

Poetry Series

# Monty AnNayef

## - poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:  
2025

Publisher:  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Monty AnNayef(1972)



PoemHunter.com

# Briefly

The most harrowing to witness  
Is to see someone who can't gives  
And someone who can doesn't.

(24 November 2024)

Monty AnNayef



PoemHunter.com

# A Symphony Of Reunion

Their time apart had stretched the years,  
Now swept away by longing tears.  
Their arms entwined, their hearts aligned,  
A union fate had pre-designed.

Their lips met soft with fervent fire,  
Each touch igniting deep desire.  
Their bodies burned, a single flame,  
Two souls entwined, no need for name.

Their breath a symphony that played,  
As tender moans their joy conveyed.  
With passion raw, they claimed the night,  
Exploring love in every height.

She cried with joy, her world undone,  
A blissful realm where two are one.  
He held himself, her needs in mind,  
Her pleasure first, his love refined.

Through shifting forms their love expressed,  
In every move, their bond confessed.  
Her voice declared she'd reached the skies,  
Ten peaks of pleasure, tears in eyes.

And still he lingered, holding on,  
Until the final moment shone.  
They reached as one, the stars aligned,  
A perfect climax, love defined.

They lay entwined in sweet embrace,  
Her hand still sought his sacred space.  
Though tired, he dreamed of what's to come,  
Another hour, their hearts as drum.

10 March 1997

Monty AnNay

# A House Of Two, Yet Worlds Apart

In days of yore, two hearts did bind,  
A love they swore would never unwind.  
For two full years, they shared their place,  
A haven forged by time and space.

But now regret has seized her mind,  
Where sweetness lived, disgust she'd find.  
His love, a tale she casts away,  
A fleeting page of yesterday.

She walks with scorn, her gaze turned cold,  
As if their bond was bought and sold.  
Her words, once tender, now are swords,  
Their edges sharp with spiteful chords.

Yet he, a man of softened heart,  
Still treasures love that fell apart.  
He clings to when she held him close,  
And whispered words he cherished most.

He sees her now, a mask she wears,  
A face of love for public stares.  
But when alone, her voice turns stone,  
A cruel tone for him alone.

In shadows cast, her truth revealed,  
Her hug, a lie, her warmth concealed.  
No comfort given, no embrace,  
Her care dissolved without a trace.

The oceans vast between them swell,  
Though housed as one, they're far as hell.  
She stays, not love, but self to serve,  
A plan designed with hollow nerve.

She mocks his pain, assumes his blind,  
But

For though she plots a world anew,  
He sees the monsters lying in view.  
His heart cannot, in spite of ache,  
Abandon her to wolves who take.

Thus, side by side they live, estranged,  
A love once pure, now rearranged.  
He holds his ground, though torn inside,  
While she, her schemes, attempts to hide.

Yet time will judge, as truth unfolds,  
Which heart was soft, and which grew cold.  
A tale of love, now bittersweet,  
Two souls apart yet forced to meet.

22 January 2020

Monty AnNayef

# Echoes Of Emptiness

There are those who hoard what they don't need,  
While others grasp at scraps in dire greed.  
Some give away and then forget with ease,  
While others take and then forget to please.

In deepest need, receiving no support,  
They offer help to those who stay untaught,  
Who, cold as stone, reject to give or see,  
Blind to others' needs, they choose to flee.

Fortunes amassed, then wasted without gain,  
Friends and brothers left in bitter pain.  
What sorrow fills the hearts so cold and gray,  
With wealth in hand, yet love unsold today.

A world where needs are met with scorn and sighs,  
Leaves souls in shadows, lost in plaintive cries.  
While fortunes rise, compassion seems to wane,  
Leaving hearts in turmoil, love's true wealth in vain.

7 July 2024

Monty AnNayef

# Why?

In days of yore, he found a love so bright,  
Her wit and charm brought endless pure delight.  
Yet, scars from past, she feared his heart would stray,  
He vowed to her he'd never walk away.

