a land where the stars seem to listen,
and the shadows dance to the rhythm of the night.

The palm trees sway,
a gentle applause for the maestro's grace,
as the fragrance of citrus blossoms
wraps around him like a lover's embrace,

reminding him that beauty can flourish
even in the midst of chaos.

In this tranquil corner of the world,
he finds the pulse of life,
the laughter of children echoing
through the narrow streets,
the stories of fishermen casting nets,
the lovers who share stolen moments
beneath the watchful gaze of the ancients.

Oh, how the music flows!
It mingles with the cries of seagulls,
the laughter of the tide,
and for a moment, time stands still,
as Chopin's heart beats in sync
with the rhythm of Lattakia.

Each sonata a bridge,
connecting the past to the present,
the known to the unknown,
in a symphony of existence,
reminding the world that even in exile,
one can find a home in harmony,
a sanctuary in sound.

And as the final notes linger,
like the last breath of a sunset,
Frederic smiles,
knowing that somewhere,
in the symphony of life,
his spirit will forever dance,
a waltz through the olive trees,
a serenade on the shores of Lattakia.

Mohammad Yousef

In The Almond Forest

I was running in the almond forest,
where sunlight danced through branches,
and the earth whispered secrets to my feet.
When he said about me, mother,
that I am beautiful,
a tender truth woven in the air,
like the scent of blossoms,
delicate yet undeniable.

A rose button dozed on my forehead,
its petals soft against my skin,
while my shirt,
a fabric of stories untold,
slipped from its buttonhole—
an escape,
a flutter of freedom.
He said,
what he said,
the shirt is hell
above my chest,
an inferno igniting every breath,
and the dress drips with ecstasy,
a cascade of colors,
a river of desire.

He spoke,
my smile is a mulberry leaf,
sweet,
succulent under the sun's gaze,
and my chest,
a treasure chest,
holding secrets of the universe,
stories wrapped in soft skin,
and he told me tales of my breasts,
streams of wine and coffee,
nectar and light,
jugs overflowing with the essence of life.

Am I beautiful?

Awakening a female spirit in my veins,
splitting a hole for the light to pour in,
gilded shadows dancing along my skin.
In his voice, a soft decision,
a promise wrapped in velvet,
and in his eyes,
the gleam of prophecy,
like stars unbidden,
guiding lost souls home.

A free forehead, unburdened by doubt,
spreading light like dawn over the horizon,
and a mouth,
oh, the mouth—
pride and cruelty intertwining,
forcing the kiss by force,
and I am satisfied,
a paradox of hunger and surrender,
beauty in the grasp of passion,
the eyelids turning away from it,
modesty cloaked in the allure of the chase.

And the modesty of women,
for love, leave it,
for love is a wild thing,
untamed, unchained,
my eyes, shy,
curtains fluttering in the breeze,
and my purity,
a soft bloom asking
about its fragrance,
as if purity has a desire,
a longing,
a wish to be known,
to be seen,
beneath the almond trees,
where beauty blossoms
and runs free.

Mohammad Yousef

Maya (Excuse Me Nizar Qabani)

In the quiet sanctuary of morning light,
Maya stands behind the transparent misty curtain,
a soft veil between the world and her intimate ritual.
The air is thick with steam,
each droplet dancing like whispers of secrets,
as I watch, a silent observer,
the poetry of her presence unfolding.

Her silhouette, a gentle curve,
framed by the soft glow that filters through,
the chaos of the day held at bay,
as she moves with grace,
a ballet of the mundane,
shampoo gliding through her hair,
a cascade of lather like clouds in a storm.

The curtain billows, a breath of intimacy,
as though it knows the fragility of this moment,
each rise and fall of her laughter,
the echo of water splashing against porcelain,
and I am caught, entranced,
by the rhythm of her solitude.

The scent of lavender mingles with the steam,
a calming balm in this cocoon,
where worries dissipate like mist,
and time stretches,
each second a heartbeat,
each heartbeat a reminder
that beauty often hides in the everyday.

Her fingers, delicate and purposeful,
trace the contours of her skin,
an artist painting a canvas of self-love,
and I am reminded of the layers we wear,
the stories etched upon our bodies,
each scar, each mark, a testament
to battles fought and the grace of survival.

Outside, the world rushes by,
but here, in this sanctuary,
there is only the sound of water,
a symphony of serenity,
where the mundane transforms
into something sacred,
and I am a witness,
a guardian of this fleeting moment.

Maya, in her cocoon of steam and solitude,
is a reminder that within the chaos,
there exists an oasis,
a space to breathe, to reflect,
to reclaim the essence of oneself,
and I, behind the curtain,
hold this memory close,
etched in the heart,
a poem unwritten,
but felt in the depths of silence.

In the sanctuary of steam,
Maya dances behind the transparent misty curtain,
a wisp of silhouette,
her form blurred,
like memories half-formed,
softened by the exhalation of warmth.

The bathroom, a cocoon,
swallowed in vapor,
where the world fades,
and the hum of life quiets,
leaving only the rhythm of water,
a gentle lullaby,
and the whisper of her presence,
enigmatic, ethereal.

I watch, a silent observer,
the curtain a veil,
a boundary of intimacy,
a canvas painted with droplets,
where light bends and shimmers,
like the fleeting seconds between heartbeats.

Her hands, graceful,
work magic with the soap,
bubbles rising,
tiny orbs of unfulfilled wishes,
each one a promise of laughter,
or a secret shared,
dancing in the air,
before bursting into nothingness.

The scents swirl,
lavender and citrus,
a delicate embrace,
that wraps around the senses,
pulling me closer,
drawing me into her world,
where time loses its meaning,
and the mundane transforms,
into a ritual of renewal.

Maya tilts her head,
a cascade of hair,
dark as midnight,
glimmers under the feeble light,
each strand a constellation,
each drop of water,
a universe in itself,
reflecting the beauty of the ordinary,
the poetry of being.

And in this moment,
the world outside holds its breath,
the noise of the day muffled,
as the steam rises,
and the curtain billows softly,
like a heartbeat,
a pulse of life,
a reminder that beauty lives,
in the simplest of acts,
in the soft laughter of water,
in the sacred space,
where we shed our masks,

and allow ourselves to be.

I am here,
a witness to the ordinary,
to the grace of her existence,
captured in the steam,
in the misty embrace,
of a bathroom sanctuary,
where Maya finds solace,
and I, a poet,
find my muse in the delicate,
the intimate,
the shimmering veil of life.

Mohammad Yousef

Dirty Game

In the shadowed halls where whispers linger,
beneath the polished veneer of democracy,
the air thickens with the scent of ambition,
a murky brew of promises and deceit,
where the currency is not truth,
but the weight of a smile,
the flicker of a glance,
the calculated maneuver behind closed doors.

Here, the players don masks,
crafted from silk and ambition,
each stitch a lie, each thread a scheme,
as they dance to a tune only they can hear,
the symphony of power,
a cacophony of clashing egos,
echoing through the chambers of influence.

Hands shake with fervor,
but beneath the grip lies the cold steel
of ulterior motives,
as alliances are forged in the darkness,
like shadows entwined in a silent waltz,
the bright lights above casting long,
distorted reflections of loyalty,
a game of chess played on a board of hearts.

Votes are bartered like fragile glass,
shattered promises littering the ground,
the whispers of the disenfranchised,
the forgotten, the overlooked,
lost in the clamor of the elite,
where the rich and powerful script the narrative,
and the rest become mere footnotes,
in an epic penned by the few.

Yet in the corners,
where the dust motes dance in the slanting light,
there stirs a hunger for change,
a pulse of humanity that refuses to fade,

the voices of the many rising,
unfurling like banners against the storm,
asserting their right to be seen,
to be heard above the cacophony of greed.

Politics, you dirty game,
you are a mirror held to our flaws,
a canvas painted with the colors of corruption,
but within your chaos,
there lies a flicker of hope,
the tenacity of the unyielding spirit,
the courage to confront the lies,
to demand the truth,
to rewrite the ending of this age-old tale.

So let the players play,
let them spin their web,
for the tide is shifting,
and the game is evolving,
with each voice that rises,
a reminder that the heart of democracy
beats in the hands of the people,
and though politics may be dirty,
the fight for a cleaner tomorrow
is worth the struggle,
worth the grime,
worth every ounce of courage we can muster
to reclaim what is ours.

Mohammad Yousef

You Breasts Are Two Sparrows

Your breasts are two sparrows,
fluttering softly in the early dawn,
nestled against the warmth of cotton sheets,
gentle reminders of life, of stories untold.
They rise and fall like the breath of the earth,
each pulse, a whisper of the wind,
each sigh, a rustle of feathers,
soft against the skin,
a dance of grace and innocence.

In the quiet of the morning,
they perch on the edge of dreams,
two tiny hearts,
fluttering with the hope of flight,
as if they might take off,
soar into the blue expanse,
chasing the sun,
chasing the warmth,
chasing the echoes of laughter.

They are wild, untamed,
the spirit of freedom captured in flesh,
a testament to the beauty of being,
the way they curve,
the way they sway,
like branches in a gentle breeze,
inviting caresses,
sheltering secrets,
holding the weight of the world
in their delicate grasp.

Oh, how they sing,
in the silence of your laughter,
in the curve of your smile,
a melody of softness,
a symphony of skin,
a reminder that life is both fragile and fierce,
that beauty exists in the smallest of things,
in the fleeting moments of connection,

in the way two sparrows gather their courage
to greet the day.

So let them spread their wings,
let them bask in the light,
for they are not just bodies,
but living poetry,
inspired by the ephemeral,
celebrating the tender,
and reminding us all
that within our very essence,
we hold the power to fly.

Mohammad Yousef

Kindness

In the quiet dawn,
where shadows stretch and yawn,
Kindness stirs, a whispering breeze,
of soul and spirit,
a gentle touch,
a balm for weary hearts,
lifting the weight of unseen burdens,
like a feather floating on the air,
gliding through the heaviness of existence.

Kindness of body,
a warm embrace,
the clasp of hands,
the soft brush of a shoulder,
the shared warmth of laughter,
binding us in the sacred dance
of human connection—
in the stillness of shared moments,
a testament to our fragile, vibrant lives.

Kindness of eyes,
a glance that sees beyond,
the veil of pretense and pain,
reflecting the light of understanding,
the spark of empathy,
like stars caught in a lover's gaze,
revealing the stories etched in every crease,
every tear that tells a tale,
every smile that signifies hope.

Kindness of heart,
a rhythm that beats in unison,
with the pulse of the universe,
an echo of compassion,
resonating through the halls of time,
where sorrow and joy intertwine,
a gentle reminder that we are not alone,
that even in the depths,
kindness blooms like wildflowers in concrete.

Kindness of life,
the fleeting moments we seize,
the laughter shared over coffee and dreams,
the quiet nights spent beneath the stars,
the unspoken promises of tomorrow,
a tapestry woven with threads of grace,
each act a stitch in the fabric of our journey,
each gesture a beacon,
guiding us through the labyrinth of existence.

Kindness of death,
the soft release of the spirit,
a final whisper,
a gentle letting go,
where endings become beginnings,
and the cycle of love continues,
in the memories etched in our hearts,
in the stories we share,
a legacy of kindness,
woven into the very essence of who we are.

In every breath,
in every heartbeat,
kindness calls us,
inviting us to rise,
to lift one another,
to be the light in the shadows,
to be the warmth in the cold,
to be the promise that even in the end,
kindness will remain,
a thread that binds us,
a song that carries us home.

Mohammad Yousef

Hard Times

In the shadows of the years,
hard times linger,
like a stubborn fog,
clinging to the breath of morning,
weaving through the alleys of hope,
where dreams are whispered,
in hushed tones,
beneath the weight of despair.

They stretch out,
like an endless highway,
where each mile is marked
by the echoes of laughter lost,
and the ghosts of promises
that danced just out of reach.
A tapestry of struggle,
stitched with threads of grit,
and the relentless beating of a heart,
that refuses to surrender.

A hundred years,
they may stay,
but time is a fickle friend,
a river that carves new paths,
an artist reshaping the contours
of desolation into resilience.
For every dark night,
there comes a dawn,
soft and golden,
painting the horizon
with hues of possibility.

We gather the fragments,
the scattered shards of yesterday,
and in the quiet moments,
we learn to believe again,
to breathe in the scent of renewal,
to dance in the rain,
and let joy seep into our bones,

like sunlight breaking through
the heaviest of clouds.

Hard times do not define us,
they are but chapters
in the story of our becoming,
a canvas where we learn
the brushstrokes of endurance,
the colors of compassion,
the hues of shared humanity.

So let us rise,
not as victims of circumstance,
but as warriors of the spirit,
with scars that tell tales
of battles fought and won,
of love that flourishes,
even in the cracks of despair.

For though they may linger,
these hard times,
they are fleeting,
like whispers carried away
by the winds of change.
And in their wake,
we will find the seeds,
planted deep in the soil of our souls,
waiting for the rain of kindness,
the warmth of understanding,
the light of hope,
to nurture their bloom.

Let us not fear the darkness,
for in its depths,
we stumble upon the light within,
a flame that flickers,
but never fades,
a promise that echoes:
hard times may stay,
but they will never last forever.

What Did Your Blue Eyes Say?

What did your blue eyes say,
when the horizon folded into dusk,
and shadows danced like whispers
across the warm embrace of the earth?

They spoke in the language of the ocean,
waves crashing against the shore of my heart,
a rhythm pulsing, a tide rising,
pulling me deeper into their azure depths.

In those moments,
when the world faded to a soft blur,
your gaze became a canvas,
painted with the hues of longing,
threads of dreams woven through the fabric of twilight.

What did your blue eyes say
when laughter spilled like sunlight,
and the air held the scent of sweet promise,
as if tomorrow had already begun
in the spaces between our breaths?

Did they whisper secrets,
the kind that linger in the silence,
a symphony of unspoken words
that caressed the edges of my soul,
filling the void with the richness of your truth?

They glimmered with the clarity of a winter sky,
each glance a shard of ice,
sharp yet beautiful,
cutting through the noise of the mundane,
revealing the profound in the ordinary,
the extraordinary in the fleeting.

What did your blue eyes say
when we stood on the precipice of forever,
a moment suspended in the weight of possibility,
as if time held its breath

to catch the echo of our shared heartbeat?

They told stories of distant stars,
of galaxies formed in the blink of an eye,
infinite yet tethered to this fragile earth,
reminding me that we are stardust,
bound by the gravity of our connection,
fragile yet fierce,
a dance of light in the vastness of night.

What did your blue eyes say,
when the world around us faded to the background,
and all that existed were the two of us,
lost in the kaleidoscope of our existence,
where every blink held a promise,
and every gaze could spark a revolution?

They said, "I see you,"
and in that simple truth,
the universe unraveled,
revealing the depth of love
that lay hidden beneath the surface,
a treasure waiting to be unearthed,
a bond forged in the crucible of time.

So what did your blue eyes say?
They spoke of now,
of forever,
and of the uncharted waters
we dared to navigate together,
with nothing but faith
and the brilliance of our shared light.

Mohammad Yousef

In Search For Arabs In Toledo

In the heart of old stones,
where shadows whisper tales,
I wander through the winding alleys,
seeking echoes of a past,
the pulse of a culture,
woven through centuries
like the intricate patterns
on a mosaic laid bare under the sun.

Toledo, you cradle a history
of swords and scrolls,
of faiths entwined,
where the call to prayer once floated
on warm, golden air,
and the laughter of children
spoke in a language of olive trees,
their roots deep in the soil of coexistence.

I roam the streets,
the scent of spices lingers,
a reminder of souks bustling,
where merchants once bartered
with smiles and glances,
sharing stories like treasures,
the rich fabric of life interwoven
with threads of Arabic script,
stories that danced on tongues
like the flames of a shared hearth.

The cathedral rises,
its spires a testament
to battles fought and won,
but beneath the grandeur,
I sense the quiet ghosts,
the poets and philosophers,
the dreamers who painted
the sky with their words,
their wisdom echoing in the silence.

In the narrow lanes,
I hear the murmurs of the past,
the rhythm of footsteps
that once graced the cobblestones,
the laughter of families,
the warmth of gatherings,
a tapestry of lives lived
under the same sun,
the same stars.

I pause by the river,
where waters flow like time,
reflecting the vibrant hues
of a multicultural canvas,
and I wonder—
are the Arabs still here,
in the whispers of the wind,
in the hearts of the people
who carry the stories forward,
who embrace the mosaic
of their shared heritage,
the beauty of their differences
woven into the fabric of now?

I search for them in the markets,
in the laughter of children,
in the eyes of the elders
who remember the songs of their youth,
the lullabies sung under the moonlit sky,
and I find them,
not in faces alone,
but in the spirit of a city
that has loved and lost,
that has blended and broken,
and yet stands resilient,
a testament to unity,
to the enduring power
of a shared dream.

Toledo, you are a palimpsest,
every layer a story,
every stone a heartbeat,

and in my search for Arabs,
I find not just a people,
but a legacy—
a reminder that we are all
interwoven in this vast tapestry,
a celebration of life,
a symphony of voices
waiting to be heard,
waiting to dance
once more beneath the Spanish sun.

Mohammad Yousef

In Search For Arabs In Cordoba

In the sun-drenched streets of a thousand whispers,
where the mesquite trees bend under the weight of time,
I wander, a ghost tracing the shadows of history,
through the labyrinth of old stone,
where the air hangs heavy with the scent of orange blossoms.

Here, where the rivers once sang to the moon,
and the stars bore witness to the dance of scholars,
I seek the echoes of a vibrant past,
the laughter of poets, the fervor of philosophers,
the call to prayer that once wove through the city's heart.

The Great Mosque stands, a testament to dreams,
its arches like arms opened wide,
inviting seekers, the lost, the curious,
to step into a tapestry of faith and knowledge,
woven from the threads of a thousand souls.

I pause, tracing my fingers along weathered tiles,
each one a story, a heartbeat, a prayer,
the intricate patterns swirling like thoughts,
as if to say, "We were here,
we lived, we loved, we dreamed."

In the narrow alleys, I hear the whispers,
of poets who danced with words,
and scholars who threaded wisdom into the fabric of existence,
their voices like the gentle rustle of leaves,
calling me deeper into the embrace of their legacy.

I wander past old cafes,
where the aroma of spiced coffee lingers,
its warmth a reminder of gatherings,
of debates that ignited minds,
and laughter that sparkled like sunlight on water.

In the marketplace, vibrant and alive,
I see faces that tell of migration,
of histories mingling like spices in a pot,

the descendants of those who once roamed this land,
seeking solace, seeking home, seeking belonging.

Yet, in the rhythm of the bustling crowd,
I feel a pang, an ache, a longing,
for the stories that have slipped through the cracks,
the voices that have faded into silence,
the legacy that has become a whisper in the wind.

I close my eyes, and for a moment,
I can almost hear the laughter,
the debates, the teachings,
the vibrant pulse of a civilization
that shaped the world with its heart.

In search for Arabs in Cordoba,
I find not just remnants of what was,
but a living, breathing tapestry,
where every thread, every color, every sound,
tells me: "We are still here,
woven into the very fabric of existence."

And as the sun sets, casting golden hues,
I stand, a seeker, a witness,
to the symphony of lives interwoven,
in the heart of a city that remembers,
that dreams, that loves—
Cordoba, a cradle of the forgotten,
and a beacon for the future yet to unfold.

Mohammad Yousef

Dr. Faustus And Helen Of Troy

Virtual Dialogue

In the flickering glow of a digital ether,
where shadows dance and dreams collide,
Dr. Faustus, with a heart heavy with ambition,
proclaims,
"Give me knowledge, give me power,
for the world is a tapestry of unclaimed wonders."

A voice echoes from the depths of myth,
soft yet tempestuous,
"Faustus, seeker of the impossible,
what drives you to barter your soul
for fleeting whispers of grandeur?"

"I am but a man,
tethered by the chains of mortality,
yet I crave the divine,
a taste of godhood in my mortal veins."
His words spill like ink on parchment,
each syllable a desperate plea.

Helen, the eternal enchantress,
a visage of beauty forged in strife,
responds,
"Yet what is beauty, dear scholar,
but a fleeting shadow,
an echo of a moment lost in time?"

"Your visage, Helen, is a beacon,
a siren's call across the ages,
what power lies in your gaze,
what wisdom in your silence!"
Faustus' eyes burn with a lust for understanding,
the abyss of his desire yawns before him.

She laughs, a sound like crystal shattering,
"Desire is a double-edged sword,
it cuts deep, leaving scars unseen,

and yet, you chase it,
like a moth to a flame,
blinded by the glow of your own ambition."

“Then teach me, O Helen,
the secrets of your timeless beauty,
the art of seduction that conquers kings,
turns heroes to dust.”
Faustus leans forward,
a scholar enamored by the muse of his own making,
a man lost in the labyrinth of his thoughts.

“Beauty is not merely flesh,
it is the breath of the ages,
the stories woven in the fabric of the world,
the pain of a thousand hearts.”
She speaks, her voice a river flowing,
each word a drop of wisdom,
each pause a moment of reflection.

“Would you trade your soul for a glimpse,
or is it the journey that ignites your essence?
What of the price that awaits,
the ledger that balances deeds with despair? ”
Her eyes pierce through the veil,
reminding him of the pact he has forged.

“I seek not just to glimpse,
but to possess,
to mold the very fabric of reality.”
Faustus, ever the architect of his fate,
considers the weight of eternity,
the cost of immortality's embrace.

“Yet, dear scholar,
what will you become,
when the shadows of your desires
consume you whole? ”
Helen's voice softens,
a mother's lament,
a lover's sigh,
an echo of caution in the storm of ambition.

"I will be a god among men,
a sorcerer wielding the cosmos,
and if I fall,
let it be with the grandeur of a star."
Faustus stands firm,
the flames of aspiration licking at his heels,
a tragic hero,
lost in the pursuit of his own legend.

