

Poetry Series

Najib Altawell
- poems -

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Najib Altawell()

Najib Altawell has written a number of short stories and poems, both for adults and children. As an artist, he has produced variety of oil painting and water colour pictures, as well as illustrations for a children book. As a researcher in science and engineering, he has written a number of articles related to nanotechnology, electronic sensors (eNose) and renewable energy – plus, various additional topics; some are related to the field of computer science, others related to business development and projects management.

A View Of A Grey Silent World

Like an image
Of black and white photo
Structured as a storyboard
Resemble a hospital ward
Everything silent
Everything dead
In a grey empty corridor
Stillness is the form
Silence is the norm
With dark shadows
Fixed
On every wall
In an endless
Timeless
Zone

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Anonymous Voices

The truth from a
Child
Watching intently
Unknown observer
Where
Death in the valley
And
Laughter from
A
'Drunken' soldier

'Be killed
Or
Surrender'

Voices
Vibrate in anger
While the silence
Of weakness
Chock every soul
In every
Corner

Forgotten lines
Forgotten lives
Poverty without
Richness formatted
The purity of the answer

While the shoeless
'Wanderer'
Speechless
Breathless but
Somehow
Still believing
That
This round of
'Humanity'
Will

Evolve
Beyond their cruelty
Beyond revenge
And
Beyond their 'hate and
Anger'

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Arches

Shadows
Crossed the arches
Of
Time....!

Golden light
Higher
Descending
To a realm
Beyond the
Comprehension of
The human
Mind....!

And
You....!
You are
Divided between
So called
The past
The future and
The
Dimension of
Expiring
Night....!

Living multiple
Worlds
But conscious
Momentarily
In a spec
Exist
Only
In your lower
Mind....!

Shadows
Crossed the arches
Of

Time...but only
To recycle
The decaying
Of a dying
Life....!

Najib Altawell

Black Hole Within A Soul

That limitless
Dark cave
Shallow and deep
Mighty
Powerful yet
Weak
Wise and sleek
The words
He speaks
The echo
Constantly
He repeats
The worlds
He seeks
Imaginary or
Real
They grow within
They grow without
That is how he
Feels
That is how he
Speaks
That is how he
Peaks

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

Shadows.....

Now
Not "really" knowing
What is "really" false!
And what is "really"
Real!

The clouds
Of doubts
Took over
Changing the 'pure' 'gold'
Changing the 'still' 'mind'
Shutting the 'gate' of the 'truth'
Drowning
Gradually.....
Lost
Back
Into
A
Limitless
Dark
Cave!

Najib Altawell

Black Wax

The gentle flame
Of your candle
On a 'black' wax
Took me away
On a single ray

Via a veiled
Wall
Your soft voice
Your subtle breath
Your moving lips
Brought me
Back to
Another track
To face the yellow
Of unknown hallow
Piercing a corner
In
A semi darkness
Of
A dying
Night

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Can Of Beans

Stormy scene in a can of beans
Wild horses gallop in fear
Gang of wolves constantly
Howling
Blinding 'lighting' flashing
Insane
The echo of thunder crushing
The air

Stormy scene in a can of beans
Sand storm 'dancing machine'
Whistling sharply near a beetle
Then moving higher to
Vultures
Team
The dying sun sinks slowly
In an orange red yellow
Screen

Stormy scene in a can of beans
Scorpion sinks beneath the sand
As the darkness rule the
Land
Ancient memories flooded back
Of a monk lived
In a desert cave
Focusing closely
On a candle flame
With deep emotions
He chanted
Again and again

Stormy scene in a can of beans
A golden light filled
The cave
As the mantra sound
'Rose'
And rose
All the beasts in the land
Started
To 'move'
Close and closer
'Toward' the cave
But these were not real physical
Forms
But long lost human souls

Stormy scene in a can of beans
The monk ascended and
Left the scene
Vanishing with him
The original cave
But all the holly monk various
Chants
Still 'roam' the 'deserts' world
And some of the world
'Darkest' 'parts'

Stormy scene in a can of beans
I wish you well
And 'leave' you
Safe
With
Much more needed
Inner Peace

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Cyber Space

When do you think we will meet?
Is it next week or even maybe
in ten years?
When do you think we will kiss?
Or 'have to' continue kissing the screen?