Their moments filled with joy, a bond so tight,  
But public gaze turned day to darkest night.  
She hid her love, afraid of prying eyes,  
In crowds, her warmth would freeze, her laughter die.

With friends so young, her joy would brightly beam,  
But with him there, her smile was just a dream.  
His heart, once whole, now shattered by her cold,  
For love in private, public scorn foretold.

He traveled far, her love a beacon bright,  
Returned to find her heart had lost its light.  
No hugs, no warmth, just eyes as cold as stone,  
She scorned his love, he faced the dark alone.

'Love' she once called him, now a stranger's name,  
Her touch, her gaze, her words, all filled with blame.  
Forgotten were her pleas to never part,  
Now ice replaced the fire of her heart.

Each day he saw her, silent cries within,  
Her cold disdain a dagger to his skin.  
For others, all her warmth and care displayed,  
But he, once 'love', was in the shadows laid.

In sorrow deep, he questioned every day,  
Why love so pure had cruelly



# In The Garden Of Our Hearts

In the garden of our love, once bloomed a rose,  
Each petal whispered secrets only we'd suppose.  
Your touch, a gentle breeze, calming every storm,  
But now, alas, a chill, as our hearts deform.

Like a lighthouse in the night, your love once guided,  
Through murky waters, our bond never subsided.  
But now the beacon dims, shadows veil the shore,  
Yet still, my love, I stand, longing to restore.

Our symphony of laughter once danced in the air,  
A melody of joy, beyond compare.  
Yet now, the notes falter, lost in disarray,  
But still, my love, I yearn for yesterday.

Though clouds may obscure the moon's tender glow,  
In my heart, your essence continues to flow.  
I won't relinquish hope, nor the vows I've made,  
For in your eyes, my love, my life is laid.

So let the stars bear witness to this heartfelt plea,  
That I'll fight for us, against all destiny.  
For you, my dear, still hold the key,  
To unlock the love that forever shall be.

28 May 2020

Monty AnNayef

# More Than Just A Lover

I'm the happiest on earth when near, the saddest when apart,  
And if my lips withhold the words, my eyes will bare my heart.  
How could I shun you or even dream of letting you go?  
You're perfect in my eyes; why speak of faults you'd need to stow?

A second-to-none, with grace supreme and finest aptitude,  
My love, I'd never wish to cause you grief or inquietude.  
I long to be, in your dear eyes, the one you'd always seek,  
The steadfast haven where you turn, in moments strong or weak.

The one who reads your heartbeats, both in solace and despair,  
For what you mean to me exceeds all wonders, rich and rare.  
I want you bound to me for good, a bond that will not break,  
Our moments carved in permanence, no time can ever take.

I love you truly, endlessly, beyond infinity,  
And wish to spend my every breath with you, my destiny.  
For in your arms, my life finds peace, my heart its truest plea,  
My world is you, my every dream, my love, my felicity.

18 Feb 2020

Monty AnNayef

# Self-Talk

Years have passed by since we last met!  
Years have gone by since our hands last touched!  
I still remember your smell under my nose,  
I always mistook it for that of a rose!  
You told me with me lies the world;  
You lied to me and said to you I was the world!

Let's not talk about that day,  
When you dumped me and walked away,  
When I followed you to the door and begged you to stay,  
When I told you I'd become the person you wanted!  
Years passed by before I knew I was unwanted,  
Because you wanted me to be me and not what you wanted!

Years have passed by! Where have you been?  
Years will pass by before we meet again.

Apr 15,2019



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Monty AnNayef

# Good Bye Fellows

He who leaves Madina for worldly gain  
May find peace in what he seeks to obtain  
And back to Madina may the Lord guide  
T'join good company, t'be by your side.

An honor to me it has been for years  
T'serve this noble city and all the dears,  
And t'work as well with devoted fellows  
Who resemble a candle that ov'rglows.