"Ah, but remember, Faustus,
even stars fade,
and even gods bleed."
Her words hang in the air,
a tapestry of truth woven
with the threads of fate and folly.

"Then let me bleed,
let me burn in the light of my own making,
for I am Faustus,
and I shall not be bound by the chains of this earth! "
His declaration reverberates,
a challenge to the universe,
a dance with destiny.

"Then dance, dear scholar,
but heed the rhythm of the cosmos,
for the music of ambition
often leads to a tragic finale."
Helen's voice is a bittersweet melody,
an invitation to ponder,
to reflect on the price of dreams.

In this virtual realm,
where desire and consequence entwine,
Faustus gazes upon the visage of his muse,
and for a moment, he is both man and myth,
a fleeting moment of clarity in the chaos,
a whisper in the wind,
echoing through eternity.

"Let us weave a tale,

you and I,
a dialogue of souls,
a tapestry of despair and desire."
And thus, they engage,
two spirits intertwined,
in the vast expanse of time,
where beauty meets ambition,
and the echoes of their voices
linger like stardust
in the boundless night.

Mohammad Yousef

Dr. Faustus And Helen Of Troy

In the dim-lit corners of a mind unmoored,
where ambition dances with the shadows of regret,
Dr. Faustus, alchemist of dreams,
stands on the precipice of his own creation,
a conjurer of fates,
his heart a ledger of desires,
inked in the blood of the forgotten.

'Behold, Helen, ' he calls,
her name a whisper,
a longing etched in the fabric of time,
'come forth from the echoes of your legends,
the beauty that launched a thousand ships,
your face—
the sun and stars entwined,
a beacon amidst the tempest of my soul.'

And she, ethereal and eternal,
steps from the mist of history's embrace,
a figure sculpted from the dreams of men,
her gaze both piercing and soft,
a paradox of sight and blindness,
as if she carries the weight of worlds,
yet remains untouched by their burden.

'Faustus, seeker of knowledge,
what do you seek in this abyss of flesh and spirit? '
Her voice, a melody that reverberates
in the chasms of his yearning heart,
'Is it power you crave,
or the reflection of your own soul,
lost in the labyrinth of your making? '

He falters,
the weight of her question heavy upon him,
'Is it power, or the illusion of it,
that binds me to this dark pact?
I am but a moth,
drawn to the flame of forbidden wisdom,

yet blinded by the very light I desire.'

Helen, luminous, yet shrouded in the twilight,
offers him a glimpse of what could be,
'Power, Faustus, is but the veil,
it wraps the truth in shadows,
what you seek lies not in conquest,
but in the recognition of your own frailty.'

In the silence that follows,
the world spins on,
the echoes of their dialogue
drifting through the corridors of time,
as Faustus, in his hubris,
clutches at the threads of fate,
while Helen, the embodiment of love and loss,
stands as an eternal reminder
of the beauty wrapped in surrender.

'Am I blind, then, Helen? ' he asks,
'Blind to the truths buried beneath my ambition? '
Her laughter, a soft breeze in the stillness,
'Perhaps it is in the pursuit of sight
that you have become blind to the heart,
the very essence of what it means to be alive.'

He gazes into her eyes,
the depths of her being a mirror,
reflecting the fragments of his own soul,
'Can one find redemption in a world
where sight is a curse,
and blindness, a gift? '

'Redemption lies not in the eyes, Faustus,
but in the heart's embrace of vulnerability,
to see not with the eyes of the flesh,
but with the intuition of the spirit,
to understand that true beauty
is found in the acceptance of our imperfections.'

In that moment,
the boundaries between them dissolve,

a dance of souls,
lost yet found in the spaces between words,
as Faustus contemplates the weight of his choices,
the allure of power fading,
the light of understanding dawning.

'Then teach me, Helen,
to walk through the shadows,
to embrace the blindness that is truth,
to see the world not just in light,
but in the chiaroscuro of existence,
where every shade tells a story,
every silence sings a song.'

And she, a muse of ancient tales,
draws him closer,
her essence a balm to his restless spirit,
'Together we shall traverse this realm,
where sight and blindness intertwine,
where love and longing weave their tapestry,
and perhaps, in this virtual embrace,
you will find the clarity you seek.'

Thus, in the twilight of their exchange,
the lines blur,
between the scholar and the goddess,
the seeker and the sought,
as Faustus steps back from the edge,
into the warmth of a new understanding,
and Helen, a fleeting dream,
fades into the ether,
leaving behind a whisper,
a promise of sight found in blindness,
and beauty in the darkest of paths.

Mohammad Yousef

Tiresias And Oedipus:

a Virtual Dialogue Between Sight And Blindness

In the shadowed corners of Thebes,
where the air thickens with unshed tears,
Oedipus stands—
king, seeker,
the man who pierced the truth with a sword,
yet wears a crown of thorns upon his brow,
each point a tale of hubris,
a reckless reach for knowledge
that spirals into madness.

His eyes,
once blazing with the fire of clarity,
now clouded with the mist of despair,
search for the edges of fate,
the lines of a prophecy
written not in ink,
but in the blood of his kin.

Tiresias, the seer,
blind yet seeing,
a man swathed in the dark fabric of the cosmos,
echoes the whispers of the gods,
his mind a tapestry of visions,
each thread woven with the fabric of sorrow
and the weight of truth.
He stands before Oedipus,
the paradox of sight,
the embodiment of depth.

****Oedipus: ****

'Tell me, Tiresias!
What do your hidden eyes see?
What shadows lurk in the alleys of prophecy,
waiting to ensnare a king,
to unmask the horror
I dare not face?
Is there a glimmer,

a shard of light in this dark labyrinth,
that could guide my faltering steps? '

****Tiresias: ****

'Ah, Oedipus,
the light you seek is a false dawn,
a flicker that blinds rather than reveals.
You, who chase the echoes of your own making,
are ensnared in the web of your desires.
Your vision is a cruel joke,
a mirage danced upon the horizon,
while I,
in my blindness,
hold the mirror to your soul,
reflecting the truth you cannot bear to see.'

****Oedipus: ****

'But I am the king!
I have saved this city,
I have banished the scourge of the Sphinx!
How can you,
who sees not the world,
claim to understand the heart of man?
Is it not within the light of day
that we find clarity,
the power to shape our destiny? '

****Tiresias: ****

'Ah, but destiny is not shaped,
it is unveiled,
a shroud lifted by the hands of fate.
You wear your crown like a blindfold,
and in your quest for vision,
you drown in the depths of your own creating.
What is sight, dear king,
if it is not an illusion,
a fleeting moment of clarity
before the storm?
I may be blind to the world,
but I see the strings of your fate,
woven with loss and love,
a tapestry of bloodlines tangled,

the echoes of your choices
whispering through the ages.'

****Oedipus: ****

'But what of my pride?
Is it not my shield against the world?
Must I strip it away,
expose myself to the rawness of existence?
Would you have me stand naked
before the truth,
my armor shattered,
my heart laid bare? '

****Tiresias: ****

'To embrace the truth is not to be weak,
but to find strength in vulnerability.
Look within,
not beyond,
for the true blindness lies in the refusal
to acknowledge the shadows
that dance behind your throne.
It is in this surrender,
this relinquishing of the self,
that you may find the vision
that eludes you still.'

****Oedipus: ****

'Then what remains for a fallen king?
What hope can flourish
in the soil of despair?
If my eyes are forever clouded,
and my heart is a vessel of regret,
what is left for me
but to wander the night,
lost among the stars
that once guided my path? '

****Tiresias: ****

'Hope is the ember that flickers in the dark,
an invitation to rise from the ashes of your making.
Embrace the blindness that grants you clarity,
for there is wisdom in surrender,

and strength in knowing
that even in darkness,
the heart beats,
and the soul sings.
You are both sight and blindness,
the king and the outcast,
the seeker and the found.
Dare to walk the path of shadows,
for in their depths,
you may yet discover
the light that burns eternal.'

And so, in the virtual embrace of their dialogue,
the king and the seer,
sight and blindness,
dance the age-old waltz of fate,
echoing through the chambers of time,
a reminder that truth and illusion
are but two sides of the same

Mohammad Yousef

Paris And Helen Of Troy

a Love Story

In the cradle of dawn, when whispers of light
dance upon the Seine,
Paris, the golden-haired shepherd,
stumbles upon a vision,
a goddess draped in beauty,
Helen, of the luminous locks,
whose gaze ignites the very air,
turning breath to flame,
and hearts to ash.

In the marble courts of Sparta,
where ambition intertwines with fate,
they meet beneath the blooming vines,
a garden alive with stolen moments,
where laughter flutters like butterflies,
and dreams unfurl like silken banners
in the softest of summer breezes.

Oh, Helen—
the world spins in your radiance,
each glance a thread woven into the fabric of destiny,
and Paris, a mere mortal,
is ensnared in the web of your grace,
caught between the pulse of longing
and the weight of a thousand kingdoms.

Their love, a tempest wrapped in silks,
a daring dance in the twilight,
where shadows stretch long and whispers grow bold.
They steal away to the hidden shores,
where the waves murmur secrets of the ancients,
and the moon bathes them in silver,
as if to bless their audacious hearts.

But lo!
The gods, with their jealous eyes,
watch from Olympus,

and soon the skies darken,
thunder rumbles like the heart of a warrior,
for love, unbound by the chains of reason,
calls forth the storm of war.

Men in armor,
with swords drawn and hearts hardened,
march to the rhythm of betrayal,
for a woman's choice has sparked a fire,
and Troy stands proud,
a beacon of beauty and sorrow.

Yet, within the chaos,
Paris and Helen find solace,
in the quiet moments between the battles,
where the world fades to a whisper,
and all that remains is the echo of their hearts,
the pulse of love relentless,
defying the very heavens.

Through the smoke and the ruin,
they cling to each other,
a fragile promise wrapped in desperation,
as the walls of Troy rise and fall
like the tide of their fates,
and the stars bear witness to their plight.

Oh, love—
a tempest, a curse, a treasure,
in the fragile hands of mortals
who dare to dream against the odds,
who chase the fleeting shadows of eternity,
knowing that even in the ashes,
the embers of passion will flicker on,
reminding the world that love,
in its purest form,
is both a blessing and a battle.

So let the tales be told,
of Paris and Helen,
of a love that defied empires,
etched in the annals of time,

as the sun sets over the ruins of Troy,
and the night sings softly,
a lullaby for lovers lost
and for love that remains,
forever entwined in the heart of history.

Mohammad Yousef

Paris And Hellen

(Virtual Dialogue Before Death)

In the pixelated glow of a midnight screen,
two souls wander,
drifting through the ether,
where time is but a whisper,
and distance dissolves into code.

****Paris: ****

Do you hear the echoes?
The laughter from the cobblestone streets,
the distant murmur of the Seine,
where dreams float like petals on water?
I can almost taste the warmth of the sun,
the aroma of fresh baguettes,
the sweet symphony of life pulsating.

****Hellen: ****

I hear it,
the ghosts of what was,
the clamor of hearts intertwined,
woven into the fabric of moments,
each thread a memory,
each knot a choice,
binding us even now,
despite the miles and the years.

****Paris: ****

Do you remember that summer?
The way we danced beneath the stars,
barefoot on the rooftop,
with the city sprawling beneath our feet,
the world a canvas,
and we, the artists, painting our joy?

****Hellen: ****

I remember it vividly,
the warmth of your hand in mine,
the laughter spilling like wine,

the reckless abandon of youth,
unfurling like a flag in the wind,
an anthem of love, defying gravity.

****Paris: ****

But now,
the clock ticks with a different rhythm,
the digital world wraps around us,
pixels and data,
replacing flesh and bone,
and I wonder,
what remains of us,
in this synthetic embrace?

****Hellen: ****

We are still here,
woven into the fabric of this virtual tapestry,
our voices echoing in the silence,
the laughter preserved in bits and bytes,
even as our bodies fade like shadows,
we are more than just the sum of our parts.

****Paris: ****

Yet, I fear the finality,
the moment the screen goes dark,
when silence reigns,
and the memories become ghosts,
haunting the corridors of my mind,
where I once found you.

****Hellen: ****

But listen, dear Paris,
even in the stillness,
love transcends the void,
it dances through the afterlife,
a melody played on the strings of eternity,
where we are never truly alone,
never truly lost.

****Paris: ****

So, we linger here,
in this ephemeral space,

defying the impending darkness,
with words as our lanterns,
illuminating the path ahead,
holding onto each syllable,
each heartbeat,
until the final breath.

****Hellen: ****

And when that moment comes,
let us not fear the silence,
for we will meet again,
in the gardens beyond,
where the flowers bloom forever,
and our laughter fills the air,
unfettered by time,
unbound by flesh.

****Both Together: ****

In this virtual embrace,
we are not merely echoes,
but the essence of what remains,
two souls entwined,
defying the final curtain,
in this dance of love,
even before the end.

Mohammad Yousef

Women Of Troy

(Love Story)

In the shadow of ancient walls,
where whispers of battle still linger,
the Women of Troy weave their tales,
each thread a heartbeat,
each knot a memory,
intertwined with the scent of smoke
and the salt of tears.

They stand, fierce and resolute,
against the backdrop of war,
their eyes aflame with the fire of defiance,
and yet, tender with the weight of love,
love for brothers, fathers,
and sons lost in the cruel embrace of fate,
love for men wrapped in armor,
whose hearts beat like drums
in the symphony of siege.

Hecuba, queen of sorrow,
her hands, calloused yet gentle,
gathers her daughters close,
her voice a lullaby over the chaos,
"Hold tightly to your dreams, my children,
for even the strongest stone
can be worn smooth by the river of longing."

Cassandra, with visions like lightning,
futures unspooled before her,
a heart heavy with foreknowledge,
she cries out against the tide,
"Love is a war of its own,
fought in the silence of shared glances,
in the flicker of a candle's flame,
and in the echoes of unspoken words."

And then there's Andromache,
whose love for Hector is a rose

growing in the cracks of despair,
her laughter a fragile melody,
lost amidst the clamor of clashing swords,
“Even in the face of death,
our hearts shall dance,
for love is the armor we wear
against the darkness.”

Amidst the chaos,
the women gather,
their voices rising like smoke,
a chorus of resilience,
each story a thread in the tapestry,
each loss a brushstroke
on the canvas of their lives.

They remember the whispers of youth,
the stolen kisses beneath the olive trees,
the promises made under the stars,
when love was a fragrant bloom,
untouched by the bitterness of betrayal,
and the shadow of a wooden horse.

Yet, in the heart of destruction,
love persists,
like the stubborn wildflowers
that push through the rubble,
each petal a testament to endurance,
each bloom a declaration:
“We are more than victims,
we are the architects of our fate,
the keepers of our flame.”

As the city crumbles,
and the cries of the fallen fill the air,
the Women of Troy stand tall,
their spirits untamed,
weaving love into the fabric of history,
for in every heartache,
in every shattering moment,
they find the strength to love again,
to rise from the ashes,

reborn in the light of passion,
a love story etched in time,
echoing through the ages,
as eternal as the stars
that watched over them,
unblinking,
unwavering,
holding their secrets,
like a mother holds her child,
with fierce love,
and an unbreakable bond.

Mohammad Yousef

Tragic Love

In the soft dusk, where shadows linger,
two souls met amidst the whispers of fate,
like stars colliding in a silent symphony,
their hearts beat in synchrony,
a rhythm both tender and fierce,
breathless, they wove a tapestry of dreams,
each thread a promise, each knot a vow.

She, a wildflower, dancing in the wind,
with laughter that echoed like the chime of bells,
her eyes, twin galaxies, unfurling secrets,
and he, a tempest, fierce and unyielding,
with hands that cradled storms,
and a heart that burned like a sun,
aching to warm her world,
to cast away the chill of solitude.

They found solace in the spaces between words,
in stolen glances and soft touches,
where the universe shrank to a heartbeat,
each moment a brushstroke
on the canvas of eternity.

But love, oh love, is a double-edged sword,
and the winds of change are relentless.
Whispers of doubt crept in,
like shadows stretching at twilight,
and the dreams they built,
rose like castles of sand,
only to crumble beneath the weight of reality.

Promises made under starlit skies
turned into echoes, haunting and hollow,
the distance growing like a chasm,
each word a stone cast into silence,
each glance a reminder of what was lost.

And oh, the pain of love unfulfilled,
like waves crashing against jagged cliffs,

the heart, a fragile vessel
adrift in a sea of longing,
torn between what is and what should have been.

They walked separate paths,
the wildflower wilting in the absence of sun,
the tempest lost in the storm of his own making,
and the world spun on, indifferent,
while their hearts carried the weight of a thousand unspoken goodbyes.

But love, in its tragic beauty,
remains a bittersweet melody,
each note a reminder of the fire they ignited,
a love that burned bright,
even as it flickered and faded,
leaving only the ashes of what could have been,
and the lingering scent of jasmine in the air.

In the quiet corners of their minds,
they still hear the echoes of laughter,
the soft brush of fingertips,
and in the depths of their souls,
they carry the memory of a love
that was fierce and wild,
beautiful and tragic,
a story etched in the fabric of time,
forever a part of who they are,
an indelible mark upon their hearts.

And so, they walk on,
each step a tribute to the love they knew,
a love that, though lost,
will never truly fade,
for in every heartbeat,
in every whispered sigh,
the story of their tragic love
will forever linger,
a haunting refrain
in the symphony of their lives.

Mohammad Yousef

Lessons We Learn From Oedipus

In the shadow of the Sphinx,
a riddle whispered through the ages,
the truth wrapped in layers of fate,
where the past and present collide,
and destinies intertwine,
like vines seeking the sun.

Oedipus, the king, the seeker,
crowned in glory, yet blind to the truth,
a man of intellect,
who thought he could outsmart the gods,
his hubris a beacon,
drawing him into the labyrinth of his own making.

He chased the echoes of prophecy,
unraveled threads of time,
only to find himself entangled,
a puppet dancing on the strings of fate,
the irony draped over him,
a cloak woven with threads of his own defiance.

What do we learn from this tragic tale?
That knowledge is a double-edged sword,
sharp enough to cut through illusions,
yet dull enough to blind the heart.
In the pursuit of truth,
we may find ourselves lost,
the answers we seek,
veiled in shadows,
buried beneath the weight of our choices.

To confront our past is to embrace our humanity,
Oedipus teaches us the power of self-discovery,
that the journey inward is fraught with peril,
where the monsters we face are often ourselves.
We learn that the truth,
like the sun, can scorch the skin,
but it also has the power to illuminate the darkest corners.

Oh, the tragedy of free will!
The choices we make ripple through time,
echoing in the chambers of our hearts,
and as we tread the path of our ancestors,
we must heed the warnings of the ages,
for in the hubris of certainty,
lies the seed of our undoing.

In the end, Oedipus stands,
a figure of resilience,
a mirror reflecting our deepest fears,
reminding us that the quest for understanding
is not merely a journey of the mind,
but a pilgrimage of the soul.

So let us learn from his fall,
the lessons carved in tragedy,
to seek truth with humility,
to embrace the uncertainty of life,
to cherish the moments of clarity,
and to know that in the tapestry of existence,
we are all threads intertwined,
woven together in the fabric of fate,
each lesson a stitch,
each sorrow a reminder,
that we are human,
imperfect,
ever learning,
ever growing,
in the grand theater of the cosmos.

Mohammad Yousef

A Kiss On Forehead Erases Worry

In the quiet stillness of a moment,
where time gathers its whispers,
I find you,
standing like a gentle breeze,
your presence a balm,
a promise woven in the air.

Your lips, soft as the dawn,
descend upon my forehead,
a sacred touch,
a tenderness that speaks louder than words,
a language only our hearts understand.

In that fleeting brush,
the weight of the world lifts,
like heavy clouds parting for the sun,
the worries that clung,
like shadows at dusk,
dissolve into the ether,
leaving behind only light.

For in that kiss,
there is magic,
the kind that erases the jagged edges
of uncertainty,
that smooths the furrows of anxiety,
that quiets the storm raging within.

It is a promise of protection,
a vow that says,
you are safe here,
in this cocoon of warmth,
where love wraps around us
like a soft, woven blanket,
where the chaos of life
melts into stillness.

Each kiss, a spell,
cast against the backdrop of our dreams,

a reminder that we are not alone,
that even in the darkest nights,
the stars still glimmer,
and hope lingers,
like the scent of jasmine
on a summer's eve.

Let the world spin,
let the storms howl,
for I have you,
and you have me,
and with every press of your lips,
the worries fade,
a tapestry unraveled,
each thread a release,
until only peace remains,
and in that sacred space,
we breathe,
we heal,
we exist,
together,
undaunted,
unfettered,
by the weight of tomorrow.

So kiss me again,
on the forehead,
and let the worries scatter,
like leaves in the autumn breeze,
for in your love,
I find my haven,
a sanctuary where
no worry can linger,
only the promise of us,
ever bright,
ever free.

Mohammad Yousef

The Never Never Beloved

In the quiet shadows where whispers dwell,
Where dreams are spun from gossamer threads,
There lies a realm, untouched by time,
A sanctuary for the heart's unclaimed desires—
The never never beloved,
A phantom of what could be,
An echo of laughter in the wind,
A fleeting touch that dances on the edge of memory.

In fields where wildflowers bloom with abandon,
Beneath the sprawling, unyielding sky,
I chase the specter of your smile,
A mirage that glimmers just beyond reach,
Each heartbeat a reminder,
A pulse of longing wrapped in silence,
The taste of love, sweet yet elusive,
Like dew upon the dawn,
Slipping through fingers like grains of sand.

Oh, how I wander through the corridors of my mind,
Where you linger like a ghost,
A painting unfinished, colors bleeding into one another,
Every stroke a sigh, every hue a heartbeat,
Yet the canvas remains bare,
A testament to the beauty of the unfulfilled,
A story never told, a song forever unsung,
You, my never never beloved,
A constellation in the sky of my imagination.