Sending MSN red rose, red heart and then,
oh red lips
is no longer will or can 'really' do the trick
neither their green or blue hugs,
can make sense to me or you or
anyone else!

Love you love you and love you too
I really really and really do
that is what most we say
as we talk hours through
with too many smiling and angry faces
shooting up faster
here and there!

Time after time 'sighing' and 'sighing'
I can truly feel it
everywhere!

As we approach the end of the chat
there is a feeling of wanting to be close
in real life here or there...
so let us meet up 'soon' at any place
and....yes, yes, ...anywhere!
but please please and repeat please
not just
via the unreal uncertain cyber space...

Dancing Silver Light

Reflecting with
Colourful lights
Rhythm synonymous
With the gentle
Current
On the other side
While the river
Twinkling silver
Waves
Coincided with
The full moon face
Hastily moving
From behind
Scattered clouds

Time is
'Midnight'
The crowded city is
Setting the image
Of the summer
For a special year
For a special moment
Which
'Will' always be
Remembered
Till the end of
'Time'
The sign is
Dancing
Silver
Light

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Deity's Rain, Lighting And Thunder

The Deity in the jungle
Temple
Whispered to a stranger
Whose withering darkened face
Spoke of suffering
And tender

Rain, lighting
And thunder
Signs of the Deity's
Action
Not, what they have feared, as anger

Tired words murmured
At the farthest
Darkened
Temple
Corner
From a priest crossing
His chest
In the midst of incense
And singers

The singing and chanting
Grow louder
As the Deity
Touched
And begged
For a whisper

Emotions do create strangest things
Where miracles born
So they think
But only when intellectual mind
Surrender

Rain, lighting
And thunder
Signs of the Deity's

Action

Not, what they have feared, as anger

Najib Altawell

Dreams Of The Autumn

Do you remember when the moon
Stole the sun?
Do you remember
How you smiled
How you cried
How you ran
From everyone?

Do you remember how your
Tears
Moved slowly
Dropped on
Your
Clasped
Fingers
Brought the Sun back
Changing into
A piercing
Light
Changing into
Pearls of
Love
Pearls of
Wisdom?

Do you remember in October
And November
When the green
And
The yellow
Danced in the wind
Leaving behind
A naked ego
As you feared
The coming
Of
Unknown
Life
Unknown

Winter?

Do you remember the
Lazy dreams
You always shared
You always
Loved
With suspicions
Every time
The rain of the autumn
Brought the lightning
Brought the thunder?

Do you remember
The seven questions
The seven subjects
And
How they
Brought
All the fears
Into your mind
All the love
Into your heart
Just as you hoped
A new time
A special time
Soon
Will come
When no place nor time
Neither feeling
Never
Need to be
Remembered?

Now
You understand!
There is really
No October
No November
No December ...
Only "something"
You cannot explain

You cannot express
In human terms
Since "You"
The "whole" of "You"

Surrendered!

Najib Altawell

Evil Guns

Anger
Oh, dear friend
Is nothing but
As you know
A response
To the negative action
Of the human side
Your-positive
Force
From within
And without
Will cancel evil
Will set the balance
Will give the victims
The total Justice
Talked about
The total rights
They always
Sought
Day and night
The total Freedom
They never
Stopped
Dreaming about
This will come
Even when
Evil guns
Refuse
To
Be
Ever
Silent

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Evolutionary Path Within Smoking Hands

Living in a
Jam
Among smoking
Hands
Constantly moving
Within the 'crowds'
In a sizzling
Pan

Living in a
Jam
But within
My soul
The boundless
Thoughts
Never
Brought
The misery
Of
This world
To the level
I Sought

Living in a jam
The bridges
I crossed
The bridges
I touched and
Kissed
Without sadness
Without regrets
To what I
Left

Living in a jam
The evolutionary

Path
Somehow
Once again
Invited me back
For another
Task
To grasp
Human's reality
To understand
This cycle
To understand
The meaning
Of
The present
Path

Living in a
Jam
Among smoking
Hands
Constantly moving
Within the 'crowds'
In a sizzling
Pan

Najib Altawell

Fractured Moon

Fractured moon
In a silver spoon
Dissolved into the eyes
Of awakening tiger
Then moved away
In a vanishing light
With a lunar tone