May the Lord grant you all you wish and more  
For the love I have in th' Lord I adore.

Monty AnNayef



PoemHunter.com

# By Your Side

Feel no bad at all 'cause angels are never seen  
For the beauty in your soul with pure light does intervene.  
Blame not yourself for what the blind fail to see  
By your side the world does cease to be.

Oh darling of the goddesses in the sky  
I wish I had the magic to fly  
Or the carpet that crosses the oceans in a click  
To be right by your side and you to pick  
And back to heaven take you there  
For goddesses still love you and for you do care  
Oh, alas! Why far from you I'm condemned to be  
When next to you love shall grow and fill the sea.  
Forsake me not, oh sweetest of all  
Love is a seed that needs a call  
From a withering heart or crying eyes  
For you my heart will reach the skies.

Will it help you if I were by your side  
To give you a hug or save you from the tide?  
Will it make you feel better to draw for you a smile  
With a warm surge of feelings that exceeds the Nile?

Oh darling! What can I say,  
My phone rings and I have to go.  
This is a call from a friend, not a foe  
So let's for today call it a day.

16 May 2011

Monty AnNayef

# A Hero

There he stood by his shadow thinking,  
Firmly determined to go ahead.  
He looked behind as if he were waiting  
And then immersed in sheer solitude.

He felt the world had betrayed his dream  
When he was a fetus sucking his thumb.  
He came into the world with a scream:  
He was thought of as desperately dumb.

He felt his hands were cuffed already  
Before he even tried to stretch them  
To reach a toy or taste a candy,  
Just because he's from Jerusalem.

No siege or battle can weaken him,  
No threats of annihilation frighten him  
Because his enemy he shall dim  
And in their castles them he shall rim

He won't sell his soul to the devil,  
And against his enemy he'll strive  
Until he defeats the king devil  
And his civilization does thrive.

☞ June 2010

Monty AnNayef

# A Mazarine Blue

Her soul's addiction to ultimate fascination  
Has turned into miraculous infatuation.  
In a cart of silver light mantled with golden beams  
The scent of heavenly perfection conquered her dreams.  
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue  
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

She pondered about the purpose of her creation  
But got no answers and received no revelation.  
The cart was her ride to heavens far above the sky  
Where she lived unconscientiously as a butterfly.  
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue  
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

She asked about her torture and cruel detention  
And why nobody's given her any attention.  
"Listen to my outcries, ye most evading of all! "  
She irefully screamed at the world before she did fall.  
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue  
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

She's scorned and beaten, but she feels no indignation,  
While her folks give a Miss Blabla the nomination.  
Her suffering has grown into a scary oak tree  
Which the world has bitterly watered since she was three.  
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue  
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

Her dream has gone with the wind into no direction  
For no one has heard her screams or felt her rejection.  
She's now crushed by her society and victimized;  
She's humiliated and for breathing criticized.  
She thought of herself as a mazarine blue  
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

Changing her destiny for better is her mission.  
She wants the cart to send her away to her passion  
Of th' utopian life that she has always dreamed about.  
But alas! Years will pass before her dream comes about.

She thought of herself as a mazarine blue  
Playfully flying from rose to rose.

24 July 2009

Monty AnNayef



# In Search For Light

Sometimes I search for light in me,  
And all I get is a dead torch.  
But when I quit the so-called search,  
I hear a voice commanding me  
T' ride my search until I perish  
Or my search for light does finish.  
The light I seek is like no light:  
No eyes conceive it or even sight;  
I feel it's there somewhere, nowhere,  
Where no one ever has been there.  
I always think I'm almost there,  
And all I see gets me nowhere.

12 May 2010

Monty AnNayef



PoemHunter.com

# A Chick

When I was a kid,  
We used t' keep some chicks on farm.  
They were cute and fun.

One day so sunny  
A breeze of wind came along  
And brought a kitten.

The cat looked around;  
The cat sniffed and eyed a chick;  
The cat mewed 'yum, yum.'