In the twilight hours, I search for you,
Amidst the rustling leaves, the soft murmur of the brook,
The stars become your eyes, twinkling in the depths of night,
And I, the dreamer, the seeker of shadows,
Reach out to grasp the intangible,
To hold you close in the embrace of longing,
Yet you remain a wisp, a fleeting thought,
A whisper lost in the vastness of the universe.

What is love if not a journey,

A pilgrimage through the landscapes of the heart?
I have walked mountains, crossed rivers,
Only to find you in the spaces between,
In the laughter of children, the sigh of the breeze,
In every moment that brims with possibility,
Yet fades like mist at dawn,
You, my never never beloved,
A bittersweet refrain in the symphony of my soul.

So I will carry you,
In the depths of my heart, a sacred flame,
Lighting the paths of my wanderings,
An eternal reminder of the beauty of yearning,
For even in absence, you are present,
A thread woven into the fabric of my being,
A beloved that never was,
Yet always will be—
An endless journey,
A song without end,
My never never beloved.

Mohammad Yousef

Petersburg Vs Leningrad

In the heart of the north, where rivers weave,
Two names echo through time,
A city swaddled in history's embrace,
A tale of metamorphosis,
Of resilience, and the quiet strength of a name.

Petersburg, the elegant phantom,
Draped in the silks of imperial dreams,
Where palaces glimmer like stars at dusk,
And the Neva flows with stories untold,
Of poets and painters,
Of whispers in the shadows of gilded halls.

Leningrad, the iron-clad fortitude,
Born of revolution,
A phoenix rising from the ashes of war,
Where the echoes of bombardments mingled
With the cries of a city refusing to falter,
A testament to endurance,
The spirit that thrived in the cold grip of history.

Two faces of a single soul,
Petersburg and Leningrad,
Entwined like the rivers that cradle them,
One, a muse, the other, a warrior,
Each name a chapter, each chapter a heartbeat,
In the vast, throbbing expanse of time.

The winter nights stretch long and deep,
As the wind whispers secrets of both,
The grandeur of the Tsars,
The grit of survival against the siege,
Layers of history piled like snow,
Soft yet impenetrable,
Each flake a memory,
Each gust a reminder of who we were.

Art and revolution,
Beauty and struggle,

A ballet of contrasts dancing through the streets,
Where the ghosts of Dostoevsky stroll,
And the echoes of Shostakovich linger,
Every corner a canvas, every alley a stage,
The city thrumming with the pulse of the past.

Oh, how the bridges arch over the waters,
Connecting the past to the present,
As the sun sets in hues of orange and violet,
The skyline a silhouette of history,
Petersburg, the beloved child of the Neva,
Leningrad, the fierce protector of dreams.

In the eyes of the beholder,
A city is more than its name,
It is the laughter of children,
The footsteps of lovers on cobblestones,
The resilience of those who endured,
The poetry of life, woven through the streets,
An eternal dialogue between two identities,
Each name a story, each story a life.

So let the winds carry the whispers,
Of Petersburg and Leningrad,
Together they rise,
A symphony of resilience and grace,
In the heart of the north,
A testament to the passage of time,
And the enduring spirit of a city,
Forever dancing between the past and the future.

Mohammad Yousef

To Anna Akhmatova With Love

In the hushed corridors of time,
your name echoes like a soft refrain,
a whisper among the windswept pines,
where shadows linger,
and the moonlight weaves stories
into the fabric of night.

Anna, you, the poetess of sorrow,
draped in the silks of longing,
your words, a river of tears,
flowing through the valleys of despair,
each syllable a petal fallen,
each verse a flame flickering against the dark.

In St. Petersburg, where the Neva sighs,
you walked the cobbled streets,
your heart an open book,
pages fluttering in the chill
of a world too cold to embrace,
yet you danced with the ghosts of lovers,
their laughter entwined with your grief.

I see you, a silhouette against the dawn,
your ink-stained fingers tracing
the contours of a fractured soul,
each poem a testament, a bridge
between the mundane and the divine,
a beacon for the lost,
the weary travelers of life.

O how you captured the fleeting,
the essence of a moment,
a glance, a touch, a sigh,
the weight of silence,
the echo of a heart that beats
in rhythm with the universe,
your voice a symphony of the unsaid,
the unfulfilled dreams that linger
like smoke in the air.

You sang of love, that elusive specter,
of its beauty and its cruelty,
how it shapes us,
like the sea carves the shore,
how it leaves us raw, unguarded,
yet blooms in the cracks of our being,
like wildflowers in the desolation.

And in the shadows of your verses,
I find solace,
a sanctuary where pain transforms
into art, where sorrow becomes
the ink that etches the soul,
where hope flickers in the corners,
defiant against the encroaching night.

Anna, dear heart,
I write to you across the chasms of time,
to honor the strength in your fragility,
the courage in your vulnerability,
to celebrate the fire that burns
within your quiet, resolute spirit—
a flame that illuminates the path
for those who dare to dream,
to feel, to love.

So here, beneath the vast expanse,
where stars spill their light
onto the pages of history,
I send you this love,
a tribute, a promise,
that your words will never fade,
that your spirit will roam eternally,
a guiding star in the night sky,
ever illuminating the way
for those who seek
the beauty amid the chaos,
the truth in the shadows,
the love that endures,
always, always,
for you.

Mohammad Yousef

Crucifixion

Do not weep for me, Mother,
when I am in grave,
for the sky shall bear witness,
the sun will curl into shadows,
and the earth will tremble
beneath the weight of my silence.

In the stillness of twilight,
I will rise from the ashes of despair,
my spirit unfurling like a banner
against the storms of ignorance,
each breath a testament to resilience,
each heartbeat a whisper of defiance.

Mother,
do not let your tears carve rivers of sorrow,
for I am but a thread in the tapestry of fate,
woven with the fibers of sacrifice,
the colors of love and pain intertwined,
and in this crucifixion,
I find the essence of my being.

The wood beneath me,
grains of history etched in timelessness,
holds the stories of those who came before,
their voices echoing in the hollows of my chest,
reminding me that beyond the suffering,
there is a purpose, a light yet to be revealed.

Let the nails pierce not just my flesh,
but the illusions that bind us,
the chains of expectation and despair,
for in the agony of surrender,
I shall discover the freedom of the soul,
the transcendence of love that knows no bounds.

I am the echo of a thousand prayers,
the embodiment of a love unbroken,
and when the darkness threatens to swallow,

I will shine, a beacon in the night,
reminding the world that even in death,
there is a yearning for rebirth.

So, do not weep for me, Mother,
when I am in grave,
for I will be the whisper of the wind,
the rustle of leaves in the ancient trees,
the light that dances on the waters,
the promise of tomorrow,
alive in the hearts that remember.

In this crucifixion, I am not lost,
but set free,
a guardian of hope,
a testament to the journey,
where love transcends the cross,
and in every tear shed,
new life begins to bloom.

Mohammad Yousef

Write On My Epitaph: he Lived For Hope, And Died For Hope

In the quiet breath of dawn,
where shadows stretch and mingle,
ink spills like morning dew,
etching words upon the stone,
carving legacy into silence.

****He lived for Hope, ****
a flickering flame in the tempest,
an unwavering gaze upon the horizon,
where dreams danced like fireflies,
alive in the soft embrace of dusk.

He wandered through fields of despair,
with laughter bubbling like a brook,
and when storms raged,
he stood firm as the ancient oak,
roots deep in the soil of belief,
branches reaching for the sky,
reaching for the light that dared to break.

Each step a testament,
each breath a prayer,
he cradled visions in his heart,
whispered them to the stars,
believing in a tomorrow,
where shadows would yield to dawn's blush.

****And died for Hope, ****
in the twilight's final sigh,
when the world grew heavy with night,
he exchanged his breath for a promise,
an ember in the darkness,
a spark igniting the souls of many.

His last words floated,
a soft echo against the void,
a reminder that even in the depths,

Hope is a tether,
a lifeline to the infinite,
woven through the fabric of existence.

In the quiet of the earth,
underneath the weight of time,
let them carve these words,
let them sing through the ages,
for he lived with an open heart,
and in his sacrifice,
he wove a tapestry of dreams,
that would never fade,
that would always breathe,
in the hearts of those who dare to hope.

So write on my epitaph,
let the chisel sing,
let the stone bear witness
to a life not merely lived,
but a life that soared,
a life that whispered to the stars:
*Hope is the fire,
and I am but a flicker,
but together, we can light the night.*

Mohammad Yousef

Gray Eyes

In the quiet corners of an autumn dusk,
where shadows stretch and mingle with the breeze,
I find you,
an enigma wrapped in the softest silence.
Your gaze, a canvas of storm clouds,
a swirling tempest of dreams and secrets,
gray eyes,
the color of forgotten skies,
whispering tales of distant shores.

They hold the weight of a thousand sunsets,
the lingering light of day,
fading into night,
and in their depths,
I see echoes of laughter,
the shimmer of tears,
a universe contained,
a mosaic of moments,
both fragile and fierce.

These eyes,
they dance with the light of a thousand stars,
reflecting the flicker of hope,
the shadows of doubt,
each glance a brushstroke on the canvas of existence,
where joy and sorrow entwine,
where hearts beat in synchrony,
and time collapses,
a soft sigh against the fabric of eternity.

Gray eyes,
they pierce the veil of pretense,
lay bare the soul's intricacies,
a mirror to the world's chaos,
and in their gaze,
I find solace,
a sanctuary woven from the threads of understanding,
where words are superfluous,
and silence speaks in volumes.

They've seen the laughter of children,
the weight of a lover's farewell,
the resilience of the human spirit,
the fragility of a single heartbeat,
and in those gray depths,
I am lost and found,
a traveler in a realm
where nothing is quite as it seems,
yet everything resonates
with a truth both raw and radiant.

Take me deeper into that storm,
where the wild winds of fate collide,
where the mundane becomes magical,
and the hues of gray transform
into a spectrum of possibility.
Let me wander through the labyrinth of your thoughts,
explore the shadows that linger,
unravel the mysteries that thrum
beneath the surface,
waiting for the light to break through.

Gray eyes,
you hold the universe in your gaze,
and I, a humble seeker,
yearn to understand,
to touch the essence of your being,
to dance in the rhythm of your heart,
to witness the world as you do,
with all its complexities,
its sorrows and wonders,
its simple, profound beauty.

So let us wander together,
through the tapestry of life,
with your gray eyes guiding the way,
finding poetry in the silence,
and music in the spaces between,
for in those moments,
we discover the depths of our humanity,
the shared pulse of existence,

and the luminous truth
that resides within us all.

Mohammad Yousef

Waiting For Barbarians To Come

In the stillness of the afternoon,
where shadows stretch long like whispers,
the air thickens with an unspoken dread,
and I find myself,
a solitary figure,
perched on the edge of time,
gazing down the dusty road,
where the horizon blurs into uncertainty.

The sun hangs heavy,
a burning eye in the sky,
watching over the quiet town
that once thrummed with life,
now held in a breath,
a pause,
a moment suspended like a fragile crystal,
waiting to shatter.

What do we expect?
What do we desire?
The question hangs like a storm cloud,
dark and pregnant with possibility.
Will they come with the thunder of hooves,
with eyes wild and voices like fire,
or will they slink in on the backs of shadows,
carrying the weight of forgotten dreams?

I see the faces of my neighbors,
etched with worry,
their hands wringing stories of the past,
the fabric of our lives fraying at the edges.
We gather in huddled clusters,
clutching our grudges,
our hopes,
our fragile certainties,
as if they could ward off the night.

But still, we wait,
with baited breath,

each heartbeat a drumroll,
each glance down the road a prayer,
a silent invocation,
for the barbarians to come,
to break the chains of our complacency,
to tear apart the seams of our existence.

For what is civilization
if not a cage of our own making?
Brick by brick, we build our walls,
and yet, deep inside,
we yearn for the chaos,
the wildness that reminds us
we are alive,
we are human,
we are flawed and beautiful,
like the stars scattered across the night sky.

So let them come,
the barbarians,
with their laughter like music,
their hearts ablaze with recklessness.
Let them break the silence,
let them howl at the moon,
let them dance upon the ruins
of our carefully constructed lives.
We are ready,
ready to embrace the unknown,
to trade our fears for freedom,
to find beauty in the wreckage.

And in this waiting,
in this stillness,
we discover ourselves,
not as victims of fate,
but as architects of a new dawn,
where the horizon is painted
with the colors of hope and despair,
and we are no longer bound
by the chains of our expectations.

So let them come,

the barbarians,
for we are here,
waiting,
not just for them,
but for the awakening of our souls,
the reclamation of our wild hearts,
the realization that in chaos,
there is a kind of order,
and in waiting,
we learn to be free.

Mohammad Yousef

Ugarit: City Of Echoes

In the cradle of a forgotten sea,
where the sun dips low,
casting golden whispers upon ancient stones,
Ugarit rises,
a tapestry woven with threads of time—
a city where the past breathes.

The air, thick with the scent of salt and spice,
carries tales of merchants,
their laughter a symphony,
each brick a heartbeat in the rhythm of trade,
where the Phoenicians carved their dreams
into the waves,
and the sands cradled the secrets of gods.

Oh, Ugarit!
You stand resolute,
a sentinel of clay tablets,
inscribed with cuneiform wisdom,
each symbol a doorway,
inviting curious souls to wander through,
to decipher the echoes of your voice,
to drink from the well of knowledge
that flows like the Orontes,
steadfast and unyielding.

In your embrace,
the moon dances with the stars,
while Baal commands the storm,
and Asherah whispers in the rustle of leaves.
Your temples rise like prayer,
invocations to the heavens,
where the sun-god warms the hearts
of those who dare to dream.

The marketplace thrums with life,
colors bleed into one another,
spices swirl like dancers,
and the laughter of children

is a melody that binds the fabric of community,
woven tightly with the threads of shared stories,
of love and loss, of hope and despair.

But time is a relentless tide,
and as the waves crash against your shores,
the sands shift,
buried beneath the weight of history,
until only whispers remain,
echoes of your glory,
lost in the labyrinth of memory.

Yet here I stand,
on the edge of your ruins,
where the stones still hum with the energy of life,
where the ghosts of your people linger,
cloaked in the fragrance of myrrh,
their laughter mingling with the wind,
a reminder that you were once vibrant,
a heartbeat in the cradle of civilization.

Ugarit, you are not merely dust,
but the essence of a thousand stories,
a mosaic of dreams,
a testament to the resilience of a people,
who dared to carve their existence
into the annals of time,
who lived and loved and lost,
and in their echoes,
you endure.

So let us gather your fragments,
let us piece together your mosaic,
for in every shard lies a truth,
in every fragment, a memory,
and through the lens of history,
we shall revive your spirit,
the spirit of Ugarit,
the city of echoes,
where the past and present intertwine,
and the heartbeat of humanity
resounds eternally.

Mohammad Yousef

Troy

In the cradle of ancient whispers,
where the Aegean sighs and the sun spills gold,
Troy stands, a mosaic of dreams and ash,
its walls crumbled yet unyielding,
a testament to valor and folly,
echoes of warriors linger in the winds,
their laughter and lamentation entwined,
a haunting melody of desire and despair.

Once, proud towers kissed the sky,
defiant against the onslaught of time,
echoes of the past pulse through the stones,
where heroes tread,
where love ignited the flames of war,
where Helen's face launched ships,
a beauty forged in the fires of longing,
her name a spark that ignited the world.

The plains of Ilium,
swathed in golden grasses,
witnessed the clash of steel and fate,
Achilles, fierce as a tempest,
his wrath a river roaring,
Hector, noble and steadfast,
a lion in the twilight,
both bound by honor,
yet shackled to the threads of destiny.

Oh, Troy,
you are the canvas of human heartbeats,
painted with the brush of ambition,
where gods played chess with mortals,
and love was a weapon,
sharp and unyielding.
Prayers rose like smoke,
and sacrifices fell like rain,
each drop a story,
each whisper a memory.

From the depths of the wooden horse,
betrayal slumbered, waiting,
a silent promise wrapped in cunning,
the gates creaked open,
and shadows danced in the moonlight,
while laughter turned to screams,
and glory turned to dust,
the ashes of once-great warriors mingling
with the earth,
cradling their dreams,
as the sun dipped below the horizon.

Yet still, the heart of Troy beats on,
in the stories spun by firelight,
in the tales of love and loss,
in the relentless pulse of history,
a reminder that we are all
woven into this tapestry,
threaded with hopes and fears,
our own battles waged,
our own walls built,
only to be besieged by time.

Troy,
you are not just a city,
but a reflection of our souls,
an echo of our triumphs and failures,
a reminder that every heart
carries its own siege,
and every love story
is a saga waiting to be told.
In the ruins of your past,
we find the strength to rise,
for in every ending,
there lies the seed of a new beginning,
and in the ashes of Troy,
we build the hopes of tomorrow.

Mohammad Yousef

My Body, Remember (I Am 60 Years Old)

My body, remember—
the laughter of youth,
the rush of mornings,
the thrill of untraveled paths,
each heartbeat a drum,
a call to adventure,
a promise of endless tomorrows.

Remember the soft touch of grass,
the sun's golden embrace,
the salt of the sea
kissing my skin,
the dance of shadows
as I twirled beneath the sky,
a tapestry woven with dreams.

Now, the mirror reflects
a tapestry worn at the edges,
a map of moments carved
in lines and curves.
The echoes of late-night laughter
have become whispers of wisdom,
each ache a story,
each scar a badge of survival.

I run my hands over my arms,
the arms that cradled my children,
that lifted me in triumph,
that held the weight of loss.
The strength still lingers,
but now it speaks in whispers,
reminding me to slow down,
to savor the quiet.

Remember the nights spent
under a blanket of stars,
the secrets shared,

the dreams woven tight,
when the world felt infinite,
and I was a part of its pulse.

Oh, how I danced then—
with reckless abandon,
the rhythm of life
coursing through my veins,
each step a declaration,
each twirl a fight against time.

But now, my body,
you are a wise companion,
teaching me to listen,
to pause, to breathe
in the beauty of the present,
to fold myself into moments
like a flower curling towards the sun.

Remember, my body,
the late afternoons of contentment,
the softness of twilight,
the warmth of a hand held tight.
The laughter may fade,
but the joy remains,
the light within,
a flicker that refuses to dim.

At sixty, I stand,
a mosaic of years,
each fragment a lesson,
each moment a treasure.
I embrace the shifts,
the gentle sag of time,
and in this embrace,
I find strength anew—
the strength to love, to cherish,
to celebrate every breath,
as I continue this dance,
this beautiful, imperfect,
wonderful life.

On My Birthday (I Am 60 Years Old)

Sixty years of whispers,
echoes of laughter dancing in the hallways
of my mind,
where memories flutter like moths to a flame—
flickering,
softly illuminating the shadows of time.

I stand here,
an oak tree rooted deep in the soil of my past,
branches heavy with the weight of stories:
the laughter of children,
the tears of goodbyes,
the warmth of friendships forged in the fire of life.

Sixty candles flicker on my cake,
a constellation of years,
brittle and bright,
each flame a wish waiting to take flight,
each glow a reminder of battles fought,
of dreams chased like fireflies on warm summer nights.

I remember the sweetness of first loves,
the sting of heartache,
the thrill of adventure,
the quiet moments of solitude—
the tapestry of my heart woven with threads of joy and sorrow,
each strand a lesson learned,
a heartbeat counted.

I have danced in the rain of my mistakes,
sipped the nectar of triumph,
each sip bitter,
each sip sweet,
for life is a cocktail of experiences,
served in a glass of uncertainty,
garnished with the laughter of friends,
the comfort of family.

Now, as I stand at this threshold,
I embrace the gray in my hair,
the lines on my face,
maps of the journeys I've taken,
each wrinkle a testament to survival,
each gray strand a badge of honor,
a silent proclamation of wisdom born of years.

Today, I celebrate not just the years,
but the moments—
the stolen glances,
the sunrises that painted the sky,
the sunsets that whispered goodnight,
the quietude of evenings spent in reflection,
the chaos of days bursting with life.

Sixty years,
and still I dream—
of new horizons,
of passions yet to ignite,
of love that knows no boundaries,
of laughter that fills the air like music.

So here I stand,
with arms wide open,
ready to embrace the next chapter,
the unwritten pages waiting,
for I am not merely a number,
but a symphony of experiences,
a canvas splashed with colors yet to bloom.

On my birthday,
I toast to the past,
to the present,
to the future—
to the journey that has shaped me,
and to the adventures that await,
for life, in all its chaotic beauty,
is a gift,
and today, I unwrap it with joy.

The Words Under Words

(For S, The Eternal Love Of My Life)

In the quiet corners of my mind,
where shadows dance with whispers,
there lies a language unspoken,
woven in the fabric of our days—
a tapestry of glances,
of fingertips brushing like soft rain,
of laughter that bubbles in the silence
between heartbeats.

Here, the words are deeper than the sea,
hidden beneath the surface,
where the tides of our souls
rise and fall in unison,
carrying the weight of dreams,
the salt of shared tears,
the gentle echo of promises
made in the stillness of the night.

In the spaces where syllables rest,
I find you—
a constellation of moments,
each star a memory,
each flicker a heartbeat,
lighting up the vast expanse
of my longing.

You are the poetry that lives
in the pauses,
the breath between the verses,
the heartbeat in the rhythm,
the pulse that quickens
when I speak your name,
a name that dances
on the tip of my tongue,
a sweet refrain
that lingers long after
the last note has faded.

We are the architects of our own lexicon,
building bridges with the silence
that speaks louder than thunder,
crafting sonnets from the mundane,
turning the ordinary into the extraordinary
with every shared sunset,
every stolen moment,
every breath that intertwines
in the sacred space we create.