Fractured moon
Swallowed
By a flying dragon
With all fire and no fire
The fractured moon
Collapsed in doom

While the souls
Of the dead
Still roam
Closer and closer
Near the moon
Around the moon
Within the moon
Or what have left
From a
Fractured moon

Or maybe
Another Moon

Like a photo of
A bright image
Held by aging fingers
Of a woman
Praying in her
Upstairs Room
For "long" dead
Human loved form

Near the bolted

Green back door
Stood a ghostly figure
Of an old man
Weeping
In the silence of
An astral night
Trying for an opening
To reach her
Over and over
But in vain
For the woman
in the
Upstairs room

Darkness born
In the second shadow
Of a fractured moon
And light moulded
In the old house
In a special corner
of
A very special room

Fractured moon
In a silver spoon
Dissolved into the eyes
Of awakening tiger
Then moved away
In a vanishing light
With a lunar tone

Najib Altawell

Going For Temporary Physical Creation

Spread your 'wings'
In your 'plane'
'Create' space
'Create' time
The same duality
You always want
To bring
About

With 'your' newly formed
Heavenly stars
Sing
A song
And bless
The water
'Giving' life
'Close' and
'Far'

Keep on 'moving'
Beyond
The 'darkness'
Till 'you' 'create'
Till 'you' 'awake'
All the lands

With your
Song
Ever active
New
Universes
Instantly born
'Somehow' always
Fully aware
Of 'your'
Light

Fully aware
Of every `world'
Fully aware
Of every `child'

Temporary though
You have `imagined'
Temporary though
You have `created'

Najib Altawell

Heart In A Glass

Glass in a glass
In a shape of a heart
Distorted the face
Lengthen the fingers
Created madness
From a crack in a glass

The pink dream
Connection
In a blue water
Reflection
Shattered reality
As seen via clouded
Sleepy half closed
Eyes

In a black sheeted
Bed
The old maid
Powdered her face
For one more chance
To find the long missing
Long searched
Dreamt about
The other half

Glass in glass
Voidance of love
Emptiness in nest
Making the heart
Weeping
Leaving the head
Nothing but with an old
Love story
Trapped in a
Skull
Trapped in a
Glass

Heavenly Role

Two physical forms
And their
New Role
With a
Fragrance
Of
A red rose
They changed the game
Created a rainbow
Without the sun
Without the
Rain

In a dusty town
In an empty lane
The physical stain
Of their
So called
'Earthly Pain'
Created for them
Created by them
Time and time
But
Dear Friends
As you know
It wasn't
'In vain'

Their
Intentional
Fall
And
The harmony
Of their
Two purified souls
As they merge
In a Godly call
For another
Heavenly

Distant
Role

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In A Place Where Everything Goes Out Of Date

Crossed the wires
In a very special style
For the earthly
Brains
Networking from
Minds to
Hardware
To minds
And
Back again

The ultimate
Thought 'trains'
Contained in
Devices
Originated
From
Another
Plane

Then made
Grossly
By humans
From Earthly
Materials
In
Various forms
And
Shapes
With exaggerated
Marketing
Names

Last not
As everything
In their world

Always
In a matter of time
Goes out
Of
Date

Najib Altawell

In The Silence Of The Night

In the silence of the night
I thought and reflected about you and
wondered what to write...

In the silence of the night
Fox kits roamed and played
at my back-garden, peacefully, in
the darkness....

In the silence of the night
I called your name
but the sound of the echo
left me with no doubt
that your heart

your spirit
meant only for one special 'love'
always in your heart
you used to search about....

In the silence of the night
freeing your soul
for that union of our love
is 'the' everything, is 'the'
eternal, for our two souls
as they unite
In the silence of the night....

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In The Year Ninety Nine

Rusty machine
Rusty barrel
Rusty fan
Tell a story
In an old
House
In an old
Barn
Where your
Past
Active role
Gave something
To this world!

Oh...
The question
Is!
Where were you
In the year
Ninety nine?
Where were you
On seventeen
Of July?
Where were you
At exactly
Ten to nine?

The super dog
The super horse
The super rhyme
Found
A place...
... Somewhere
Everyone claimed
'That is mine'
Oh...
The question
Is....!