The chicks heard the cat;  
The chicks thought: 'Jesus, help us! '  
All rushed home but one.

'Folks call me Thomas, '  
The bully cat told the chick.  
'You call me no Tom! '

'You work for Thomas,  
Everybody works for me.  
You hear me, you bum? '

'Go get me some food,  
Sing me a song, make it rhyme,  
But don't play the drum.'

'Amuse me, and please me,  
So I make it a quick kill.  
Let's party 'n' have fun.'

The chick went nearby  
And got them a bottle of wine.  
They drank, the chick 'n' Tom.

Insober they were,  
And lots of chatting they had.  
Much was forgotten.

When the morning came,  
Tom was fully unconscious.  
He mixed wine with rum.

The chick was so-and-so.  
He lifted his head and said:  
'God! What have I done? '

'I killed Tom, the cat!  
God, forgive my haplessness!  
I learned the lesson.'

April 08,2010

Monty AnNayef

# Introduction

Oh, moon of the beautiful,  
Ye, rose of November,  
Thou art always in mind to remember,  
For me thou art so fanciful:  
Thou hast descended from the skies,  
And later, back to heaven thou shalt arise.

29 October 1996

Monty AnNayef



PoemHunter.com

# Thoughts

Let reading and writing go to hell,  
That is our and every student's will.  
This act has brought us to an old age,  
Though we on earth still against it wage.  
Regard la nature qui apprend les etudiants  
Without being committed to know all the phenomena.

1991

Monty AnNayef



PoemHunter.com

# Never Too Late

If only death could I masterly own  
To conquer flesh and my own life defeat;  
If only once I leave my cel'stial throne  
And lay forever on an earthly seat;  
If only light this world for once does leave,  
And hearts full of hatred nev'r love conceive;  
If only she could love me once b'fore death  
Conquers me and takes away my last breath;  
If only she could me forever own  
To bring me closer to her divine throne;  
But oh, alas, my days in life are very few,  
And deeds of evil and good to Allah are due.

28 October 1997

Monty AnNayef



PoemHunter.com

# A Nightmare

Oh tears of heart, of wondering thoughts and weeping soul,  
Abandon me and never woes and pains recall.  
Dreams withered. Words trilled. And fate did fall.  
"Since time hath come, unleash thy soul, pray come with me."  
But nay thy answers, like swift arrows, came to be,  
And my broken heart could not deny, woe is to me,  
Thy merciless, forgone, and most wounding disdain!  
How could my soul believe thy words insane?  
And let thee me in murk impel and me ordain?  
What did I do to thee to torture my wretched soul?  
How couldst thou leave, oh most evading and heartless of all?  
Thou hast grieved my soul and reaped thy unsealed desire,  
And killed in me the fruit of season, my heart of fire.  
"My hapless eyes, calm down! I wish I were a Liar, "  
My waiting soul murmured and grieved on me,  
And fading days lay in peace since my heart beats were all in vain.  
How couldst thou leave and seeing thee me deprive?  
I wish I died and thou behind the hearse didst walk,  
Wondering in vain what I this time to thee would spake,  
Remembering the one who died before telling the secrets of her soul.  
And now, as tears have gathered to flow,  
I bend down in my bosom and dream there was never in my life a woe.

☐ May 1997

Monty AnNayef

# A Call From A Smiling Heart

Hearts, normal or tough, on blood do feed,  
Except my heart, which feeds on love, the sweetest seed.  
Mine is like glass:  
It shows what's in, for light through which can pass.  
My heart can never be a mirror,  
For mirrors show seekers all sorts of horror  
And change faces as many as they meet:  
Clean with the clean, and cracked in weeping eyes.  
Mine always smiles  
At people as far as thousands of miles.  
It always hopes that other hearts  
Join it in smiling since it is never hard  
To make others happy when they see your smile.  
Hearts, normal or tough, on love should feed  
Since love, witness I, is the sweetest seed.