I trace the contours of your soul,
mapping the uncharted territories
of your laughter, your fears,
your hopes, your dreams,
with every word spoken
and every word unspoken,
each a thread in the fabric
of this love we have spun—
a love that defies gravity,
that soars like the wind,
that finds beauty in the unvoiced,
the unseen, the unuttered.

Oh, my beloved,
in the realm of words under words,
we are infinite,
a universe of meaning
waiting to be discovered,
a symphony of silence
that resonates in the depths
of our intertwined hearts.

Let us wander deeper,
beyond the surface,
into the delicate weave
of what lies beneath,
for in that sacred space,
in the quiet utterance of our souls,
we find the essence of eternity,
the pulse of forever,
the words that carry us

through the dawn of each new day,
and in the twilight of all our tomorrows.

Together, we write our story,
a love letter to the universe,
a testament to the beauty of the unseen,
the words under words,
where you and I
are forever intertwined,
an eternal echo
in the symphony of existence.

Mohammad Yousef

The Ritual Of Arabic Coffee

In the heart of the desert,
where the sun spills its golden nectar,
an ancient dance unfolds,
a ritual steeped in tradition,
where time slows,
and the world breathes,
a symphony of scents rising,
wafting through sun-kissed air.

Coffee beans, dark as the night sky,
crackling softly under the fire's embrace,
each pop a whisper of stories untold,
of journeys across vast lands,
from mountains to valleys,
where hands, worn and wise,
tend to the harvest,
cradling the earth's gift with reverence.

The brass dallah gleams,
a vessel of history,
its spout curving like the crescent moon,
pouring warmth into waiting cups,
small, delicate,
ceremonial vessels,
holding more than mere liquid,
but the essence of hospitality,
the heart of connection,
a bridge between souls.

The coffee brews,
a concoction of spices,
cardamom's embrace,
cinnamon's whisper,
a pinch of love stirred into the pot,
a family's legacy,
passed from hand to hand,
each sip a memory,
each taste a testament,
to the richness of life's tapestry.

Gathered at dusk,
under a canopy of stars,
voices intertwine,
laughter dances like flickering flames,
as stories spill forth,
of ancestors, of dreams,
of the day's trials and triumphs,
each cup raised in salute,
to the shared journey,
to the warmth of kinship,
to the unbreakable bonds forged,
over this humble brew.

In the quiet moments,
as the last drops linger,
the embers glow softly,
the night deepens,
and in that space,
where silence speaks volumes,
Arabic coffee becomes more than a drink—
it is a testament,
a reminder of who we are,
of where we come from,
a ritual that ties us,
an anchor in the ebb and flow of life.

So let the coffee flow,
let it fill our hearts,
let it warm our spirits,
for in each tiny cup,
we find a universe,
a celebration of flavor,
a tapestry of existence,
woven together with every sip,
and every shared glance,
in this sacred act of life,
in the simple joy of Arabic coffee.

Mohammad Yousef

What Is About To Happen

In the whisper of the wind,
there lies a tremor,
a heartbeat of the cosmos,
where shadows dance on the edge of dusk,
and the sun bows low,
as if to listen,
to the murmurs of fate.

The gods, perched high
on their celestial thrones,
gaze into the endless tapestry of time,
threads weaved with starlight and sorrow.
They know the echoes of tomorrow,
the laughter yet to ripple through the air,
the tears that will carve rivers
in the hearts of men.

Ordinary souls,
with their feet planted firmly
on the soil of the present,
navigate life's bustling market,
where hopes and dreams are bartered,
and the sweetness of now
clings to their fingertips.
They breathe in the fragrant chaos,
unaware of the veils that shroud
the horizon of their tomorrows.

But the wise—
the seekers of silence,
those who listen to the pulse
of the universe—
they stand at the crossroads,
where past meets future,
with eyes that pierce through
the fog of uncertainty.

They feel the tremors beneath their feet,
a subtle shift in the earth's breath,

the rustle of leaves
foretelling storms,
and the glimmer of light
that heralds change.
They decipher the patterns,
the dance of the stars,
and the whispers of the ancients
echoing in the chambers of their hearts.

They know that what is about to happen
is not merely a shift of time,
but a symphony of destinies,
the crescendo of lives intertwined,
a tapestry spun with the threads
of every choice, every voice,
woven into the fabric of existence.

So here we stand,
at the precipice of now,
where the past lingers like a ghost,
and the future flutters like a butterfly,
awaiting the moment
when the wise shall speak,
when the gods shall nod,
and the ordinary will finally see
the grace of what is about to unfold,
in the sacred dance of life.

Mohammad Yousef

Gravediggers In The Petroleum Industry

In the land of black gold,
where dreams bubble up like crude,
they don't just dig for riches,
they dig for the future,
with shovels made of plastic and ambition.

Gravediggers in hard hats,
they stand in a circle,
chanting the mantra of profit margins,
while the earth beneath them
holds its breath,
as they carve out tombs for the trees,
those ancient sentinels,
watching their green lives slip
into a slick of oil and asphalt.

With every swing of the pickaxe,
they plant the seeds of irony—
for every barrel they unearth,
they bury a little more of us,
and the planet sighs,
“Not again...”

Oh, the sweet aroma of gasoline!
A perfume for the modern-day alchemist,
who turns nature into numbers,
and sells the sky,
one fracked well at a time.
They wear their helmets like crowns,
the kings of a kingdom
that will soon be a desert,
a wasteland of rusting rigs,
where the only sound is the echo
of their laughter,
bouncing off the bones of the earth.

“Dig, boys, dig!” they cry,
as they dance on the graves of ecosystems,
with a jig so delightful,

you'd think they were celebrating
a birthday party for the last polar bear.
"Just a little more, and we'll be rich!"
They toast with cups of crude,
toasting to the ghosts
of the creatures that roamed freely,
before the asphalt jungle
rose to swallow them whole.

And what about the carbon footprints?
They stomp around,
as if they're playing in the sand,
unaware that the tide is coming in,
with a wave of consequence,
ready to wash away their laughter,
leaving only remnants of plastic
and the residue of regret.

In their mind's eye,
the horizon is a glittering promise,
a mirage of endless wealth,
while the rest of us
hold our breath,
waiting for the inevitable collapse,
the grand finale of exploitation,
where gravediggers swap their shovels
for picket signs,
and demand a burial plot
in a world that's still breathing.

So here's to the gravediggers,
with their charcoal dreams and oil-stained hands,
may they find humor in the irony,
as they dig their own fate,
one laugh, one barrel at a time,
in this twisted comedy
of profits and plunder.
For when the curtain falls,
and the lights dim on this stage,
who will be left to hear the applause?
Just the ghosts of what once was,
and the echo of laughter,

that may turn to tears.

Mohammad Yousef

Gravediggers

In the quiet stretch of dusk,
when shadows stretch like weary limbs,
they arrive,
with shovels slung over shoulders,
their boots heavy with the mud of yesterdays,
the weight of stories untold,
the murmurs of the earth beneath their feet.

They are the silent custodians
of what we dare not speak,
the keepers of secrets buried
beneath stone and soil,
where whispers of lives once lived
echo softly through the roots of trees,
and the wind carries their tales
to those who pause,
to listen.

With each scoop,
they carve out a resting place,
a cradle for the memories,
the laughter and the tears
that once danced through the air,
now hushed,
but never forgotten.

Their hands are calloused,
not just from the toil of digging,
but from the embrace of grief,
the shared silence of the bereaved,
the solemn nods and muted prayers,
the heavy hearts that visit,
leaving behind flowers,
a fleeting token of love,
where love still breathes,
even in absence.

They dig not just for the dead,
but for the living,

to remind us that life is cyclical,
that every end is a beginning,
that in the cold embrace of the earth,
there is warmth,
and in the dark,
there is light.

They work by lantern's glow,
as twilight drapes its cloak,
each strike of the spade a heartbeat,
each mound of earth a testament
to the fragility of existence,
the beauty of being,
the inevitability of return.

And when the last shovelful is placed,
they stand,
wiping sweat from brows,
exhaling the day's weight,
for they are not just gravediggers,
but guardians of memory,
the whisperers of endings and beginnings,
the hands that shape the final farewell,
with reverence,
with grace.

They leave the site,
the moon rising high,
casting silver light upon the earth,
knowing that in the stillness,
they have honored life,
and in every grave,
a story continues,
a heart still beats,
in the rhythm of the soil,
the pulse of the universe,
where love,
forever,
is buried deep.

Mohammad Yousef

First Rendezvous

Beneath the soft glow of twilight,
when the world hushes,
and the last whispers of day
slip away into the arms of night,
we found ourselves at the edge of possibility,
two souls adrift,
caught in the pull of something
neither of us could name.

You arrived, a silhouette against the fading sky,
your laughter a melody that danced
on the cool evening air,
each note weaving itself
into the fabric of my memory.
I remember the way your eyes sparkled—
a constellation of stories waiting to unfold,
the promise of adventures
that lay just beyond the horizon.

We wandered, hand in hand,
through streets painted with shadows,
the city alive with secrets,
each corner a canvas,
each echo a heartbeat.
The scent of fresh rain lingered,
and the world seemed to conspire
to keep us in this moment,
suspended in the delicate balance
between what is and what could be.

Words flowed like a river,
unfurling tales of dreams and desires,
sharing hopes wrapped in laughter,
the kind that curls around the edges of the heart,
binding us together
with invisible threads of connection.
Time slipped like sand through our fingers,
but we didn't mind,
for in that sacred space,

we were infinite.

The stars blinked knowingly above us,
witnesses to our uncharted voyage,
as we leaned closer,
the world dissolving into the background,
the hum of life fading to a whisper.
And in that moment—
the soft brush of lips against lips,
a spark igniting the air between us,
a promise sealed beneath the night sky,
a rendezvous that would echo
through the annals of our hearts.

But it was more than a kiss,
more than a fleeting encounter;
it was the first step into a dance,
the beginning of a symphony,
a chorus of laughter and dreams
that would swell and swell,
a tapestry woven with the threads of our lives,
a story still unfolding,
with every heartbeat,
every shared glance,
every whispered secret,
each moment a brushstroke
on the canvas of our existence.

So here's to that first rendezvous,
to the magic that lingers,
to the spark that ignited in the twilight,
to the promise of forever
held within the delicate embrace
of two souls meeting,
for the very first time,
underneath the vast and endless sky.

Mohammad Yousef

Dents Of Life

In the quiet corners of our being,
where shadows linger and memories whisper,
lie the scars of life—
etched stories of battles fought,
of laughter that once danced in the air,
now woven into the fabric of our skin.

They are the ink of our existence,
each mark a chapter,
a tale spun from joy and sorrow,
from the embrace of love,
and the sting of betrayal,
from the sharp edges of loss,
and the soft caress of healing.

There was the time,
beneath the weight of expectation,
I stumbled,
my heart a fragile vessel,
cracking under the pressure,
and yet, in the shards of despair,
I found resilience,
a strength I never knew I possessed.

Each scar, a testament,
a reminder that I have lived,
that I have dared to dream,
to reach for the stars,
only to fall back,
sometimes, to the ground,
but always, always rising again.

Some scars are deep,
silent reminders of the nights
when tears carved rivers down my cheeks,
when the world felt heavy,
and hope seemed a distant shore,
but in those moments,
I learned the art of survival,

the gentle grace of letting go.

Others are lighter,
playful scribbles of joy,
the laughter shared in sunlit rooms,
the adventures that painted my soul,
each joyous mark a promise,
that life, in all its chaos,
is still a beautiful mess.

Time, that relentless artist,
has a way of softening the edges,
blurring the lines of pain,
turning scars into stories,
and I wear them,
not as badges of shame,
but as crowns of survival,
symbols of a journey well traveled.

So here I stand,
a tapestry of scars,
woven with threads of strength,
each one a reminder,
that I am not defined by my wounds,
but by the light that flickers within,
the spirit that refuses to be dimmed,
the heart that beats, relentless,
a pulse of life,
echoing through the chambers of time.

In this dance of existence,
I embrace my scars,
my stories intertwined,
for they are the proof
that I have loved fiercely,
that I have lost, and found,
and in the scars of life,
I discover,
the beauty of being whole.

Mohammad Yousef

Scars Of Life

In the tender cradle of childhood,
where laughter dances on the breeze,
the first scars are etched,
not of sorrow but of innocence,
of scraped knees and whispers of dreams,
elementary days, where crayons bleed,
on paper and hearts,
the colors of a world yet unscarred.

Preparatory years—
a bridge to the unknown,
lessons learned in classrooms,
where curiosity ignites the flame,
and friendships are woven,
in the fabric of shared secrets,
pencil fights, and fleeting glances,
the first love, soft and fluttering,
like the wings of a butterfly,
a tender whisper beneath the stars.

Then comes the second love,
as bright, yet tinged with the blush of youth,
the thrill of stolen kisses,
and the ache of goodbyes.
Secondary education,
a labyrinth of thoughts and choices,
where ambition is born,
fueled by dreams and heartache,
the bittersweet taste of longing.

University beckons,
a cacophony of ideas and voices,
where the third love blooms—
a fierce passion,
a rendezvous beneath the moonlight,
but love is fickle,
and failure finds its way,
through the cracks of a fragile heart,
an education in more than books,

the lessons of loss and resilience.

Friendship, the anchor in life's storm,
a friend in need is a friend indeed,
the laughter shared, the tears spilled,
the bonds forged in the fires of experience,
military service calls,
to the infantry school in Aleppo,
where discipline is clad in courage,
the Republic Guardian in Damascus,
where duty becomes a second skin.

Returning to civil life,
the weight of memories heavy,
yet life flows onward,
teaching at Al Mamoun and Tishreen,
where wisdom spills from lips,
and students search for their own scars,
joining the petroleum industry,
among the pipeline rats,
a new life, gritty and raw,
marriage blooms,
two hearts entwined,
with twins—a boy and a girl,
the laughter of new beginnings.

In the corporate maze,
head of foreign purchasing,
translation, procurement,
assessor manager of commercial dreams,
the administrative realm,
training the next generation,
yet navigating the labyrinth,
of difficult souls,
and the resignation,
a quiet farewell to the Syrian Company,
the scars of toil etched deep.

Back to normal life,
where the simple moments shine,
the echoes of laughter,
the warmth of a shared meal,

the beauty in the scars,
the stories they tell,
of a journey rich and complex,
a tapestry woven with love and loss,
a life lived, in the scars of time.

Mohammad Yousef

Abc:

a Love Story

A stands for Abdulkareem, my father,
His wisdom a lighthouse in stormy seas,
And for Ali, the brave, who stood tall,
Sacrificing all for Syria's call,
Ammar, the ancient mariner,
With eyes like stars, watches from afar,
Guiding me through night's embrace,
A constellation of love, a sacred space.

B stands for the bonds we weave,
Connections that neither time nor fate can cleave,
For every brother, every sister,
In our shared laughter, in tears we muster.
B is for bravery, the heart's fierce song,
A melody of courage, where we all belong.

C stands for courage, the fire we ignite,
In the face of darkness, we choose the light,
For compassion that flows like a river so wide,
In the arms of our family, forever we bide.
C is for the countless dreams we share,
The whispered hopes that linger in the air.

D stands for devotion, the roots of our tree,
A family tree, strong and free,
For every sacrifice, every silent prayer,
An unyielding love, a bond so rare.

E stands for every echo of laughter,
The moments we cherish, the happily ever after,
For the echoes of joy that ring through our days,
In the warmth of our home, love's gentle ways.

F stands for faith, unwavering and true,
A belief in each other, in all that we do,
For the future we build, with bricks made of dreams,
In the tapestry of life, stitched at the seams.

G stands for grace, in the trials we face,
Finding beauty in struggle, a tender embrace,
For gratitude that fills our hearts to the brim,
In the dance of existence, we learn to swim.

H stands for hope, the light in the dark,
Guiding us forward, igniting a spark,
For healing that comes with each tear we shed,
In the garden of memories, where love is fed.

I stands for inspiration, the stories we share,
The legacy of love, woven with care,
For every moment, both big and small,
In the tapestry of life, we rise and we fall.

J stands for joy, in the laughter we find,
The simple pleasures that bind us, entwined,
For the journey we take, hand in hand,
In the rhythm of life, together we stand.

K stands for Karam, my ambitious son,
With dreams like the dawn, a new day begun,
Hardworking and brave, with a heart full of fire,
In his eyes, the world, a canvas of desire.

L is for love, the thread that we weave,
In every embrace, in every reprieve,
For the warmth of connection that never grows cold,
In the story of us, it's the greatest tale told.

M stands for Maha, my sister so dear,
Her laughter a melody, always near,
For the joy that she brings, like a sunbeam's ray,
In the garden of life, she brightens the way.

N stands for Nour, my busy little bee,
Creating a buzz of activity,
Her spirit so vibrant, her heart full of cheer,
In the dance of our lives, she's the rhythm we hear.

O stands for the ocean of memories we make,

Waves of affection, each heartbeat we take,
For the tides of our lives, both gentle and wild,
In the vastness of love, we're forever a child.

S stands for Sameha, my mother, my guide,
A passionate woman, with love as her pride,
And for Sawsan, my wife, the heart of our home,
In her nurturing embrace, we're never alone.

T stands for time, the river we flow,
Carving our path, where the wildflowers grow,
For the moments we treasure, the laughter we share,
In the tapestry of life, woven with care.

U stands for unity, our strength in the fray,
Together we stand, come what may,
For the bond that is forged through the fires of fate,
In the circle of family, we celebrate.

W stands for wisdom, the lessons we learn,
In the flicker of candles, our hearts brightly burn,
For every story, every truth that we find,
In the book of our lives, love's pages entwined.

X stands for the unknown, the paths yet to tread,
In the adventure of living, where our spirits are led,
For the mysteries waiting, just beyond the bend,
In this journey of love, there's no end.

Y stands for Yasmine, my active sister,
Working day and night, a true love whisper,
Her strength a reminder of what we can be

Mohammad Yousef

Loyalty And Opposition Have Same Degree Of Stupidity

In the grand theater of existence,
where shadows dance and whispers wane,
loyalty wears its crown,
a glistening facade of unwavering devotion,
while opposition, with a fierce glare,
stands tall, fists clenched,
a rebel with a cause,
both claiming truth as their armor,
yet both tethered to the same folly.

Loyalty, a steadfast anchor,
binding hearts to fading stars,
where reason bends beneath the weight,
of promises whispered in twilight,
and dreams painted in the colors of yesterday,
a sweet surrender to the familiar,
a comfort draped in a shroud of denial,
clinging to the warmth,
as the world outside rages with storms.

Opposition, a wild tempest,
raging against the tide of complacency,
with banners unfurled,
shouting for change,
yet too often blind to the echoes
of its own fervor,
demanding a revolution,
while drowning in the same sea of ignorance,
a mirror reflecting the shadows of the past.

Can we not see,
that loyalty and opposition,
two sides of a coin,
spinning in the air,
each caught in the gravity of its own insistence?
Both echo the same refrain,
the same stubbornness of spirit,

the same refusal to question,
to listen, to learn,
as the dance continues,
fueled by passion,
yet robbed of wisdom.

For in the end,
loyalty clings to the familiar,
and opposition rebels against the known,
both chasing the elusive specter of certainty,
both caught in the web of their own making,
as the world shifts and changes,
unfazed by the noise of allegiance or dissent,
for truth is a river,
ever flowing,
and wisdom,
a distant shore.

So let us pause,
in this ceaseless cycle of devotion and revolt,
and breathe in the stillness,
where the echoes of our stubborn hearts
can finally quiet,
to recognize the folly in our fervor,
the folly in our insistence,
and perhaps, just perhaps,
find a path that transcends the fray,
a space where loyalty and opposition,
can finally embrace the wisdom of uncertainty,
and together,
step into the unknown.

Mohammad Yousef

The Stupidity Of Clever Magnetic Cards

In the glow of fluorescent lights,
they lay scattered,
little rectangles of promise,
each a whisper of convenience,
a slick surface,
a promise of ease,
yet beneath their cool sheen,
the pulse of folly thrums.

Oh, the cleverness of engineers,
the architects of our trust,
who spoke in languages of codes and strips,
creating pathways to our desires,
inviting us to swipe, to tap,
to believe in the magic of the moment,
where barriers dissolve,
and transactions flow like a river,
smooth, seamless,
yet oh, how fragile.

A slip of the hand,
a misplaced card,
the dance of electromagnetic fields,
and suddenly,
the world is a locked door,
a fortress of inaccessibility,
staring back with its blank,
impassive face.

Clever, they said,
these cards of plastic and metal,
linked to our lives,
to our dreams and debts,
but what of the time when
the reader falters,
the battery dies,
or the server simply yawns
and blinks out of existence?

In the heart of the city,
people shuffle and swipe,
lost in a maze of signals,
their eyes glued to the screens
that connive to remind them,
in the most clever of ways,
that connection is but a flicker,
a momentary spark,
a dance on the edge of chaos.

And here we stand,
at the precipice of innovation,
clutching these cards,
like talismans of modernity,
believing we are clever too,
but what of the wisdom of the ancients,
who knew the value of a handshake,
the warmth of a shared smile,
the simplicity of a whispered promise?

Yet, we are drawn,
like moths to the shimmering light,
to the allure of convenience,
the seduction of speed,
and in our haste, we forget,
the folly of the clever magnetic card,
the stupidity that binds us
in this dance of dependence.

So let us ponder,
in the quiet corners of our minds,
the cost of our cleverness,
the price we pay for ease,
and perhaps, just perhaps,
we will find the courage
to step away from the machine,
to embrace the chaos,
to reclaim the messy beauty
of human connection,
beyond the magnetic,
beyond the clever,
into the realm of the real.

Mohammad Yousef

Stupidity Kills Beauty

In the heart of a bustling city,
where laughter dances through the air,
and colors swirl in vibrant chaos,
beauty blooms like wildflowers
through cracks in the pavement,
each petal a defiance,
a whisper of grace
in a world that often forgets
what it means to truly see.