How do you travel
Now and then
Our earthly time?

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Just 'human'

Reviving
Skeletons
Of past 'incomplete'
Sweet memory
Chained their 'lives'
As they
Always
Dreamt about
As they
Always
'Long' desired

Fire and fire
Ignited hidden
Love and glory
Long forgotten
In a 'childhood' story
'Creating'
Emotional illness
'Creating'
Self-imposed
Barbed wire

Fire and fire
Youthful wanted
And
Required
The young 'grow'
Stronger
But they
Wither
'Soon' later
As
'Old' 'Lonely' 'Sick'
Earning the human title
Of
'Just'

'Retired'

Fire and fire
Born to live
Born to die
Born for a purpose
Easily forgotten
But realisation
Could happen
Once in a while
But only when
They silence
Their earthly
Minds
As and when
In control
When and how
They consciously
Are
Able
To
Decide

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Knowing 'material' Duality

Both they 'live'
Both they 'die'
The 'good'
And
The 'bad'
The 'happy'
And
The 'sad'
The night
And
The day
The story
Of
This world
Duality
Is
The word

The middle way
For the 'average'
Some believe
Is
The 'safest' way
But
The 'shortest'
Path
To the ultimate
Fact
Is 'detachments'
With 'love'
In every
Thought
In every action
In every
Way
Till the day

You 'depart'
This 'plane'
This 'play'

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Last Living Train

Tell me sir
The departure time
Of your
Last
Living train

Tell me sir
Why the travellers
Ignoring
That lost child
Badly hurt
And constantly crying
Over there!
And
Why you have
Divided them
As
Rich
And poor
And beyond
Those so-called
Sane
And
Insane

Tell me sir
Why the rain
And the pain
Only 'come'
At the door
Of 'your' train

Part for the
Rich
And
Part for

The poor
That is not meant
To be
In this 'plane'

Tell me sir
Why
We are not equal
Even though
We are the same

Tell me sir
The departure time
Of your
Last
Living train

Sir
Sir
Sir
I wonder if this
Will be ever 'your' last
Living train

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Messages Of Pain Received From Another Plane

Crushing feelings
Originating from somewhere
But arriving
And being felt
With every breath
Experiencing the same
Undermining the senses
Folding the arms
Dropping the head
Bending the spine

Again and
Again

Emotional Pain
Arriving from the same
Shaped with strange
Images
Rooted in a mixed
New and
Long seated
Sadness
The feeling is
Insane

The mental level
Suddenly pregnant
With regrets, despairs and
Blames
Causing the same
To collapse
In deep depression
Changing the human
Of an injured soul
To a mere 'flesh'

And
Dislocated 'bones'

Long physical distant
Nor the time
'Make' any difference
When 'somebody's emotional' state
Tuned into
Asking
'Desperately' for help
Not knowing that
They are sharing
Everything they 'feel'
'On every level'
Directly
With you

Again and
Again

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'Nano-Souls' In 'Nano-Machines'

Powering
'Nano life'
In
'Nano machines'
Shedding light
On prisoners
Of
'Nano-realms'

'Nano scale'
In a twilight
Spheres
Counting
Eras
Being
Born
Evolve
Then
The whole universe
In a flash
'Disappears'

Prisoners of
Time
Crossed the
Line
From above
And below
Bringing
Changes
To the ever
Increasing number
Of the
'Blessed'
Of the
'Cursed'
Time and time
Now and then
Till

Another cycle
'Start again'

Najib Altawell

New Day With Diamonds

Diamonds on black velvet
Danced between the fingers
Bursting with brilliant light
In a summer
Breezy
Cool
'Starry' night

Rahmanov classical music
Born gracefully
Out of a silver box
Enveloping
Marrying
The hearts and
The minds

Crocodile decorated skin
Rest on a Persian carpet
Marking the entrance to
An arched bended passage
Mysteriously
Half Darkened
Faintly Lighted
With lamps
On each side

Roses blouses shirts and bushes
Suddenly shine reflecting light
When everyone moves
Side by side
A little tight
As the place
Filled with
'Excite'

The lower part of the heavenly dome
Brushed with a touch of pale light
Signalling silently the approaching
Dawn
Droplets dews on stems and
Petals
Moves down with birds
Songs
Singing Greeting Blessing and Telling
That a new day is
Surely
'Coming'