☞ March 1997

Monty AnNayef



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# Happy New Year, Sweet Love

Blissful moments in hearts though abundant ne'r last,  
And mourning tears from minds though few are never past.  
What art thou, love, O altruistic "sacred flame";?  
Agony thou hast made me breathe to keep thy flame.  
So poignant's thy lullaby, so sore to my brain;  
So stagnant look thy moves despite they lead to bane.  
My heart a trophy thou hast made; uproar my tone;  
My blood a drink thou hast made and thrown my bone.  
Hold on, Mighty Love! Be thou informed thou art nill  
Though mine is judicious, unearthly and hard to kill.

I wandered in autumn and trudged everywhere  
Like a dying wave, like a wretched nightingale.  
Offshore came a caring nymph, and me did she bear:  
Virtuous her looks, enlightening my face so pale;  
Everlasting was her care hankering to me.  
Jubilant in spirit; sweet as autumnal air;  
Omnipresent and, evermore, celestial is she  
Among the chosen in Elysium over there.  
Nature did praise her and Neptune her did adore.  
Angels whom she controlled carried me to the shore.  
I reckon that was by dawn,  
As light up rose and me she did approach.  
Nectar divine she me did feed and soon me cured.  
Since then her love hath given me love  
And how to love she me did coach.  
And for her deed I hold her 'bove.

□

3 January 1997

Monty AnNayef

# To My Heavenly Muse

Woe's to me; the mirth of my yeres I ashy make,  
And my muse I, in spite of all the love, forsake.  
Woe's to me to let Cupid my grene choyce desdayn:  
Her lokes and eies so angelyke, albeit cause pain;  
Neyther night nor day coulde envie her beauty hie,  
For truth remaynth ded bodyes she cureth, witness I.  
Oh, Christ! My hart with the cross stamping never delay,  
And I shall be waytyng in my tomb for thy day  
When thou hast come to graunt me my heavenly own  
Syth souls in heaven as on th' earth remayn unknown.  
Oaths in dark nightes may die, flourish when kept they may:  
So pure and greate be he whom she shall have, I say,  
To wipe away the fallyng jewels on her cheeks  
And bring `long all the smiles of the vales and the peaks.  
Both my eies, all the smiles, dear spirit and my hart  
Shall be hers wher she goeth; yf she leaveth never they part.  
Let me cry and never rest for her rest as a price;  
Let her smile, for her smile is pleasant and so nice.

☞ 3 December 1996

Monty AnNayef

# A Curse

How dare I of departure tell?  
And all my feelings could I kill?  
Therefore, accursed be I, I tell,  
Until is heard the swinging knell.

Accursed be I for wounding thee;  
Accursed be I to cause thee harm;  
A thousand times may God damn me  
And may leave me no leg, no arm;  
And let my soul in sadness melt  
That my blood in grief may be spilt;  
All my suffering shall be felt  
Until my flesh in fire does wilt;  
That tears may flow to flood the Nile  
And n'ever put off the fire of the pile;  
That I shall ever bitterly cry;  
And if the Nile, never my eyes be dry.  
Let all my crying in the air vanish,  
And all my pains never ever finish;  
No one to hear, no one to touch;  
No pains shall ever be as such.

But n'ever be I so far from thee,  
For staying far shall be killing me;  
That such a curse I can never bear,  
But there shall be with thee some care.

☐October 1996

Monty AnNayef

# Only For Her

Oh, Muse, whereof thou hast deserted me,  
Thereof declare no muse of thee.  
And now have chosen no one but SHE  
As SHE has chos'n to stay with me:

A Jaunty jewel of jessamine and jasper,  
Blaming Justice for making her perfect and super;  
Omnipresent to give me inspiration;  
Omnipotent to overpower;  
Attracting, astonishing  
And full of passion for you to admire;  
A naiad dressed in narcissus,  
Sent for patients to recover;  
Rare in spirit;  
Neither paid by gold nor silver;  
And since accepting me for my own self,  
Confirm SHE is my royal plover.