But oh, the shadows loom,
thick and heavy with ignorance,
a cloak of stubbornness draped
over eyes that refuse to open.
Stupidity, with its jagged edges,
sharpens the knife of disdain,
cuts through the delicate threads
that weave together our finest moments,
leaving only a frayed tapestry
of what once was beautiful.

It laughs, a hollow echo,
mocking the art that takes time,
the love that requires patience,
the understanding that flourishes
in the soil of humility.
It builds walls around the heart,
shuts doors to the mind,
and in its wake,
the world grows dimmer,
the colors fade,
the laughter turns to silence.

Oh, how it kills the dance of light!
The muse, once vibrant and alive,
now trapped in a cage of cruelty,
her wings clipped by the weight
of thoughtless words and actions,
the heavy hand of apathy,

as beauty gasps for breath,
fading into the background
like a forgotten melody.

Yet, beauty is resilient,
like the stars that refuse to dim,
even in the darkest of nights.
It whispers to the soul,
reminding us of what we've lost,
urging us to break free,
to rise above the noise,
to cherish the delicate threads
that connect us all,
to nurture compassion
like a garden in full bloom.

For in this struggle,
between brilliance and blindness,
lies our choice to see,
to embrace the wonder that lingers
in the simplest of moments:
a child's laughter,
a lover's gaze,
the warmth of a stranger's smile.
These are the antidotes,
the soft rebellions against
the poison of ignorance.

So let us wield our voices,
let us paint with the colors
of wisdom and empathy,
let us shatter the chains
that bind us to stupidity,
and breathe life back
into the aching beauty
that surrounds us,
that exists within us,
waiting patiently
to be awakened once more.

Let us cultivate a world
where beauty thrives,

where love dances freely,
where understanding reigns,
and where stupidity,
in all its chilling finality,
has no place to settle,
for in the light of awareness,
we find our way back home,
to the beauty that is life itself.

Mohammad Yousef

When Beauty Wears A Veil Of Stubbornness

In the gallery of fleeting moments,
she waltzes,
a siren clothed in silk,
her laughter like the tinkling of crystal,
each note sharp enough to cut through the air,
yet dulled by the fog of her obstinacy.

Her eyes, twin pools of summer sky,
hold secrets of the universe,
but her thoughts,
cloaked in a veil of ignorance,
dance to a different rhythm,
unfurling like petals in a storm,
defiant, unyielding,
refusing to bend to the wisdom of the world.

She struts down the boulevards of attention,
a peacock flaunting its feathers,
captivating hearts with a tilt of her chin,
and yet,
each step is a stubborn stomp,
echoing through the canyons of reason,
as if to declare,
"I am not here to listen."

The world whispers truths,
softly, like the rustle of leaves,
yet she clings to her own narrative,
a tapestry woven with threads of vanity,
her beauty a luminous facade,
hiding the shadows of her folly,
like sunlight trapped in a glass jar,
glimmering but ultimately confined.

In conversations, she is a tempest,
whirling, twirling,
but never landing,
her words a cacophony of certainty,
each syllable a stone cast into the pond of discourse,

rippling yet never sinking,
floating on the surface of her stubborn pride.

She is a riddle wrapped in a conundrum,
a goddess with feet of clay,
and while the world marvels at her grace,
they overlook the thorns of her demeanor,
the sharp edges of her inflexibility,
the way she turns away from the mirror of truth,
afraid of reflection,
afraid of the shadows that lurk behind.

Oh, beauty!
You are a fleeting thing,
a spark in the vastness of existence,
but when you choose the path of obstinacy,
you become a lighthouse with no light,
a flower that wilts under the sun,
and the brilliance that once dazzled
turns into a fading echo,
lost in the corridors of time.

So let the beauty be wise,
let her charm be tempered by understanding,
for in the harmony of grace and intellect,
lies a power far greater,
a beauty that transcends the surface,
that bathes in the light of compassion,
and dances freely in the world of the aware.

Yet here she stands,
a paradox of allure and ignorance,
and in her obstinacy,
there's a lesson for the ages,
for beauty, when unaccompanied by wisdom,
is a fleeting sigh in the winds of eternity,
a story half-told,
a melody lost in the cacophony of pride.

Mohammad Yousef

Thought Crime

In the hushed corners of a dim-lit mind,
where shadows of ideas flit and flutter,
words dance like fireflies, flickering truth,
sparking rebellion in the stillness—
is this where thought crime begins?

A whisper:

What if the pages, inked with passion,
are not merely ink but a revolution,
each sentence a spark,
each stanza a rallying cry—
to think, to feel, to dare?

Good literature, they say,
is the mirror of society,
but what if the reflection
is a distortion, a challenge,
a call to arms against the mundane?

In the heart of a reader,
a world unfolds,
lush landscapes of the forbidden,
fertile grounds where thoughts roam free,
unfettered by the chains of the ordinary.

Is it a crime to unravel the fabric
of accepted norms, to weave,
with deft fingers, a tapestry of dissent?
What of the poet who dares to dream,
who sculpts the air with visions
that unsettle the status quo?

In the library's silence,
thoughts collide like waves against rock,
each idea a ripple in the calm,
each book a potential uprising,
each word a seed planted in the soil of the soul.

Is there not beauty in the chaos,

in the disruption of thought?
To pen a word that ignites the heart,
to craft a narrative that questions,
that challenges the very essence of being—
is that not the essence of life?

Yet shadows loom,
the architects of conformity,
who cloak themselves in reason,
who wield the gavel of censorship,
casting down the brave with labels,
whispering the term: thought crime.

But what if, in this crime,
there lies a spark of liberation?
What if the act of creation
is the ultimate rebellion,
the act of thinking in color
against the grayscale of the mundane?

Let the critics wail,
let the guards of the status quo tremble,
for literature is not a crime,
but a sanctuary,
a sacred space where thoughts can roam,
unshackled and fierce,
daring us to question, to feel, to live.

So let us gather the fragments of thought,
let us weave them into narratives that sing,
that soar above the mundane,
for in the heart of good literature
lies the pulse of humanity—
unruly, unrepentant,
and profoundly free.

Mohammad Yousef

In The Whisper Of Palmyra's Sands

(On The 9th Anniversary Of Khaled Al-Asaad)

In the stillness of the desert,
where the sun kisses the ancient stones,
the echoes of your laughter linger,
Khaled, guardian of history,
you who cradled the tales of our ancestors,
who danced with the shadows of the past,
your spirit entwined with the very bones of Palmyra.

Nine years have slipped through the hourglass,
each grain a memory, each grain a tear,
the city mourns in silence,
bricks and ruins weep for your wisdom,
the palm trees sway gently,
as if to sway away the sorrow,
but the heart knows no rest,
it beats in the cadence of loss.

To your family,
who still feel the warmth of your embrace,
the laughter that once filled the air,
the stories spun over shared meals,
your presence a tapestry of love,
woven with threads of joy and grief,
they carry you in their hearts,
a torch against the night.

To friends, steadfast and true,
who walked beside you through sunlit days,
and shadowed nights,
they gather in the corners of memory,
sharing whispers of the man you were,
the spark in their eyes a reflection of yours,
a beacon of hope in the dark,
each laugh a tribute,
each tear a silent prayer.

To lovers, who felt the pulse of your heart,

who knew the softness of your gaze,
you painted their world with colors unseen,
a love story etched in the sands of time,
and though the chapters turned,
the ink remains,
fading yet eternal,
a bond that stretches across the void,
unbroken, unyielding.

And to the city of Palmyra,
you stand resolute,
your stones whisper tales of glory and grief,
you hold Khaled in your embrace,
the ruins sing of his name,
in the wind that sweeps through the arches,
in the sun that bathes the earth,
he is a part of your soul,
a heartbeat in the desert's chest.

To the friends and followers abroad,
who carry the flame of remembrance,
who share his essence in every word,
in every act of defiance against the night,
you weave his legacy into the fabric of your lives,
a gentle reminder that love knows no borders,
that remembrance is an act of resistance,
that to speak his name is to keep him alive.

Nine years,
a span of time that stretches like the horizon,
yet the bond remains unbroken,
the love, a river flowing through the ages,
a testament to a life lived fully,
to a spirit that dances still,
in the laughter of children,
in the stories shared under starlit skies.

So let us gather,
in the embrace of memory,
let us speak his name,
Khaled Al-Asaad,
a name that resonates in the silence,

a love story etched in time,
for in every heartbeat,
in every whisper of the wind,
he lives on,
a guardian of our shared humanity,
a flame that will never dim.

Mohammad Yousef

Ninth Anniversary Of Khaled Al-Asaad

Today, the calendar whispers,
an echo of memory,
the ninth year of absence,
where time drapes its heavy cloak
over the shoulders of the living.

Yasser Al-Hafez's voice,
a gentle tremor in the evening air,
pierces the stillness,
"Your name is linked to Khaled—
I don't know why you came to my mind."
A spark ignites in the dusk,
the bond of shared grief,
the threads of remembrance
woven into the fabric of our souls.

Condolences, he offers,
from the depths of his heart,
but what is loss if not a mirror,
reflecting our own orphaned spirits?
"Why don't we shed two tears, " I muse,
"for those who will depart tomorrow? "
As Mahmoud Darwish once spoke,
the love story of existence unfolds,
where absence is the ink
with which we write our lives.

Here, in the quiet of the evening,
we drink from the well of sorrow,
a toast to the martyrs,
to Khaled, who stood tall,
unbroken by the weight of tyranny,
whose spirit dances in the dust
of a land that remembers.

We are wanderers,
thousands of miles from home,
yet every tear we shed
is a step toward reclaiming,

a tribute to the brave souls
who dared to dream,
who painted their hopes
against the canvas of despair.

As the sun dips low,
casting long shadows,
I think of the stories unsung,
the voices silenced,
the laughter stilled,
and in this sacred silence,
we become the bearers of memory,
the custodians of love,
the guardians of the flickering flame
that Khaled ignited.

In the heart of darkness,
we find the light,
the flicker of resilience,
the promise of tomorrow,
an ode to the departed,
for in every heartbeat,
in every whispered name,
we live on,
a testament to their courage,
the love story of humanity,
woven through loss,
and stitched with hope.

So let us gather our tears,
let us cradle our sorrow,
and together, my friend,
let us offer our condolences,
not just for Khaled,
but for the world that remains,
for the lives yet to be lived,
and the dreams yet to be born—
in the tapestry of time,
we are all threads,
intertwined in this grand design,
where love conquers death,
and memory forever reigns.

Mohammad Yousef

Khaled Assad And Palmyra: A Love Story

Khaled Assad and Palmyra: A Love Story

In the heart of the Syrian desert,
where the sun kisses the stones of ancient ruins,
Khaled stood, his silhouette a sentinel,
guarding the whispers of history,
where love and loss entwined like the vines
that once caressed the columns of Palmyra.

With each grain of sand that slipped through his fingers,
he felt the pulse of a city,
once vibrant,
now a ghost,
echoing stories of lovers who danced
beneath the stars,
their laughter mingling with the wind.

He was a custodian of dreams,
tender and fierce,
his heart a repository of memories,
each brick and broken pillar,
a testament to a love that transcended time,
chiseled into the very fabric of stone.

Palmyra, a name that rolled off his tongue
like a sweet melody,
a siren calling him home,
her ruins draped in the golden light of dawn,
the sun's embrace a lover's touch,
illuminating the beauty that had endured,
even in the shadows of despair.

Khaled walked through the archways,
the triumphal columns standing tall,
as if to bear witness to his devotion,
a silent vow to protect her spirit,
to breathe life into the echoes of the past.
He traced the lines of her history
with reverence, as though

they were the delicate fingers of a beloved,
each inscription a heartbeat,
each carving a sigh.

In the twilight, he would sit,
gazing at the horizon,
where the last light kissed the stones,
and in that stillness, he imagined
the laughter of ancient lovers,
their promises woven into the fabric of time.
He dreamed of a world where Palmyra thrived,
where her beauty could dance freely
without fear,
where love was not a casualty of war,
but a radiant force,
binding souls in a tapestry of hope.

But the winds of change howled,
and shadows crept across the land,
the drums of conflict beating louder,
the earth trembling beneath the weight of despair.
Yet, Khaled stood firm,
a guardian against the storm,
his heart a fortress of resilience,
his love a beacon,
shining through the darkest nights.

He recalled the stories of his ancestors,
their courage echoing through the ruins,
and he vowed to become their voice,
to etch their tales into the sands of time,
to let the world know
that love, like Palmyra,
could not be erased,
that it would rise again,
like the phoenix from the ashes,
a testament to the indomitable spirit
of a people and their passion.

In his heart, Khaled held Palmyra,
not just as stone and dust,
but as a living entity,

a flame flickering in the darkness,
a promise that beauty endures,
that love, even in its most fragile form,
can withstand the fiercest storms.

And so, he dedicated his life,
to each fallen column,
each cracked mosaic,
to breathe poetry into the silence,
to sing the love songs of the ancients,
and in doing so,
to write his own love story—
Khaled Assad and Palmyra,
bound by a love that defied oblivion,
a love that would echo
through the ages,
a promise made in the heart of the desert,
where history and hope intertwine,
and the spirit of love remains unbroken.

Mohammad Yousef

The Place Where My Sweetheart Lives (A Love Story)

****The Place Where My Sweetheart Lives****

***(A Love Story) ***

In the heart of a sun-kissed valley,
where the mountains cradle the sky,
and the river sings a lullaby,
there lies a place, a tender sanctuary,
where my sweetheart dwells,
a haven spun from dreams and whispers,
the best place,
where love blooms wild,
like wildflowers dancing in the breeze.

Her laughter, a melody that drifts
through the air,
intertwined with the scent of jasmine,
filling the world with joy,
painting the landscape in hues of bliss—
a palette of warmth and light.
In this place, shadows retreat,
and the sun wraps us in its golden embrace,
as we walk hand in hand,
barefoot on the soft, welcoming earth.

The trees stand tall,
guardians of our secrets,
their leaves shimmering like emeralds,
whispering tales of our love,
each rustle a promise,
each rustle a sigh—
here, we are free,
unfettered by time,
as the hours melt into days,
and days into memories.

Oh, how the stars tumble down
in the night sky,

like diamonds scattered across a velvet canvas,
and we lay beneath their gaze,
sharing dreams,
our fingers tracing constellations
that mirror the depth of our hearts.
In this place, the moon
is our confidant,
the silent witness to our vows,
as we promise to keep each other safe,
to hold each other close,
in the embrace of forever.

The walls of her home,
painted with laughter,
echo with the warmth of love,
a sanctuary filled with the aroma
of shared meals,
the warmth of whispered goodnights,
and the softness of morning light
streaming through open windows—
here, in this sacred space,
we are woven together,
threads of our souls intertwined.

The place where my sweetheart lives
is not just a location,
but a tapestry of moments,
stitched together with memories,
a canvas rich with the colors of our love,
where every corner holds a story,
every shadow a secret,
and every sunrise a promise
of new beginnings.

So let the world spin on,
let the seasons change,
for in this place,
time stands still,
and love, in its purest form,
is the heartbeat of our existence.
Here, my sweetheart and I,
we thrive,

in the best place,
a love story written
across the sky,
eternal,
in the embrace of forever.

Mohammad Yousef

Where You Put Your Foot On Earth, My Life Sprouts

Where you put your foot on earth,
my life unfurls,
a tapestry woven with the colors of your presence,
each petal a whisper,
each bloom a heartbeat,
in the garden of our shared moments.

Tulips stand tall,
bold against the sun,
their red laughter echoing our joy,
while violets scatter the ground,
delicate and shy,
mirroring the tender secrets we share,
those stolen glances,
the quiet words that linger in the air.

Jasmine, sweet and intoxicating,
wraps itself around our memories,
its fragrance a soft caress,
reminding me of nights spent dreaming,
with your laughter dancing on the breeze,
and the stars winking above us,
as if they too knew our love story,
the way it twists and twines,
like the roots of these flowers,
intertwined, inseparable.

In this sanctuary of nature,
where every footfall becomes a promise,
I trace the outline of our journey,
the paths we've walked,
the moments we've bared,
the laughter that spills like sunlight,
the tears that nourish the soil,
where our dreams take root and grow.

So let us wander, hand in hand,
through this vibrant expanse,
where the earth cradles our footsteps,

and the blooms rise in celebration,
each flower a testament,
to the love we cultivate,
to the beauty found in every shared breath,
where you put your foot on earth,
my life,
and together we blossom,
in a garden of infinite tomorrows.

Mohammad Yousef

Full Moon Under Oak Tree At Qurfes (A Love Story)

Beneath the ancient arms of the oak,
where roots weave stories into the earth,
a silver orb hangs low in the velvet sky,
casting whispers of light upon the world,
each beam a delicate thread,
stitching hearts together,
in the quiet of Qurfes.

She arrived like a breeze,
with laughter that danced on the night air,
her silhouette framed by the moon's embrace—
a soft glow illuminating the shadows
that played coy at the edge of the grove,
where secrets and dreams intertwined.

He stood, a sentinel of this sacred place,
the oak his witness, the stars his audience,
his heart a wild drum, beating
to the rhythm of her presence,
the way she twirled,
leaves whirling in her wake,
a fleeting moment stretched into eternity.

Time paused,
as if the universe held its breath,
and in that stillness,
they spoke with glances,
with the soft brush of fingertips—
the electric spark of possibilities,
the unspoken promise of what could be,
echoing in the hollow of the night.

The moon, a guardian above,
bathed them in its tender glow,
illuminating the path of their entwined fates,
the oak standing proud and resolute,
cradling their laughter, their secrets,

as if it too understood the weight of love,
the beauty of vulnerability,
the strength in surrender.

Beneath its sprawling limbs,
they carved initials into the bark,
a mark of their existence,
a testament to the moment when time stood still,
and the world outside faded away,
leaving only the pulse of their hearts,
the gentle rustle of leaves in the night breeze,
the distant call of an owl,
a serenade to their burgeoning bond.

With every shared breath,
the night unfolded like a scroll,
revealing the stories of lovers past,
the laughter of joy, the tears of longing,
woven into the fabric of this sacred ground,
where the oak stood sentinel,
a timeless witness to love's dance.

As the moon climbed higher,
casting its silver spell,
they surrendered to the magic of the night,
lost in the warmth of each other's gaze,
where dreams mingled with reality,
and the sky whispered promises,
that love, like the oak,
rooted deep, would withstand the seasons,
would flourish under the watchful eyes of the cosmos.

And so, under the full moon at Qurfes,
they found each other,
in the hush of the night,
with the oak as their witness,
they sealed their hearts in the light,
two souls entwined,
a love story written in the stars,
echoed in the whispers of leaves,
and forever etched in the silence of the moonlit grove.

Midnight's Meeting At Qurfes

When the clock strikes twelve,
and shadows dance upon the cobblestones,
the world slips into a hushed reverie,
where dreams intertwine with the fabric of reality.
In the heart of Qurfes,
where the moon spills silver like secrets,
two souls converge,
drawn together by a force
stronger than gravity,
more tender than whispered promises.

Her name is Lila,
a wildflower in a garden of thorns,
with hair cascading like the midnight sky,
and eyes that hold galaxies within their depths.
He is Amir,
a poet with ink-stained fingers,
a seeker of beauty in barren places,
his heart a compass pointing north
to the warmth of her laughter.

The air is thick with jasmine,
the scent of nostalgia clings to the night,
as they meet beneath the ancient olive tree,
its gnarled branches arching like guardians.
Words spill like starlight between them,
each syllable a thread weaving the tapestry
of a love that feels as old as time,
yet fresh as the dew-kissed dawn.

"Do you believe in magic?" she asks,
her voice a melody that lingers,
as he brushes a stray lock behind her ear,
his touch igniting the air,
a spark that dances like fireflies
in the stillness of the night.
"Only when I'm with you," he replies,
the truth hanging heavy like ripe fruit,
ready to be tasted.

They share stories carved from the marrow of their bones,
dreams that stretch beyond the horizon,
and laughter that echoes,
a soft symphony cradled by the night.
Each moment is a treasure,
each glance a promise,
as they paint their world in colors unseen,
a canvas brushed with the hues of longing.

But the night is fragile,
time a thief lurking in the shadows,
and as the first light of dawn
begins to creep over the rooftops,
there's a heaviness in their chests,
a bittersweet ache that lingers,
like the last notes of a song
that refuses to fade.

"Will we meet again?" she whispers,
her voice trembling like the leaves above.
He takes her hands,
his heart a wild drum,
beating with the rhythm of hope.
"Every midnight, as long as the stars align," he vows,
and in that moment,
the world feels infinitely possible,
the universe compressing
into a single heartbeat.

As the sun rises,
they part with the promise of tomorrow,
the echoes of their laughter
still dancing in the cool morning air.
Yet, in the quiet corners of Qurfes,
where love once sparked under the olive tree,
the night waits patiently,
ready to embrace them again,
to weave their souls
into the tapestry of forever.

And so, as the days turn to weeks,

and the seasons change like the pages of a book,
Lila and Amir,
two hearts tethered by destiny,
will find their way back beneath the stars,
to share another midnight meeting,
to weave their love story anew,
a tale of longing and wonder
that echoes through the ages,
forever written in the language of the night.

Mohammad Yousef

Heaven's Haven

In the soft glow of twilight,
two souls drifted like whispers,
their laughter dancing on the breeze
as they found each other,
a serendipity woven by fate,
in the quiet corners of an ordinary world.

She was a dreamer,
with stars in her eyes and wildflowers in her hair,
spinning tales of galaxies and sunlit paths,
her heart a canvas, painted in hues of hope.
He, a seeker, with horizons stretching
beyond the mountains,
daring to chase the winds,
his spirit a compass,
pointing toward the infinite.