Najib Altawell

New Life

A bright light burst in a 'dream'
Carved a shape
In 'total darkness'
Creating fire
Far and near

A spark from the light suddenly trapped
In a grey cubic strange place
'Dissolve' slowly then 'appear'
In a large blue empty sphere
Attached within
A yellow green dense realm

The lost spark has 'no control'
When a planet physical force
'Imprison' within with 'full control'
Embedding itself in a virgin matter
Giving life to a
'physical forms'

The old spirit sparks fire
In the emerging
'New soul'
Starting life in a fresh form
A thirst for life with physical role
Striving to
Fulfil lingering desires
'Beyond control'
Repeating again
The cycle of birth
The cycle of death
Here and
There

Once more

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Opportunities While You Are 'in This World'

Purify your thoughts
Before and after
You 'talk'
Before and after
Your 'sleep'
Be in control
Of your mind
Your ego
Be in control
Of your thoughts
If you cannot love all the time
Then
Neutralise your feelings
Accept gratefully
Whatever 'comes' your way
As you are the one
Who
Is 'creating' 'bringing' every 'event' and every 'item'
To your life
Always respect and love yourself
Always respect and love those around you
And those beyond
Temporary you are here
Departure can be anytime
While you are still in 'your' 'shell'
It is your opportunity
To create your own treasure
By doing your 'best'
To all the 'others'
And
To the 'rest'
But never
Never
Forget the 'deadline'
It is part of your Earthly 'time'
Always be 'positive'
Always be 'happy'
You have been given the 'opportunity'
So please

Do not waste your time
The principle is
To benefit 'others'
Before you even 'start' to think
Why I am here?
And
What is theirs?
And
What is mine?

Najib Altawell

Passing-By

Have you ever
thought about
someone...mm
you do not know?

Have you ever
Closed your eyes
And shouted strongly
'I do not know'!

Someone...mm
...oh, just passed-by
Don't know who
....but she looks...mm
in
A happy way
in
A strange way
in
A crazy way
As she is
passing-by...

Have you ever
really wondered
what is in her mind
what is in her heart
as you look back
shyly.....
into her eyes!

Yes
You can smile
Yes
you can frown
but your thoughts
dear friend
for miles and miles
are weaving a carpet

to help you leave
to help you fly....
as
you told me
time and time...
when she is
just
passing-by....!

Najib Altawell

Questions From A Truth Seeker

Why I am here in this world?

Why those who loved and
Scarified most
Here and there
Are
Neglected
Or
Prosecuted
Or
Imprisoned
Or
Even
Killed
Just because they
Tried to help this world?

No one told me
No one guided me
No one explained
The absolute
Truth
Apart from
Their manmade religious thoughts
And
Their repetitive Hell and Heaven talk!

Please tell me
Why I am here in this world?

Boxed in a body
Like everybody
In a temporary
Unjust
Troubled
World!

With
Thought
After
Thought
After
Thought

Boiling in the mind
Day and night
Trying to figure out
The truth of
What is this all about!

Why I am here in this world? !

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Reset 'human Rights'

Trespass
The boundaries
The separation
Created
By humans
From olden time
To this ending
Cycle
Of the 'humans'
Phase

Trespass
Whether they
Say
You are not welcome
You are not allowed
You are not authorised
Even when they say
You are nothing but
A
Nuisance
Lower class

Trespass
Even when they
Separate themselves
With
Barbed wires
With
Mines
Even when
They threaten you
With bullets
With death
Yes

With their latest
Imported
Automatic
Machine
Guns
And
With their foreign
Security officers
They have
Hired

Trespass
Their false
Beliefs
Their empty
Power
Their every day
Shallow
Stand
Trespass
All the false
Casts
To
The ultimate
Victory
To the ultimate
Freedom
Rising from
Within
The
Inner
Power
The
Inner
Trust
To
Release you
To your own
Rightful

Path

Najib Altawell

Something About 'palestine'!