☞ August 1996



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Monty AnNayef

# A Message

I sat in the evening to witness the turning of the azure sky  
Like a sorrowful tear shed on a rosy cheek from a drowsy eye.  
Odor and nectar the wind carried from her unearthly residence:  
Virginal is her smile; rejoicing are her eyes; frightening is her silence.  
Eternal is my love; reposing are my words; I am sublime.  
Regretful is my soul to love who shall never be mine:  
A dreamless, charming, delicate, titivating, elegant female;  
Nymph-like and sublime; by Allah made and spoiled for another male.  
All vanishes but her feminine voice, which rings in my ears from time to time.

□

19 April 1996

Monty AnNayef



PoemHunter.com

# In The Eye Of The Beholder: Tomorrow Is Close

This poem was written in Arabic by Dr. Salman Mahmoud, a university teacher at the Faculty of Architecture upon the painful massacre of Qana in 1996. After a couple of meetings I transferred these lines into Middle English, as I believe that the language of the Bible may have a stronger effect on well-educated readers, who the poem addresses.

Knowst not Qana, Beriz?  
Thou mayst know Quana, thou mayst not,  
Though it seemth thou knowst not.  
For thee glory cometh not through legitimate ways,  
And corpses fill not vote boxes with nays.  
Sith juice cometh forth when grapes are heated,  
Thereof thou holdst fire for pitches to be reached:  
Thou showerst people with live coal;  
Thou throwst children into fire to make wine,  
And not ere dawn thou dost cool.

Beriz, it seemth thou knowst not  
That Christ to Qana did reach,  
That pure wine from water he made,  
That good morals people he did teach,  
So that verity would reach the furthest beach.  
Pure wine he made for people a sign,  
And Qana a lesson to perpend he made.  
His wine was a miracle for believers,  
So white, so pure,

Calling forth for virtuous deeds.  
Thy wine, Beriz, for cloak-like people is intoxicating,  
A deadly poison,  
Bereaving mothers of their breed.  
Here is thine. There was Christ's wine.  
Thine could the French wine  
In the climature compete.  
His is unfollowed,  
A liqueur full of the incense  
For souls to redeem.

Here is thine. There was Christ's wine.

1996

Corses: corpses ~~P~~erpend: consider

Nays: Nos (rejection) ~~C~~limature: region

Sith: since ~~U~~hfollowed: matchless

Pitches: high places ~~V~~erity: truthfulness

Ere: before

Monty AnNayef

# A Wintry Evening

Lo the crippled wind; lo the frozen sun.  
Coldness crept to a crying bird; darkness,  
No less, under the night stillness, a victim  
Had made of that lug'brious bird. What gentleness!  
Methought I saw that death and night the same had done.

Lo the smiling moon; lo the sighing bird,  
Blaming his notes, blaming his days, dreaming  
Of his past and crackling no single word.  
He was lightsome with his beloved, and lingering.  
Methought I saw him receiving death; 'twas unfeared.

Lo death creeping to the frozen body.  
His heart beating; his life bleeding; dreaming  
Of his beloved; mantled; he was dreary.  
From darkness to death he was dreadfully fleeing.  
Methought I saw his moribund frail soul weedy.

Lo, his blindness has taken him t' Hades.  
On leaves his death was sealed and sung by love;  
He waited to meet her in Elysium.  
"God, into thy hands I commend my spirit' `bove, "  
Methought I heard him and saw his mat soul by dawn.

□

☞ May 1994

Monty AnNayef



# The Promised Land

This is a parody of T. S. Eliot's The Waste Land. The present poem carries out a similar style. I depend on English, world and Palestinian literature and biblical references as well as Holy Quran to build up the whole image of the poem.