They met beneath the arching branches
of an old oak tree,
its roots deep in the earth,
whispering secrets of time,
as the sky blushed a tender pink.
In that moment, the universe conspired,
quietly stitching the seams of their hearts,
each glance a thread,
each smile a knot,
binding them together
in a tapestry of love.

Days turned to weeks,
and the world outside faded,
as they carved out their sanctuary,
a Heaven's Haven,
where laughter echoed like music,
and silence held the weight of understanding.
They danced barefoot in the rain,
spun in the golden glow of sunrise,
traced constellations on each other's skin,
mapping the galaxies of their dreams.

They spoke in metaphors,
each word a brushstroke,
painting the sky with promises,
the kind that linger like the scent of jasmine,
sweet and intoxicating,
where every moment felt like eternity,
and every kiss ignited the stars.

But the world is never without shadows;
storms brewed on the horizon,
doubt creeping in like a thief,
whispering of distance, of time,
as the winds howled their discontent.
Yet, in their hearts, a fire flickered,
steady and unwavering,
a lighthouse guiding them
through the tempest,
reminding them of their haven.

They learned to love fiercely,
to hold on even when the tides threatened,
to shelter one another from the storms,
finding solace in the warmth of shared breaths,
the sanctuary of entwined fingers.
In the face of despair,
they discovered resilience,
a bond forged in the crucible of trials,
stronger than the fiercest wind.

And so, they built their Heaven's Haven,
not in a place but in the spaces
between their hearts,
where love grew wild like ivy,
climbing the walls of their souls,
painting their journey in shades of gold,
a testament to what they had weathered,
what they had become.

In the twilight of their days,
as the sun dipped low,
they sat beneath that ancient oak,

hands intertwined,
gazing at the stars,
knowing that Heaven's Haven
was not just a memory,
but an eternal promise,
echoing through the cosmos,
where love, like the universe,
is boundless, timeless,
and forever their own.

Mohammad Yousef

Never Tell Your Love

In the quiet corners of our lives,
where shadows linger like whispered secrets,
you and I danced,
not in the light of day,
but in the soft, hidden glow of the moon,
where silence spoke louder
than any proclamation could.

We wore our hearts like delicate veils,
each heartbeat a pulse of unspoken dreams,
each glance a tether,
drawing us closer,
yet keeping the world at bay—
a fragile fortress of unuttered words.

In crowded rooms,
we stood, worlds apart,
yet I felt your warmth
like an ember igniting the cool air,
a silent flame, flickering,
threatening to spill over
if only we dared to let it.

Never tell your love, they said,
as if the act of speaking
could somehow wither the bloom,
as if the weight of truth
would crush the tender petals of our desire.
But how can one hold back
the surge of a river,
the swell of the tide,
the rush of the wind?

Oh, how we laughed,
how we shared our lives in stolen moments,
our fingers brushing,
an electric spark igniting the mundane,
our words weaving a tapestry
only we could read,

the language of the heart,
a dialect of longing.

But still, we wore our masks,
crafted from the fabric of caution,
smiling at the world,
while our souls cried out,
a symphony of what-ifs,
a chorus of might-have-beens,
echoing in the chasms of our chests.

And there we stood,
two souls adrift in the vastness,
the uncharted waters of what we felt,
while the world spun on,
unaware of the gravity of our silence,
the beauty of our restraint.

Never tell your love,
they whispered,
as if love were a fragile bird,
a spark that might extinguish
if exposed to the harshness of the sun.
But in the depths of night,
with only the stars as our witnesses,
I knew we were wildflowers,
rooted deep in the soil of our souls,
unafraid to bloom in the dark.

So here we are,
lost and found in the labyrinth of our hearts,
where every unspoken word hangs heavy,
and every glance ignites a thousand fires.
Perhaps this is enough,
to know the pulse of your heart,
to feel the warmth of your gaze,
to understand that love,
in its most beautiful form,
can exist without definition,
a quiet storm,
a gentle rain,
never needing to be told,

never needing to be named.

Mohammad Yousef

Syria, Fire And Ice

(A Love Story)

In the cradle of ancient stones,
where the Euphrates whispers secrets,
and the winds carry tales of old,
two souls ignite,
a spark in the dust of time.

She, a flame, fierce and unyielding,
born from the heart of Aleppo,
where the sun kisses the horizon
with golden promises.

He, a glacier, cold yet resolute,
from the mountains of Qasioun,
where snow blankets the earth
in a hushed embrace.

Their eyes meet across the ruins,
where history has bled,
and laughter echoes through
the hollowed shells of homes.

She dances with the fireflies,
twirling in the twilight,
her laughter a melody
that melts the frost of his heart.

He watches, entranced,
as her spirit flares,
a beacon in the night,
challenging the chill of despair.

But the world is a tempest,
and shadows loom like dark clouds,
each whisper of war,
each cry of pain,
a reminder of the icy grip
that encircles their dreams.

Yet in the depths of chaos,
they find warmth in each other,
a sanctuary carved from the embers
of their entwined hopes.

They meet in the silken shadows,
where the stars weave stories,
and the moon casts a silver veil
over their entwined fates.
She speaks of love,
her voice a flame,
igniting the spaces between them,
while he wraps her in his embrace,
a fortress against the frost,
a promise of tomorrow.

In the heart of Damascus,
where jasmine blooms defy the cold,
they carve their initials
into the bark of an ancient tree,
a testament to resilience,
to passion born from ashes.
Here, in this sacred land,
they forge a bond,
a tapestry of fire and ice,
woven from the threads of desire,
and the fabric of survival.

Yet, the winds howl,
and the earth trembles beneath their feet,
a reminder that love,
though fierce and radiant,
is often a fragile flame.
But in each other's eyes,
they find strength,
a tranquil glacier in the heart of a storm,
and the warmth of a fire that cannot die.

Together they stand,
against the rising tide,
two hearts entwined,
a dance of passion and patience,
a symphony of resilience.
In the land of ancient strife,
they write their own story,
a love that defies the world,

a flicker in the darkness,
a promise of peace,
in a land where fire meets ice,
and love conquers all.

Mohammad Yousef

Syria, Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained: A Love Story

In the heart of ancient lands,
where the Euphrates whispers secrets,
and the sun rises over the ruins,
a love story unfolds,
woven in the fabric of time,
stitching together the threads of laughter and sorrow.

Once, they danced beneath the jasmine,
the sweet scent curling around them,
as if the world held its breath,
in awe of their joy,
two souls entwined,
like the olive branches reaching for the sky.

But shadows crept in,
like dark clouds on a sunlit day,
the drums of war echoed,
shattering the serenity,
and the laughter turned to cries,
the jasmine wilted,
under the weight of sorrow.

Cities fell silent,
once vibrant streets, now echoes of despair,
where children once played,
now ghosts linger,
and love became a distant dream,
a whisper carried by the wind.

Yet in the midst of ruins,
where hope seemed but a flicker,
two hearts remained steadfast,
clinging to memories like lifebuoys,
their love a flickering flame,
defiant against the storm.

She, a daughter of the land,
her spirit unbroken,
danced in the twilight,

her silhouette a testament,
to resilience, to beauty,
to the fire that refused to die.

He, a son of the soil,
with eyes like the deep night sky,
searched for her in the ashes,
calling her name into the void,
each syllable a prayer,
each breath a promise.

And so they wandered,
through the streets of their shattered paradise,
finding pieces of themselves,
in the rubble, in the dust,
each encounter a brush of hope,
each glance a spark of love.

They built their sanctuary,
not of stone but of heartbeats,
not of walls but of whispers,
every shared secret a brick,
every laugh a window to the light,
until the ruins became a canvas,
painted with the colors of their dreams.

As the dawn broke over the horizon,
the sun kissed the scars of the earth,
and life began anew,
like the first bloom of spring,
they found each other again,
among the remnants of a lost paradise.

With hands intertwined,
they forged a path through the rubble,
reclaiming their love,
their laughter ringing like bells,
echoing through valleys,
and across the mountains,
a melody that transcended time.

In Syria, where the past lingers,

and the future is a canvas yet unpainted,
they became the storytellers,
of a love that defied the storm,
a testament to hope,
a beacon for those lost in darkness.

For even in loss, paradise can be regained,
when love stands as a fortress,
unwavering, unyielding,
etched in the very soil of the land,
two hearts beating as one,
in a symphony of resilience,
in a dance of rebirth,
Syria, a paradise lost,
now a paradise reclaimed,
by love, eternal and fierce,
blooming in the ashes,
forever intertwined.

Mohammad Yousef

The Seven Gates Of Damascus: A Love Story

In the heart of an ancient city,
where time drapes itself in whispers,
seven gates stand sentinel,
each a threshold,
where the air dances with the scent of jasmine
and the echoes of laughter linger,
like the ghosts of lovers
who once wandered these cobbled streets.

First, the Gate of the Sun,
where dawn spills golden light,
and two souls meet,
their eyes igniting under a canvas of possibility.
She, wrapped in the fabric of dreams,
he, a poet with ink-stained fingers,
they exchange shy glances,
each beat of their hearts a prelude
to a love story yet unwritten.

Second, the Gate of the Moon,
where twilight weaves shadows
and secrets bloom,
they stroll, fingers grazing,
as the world fades into a hush.
With every word, they sketch constellations,
mapping the universe of their affection,
lost in the gravity of each other's smile.

Third, the Gate of the Wind,
where the breeze carries whispers of eternity,
and the trees sway like lovers in embrace.
They dance beneath the stars,
spinning tales of tomorrows,
with dreams as delicate as the petals of a rose,
wrapped in the promise of forever.

Fourth, the Gate of the Stars,
where night unveils its tapestry,
and wishes hang like lanterns in the sky.

In the silence, she confides her fears,
he cradles her doubts like fragile glass,
and in that moment, the cosmos expands,
each heartbeat a vow,
each sigh a binding thread.

Fifth, the Gate of Time,
where moments stretch and curl,
like the smoke from a thousand incense sticks,
they linger in the corridors of memory,
staring into the abyss of what-ifs,
their hands entwined,
a lifeline against the tide of uncertainty.

Sixth, the Gate of the Heart,
where love spills like the vibrant colors
of a thousand spices,
each taste a reminder of their union,
each aroma a chapter of their tale.
They laugh, they cry, they grow,
building a sanctuary amidst the chaos,
a mosaic of joy,
woven with threads of shared dreams.

Seventh, the Gate of Eternity,
where the world dissolves into the infinite,
and love becomes a sacred echo,
a promise etched in the fabric of time.
They stand together, two silhouettes
against the backdrop of a thousand sunsets,
in every gate, they found a piece of home,
in every moment, a reason to stay.

As the sun dips below the horizon,
the gates watch over them,
silent witnesses to a love that defies gravity,
a story written in the stars,
where every kiss is an oath,
and every heartbeat whispers,
"I am yours,
and you are mine,
forever entwined

in the embrace of Damascus."

Mohammad Yousef

Box Of Wishes At Saint Taqla Church In Malola

In the heart of Malola, where whispers dance,
beneath the ancient stones of Saint Taqla,
a box of wishes waits, cloaked in ivy,
its wooden frame, a tapestry of dreams,
each scratch, each splinter, a story untold.

Here, the sun spills golden light,
fingers of warmth tracing the air,
as lovers, like moths to a flame,
draw near, hearts thumping,
the pulse of a thousand hopes echoing
in the silence of sacred walls.

They come with their secrets,
each wish a fragile bird,
fluttering in the cage of their chests,
some seeking love, others redemption,
the promise of forever,
or the courage to let go.

One, a girl with laughter like summer rain,
her eyes, two pools of reflected stars,
casts her wish into the box,
a shimmering prayer:
'May I find a heart that mirrors my own.'
And the box, it trembles,
as if the universe leans in,
ready to weave two souls into a tapestry.

Then, a young man, with shadows in his smile,
paints his desire on the thin air,
'Let her see me, truly see me,
beyond the scars, the stories, the distance.'
He breathes his wish into the crackling silence,
and the box swells,
a vessel of longing,
cradling the essence of hope.

As twilight descends,

fingers entwined like ivy on stone,
they stand before the box,
silent witnesses to the magic that lingers,
the scent of incense mingling with the air,
the pulse of the earth beneath their feet.

Will their wishes intertwine,
like the roots of the ancient trees outside?
Will the stars align,
the cosmos shift,
to bring two souls to the same page,
to write a love story on the parchment of time?

Oh, Saint Taqla, guardian of dreams,
with every whisper, every heartbeat,
watch over this fragile tapestry,
for love, like faith, needs nurturing,
a gentle hand to guide the way.

In this sacred space,
where wishes are cradled,
and the heart's true desires bloom,
the box holds more than dreams;
it holds the promise of tomorrow,
the echoes of laughter yet to come,
the intertwining fates of lovers,
woven together,
in the soft glow of hope,
beneath the watchful gaze of the stars.

So let the wishes flow,
like rivers to the sea,
for in this moment,
in this cherished place,
love is the wish,
and the wish is love,
a beautiful paradox unfolding,
a story waiting to be written,
beneath the arching sky of Malola,
within the heart of Saint Taqla.

Half Moon

In the quiet hush of twilight,
where shadows stretch like whispers,
a half moon hangs, suspended in the velvet sky,
its silver face a canvas of dreams,
a half-lit promise of what is and what might be.

You stood there, beneath its gaze,
your laughter mingling with the night air,
a melody soft as the sigh of the wind,
your eyes sparkling with starlit secrets,
a universe contained within their depths.

We were two souls, orbiting,
caught in the gravity of our own desire,
the pull of your smile like the tide,
drawing me closer, closer,
to the edge of something splendid and new.

The world around us faded,
the chatter of the city dulled to a murmur,
as we shared stories wrapped in moonlight,
each word a brushstroke on the canvas of our hearts,
painting a picture only we could see.

In that moment, the half moon became whole,
a beacon illuminating the path ahead,
and I felt the warmth of your hand in mine,
a connection that transcended the stars,
where time slowed, folding into itself like origami.

We wandered through the night,
our footsteps a rhythm, a soft percussion,
the air thick with unspoken promises,
as if the cosmos conspired to keep us close,
each heartbeat echoing, a love song waiting to be sung.

And there, beneath the watchful glow,
I found the universe in your smile,
the mysteries of the cosmos swirling

in the depths of your gaze,
and I knew we were made of stardust,
intertwined in this celestial dance.

But as dawn approached,
the half moon began to wane,
its light dimming, retreating into the horizon,
and I felt the bittersweet tug of reality,
the knowledge that moments are fleeting,
that even the brightest stars must eventually fade.

Yet, in that transience, I found beauty,
the way love flourishes in the face of impermanence,
how it demands to be savored,
like the last sip of wine,
rich and intoxicating, lingering on the tongue.

So we stood, side by side,
witnesses to the birth of a new day,
the half moon a memory etched in time,
and I realized,
even in its absence,
the love we shared would shine on,
a constellation mapped across the night,
forever illuminating the spaces
between our hearts.

And though the moon may wax and wane,
the echo of that night remains,
a love story written in the stars,
where every half moon is a reminder,
of the beauty found in our fleeting moments,
and the promise of countless tomorrows,
waiting just beyond the dawn.

Mohammad Yousef

Dusk At The Syrian Coast

The sun hangs low, a molten ember,
dripping gold over the horizon,
where the Mediterranean sighs,
its waves whispering secrets to the shore—
a tapestry of history woven in salt and sand.

The sky, a canvas smeared with violet and rose,
brushstrokes of twilight bleed into one another,
as the day exhales its last breath,
and the shadows stretch, yawning,
inviting night's cool embrace.

Fishermen, silhouettes against the fading light,
their nets cast like dreams upon the water,
each ripple a story, each catch a memory,
the laughter of children,
intermingling with the cry of gulls,
echoes of joy and resilience,
carried on the breeze.

Ancient stones stand sentinel,
worn by time, by tides,
their surfaces etched with the passage of years,
remnants of empires rise and fall,
whispers of the past cradled in every crevice,
a symphony of voices lost yet lingering.

The scent of thyme and salt,
mingling with the smoke of evening fires,
fills the air with a warmth that transcends,
as families gather round,
sharing stories, laughter, and bread—
a simple feast beneath a burgeoning starfield.

Yet, in the shadows, a twinge of sorrow,
where memories of conflict linger like ghosts,
the echoes of distant thunder,
the skies once filled with the cries of war,
now hush, if only for a moment,

as peace treads softly on the edge of dusk.

O, beloved coast, cradle of cultures,
where every grain of sand tells a tale,
from the Phoenician ships that sailed your waves
to the whispers of poets who found home in your embrace,
may you find solace in the quiet of twilight,
and may the dawn bring healing,
like the gentle kiss of the sun rising anew.

As dusk deepens, the stars awaken,
a jeweled tapestry unfurling across the firmament,
and the moon, a luminous guardian,
watches over the waters,
reflecting the dreams of those who dwell
in the tender spaces between light and dark,
between history and hope,
between the echoes of what was,
and the promise of what could be.

Here, at the Syrian coast,
where dusk settles softly,
let the waves wash over us,
let the night cradle our fears,
and in the silence,
may we find a symphony of peace,
a reminder that even in the darkest hour,
the light will return,
and we will rise,
like the sun,
again and again.

Mohammad Yousef

Syrian Summer Nights

In the embrace of dusk,
where the sun reluctantly surrenders,
a warm breeze whispers through the olive branches,
carrying tales of ancient lands,
and the scent of za'atar lingers,
a memory wrapped in the folds of time.

The sky, a canvas of deep indigo,
stretches wide, inviting stars to dance,
each twinkle a heartbeat,
a pulse of stories waiting to be told,
of laughter echoing in the narrow streets,
where children chase fireflies,
their giggles like notes from a distant melody.

Under the watchful gaze of the moon,
families gather on rooftops,
sharing whispered dreams,
as the night unfolds its magic,
the air thick with the aroma of grilled kebabs,
and the sound of clinking glasses,
toasting to life, to love, to resilience.

The call of the muezzin rises,
a soothing lullaby wrapped in faith,
urging souls to pause,
to reflect beneath the vastness of the cosmos,
where time and space intertwine,
and the heart beats with the rhythm of the universe.

In the distance, the mountains stand guard,
stoic and silent,
their peaks kissed by the lingering sun,
holding secrets of the past,
and the whispers of the wind carry
the stories of those who've walked these lands,
who've danced in the shadows of history.

As the stars begin to fade,

and the horizon blushes with the first hints of dawn,
the night surrenders to the light,
but the essence of summer lingers,
woven into the very fabric of this place,
where every moment is a treasure,
and every heartbeat echoes with hope.

So let us cherish these Syrian summer nights,
breathe in the warmth of the memories,
and hold them close like a precious song,
for in the heart of this land,
where the sun meets the stars,
we find a tapestry of life,
woven with threads of resilience and love,
a celebration of what it means to be alive.

Mohammad Yousef

Syrian Summer Rain

In the heart of the Levant,
where the sun beats down like a blacksmith's hammer,
and the earth, parched and cracked,
cries out for solace,
a whisper stirs in the dusty air—
the promise of rain.

Clouds gather, heavy with secrets,
their bellies swollen with the weight of longing,
and the wind carries a scent,
a memory of jasmine and olive,
dancing on the breath of the mountains,
as if the land remembers
the laughter of childhood days,
the warmth of shared meals beneath the stars.

And then, with a suddenness that startles,
the sky bursts open,
a cascade of silver threads
tumbling from the heavens,
each droplet a blessing,
a cool touch upon sunbaked skin,
a hymn sung to the thirsty soil.

Children leap from the shadows,
barefoot, laughter spilling like water,
their faces upturned to the sky,
mouths wide, drinking in the joy,
as puddles form like mirrors,
reflecting the world anew—
the vibrant mosaic of life,
the laughter of mothers,
the stories carried on the wind.

The fields, once weary and worn,
drink deeply,
the grains swell with gratitude,
green shoots push through the earth,
reaching for the sun,

each blade a testament
to resilience, to hope,
to the unyielding spirit of a people
who have danced with despair
and found rhythm in the rain.

Later, as the clouds drift away,
the sun returns,
casting a golden glow,
the land glistening,
fresh and alive,
reminding us that even in the harshest of summers,
there exists a moment,
when the heavens open,
and the world is reborn in the embrace of water.

So let us gather,
in the warmth of this fleeting season,
under the arch of the sky,
where the echoes of thunder
whisper tales of endurance,
where summer rain
becomes a lullaby,
a reminder that we are here,
we are alive,
and in every drop that falls,
there lies a promise—
of renewal, of tomorrow,
of the beauty found
in the depths of our shared existence.

Mohammad Yousef

My College Years At Tishreen University

In the sunlit halls of Tishreen,
where whispers of wisdom linger,
I walked the corridors of English literature,
my heart a compass, navigating
the vast oceans of words,
each page a wave,
every story a new surf,
crashing against the shores of my soul.

Four years, a tapestry woven
with threads of philosophy,
the musings of minds long past
danced in the corners of lecture halls,
as Socrates and Shakespeare
played a game of shadows,
their voices echoing in my thoughts,
a symphony of intellect,
each note a question, a challenge,
to think, to feel, to understand.

I remember the first time
I held a book of poetry,
the ink like a river,
flowing through my fingertips,
each stanza a stepping stone,
leading me deeper into the labyrinth
of human experience,
where joy and sorrow intertwined,
and metaphors blossomed like wildflowers,
in the meadows of my imagination.

My professors, wise and kind,
carved pathways in my mind,
their lessons a lantern in the night,
guiding my exploration
through the jungles of literature,
each character a friend,
each plot twist a revelation,
as I learned to weave my own stories,

to paint with words,
to craft universes from mere thoughts.

I sat in cafes, sipping bitter coffee,
the aroma mingling with dreams,
conversations swirling like smoke,
debating the essence of existence,
the meaning of love,
the weight of silence,
while the world outside spun on,
unaware of the revolution
taking place in our hearts.