In Palestine
The dying clouds
Hastily changing
Hastily moving
And
Westerly bound

In Palestine
A blue horizon
Is rapidly forming
Creating
Unstoppable
Middle Eastern
Tide

In Palestine
The message of love
Has been
Polluted
Loving other than
Your own
Has no place
In the heart
Nor in the mind

In Palestine
What is 'Yours'
Can be 'Mine'
Even when resistance
Born out of
Desperation
Including from
Bedouin
Desert
Tribes

Force
Occupation
Killing
Deportation
To the occupier
Certainly
They are not
'Crime'

In Palestine
The olive tree
Always survive
No matter
What
Is 'Going on'
No matter
What
Is 'the state'
Of the 'Minds'

In Palestine
Is 'where'
The beginning of the
End
Will commence
For this cycle
Of
Humanity
For this cycle
Of
'Time'

Najib Altawell

Take Me To A Better World!

In a place
Where love is the inner
And the outer
Of the whole
The fabric of
Every soul
In a place
Where peace is
The 'making' of their actual
World
In a place
Where happiness
Is nothing but
Everyday norm
In a place
Where anger
Hatred
Greed
Never heard about
Before

Take me to a better
World
No
Beginning
No end
But everyone love
Encompass endlessly

The
Whole

Najib Altawell

Temporary Worlds

As a result of
A passing thought
From misinterpreted
Source
Temporary worlds
'Form'
'Exist'
Not knowing
Those 'humans'
In their
Duality place
The actual formation
Of their so called
'Universes' and
Their own individual
'Worlds'

Momentarily
'Worlds'
Momentarily
'Universes'
So solid
So they 'seem'
In fact they are nothing
But a passing dream
Made-up in
Nano-realms

Temporary worlds
Forget the 'time'
Forget the 'Place'
The whole thing
Is nothing but
A brief childish
Game
Being played
Unconsciously

Again and again

Yes, thought and thought

But

Thought

They are all the causes

Of

Many

Many

Temporary

'Worlds'

Temporary

'Universes'

And the essences

Of every part

In

Every 'soul'

Najib Altawell

The 'Arab Spring'

They say
'Harmony' in the 'world'
'Peace' among 'men'
And 'love' is
The
'Answer'
But
Dear brother
All we hear is
The stories of 'killing'
The firing of
Bullets
And
The deployment of
Heavy guns

* * * * *

Time and time
The fighting erupt
In every 'front'
And the worst of
Today's killing
'Iraq'
'Syria'
'Egypt'
And
'Yemen'

* * * * *

The injured

The disfigured
The displaced
The orphaned
And
The fallen
Ones
All for the
Sake of
'The
Only one'

* * * * *

Yes
The 'Arab Spring'
As 'they' describe it
The truth is nothing
But
The bloodiest days
With no option left
Other than
The 'revolution'
As
'Many' 'believed'
'This Is
The only way'

Najib Altawell

The Blast And The Singing Rat

The blue
The orange
And the singing
Rat
Tuning with
The shadow of
A dancing woman
Vibrating
Fat

Then

Chat
Chat
Chat

In 'apartment'
Where no one knew
The meaning of time
Nor 'can' they hear the
Sound of bombing
Nor 'they' care
About
The devastating
Blast

Strangely enough
Loving songs
Always 'come'
From
'Baghdad'!

No time for your last
Prayer

The dust
The toxic fume
The rusted iron
Bar
The melting black
Tar
All
Under the skeleton of
A bombing
Suicide
Car
Accept nothing
But
To bleed slowly
As you are watching
Helplessly
The blue
The orange
In the
Iraqi
Sky

Najib Altawell

The Blond & The Ghost

A ghost in a box
In a blond woman lap
Moving in and out
Catching the dim
Light
Weaving within
A cruel mental
Trap

The pony tail
Of the blond hair
Dancing from shoulder
To shoulder
As the ghost
Trying impatiently
Creating
Images
Of death
And lust

The slim long fingers
Hold on the 'lipstick'
Painting the lower lip
Brushing away
Mentally
The creeping
Ghost
Back Again
To the
Invisible
Box

Najib Altawell

The Child, The Hooded Clock & The Rain

Shades fall on a beige wall
A child smile in his sleep
As the rain
Begin to fall
The Hooded Clock strike
Again
And
Again

The child cry with
No tears
While the clouds
Moves slowly
Trying hard to hide
The midday
Sun
As being watched
By a priest and a tired
Nun