Everything comes straight under the light,  
But matters are only solved at night.  
Words are merely a pretext for delay,  
But within is colored the story of one day:  
When man lives and dies and then does arise;  
When prayers unto Allah willingly do the wise.  
These words condemn none but those of vice,  
Who grudged and refused their Maker's advice,  
Who teased and the son of man crossed,  
Who shall be defeated and at last crushed.

My story in the past begins,  
And in the future ends.  
It happened in the land of ghosts,  
Where one hears no sounds  
But the 'wailing and gnashing'  
Of the teeth of the wondering shades.  
It began when I woke up in the wounded land  
Like a frightened lamb  
Roving alone in 'a waste of rushes.'  
My feet carried me with frightened steps  
To a place where 'all external nature seemed in a storm, '  
Where the 'poor naked wretches' sat alone.  
Nothing would have 'subdued nature to such destruction'  
But the shades of the shades around the molten calf.  
The scene amazed me while I was crossing the road:  
A blaze at night!  
It was breaking the quietness of darkness.  
Sounds of crashing around the flame;  
Snakes crawling everywhere;  
'Inexorable dogs' howling in the place,  
Leaving it waste and wild.

Time passes like a candle lit from two sides;  
Each tries to stay in the middle,  
But death in fire hides.  
From a distance I can draw  
The picture my tears destroy:  
It looks like Munalisa with a smile,  
But never a smile is a hint of joy.  
The truth is light  
That burns to make darkness visible,  
But so many invisible souls become visible  
When souls in hands are carried  
And thrown into the valley of death,  
So only then they rise ahead to die again.

They say that what is out of sight is out of mind,  
But do the scars from heart vanish?  
Or should one repay insolence in kind?  
Yet which is more horrifying, sir,  
The sight of empty skulls,  
Or of withered hearts?  
For those who I scorn  
Are born headless  
And nursed with no hearts.  
They buy; they sell;  
They take; they kill;  
But I've never heard  
They give for their will.  
Where they dwell, cruelty dwells,  
For their desires  
'Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.'

Ah, sinful nation!  
You will be smitten with a scab;  
And there shall not be left a stone upon a stone,  
And shall tap my children thy doors  
With innocent stones.  
'He that is without sin, let him cast a stone.'  
The children do.  
A stone the innocent throw,  
And the kingdom of Allah they shall be into.  
Be damned those who sell their lands,  
Be damned the shaking hands.

It is only when my soul dwells in a heartless cage,  
Having a deal with my murderer,  
Forsaking all the principles  
I have nursed from my mother,  
It is only then that I can pretend  
I have forgotten all horrible scenes  
From which we've learned not to yield  
But to fight till the end.  
'So when the second of warnings comes to pass,  
We shall enter the temple  
And shall Jerusalem compass.'

1993–1994

Monty AnNayef

# Good-Bye

When the shadows sleep, birds to their nests creep.  
Nights come with pain, winter with heavy rain.  
't was but pain what his death did to my brain.  
Lo, beasts and men gather around to weep  
And mourn unheard his painful departure.

Orpheus, hold thy lyre close and strike so high  
A very sad song that makes the rough wind sigh.  
A friend has made a sudden departure,  
And left us to nowhere with ripe torture.  
He made short our days, but long were the nights.

Sweet death, send me unto him, to the best;  
"Be thou blessed", seal, cursed death, my warm farewell:  
"Where thy soul dwells", my friend, "I bid farewell."  
Thou hast been the best; thou art the cruelest.  
Cold winter has come, and my friend has gone.



PoemHunter.com

(24 October 1993)

Monty AnNayef

# An Elegy

"Farewell, farewell, " my soul to thine  
In grief has said, "farewell, my wine."  
Damn'd death! Thou hast stolen my love.  
Thou left me down and took her `bove.  
O love! O love! Thou art the "lord  
Of life and death." Show me thy word  
For sure thy name and soul up rove  
Higher and higher than lives Jove.  
Tell her that soon I'll see her face  
And that if death can kill the rose,  
Its seeds of life will have the race;  
In May again will be a rose.