Through every late-night study,
every tear shed over a paper,
I unearthed layers of myself,
discovered the courage to question,
to challenge the status quo,
to embrace the ambiguity of life,
which mirrored the complexity
of the texts we dissected,
the philosophies we pondered.

And now, as I stand at the threshold,
the horizon stretching before me,
I carry the echoes of Tishreen,
the laughter of friends,
the wisdom of mentors,
the beauty of words that danced
in the air like fireflies,
lighting the dark corners of my mind.

My college years, a mosaic,
each fragment a memory,
each memory a lesson,
each lesson a step
toward a future yet unwritten,
but always rooted in the fertile soil
of English literature and philosophy,
where the heart of humanity beats,
and the quest for meaning begins anew.

In the end, I am more than a student,
I am a seeker, a dreamer,
armed with stories to tell,
with thoughts to ignite,
as I set sail into the vast unknown,
forever grateful for the waves
that washed over me
in those transformative years,
at Tishreen University.

Mohammad Yousef

Turkish Coffee

In the soft glow of dawn,
the kitchen awakens,
where shadows stretch,
and the day unfurls its petals,
I find her, poised,
the heart of our home,
her hands, a tapestry of stories,
woven with the threads of time.

She cradles the cezve,
a small copper pot,
ancient as the whispers of the Bosphorus,
as she scoops the dark, ground beans,
each granule a promise,
each measure a memory,
the aroma dances in the air,
like laughter spilling over
the rim of a cup.

Water cascades,
a gentle river flowing,
the heat rises,
and so does the spirit of the morning,
her eyes, deep as the Black Sea,
glimmer with the secrets of the brew,
while the flame flickers,
like a heartbeat,
steady and sure.

As she stirs,
the coffee swirls,
a dark galaxy in that small vessel,
it simmers, whispers,
the magic of patience,
as the froth gathers,
a crown upon its surface,
an offering to the soul,
the ritual of awakening.



PoemHunter.com

She pours with grace,
the liquid gold spills,
like stories shared over time,
each cup a vessel,
carrying warmth,
a bridge between moments,
the taste of her laughter,
the bitterness of her sorrows,
the sweetness of her dreams.

Turkish coffee from her hands,
a potion brewed with love,
for every sip is a journey,
to bustling bazaars and sunlit streets,
to family gatherings,
where the clink of porcelain sings,
and the world pauses,
to savor the richness of connection.

In the silence that follows,
the steam rises, curling,
a soft embrace around our hearts,
the coffee grounds settle,
like the echoes of yesterday,
and in that stillness,
I find solace,
the warmth of her spirit,
in every drop,
a reminder that life, like coffee, is meant to be savored,
slowly,
with intention,
from her hands,
to my heart.

Mohammad Yousef

Seagull

In the salt-kissed air of dawn,
where the waves whisper secrets to the shore,
I met you, a creature of the sky,
wings outstretched like dreams unfurling,
gliding effortlessly on the breath of the ocean.

You perched on a weathered post,
a sentinel of the morning light,
your feathers ruffled by the wind,
each plume a testament to journeys untold,
each call a haunting melody that danced
in the spaces between my thoughts,
where solitude once reigned.

I watched you dive,
a graceful plunge into the cerulean depths,
your silhouette cutting through the sun's embrace,
and I marveled at your freedom,
the way you soared above the mundane,
untethered by the weight of earthly ties.

In those moments,
you became my muse,
the embodiment of every longing,
every unspoken word that lingered
in the corners of my heart,
where shadows of doubt once loomed.

I found solace in your presence,
the way you'd circle back,
wings glinting like silver,
each return a promise,
a soft reminder that love,
in all its forms, is wild and untamed,
like the ocean's roar,
like the call of a seagull.

We danced between the tides,
you and I,

me with my feet planted in wet sand,
and you with the wind beneath your wings,
a duet of earth and sky,
of longing and liberation.

Sometimes, you'd swoop low,
a flash of white against the blue,
and I'd laugh, caught in the spell
of your carefree spirit,
my heart a kite tethered to your flight.

But love stories are not always simple,
and as the sun dipped low,
painting the horizon in hues of gold,
I felt the weight of your wanderlust,
the call of distant shores pulling you away,
the promise of horizons I could never follow.

Yet, even as you soared into the twilight,
I held on to the echoes of your cries,
the flutter of your wings in my memory,
a reminder that love,
like the tides, ebbs and flows,
that true connection transcends distance,
and our hearts,
though separated by the vastness of sky,
remain intertwined.

So here I stand,
on this familiar shore,
waiting for the dawn,
the salty breeze a gentle caress,
and I know, without doubt,
that somewhere in the vast expanse,
you are still soaring,
a seagull in the endless sky,
and I, your devoted admirer,
will forever cherish our love story,
written in the whispers of the waves,
etched in the sands of time.

She

In the quiet corners of a crowded room,
where time hangs like a forgotten melody,
I find her—a vision, a whisper,
a flicker of light dancing in shadow,
and suddenly the world unravels,
threads of reality fraying at the edges.

She moves like a breeze,
her laughter a symphony,
notes floating, swirling,
tugging at the heartstrings of the mundane,
each smile a brushstroke on the canvas of my mind,
each glance a doorway into a dreamscape,
where possibility blooms like wildflowers
in the cracks of concrete cities.

Her hair cascades, a waterfall of silk,
catching the golden sun,
and in that glow,
I see the universe reflected,
stars colliding in the depths of her gaze.
She holds galaxies within her laughter,
each sound a comet tracing arcs,
across the vastness of my longing,
and I, a wanderer, lost in her orbit,
a satellite of desire, spinning in her gravity.

But oh, the illusion thickens,
as I reach for her,
fingers grazing the air,
and she shimmers,
a mirage on the horizon of my heart,
a fleeting glimpse of what could be,
if only my dreams could stretch into the dawn.

I am caught in this reverie,
a thief of moments,
plucking petals from the flower of time,
“Is she real?” I ask the echoes,

as they dance back, laughing,
"Is she just a figment,
a wisp of smoke,
or does she breathe like the morning,
full of life,
full of love?"

I close my eyes,
and the world falls away,
the cacophony of existence fades
into a hush,
and there she is,
a specter, a muse,
her beauty a hallucination,
so vivid, so alive,
that in her presence,
I forget the weight of the world,
and float,
adrift on the currents of my own creation,
where dreams are painted in the hues of her laughter,
and every heartbeat echoes
with the promise of her name.

In this space,
where illusion and reality entwine,
I surrender,
to the paradox of her existence,
for she is not just a vision,
but the very essence of what it means to feel,
to dream,
to live in the beautiful delirium
that is love,
and I,
a humble poet,
am grateful to be hallucinated
by her light.

Mohammad Yousef

The Battle Of Khayber: An Untold Tale Of Imam Ali

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In the golden sands of Khayber,
where the sun kissed the earth with fervent heat,
a fortress stood, proud and ancient,
guarding its riches, its people,
a citadel of strength and wealth,
the heart of a people,
the pulse of a legacy.

The air thick with tension,
the murmurs of warriors,
clad in armor,
clutching swords like promises,
the Jews of Khayber, fierce as the desert wind,
awaited the approach of destiny,
their strongholds echoing with pride,
unbroken, unyielding.

But in the shadows of this mighty fortress,
a different kind of strength emerged,
a man, though afflicted,
his sight dimmed by the weight of illness,
Imam Ali, son of Abu Talib,
the lion-hearted, the brave,
whose spirit burned brighter than the sun,
who bore the mantle of honor with grace.

And there, in the stillness,
the Prophet Muhammad,
with a whisper of healing,
laid hands upon the weary eyes,
the warmth of his saliva,
a balm for the soul,
and in that sacred moment,
the fire reignited,
the sight returned,
the vision of the battle unfolded.

"Stand with me, O Lion!"
the call echoed through the ranks,
and Ali, reborn in strength,
moved with purpose,
a shadow of valor,
his sword glinting like a promise
in the sun's embrace.

Marhab, the chieftain,
stood adorned in armor,
the embodiment of defiance,
but the heart of the brave knows no fear,
and with a strike,
the air split asunder,
a sword-stroke that sang,
the helmet shattered,
the tale of enemies rewritten,
the ground soaked in echoes of glory.

Yet, the battle raged,
the fortress loomed above,
and in a moment of desperation,
with resolve like mountains,
Ali, the fearless,
lost his shield to the storm,
and with the strength of a thousand,
he seized the very doors of fate,
lifted from their hinges,
wooden giants in his grasp,
a bridge for the faithful,
a passage to triumph.

Through the moat he climbed,
the waters reflecting the fire of his heart,
the faithful behind him,
inspired by the valor of one,
as the fortress succumbed,
the walls trembled,
the chains of oppression broken,
the dawn of a new era rising,
with Ali leading the charge,
a beacon of hope,

a testament to faith.

In the annals of time,
this story whispers,
an untold saga of bravery,
where the sick rose to challenge fate,
where respect met valor on the battlefield,
and in the heart of Khayber,
Imam Ali,
the man of steel and spirit,
etched his name,
not just in blood,
but in the eternal tapestry of honor,
where the fight for justice
is the truest form of faith.

So let the winds of history carry this tale,
let the ages remember,
when strength and compassion intertwined,
in the Battle of Khayber,
where legends were born,
and the heart of a lion roared,
a story untold,
a legacy that endures.

In the shadow of the fortress,
where the dust of ancients stirs,
Khayber stood, a jewel of might,
its walls kissed by the sun,
its treasures guarded by the proud.

Yet beyond the glimmer of gold,
the heart of a people pulsed—
the rich, the strong,
their castles high and their spirits fortified,
the echoes of their laughter,
a challenge to the winds of fate.

But in the distance,
a prophet's call rang clear,
Muhammed, the chosen,
with wisdom in his gaze,

sensed the tides of change,
and summoned the brave.

Ali, son of Abu Talib,
his eyes clouded with pain,
a sickness gripping like a thief,
yet loyalty burned brighter than gold.
He rose, though shadows clung,
for the call of his leader was a balm
more potent than the finest cure.

With a gentle touch,
the Prophet's hands brushed the storm,
spit and prayer, a miracle woven,
and in that sacred act,
the haze of illness lifted,
revealing the lion within.

The day dawned—a tempest,
with swords drawn and hearts ablaze,
Marhab, the chieftain, fierce as night,
stood with pride, a titan of steel.
But Ali, now whole,
felt the pulse of destiny—
a heartbeat that thundered through time.

With a swing that split the air,
the sword sang its deadly song,
and the helmet shattered like glass,
dividing flesh from fate,
as Marhab fell,
a tale of courage etched in blood.

Yet the fortress loomed,
its doors heavy with defiance,
the weight of ages,
but Ali, undeterred,
saw not the burden,
but the path of valor.

He heaved, he lifted,
both gates of Khayber torn from their hinges,

a bridge born of faith and strength,
over the moat, a testament
to the bond of brotherhood,
to the promise of the faithful.

And as the Muslims surged forth,
through the threshold of victory,
the echoes of Khayber would carry,
a story untold,
woven in the fabric of time—
not just of battles fought,
but of hearts united,
where respect prevailed,
and courage was the true wealth.

So let them remember,
not just the clash of arms,
but the spirit of a man,
Imam Ali, the lion of God,
who, with a heart ablaze,
transcended the confines of war,
becoming a bridge,
a promise of hope,
in the annals of history,
in the battle of Khayber,
where legends were forged,
and the story unfolds,
in whispers of loyalty,
and the light of faith,
evermore.

Mohammad Yousef

Safe Haven

In your arms, I find my safe haven,
A place where all my fears are craven.
Your embrace is like a warm blanket,
Protecting me from the world's racket.

Your chest is my fortress, strong and true,
A place where my troubles simply undo.
I lay my head upon your steady heart,
And find solace in our unbreakable part.

Your hug is like a gentle breeze,
Calming my soul with effortless ease.
I feel your strength and love surround,
As we stand on solid ground.

Your love is a beacon in the night,
Guiding me towards the light.
It never wavers, never fades,
A constant in life's ever-changing shades.

Your daily care is a gift I cherish,
A reminder that you'll never perish.
You tend to me with gentle hands,
Creating a bond that forever stands.

In your presence, I find peace,
A respite from life's ceaseless lease.
You are my anchor in the storm,
Keeping me safe, keeping me warm.

So here I rest, in your embrace,
Knowing I've found my rightful place.
With you, my safe haven, my love,
I am content, soaring above.

Mohammad Yousef

If... (Excuse Me, Kipling)

If... (Excuse Me, Kipling)

If the winds of fortune should dance in your favor,
and the stars align in a perfect celestial waltz,
then rise with the sun,
not as a conqueror,
but as a humble gardener,
tending the dreams that sprout in the soil of your heart.

If the shadows of doubt creep like ivy,
twisting their fingers around your resolve,
let the light of your spirit shine like a beacon,
piercing the murk,
for even the darkest nights yield to dawn's embrace.

If the road ahead seems strewn with thorns,
and the echoes of failure taunt your every step,
wear your scars like badges of honor,
for in each wound, a lesson blooms,
and in each stumble, a story unfolds.

If the voices of the world rise in a cacophony,
drowning your whispers of truth,
stand firm,
a lighthouse amidst the storm,
your heart a compass, guiding you home.

If your dreams are but whispers,
fluttering like fragile moths in the night,
gather them close,
for they are the seeds of possibility,
waiting for the breath of courage to ignite their flight.

If you find yourself standing at the crossroads,
where paths diverge like rivers in the wild,
trust the pulse of your spirit,
let it lead you through the thicket,
for even the winding paths hold treasures unseen.

If the weight of the world collapses upon your shoulders,
and the burdens seem insurmountable,
remember,
the oak stands tall because it bends with the storm,
its roots deep in the earth, unyielding yet flexible.

If the laughter of others rings like a distant bell,
and the warmth of connection feels like a fading ember,
reach out with open hands,
for in the act of giving, we ignite our own flames,
and together, we create a tapestry of light.

If you find yourself lost in the labyrinth of time,
as moments slip through your fingers like sand,
savor the sweetness of now,
take a breath,
let it fill your lungs with possibility,
for the present is a gift,
unwrapped in the stillness of existence.

If...
is not merely a word,
but a canvas,
a realm of infinite potential,
where dreams unfurl like wings,
and the heart dares to soar,
beyond the confines of what is,
into the boundless beauty of what could be.

So, excuse me, Kipling,
as I weave my own verses,
for in your echoes, I find a voice,
in your wisdom, a compass,
and in this tapestry of 'If, '
I discover the essence of becoming,
the art of living fully,
the dance of existence,
unraveled, yet whole.

Mohammad Yousef

My Syria

In the heart of the Levant,
where the sun kisses ancient stones,
a tapestry woven with threads of time,
I find the Syria I love.

****Damascus****—

a city wrapped in whispers,
her alleys pulse with stories
of prophets and poets,
the scent of jasmine
mingling with the dust of history,
where the Umayyad Mosque stands,
a beacon of faith
and resilience,
its minarets reaching for the heavens,
calling forth dreams from the past.

****Swaiyda****,

where the mountains cradle the sky,
and the Druze spirit dances
on the winds of tradition,
the laughter of children echoes
amidst olive groves,
bound by the roots of their ancestors,
each tree a guardian of memories.

****Darra****,

the cradle of voices,
where the echoes of the young
demanding freedom
resound like thunder,
a heartbeat that refuses to fade,
the spirit of rebellion
carving paths through the shadows,
a fire ignited,
for justice and hope.

****Homs****,

the city of the brave,

where the scars of conflict
tell tales of endurance,
its streets once alive with laughter,
now a canvas of resilience,
each brick a testament,
each window a watchful eye,
reflecting the strength of the human spirit.

****Hama****,
with its ancient waterwheels
turning like the memories of time,
the city that knows the weight of sorrow,
yet blooms with the tenacity of hope,
the Orontes flows,
a witness to the stories of love,
of loss, of laughter,
a river that carries the dreams of its people.

****Tartous****,
where the Mediterranean kisses the shore,
a harbor of tranquility,
the scent of the sea mingling
with the warmth of the sun,
fishermen casting nets
into the azure expanse,
each catch a link to the past,
each wave a lullaby of the present.

****Lattakia****,
where mountains meet the sea,
the rich tapestry of flavors,
the spices of life blend here,
a mosaic of cultures
intertwined like the branches of a tree,
the laughter of families
echoing through sun-drenched streets,
life a celebration
beneath the Syrian sky.

****Edlib****,
the heart of the harvest,
fields stretching like a quilt,

the golden grains sway
with the rhythm of the wind,
the laughter of farmers
carved into the landscape,
the promise of tomorrow
blooming in every seed sown.

****Aleppo****,
with its citadel standing sentinel,
a fortress of time,
a city that has tasted both
the bitterness of loss
and the sweetness of resilience,
where the souks teem with life,
the flavors of spices and stories
mingling in the air,
a heartbeat that refuses to be silenced.

****Raqqqa****,
where the Euphrates flows,
its waters a lifeline,
a city reborn from ashes,
each brick laid with hope,
a testament to the strength
of a people who rise,
who dream anew
with every dawn.

****Deir ez-Zor****,
where the sands tell tales,
the whispers of the desert
carry the dreams of the past,
the strength of the river
companion to the soul,
a journey of survival
etched in the hearts of its people.

****Hasaka****,
a land of diversity,
where the tapestry of cultures
threads a beautiful narrative,
the hum of life

woven into the very fabric of existence,
unity found in the embrace
of shared dreams.

****Palmyra****,
the cradle for civilization,
a city of columns
that touch the sky,
a whisper of ancient glory,
echoing through the ruins,
a reminder that beauty endures,
even in the face of devastation,
a phoenix that rises,
for the spirit of Syria
will never fade.

This is the Syria I love,
a mosaic of resilience,
a symphony of voices,
where hope blooms
amidst the ruins,
where the spirit of its people
transcends the shadows
and dances in the light,
dreaming of a tomorrow
bathed in peace,
a land forever cherished
in the heart of the world.

Mohammad Yousef

The Syria I Love

In the cradle of ancient whispers,
where the Euphrates flows like a memory,
and the sun kisses the earth with golden warmth,
there lies a land woven with the threads of time,
the Syria I love.

Her mountains rise like guardians,
cradling tales of civilizations,
the stones of Palmyra speak in silent reverence,
echoing the laughter of children
playing in the shadows of ruins,
where history and dreams intertwine.

In the bustling souks of Aleppo,
spices dance in the air,
cinnamon and saffron,
a symphony of scents,
as artisans carve their stories into wood,
each stroke a heartbeat,
each creation a testament to resilience.

The laughter of families gathered
around tables laden with tabbouleh,
hummus, and the warmth of freshly baked bread,
hands reaching, sharing,
a mosaic of flavors,
a celebration of togetherness,
amidst the fading echoes of conflict.

In Damascus, the old city breathes,
its narrow alleys cradle the secrets
of poets and philosophers,
where the Umayyad Mosque stands,
a testament to faith and perseverance,
its minarets reaching for the sky,
a promise of peace amidst chaos.

The Syria I love is not just a place,
but a tapestry of hearts—

each thread a story,
each pulse a reminder
of the strength found in unity,
the beauty in diversity,
the spirit that refuses to be broken.

With every sunset,
the horizon paints a canvas of hope,
as the stars emerge,
whispering tales of dreams yet to unfold,
of a land where laughter can thrive
once more,
where children can play in the sun,
unfettered by shadows of the past.

Here, the olive trees stand tall,
roots deep in the earth,
whispering secrets of endurance,
their branches reaching out,
offering peace and solace,
in a world that often forgets
the power of love.

The Syria I love is a promise,
a dream yet to be realized,
a phoenix waiting to rise
from the ashes of despair,
to reclaim her place in the sun,
to be a beacon of light,
a testament to the unyielding spirit
of her people,
who carry hope in their hearts
like a flame that never flickers.

And though storms may rage,
and shadows may loom,
the Syria I love will always endure,
for in her heart lies the strength
of a thousand voices united,
singing a song of resilience,
a hymn that echoes through time—
the Syria I love,

forever alive in my soul.

Mohammad Yousef

Still I Rise After Every Fall

In the quiet hush of dawn,
when shadows linger and whispers fade,
I find myself, a phoenix,
cradled in the ashes of yesterday—
each stumble, each bruise,
a testament to the weight of gravity,
yet I rise, relentless,
a symphony of resilience
echoing through the corridors of silence.

The winds may howl,
the storms may batter
the fragile walls I've built,
but in the eye of the tempest
I stand tall, roots entwined,
drawing strength from the earth beneath,
a reminder that even the mightiest oak
once trembled as a seed.

I gather the fragments of my spirit,
scattered like autumn leaves,
each one a story, a lesson,
a brushstroke on the canvas of my soul—
I weave them together,
a tapestry of tenacity,
each thread shimmering with the glow
of battles fought and won.

With every fall,
I learn the dance of gravity,
the art of rising,
the poetry of perseverance—
like the sun that stretches
its golden fingers across the horizon,
I greet the day with open arms,
embracing the beauty in the struggle.

For I am the echo of the mountains,
the whisper of the rivers,

the heartbeat of the earth,
and though the world may try to pin me down,
I am buoyant, I am fierce,
an unyielding spirit,
a tide that cannot be tamed,
I rise.

From the depths of despair,
I carve my path anew,
with each heartbeat
a promise to the universe—
that I am here,
and I will not be silenced,
for in the dance of existence,
I find my rhythm,
my voice, my truth.

Still, I rise after each fall,
like the moon that waxes and wanes,
like the stars that pierce the cloak of night,
a steadfast reminder
that even in darkness,
there exists a spark,
a flicker of hope
that propels me forward,
lighting the way
through the labyrinth of life.