The church yard holes
Filled with rain
The old red bus
Arriving "now" but
Late again
Stopping so close
To the old people home
Crowed of people
Rushed towards it
Trying to catch it
Trying to avoid the
Heavy
Rain

The shades on the wall
Quickly change
As the old man's coat
And the lady's hat
Moved away

Feeling cold
Covering
More
The sleeping child
As if he sense
Someone close
His round face
Mechanically change
As he Smiles
Once again

The goose bumps
Cover her skin
While she is shivering
She put on
Her blue blouse
And then switch back
The heater on

The Hooded Clock strike
Again
And
Again
One minute later
Everything is peaceful
And
Quiet again
Apart from
The heavy
Falling
Rain

Najib Altawell

The Gentle Rain Of Dundee

The rainbow
And a timeless game
And the echo of
An ancient name
Merge with the sound
Of an engine
Of a far away train
Dissolving
Slowly
With a song
Of sparkling
Love
Sourced from within
Unknown life
Unknown soul
Of unknown name

The gentle rain
Again and again
On Dundee's land
On Dundee's hills
Time and time
Bring the story
Of a child life
Of a child name
With the sound of
The falling rain
Revealing
All the secrets
Of the ultimate
Master game

The rainbow
And the timeless name
Eternal in essence
But
Among the crowd is

Nothing but
A fameless
A shadow
Of a mythical
Life
Once lived
In a faraway
Cold Terrain
And bathed daily
In Dundee's rain

Najib Altawell

The Inner Queen

Looking through your eyes
A queen was born
In a crystal room
Under the wing
Of a butterfly
In an imaginary
Place
For the humans
Those who believe
That 'matter' is the
Only
Place

It 'come' and 'go'
The scent of your soul
Around a marble stone
Where your name
Engraved forever
Just as our song
Engraved in the mind
Repeating itself
Over and over
Loving you
Cannot be
But
More
And more

A queen was born
So close
So far
And nowhere
But
Within my soul

The Rust Of Time, New Epoch And Our Plane

In the darkness
I mentioned your name
In the darkness
I decoded
The mystery of
Your present game
In the darkness
The whole hope
Of your universe
Died
Then suddenly
Born
Again
In the darkness
A beacon flashed
Carrying
The script of
Your own
Name
In the darkness
The flame of
Your life
Flourished
Despite the rust of
Time
In the physical
Plane
Again and again
Tell me
Tell me
Tell me
Again and again
What on earth
During the coming cycle
Is your ultimate aim?
Or it is nothing
But
Another epoch
Where your chaos

Will always rule
First
Our plane?

Najib Altawell

The Ship Of My Dreams Is Sailing Away

For few moments
There was nothing there
Nothing except the silence

.....
.....

Staring into the darkness
Moulding creating
The sum of wild imaginations
Triggered by
A nerve cell

Shadows
Reflected on the curtains
And the walls
Human faces
Animals and monsters
The beginning of life and
The end of
An Earthly war

So, touch me gently
The ship of my dreams is
Sailing away
Behind the mist
Behind the clouds
Slowly far away

While a Spanish song
'Start' and
Fade away
In the old fashion tune
For a bride and a groom
Visualised on a moon
Momentarily they are made up

Of nothing but one pure soul
Encircled within white
Flowery walls

Then
The old bells `start ringing`
Just as the droplets
Of the morning rain
On the church glass and pane
On a wedding day
`Move` slowly
In a strange play
Signalling the end
Of a momentarily world
Created in a `traveller`s mind`
Then presented
In unspoken shorthand words

Najib Altawell

The Silent Poet

The stranger
Painting with
Unspoken
Words
Moved on
In a volatile
Blind
World
Where a mirage
Seems reality
To the overall
Majority
While the
Actuality
As they believed
Is nothing
But
Part of
The
Poet Imagination
Nothing
But
Part of
Unrealistic
Philosophy

Shackled with
Unspoken
Words
And
Living beyond
Their time
Beyond their
Thoughts
The silent
Poet
Strolled toward
An opening

Shore
Shedding
Earthly vehicle
Then
Shedding the
Soul
Merging
Beyond humans
Forms
Enriching the
Evolving
All
Enriching the
Ultimate
Source

Najib Altawell

The Third Man

White clouds brought around
Innocent doubts
When you 'gone'
To the
Other 'side'
In a 'moment'
Lost in 'memory'
Lost in 'time'