Farewell my love until we meet,  
For love at last shall death defeat.  
I live with thee, who grieved me much.  
When I'm to sleep, I see thee such  
As once we sat under the trees:  
When we first saw the dancing bears,  
There were some birds singing some notes,  
Orpheus around aroused some lot's.

Thy lips and cheeks, and those fair eyes  
Took me with words to write some verse.  
When I came back to take my prize,  
Thou wert in grave, and I, with tears  
And pensive head, did write these lines  
For thee, my love, the wine of wines:  
That as long as I have one heart,  
Then my love will live in thy heart;  
As long as I'm with thee in love,  
This love will love and live for love  
Till no more love on earth does live  
Except my love and thine, my love.

(6 October 1993)

Monty AnNayef

# Dorthius And The Python

It is the story of a prince called Dorthius, who was loved by gods and given an eminent place among his people. Dorthius used to go alone in trips to meditate and witness the beauty of nature. Once, however, while he was wondering around in the wood, he saw a beautiful naked woman lying on a rock. He stood motionlessly watching her for a while. When Dorthius tried to come nearer, he made some noise and the woman instantly disappeared.

The prince looked for her but in vain. So he decided to come the next day. Six days passed and the woman did not show up. Realizing that he had fallen in love with her, the prince thought his life would become miserable without her. On the seventh day, however, while hiding in the wood, Dorthius saw a large snake approaching the rock, taking off her skin and lying on the rock. It was a great shock to Dorthius to discover that the woman he loved was actually a snake. Nevertheless, the prince kept coming to the rock to see the snake-woman sunbathing till the day he thought he had a brilliant idea.

The first thing he had to do was to hide away her skin so that she would not escape. Succeeding in doing so, the prince surprised her and she could do nothing. She could only act as a woman who had been stripped of her clothes and was waiting for someone to come for help.

The prince took her to his palace where she was treated respectfully, and few days later he proposed to her. She agreed and promised to be loyal to him.

Oracles in the city warned him not to marry her. "There will come a day when you choose your death moment if you marry her," they said. Apollo also gave him a piece of advice. "Man," said he, "be careful. Never kiss her."

Years passed and things went on well. One day, however, Dorthius decided to kiss his snake-wife. Insisting on doing so, the prince held the woman between his arms and embraced her. At that moment, the Python naturally wrapped him with her body and squeezed life out of him as she was also giving him that kiss of death he was longing for. The prince died between her arms. Removed to the Underworld away from her, Dorthius remained in love with the python-woman.

After begging Pluto to be resurrected since he had not eaten from the food of the dead or even drunk, Dorthius was sent again to the Upper World provided that he would offer sacrifices for Zeus for seven years during which he would never

see his snake-wife. Furthermore, he had to give her the skin and leave her forever.

When the period passed, the prince came back to his palace to fulfill his promise and give the woman her skin back. On seeing her for the first time after seven years, Dorthius rushed into her arms embracing and kissing her strongly to die again between her hands but this time with no return. While dying he said the following lines:

Thou art my love and I thy soul.  
Let me praise thee and be thy goal  
That ye wait for and love his words,  
So my heart will soar with thee worlds.

That all thy love when ye love me,  
Thy sight and heart for me will be.  
Give me thy lips; forget not yet:  
What more I need is that, thy breast.

I'll live in thee and be thine eyes,  
And from thy lips I'll get my prize.  
I won't forget to play on tops  
From which I'll get th' immortal hopes.

And when I call on thee to sleep,  
I need thee fast; I need thee deep.  
With thee I need to dream of love;  
When we're in bed, it soon will live.

But be careful of my kisses,  
For rage in me can tempt godd'sses,  
Who, for my love, worship me more.  
But for thine eyes I'll fight and roar.

Chorus:  
Ye are a fool to leave the throne,  
And all ye say so long fools fake.  
Forget not what ye have been born:  
Ye are a man and she's a snake.

(26 November 1992)