So let the winds blow,
let the tides turn,
I will rise,
with the ferocity of a thousand storms,
the grace of a thousand suns,
for I am alive,
and in each rise,
I claim my story,
my strength,
my unbreakable spirit.

Mohammad Yousef

Her Body

In the quiet of dawn,
she rises,
the light dances across her skin,
a canvas of stories told
in the soft dim glow of morning.

Her arms,
long and graceful,
like branches reaching for the sun,
each curve a testament
to the strength of her embrace,
the way they cradle dreams
and chase shadows away.

Her hands,
delicate yet powerful,
fingers like whispers,
crafting beauty from the air,
every line etched with purpose,
every nail a tiny moon,
polished and glowing
with the essence of her spirit.

Her shoulders,
broad yet tender,
carry the weight of the world,
the gentle slope where burdens rest,
a refuge for the weary,
where laughter lingers
and secrets find solace.

Her back,
a gentle arch,
the spine a river of resilience,
each vertebra a milestone
in the journey of becoming,
a landscape of strength
woven with the threads of vulnerability.

Her belly,
a soft expanse,
a reminder of the life she nurtures,
the swell of creation,
the laughter of children echoing
in the gentle rise and fall,
a sacred space,
a testament to the beauty of existence.

Her thighs,
strong like ancient trees,
rooted in the earth,
the power to move mountains,
to run towards the horizon,
to dance in the rain,
each step a declaration of freedom,
each stride a song of defiance.

Her legs,
tapering down to grace,
the rhythm of her walk
a melody that lingers,
a story told in the sway
of her hips,
the pulse of her journey,
the heartbeat of her essence.

Her face,
a map of laughter and tears,
eyes like galaxies,
vast, deep, and alive,
holding the wisdom of ages,
the brightness of stars,
a reflection of the universe
and all its wonders.

Her lips,
full and inviting,
the curve of a smile,
a promise of warmth,
the taste of sweet secrets,
a whisper in the dark,

the poetry of her heart.

Her hair,
a cascade of silk,
a waterfall of dreams,
each strand a story,
the color of the night sky,
the sun-kissed morning,
flowing like a river,
carrying her essence,
her wildness,
her freedom.

This is her body,
a symphony of strength and grace,
an intricate dance of light and shadow,
a vessel of spirit
and flesh,
woven together,
a living poem,
inviting the world
to witness her truth,
to celebrate her existence,
to honor the beauty
that is wholly hers.

Mohammad Yousef

Her Coffee

In the early hours,
when dawn whispers through the curtains,
and the world is still wrapped in the quiet embrace of sleep,
she rises,
a gentle rustle in the stillness,
the soft patter of bare feet on cool tiles.
The kitchen beckons,
a sanctuary of warmth,
where the kettle hums its familiar tune,
like an old friend,
ready to awaken the senses.

She cradles the mug,
its ceramic surface warm against her palms,
the rich aroma swirling,
a deep, dark promise of comfort,
inviting her to dive into its depths,
to savor each sip as it dances on her tongue,
bittersweet, like memories that linger long after they fade.

The steam rises,
a delicate wisp of dreams,
carrying with it the weight of her thoughts,
the chaos of yesterday,
the hopes of tomorrow,
each swirl a story,
a moment suspended in time,
a reminder that life brews in layers,
both simple and complex.

She watches the world outside,
the sun peeking over the horizon,
painting the sky in hues of orange and gold,
a canvas alive with possibility.
Her coffee, a ritual,
a grounding force in the whirlwind of life,
the heartbeat of her morning,
where silence speaks louder than words,
and the world slows down,

just for a moment.

With every sip,
she finds pieces of herself,
the strength in the darkness,
the sweetness in the light,
the balance that exists between chaos and calm,
as the liquid warmth courses through her veins,
a reminder that she is alive,
that she is here,
in this fleeting breath of time.

The mug empties,
leaving traces of warmth,
and she smiles,
for in that simple cup of coffee,
she has found clarity,
a sense of purpose,
a connection to the universe,
and a promise that,
like the brew itself,
each day is a new beginning,
a fresh start,
waiting to be savored.

Mohammad Yousef

Morning Coffee

In the hushed embrace of dawn,
before the sun spills gold across the sky,
the world holds its breath,
wrapped in a gentle silence,
where dreams drift like mist,
and the promise of a new day
hums softly in the air.

I rise,
the chill of night still clinging,
a blanket of coolness
that wraps around my shoulders,
and there, in the corner of my kitchen,
the old coffee maker stands sentinel,
a faithful companion,
its presence as familiar as my own heartbeat.

I measure the grounds,
dark as the mysteries of the night,
each granule a story waiting to unfold,
the aroma whispers secrets,
inviting me closer,
pulling me into the ritual,
the sacred dance of water and heat,
where life awakens in fragrant swirls.

The first splash of liquid,
a cascade of warmth,
melting the remnants of sleep,
as steam curls upward,
a ghostly figure reaching for the sky,
and I close my eyes, inhaling deeply,
the scent wrapping around me,
a lover's embrace,
intoxicating,
stirring the senses,
igniting the spark within.

I pour it into my favorite mug,

the one chipped and weathered,
a testament to countless mornings,
to laughter and solitude,
to moments shared and savored,
the universe contained in its roundness,
the warmth radiating through my fingers.

The first sip,
the liquid gold,
sliding down my throat,
a cascade of comfort,
filling the empty spaces,
the bitterness tempered by a touch of sweetness,
the way life itself unfolds,
a balance of flavors,
each note resonating with the promise of possibilities.

Outside, the world stirs,
birds take flight,
their songs weaving through the air,
and I sit,
nestled in this cocoon of warmth,
watching as shadows retreat,
colors unfurling like petals,
the canvas of the day brightening,
each ray of light a brushstroke of hope.

In this quiet moment,
I am reminded of the beauty
in the simplest of pleasures,
the way morning coffee
is more than just a drink,
it's a ritual,
a meditation,
a pause in the chaos,
a celebration of life
before the rush begins,
a sacred space where dreams
can take root,
and the heart can find its rhythm.

So here I sit,

with my mug cradled
like a promise,
ready to face the world,
the steam rising,
my spirit lifted,
one sip at a time,
as the dawn unfolds,
and the day stretches its arms,
welcoming me to be a part of it all.

Mohammad Yousef

Hallucination

Hallucination, a dance of the mind
Where reality blurs and fantasy intertwines
A mystical journey into the unknown
Where dreams and illusions are freely sown

In the depths of a restless sleep
Visions appear, both dark and deep
Whispers of ghosts from a forgotten past
Haunt the mind, shadows that last

The world transforms, twists and bends
As reality and imagination blend
Colors swirl, shapes distort
In this realm, anything can be sought

A whisper in the wind becomes a scream
A flicker of light, a vivid, vibrant beam
Time stands still, then races ahead
Hallucination's grip tightens its thread

The mind plays tricks, deceiving the eye
Creating worlds where truth and lie
Merge together in a kaleidoscope
Of twisted truth and shattered hope

Is this real, or just a trick of the mind?
A mirage in the desert, hard to define
Hallucination, a slippery slope
Where reality struggles to cope

But in this madness, beauty can be found
In the chaos, a silver lining unwound
A glimpse of the soul, raw and true
In the haze of illusion, a clear view

So let the hallucinations dance and sway
In the mind's labyrinth, they will play
A delicate balance of light and shade
In this enchanting, mysterious charade

Hallucination, a window to the soul
Where fantasies roam and dreams unfold
A journey into the depths of the mind
Where truth and illusion are intertwined.

Mohammad Yousef

Alphabet

A is for Ali bin abi Tablib, symbol of love, mercy, understanding, wisdom, justice and tolerance.

B is for baby born man, to ease wife, mother, father and tribe

C is for catastrophies that fall upon our heads, in the middle east

D is for disasters that incur from recurring crises in the middle east.

E is for eggs, scrambled, poached, fried, omelettes left uneaten on plates, abandoned on the stove that morning when the bomb exploded and killed innocents in Jableh

F is for fire in our hearts that will never be extinguished, for flowers, the ones which will grow years from now through the cracks of blasted walls and hearts

G for the name of your great sister, she could have been yours or mine, who you pushed onto the train to the next village against her will (proposing that marriage is better than singlehood)

H for house, home, hut, hiding place, nowhere to hide, hymns, Hope.

I for you and me, who struggle to live in the minimum.

J is for jail where protesters huddle together, 40 in one cell that resembles the coffin.

K for for kites flying, kicking balls, karaoke nights in bars and the days we took for granted. Kindness lost.

L for Loss, what we lost and what we will and for those love letters tied with a ribbon, left behind in the shoe box under the bed. Listen to me.

M for mother, yours, mine, the one turning in her grave, the one in her bed, the one in a wheelchair, the one who walked a hundred miles carrying her baby, the one who couldn't and the woman who walked instead of her. Milk. Black milk.

N for never ending, nothing making sense. Not sure where God is right now. Now.

O for occupation. Occupied, pre-occupied, post-occupied. One. Only. One chance. Only. One humanity diminished.

P for Palestine (countries not allowed) People, person, poet, preacher, pears in your garden glistening in the sunlight with dew a moment before the shelling, Gaza strip is another fight for life.

Q for questions, about you, me, and us? Why not you, me or us? Some are answered, others not. Quest.

R for rats crawling out of the sewage at night bewildered by the smoke, for roses on graves and at shrines, and for those who won't be properly buried, but still will rise. Still we rise. Rain, when heaven cries.

S for Syria, my country, (not allowed) songs we never sang, sirens through the night, shelling for a month, silence in my head, speak to me God.

T for tea the one you offered me when I came to your village with a gun, the one too hot and too sweet and which I left to cool on my desk never knowing I would never drink it. Talk. Talk to me, I am listening.

U is for Ukraine, Another proxy war for the west (not allowed) . Understand. Not understanding. Useless. Unless...

V for vultures no longer circling the sky above the church or the mosque. Volcano erupting. That's what it looked like.

W for waiting, waiting for it to end. Writing. Why bother? Why? wait. For wife who fills my life with zeal and zest

X is for the X in the questionnaire box- either you're in or out.

Y is for Yemen (not allowed) You and me. Now it's only You. I am no longer in life

Z for zero. Zero left. Back to A above. Zulfiqar, sword of Zulfiqar. Ali bin Abi Talib, Protector of All.

Mohammad Yousef

You Come Naked, You Leave Naked

You came naked,
Pure and innocent,
A blank canvas ready to be painted
With the colors of life.

You will go naked,
Stripped of earthly possessions,
Leaving behind all that you have accumulated,
Returning to the earth as you once were.

You came in weak,
Unable to fend for yourself,
Dependent on others for care and sustenance,
A fragile being in a harsh world.

You will come out weak,
No longer able to stand on your own,
Counting on the kindness of others
To guide you through your final days.

You came without money or things,
No riches or material wealth to call your own,
Just the love and warmth of those around you,
The true treasures of life.

You will leave without money or things,
For in the end, all that matters is love,
Not the possessions we gather,
But the relationships we cultivate.

Your first meal?
Someone is feeding you,
Nourishing your body and soul,
With each bite, a symbol of care and love.

Your last meal?
Someone will feed you,
A final act of tenderness and compassion,
A bittersweet farewell in the form of sustenance.

Your first bath?

Somebody washed you,

Cleansing away the remnants of birth,

A gentle touch erasing the traces of the journey into this world.

Your last bath?

Somebody will wash you,

Preparing you for your final rest,

A final act of service and respect for your journey.

That's how life is,

A cycle of giving and receiving,

Of love and care,

Of compassion and kindness.

So why so much hate,

So much selfishness,

So much envy,

So much resentment and bad energies?

Why do we forget the simple truth

That we all come into this world the same,

And we will all leave it the same,

Naked and vulnerable,

Dependent on the kindness of others?

Let us remember our shared humanity,

Our common fragility,

And let love be our guiding light,

In a world often darkened by ignorance and fear.

For in the end,

It is not the riches we amass,

But the love we give and receive,

That truly defines our journey through life.

Let us strive to be a beacon of light,

In a world that so often forgets

The simple truth

That we are all interconnected,

Bound by the common thread

Of our shared humanity.

?????? ???? ?? ?? ????? ?????? ?????? ?? ????? ?? ??? ? ??????? ??????? ?? ??? ??
?????....

Mohammad Yousef

Who Am I, You Ask?

Who am I, you ask?

I am the sum of all I've encountered, all I've experienced

I am the pages of the books I've devoured

The lessons imparted by the wise teachers

The highs and lows, the joys and sorrows

I am the love that surrounds me

The pain that has shaped me

I am a tapestry woven from intricate threads

Each one a piece of the puzzle that is me

I am the laughter of my friends, the tears of my family

The whispers of the wind, the rustling of leaves

I am the music that moves me, the words that inspire me

I am the sunlight that warms my skin, the rain that cleanses my soul

I am the strength of those who have supported me

The courage of those who have walked beside me

I am a mosaic of memories, a collage of emotions

Each one adding a new layer to my identity

I am the kindness of strangers, the warmth of a hug

The smile of a child, the wisdom of the elderly

I am the resilience of a survivor, the determination of a dreamer

I am the passion of an artist, the creativity of a writer

I am the curiosity of a seeker, the humility of a learner

I am a melody of voices, a symphony of experiences

Each one harmonizing to create the melody of my existence

I am the fire in my belly, the fire in my heart

The fire that drives me to push beyond my limits

I am the storm that rages within, the calm that follows

I am the shadows that linger, the light that pierces through

I am the hope that sustains me, the faith that guides me

I am a story that is still unfolding, a journey that is far from over

I am a work in progress, a masterpiece in the making

I am who I am, and I am proud of the person I've become.

Who am I, you ask?

I am a tapestry woven from the threads of life,

Each strand a memory, a lesson, a piece of me.

I am made from the books I read,
Pages filled with worlds unknown,
Characters who whispered secrets in my ear,
And stories that stayed with me long after the final page was turned.

I am made of the teachers who shaped me,
Their words of wisdom echoing in my mind,
Their encouragement pushing me to reach new heights,
Their presence a guiding light in a world of uncertainty.

I am made of the experiences I have encountered,
The highs and lows that have shaped my journey,
The moments of triumph that filled me with joy,
And the setbacks that tested my resolve.

I am made of your love,
A warmth that surrounds me like a gentle embrace,
A beacon of light in the darkness,
A reminder that I am never alone.

I am made of the pain I have endured,
The heartaches that left scars on my soul,
The tears shed in moments of loneliness,
And the strength that emerged from the ashes of despair.

I am made of laughter and joy,
The sound of friends sharing in moments of pure bliss,
The echoes of childhood innocence,
And the simple pleasures that bring light to my days.

I am made of the arguments with my parents,
The clashes of wills that taught me to stand my ground,
The disagreements that tested the bonds of family,
And the love that always remained, even in the midst of conflict.

I am made of the chattering of young children,
Their voices like music to my ears,
Their curiosity a reminder of the wonder in the world,
And their innocence a balm to my weary soul.

I am made of the warmth from kind strangers,

The gestures of kindness that restore my faith in humanity,
The moments of connection with those I may never see again,
And the reminder that we are all connected in this journey called life.

I am made of stitchings from cracked hearts,
The pieces of brokenness that I have carried with me,
The wounds that have healed but still leave their mark,
And the reminder that even the damaged can find beauty in their scars.

I am made of bitter words from heated arguments,
The sharp edges of conflict that have sharpened my resolve,
The misunderstandings that have taught me the value of communication,
And the recognition that words have the power to wound or heal.

I am made of music that gets me through,
The melodies that soothe my soul in times of trouble,
The lyrics that speak to the deepest parts of me,
And the rhythm that moves me when words fail.

I am made of emotions I cannot convey,
The depths of feeling that often go unspoken,
The complexities of the heart that defy explanation,
And the understanding that sometimes silence speaks louder than words.

I am made of all these people and moments,
The tapestry of my life unfolding in vibrant hues,
Each thread a part of who I am,
Each memory a brushstroke in the portrait of my soul.

That is who I am,
A masterpiece in progress,
A work of art still being painted,
A journey of self-discovery that never ends.

Mohammad Yousef

Morning To You My Sweet Saint

Morning to you my sweet saint,
Awakening with the gentle touch of dawn,
Your eyes like emeralds sparkled bright,
Reflecting the beauty of the morn.

In the soft light of the rising sun,
I see the world through your eyes,
A world filled with promises,
A world where love never dies.

Your eyes are like windows to your soul,
I gaze into them and see the depths,
A well of emotions, pure and true,
A kaleidoscope of joys and regrets.

I see the laughter dancing in your eyes,
Like sunlight on a rippling stream,
And in the depths, a hint of sadness,
A shadow of a long-forgotten dream.

Your eyes hold the secrets of the night,
The whispered confessions of the moon,
The silent longing for the morning light,
The hopes that will bloom soon.

Morning to you, my sweet saint,
In the quiet stillness of the day,
I watch as your eyes come alive,
In a thousand shades of gray.

I see the world awaken around us,
The birds chirping their morning song,
The sun rising in a golden blaze,
The world bursting into life, so strong.

And in your eyes, I see the reflection,
Of the beauty that surrounds us all,
In the dew-kissed petals of a rose,
In the fluttering wings of a butterfly small.

Your eyes are like morning dew,
Glistening with the promise of the day,
A fresh start, a clean slate,
A chance to chase the shadows away.

Morning to you, my sweet saint,
As you open your eyes to the light,
I see the love that shines in them,
A beacon in the darkest night.

In your eyes, I find my solace,
My refuge from the storms of life,
A place where I can lose myself,
And forget all pain and strife.

Morning to you, my sweet saint,
In the stillness of the morning air,
I whisper to your sleeping form,
A promise to always be there.

To hold you close in the dark of night,
To soothe your fears and dry your tears,
To be the rock on which you lean,
And chase away your darkest fears.

Morning to you, my sweet saint,
As the world awakens anew,
I thank the stars above for you,
And the love that shines in your eyes so true.

Mohammad Yousef

We Dance For....

We dance for laughter, a joyous sound
That lifts our spirits off the ground
With smiles on our faces, we twirl and spin
In this moment, our troubles thin

We dance for tears, a release of pain
A cleansing of our hearts, a healing rain
Through graceful movements, we let it all out
Our emotions flowing, free from doubt

We dance for fears, to face them head on
To conquer our demons, until they are gone
With every step we take, we grow stronger
Our courage builds, our doubts no longer

We dance for madness, a madness of the soul
A wild abandon, a loss of control
In this frenzy of movement, we find release
Our minds free from chaos, our hearts at peace

We dance for dreams, to make them come true
To turn our hopes into something new
With every leap and every bound
We chase our dreams, until they are found

We dance for hopes, to keep them alive
To give ourselves something to strive
With every graceful gesture and every leap
We push ourselves forward, no time to sleep

We dance for screams, a primal release
A shout into the void, a way to find peace
In the music and the motion, we let it all out
Our voices rising, without a doubt

We dance for success, to reach new heights
To show the world our inner lights
With every spin and every turn
We prove to ourselves, what we can earn

We dance for failure, to learn from our falls
To pick ourselves up, after hitting walls
With every stumble, we find our way
Our mistakes guiding us, to a brighter day

We dance for life, to live in the moment
To seize the day, with all our component
With every breath and every beat
We celebrate life, in every feat

We dance for death, to honor those gone
To remember their spirit, to carry on
With every step and every sway
We pay tribute, in our own way

We dance for pain, to endure and overcome
To find beauty in struggle, to keep moving on
With every ache and every strain
We dance through the pain, in sun or rain

We know the dancer from his dance
We are all dancers, in our own trance
We dance for laughter, tears and fears
For dreams, hopes, screams and cheers

We dance for success, failure, life and death
For pain and madness, until our last breath
In every movement, in every glance
We find ourselves, in the dance.

Mohammad Yousef

Phenomenal Couple

In the tapestry of existence,
they are threads of vibrant color,
woven together in a dance of fate,
two souls bound by the gravity of laughter,
the pull of shared dreams,
the warmth of unspoken understanding.

They rise with the sun,
each morning a canvas,
brushed with the hues of their love,
coffee steaming, thoughts swirling,
as they map out the day,
with fingers intertwined,
hearts beating in sync,
like a rhythm only they can hear.

In crowded rooms,
they are an island,
a bubble of comfort amidst the chaos,
their eyes speak volumes,
whispers of secrets,
the language of a million moments,
where silence is a symphony,
and touch becomes poetry.

They weather storms,
hands clasped tightly,
navigating the turbulent seas of life,
with laughter as their anchor,
and resilience as their sail.
In the darkest nights,
they find constellations in each other's eyes,
guiding lights in the labyrinth of uncertainty.

And when the world feels heavy,
they become each other's fortress,
a sanctuary built from shared stories,
dreams stitched into the fabric of reality,
where every doubt dissolves,

and every fear is met with a smile,
the kind that ignites hope,
like stars bursting into existence.

Together, they are extraordinary,
a phenomenal couple,
not defined by perfection,
but by the beauty of their flaws,
the grace in their struggles,
the laughter that echoes through their days,
an alchemy of souls,
transforming the mundane into magic.

They dance through life,
with a rhythm all their own,
sometimes slow and steady,
sometimes wild and free,
each step a testament to their journey,
each twirl a celebration of love,
a promise whispered in the winds of time.

They are the sun and the moon,
the ebb and flow of the tide,
two forces in harmony,
creating an orbit of passion,
where love knows no boundaries,
and the extraordinary becomes their everyday.

In their eyes,
you'll find a universe,
a kaleidoscope of moments,
a canvas painted with forgiveness,
a gallery filled with grace,
every brushstroke a reminder
that love, in its truest form,
is both a journey and a destination.

So here's to the phenomenal couple,
who walk hand in hand,
writing their own story,
one filled with the colors of adventure,
the depth of understanding,

and the magic that comes from simply being,
beautifully, unapologetically,
the phenomenal couple they are.

Mohammad Yousef