The first man 'shook' your hand
In an empty lane
The second man 'gave' his card
Among the crowd
On a fast train
The third man
'Touched' your hand
Brought a flower
In a 'blurred' dream

White clouds brought around
Innocent doubts
When you slept
In your car
Near and
Far
Your pale face
Gently bathed
In a 'silver' light
Time and time
As the moon
'Stopped'
For
You
Every night

Your ancient secret of
'Godly' game
Suddenly
'Born' again

In a countryside
In the heat of
Unusual
Summertime
When the image
Of the third man
Flooded slowly
Your
Inner sight
Your
Dying mind

White clouds brought around
Innocent doubts
When your dreams
Became so real
Shaped miraculously
A musical sound
Into a spectrum
Of
Arching
Light
Telling the story of
No one
But
Your own
Life

Najib Alkawell

The Traveller And The Forgotten Delhi Dream

Greeting from Delhi
The past is still here
No need to invent the
So-called
Traveller's time-machine

* * * * *

Cows and dust
Everywhere
Children begging
Crying and whispering
Here and there
Semi naked men
During the midday
Sleeping carelessly
In the streets
While sellers
In every corner
Crowd your way
Crowd your face

* * * * *

Delhi in a dream
Their world is made up
Of curry and rice
And spice twice
They may even
Add
What they proudly
'Termed'
The 'English Double Cream'

* * * * *

Stray dogs
Laying on pavements
Eye you closely
As 'tonight'
The moment you 'try'
To close your eyes
The barking schedule
Will be on time
Filling your ears
Filling your mind
Till the end
Of
A sleepless night

* * * * *

Delhi and the forgotten
Dream
Floating in a bubble
To a time machine
Proving the 'relativity' of
Space and time
Supposedly 'discovered'
By someone called
'Einstein'

* * * * *

Greeting from Delhi
The past is still here
No need to invent the
So-called
Traveller's time-machine

Najib Altawell

They Say 'this Is Our Land! '

Dust in the hand
A smoke rising
In a dark corner
In a forgotten yard
And face to face
From the
Same race
The battle 'continue'
In the name of
God
In the name of
A piece of land

They
They
Always say
'This is our land'

The Heaven
Witnessed
Both 'claims'
On that very
Special day
When 'God'
Commanded
Both of them
To defend their
'Absolute' 'rights'
To revive
Their
'Golden' past

They
They
Always say
'This is our land'

Silent the day
Silent the night

Tender the voice
In 'private time'
As they 'both'
Laughed
And
Cried
Believing in their
Holy
Right
Believing in their
Holy
Fight

Najib Altawell

This Way That Way!

Today a miracle baby is running away
In a misty foggy distant motorway
While the balloon lion is timely floating
Wishes born and dissolve straight away

Tearful eyes
Lost in space
Lost in time
Lost
The
Meaning
Of
A special rhyme
Lost
The
Meaning
Of
A new day
Lost
The
Meaning
Of
A pure love
Running in anger
Running
Running
Running
In
Dismay

The world they say is rich and resourceful
But difficult to live in a peaceful way
Our existence is continuously changing
Like a river
Carrying
Life
Death
And
Decay

Disenchanted in today's living
The miracle baby
Want to know
God
How
To live
How
To obey

Nothing seems
Honest
Nothing seems
Direct
Genuine
Sincere
Despite what they say!

The miracle baby 'cries' and 'continues'
To pray
For all the soldiers killed
Fighting
For
So called
Peace
And
For
Those
Scarified
Slaughtered
In a religious
Sway

Wondering
About
All these killing
All these sacrifices
Ever
Ever
Brought to them
The truth
They always

Thought about
Then they forgot
The next
Day

Miracle baby is running away
But not knowing
Why
How
And
Where
Just desperate
For a sign
For a hope
For a ray

Miracle baby is
Running
Searching
And
Searching
'Grew'
Old
Even before
Had a chance
To
Play

Najib Altawell

To Be In Heaven Read This Poem

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

I was there
Everywhere
I was completely
Very much aware

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

'Your real ticket
To your Heaven
Is constantly printed
And developed
All the time
In your mind
And then filtered
Beyond the mind

From the starting
Of conception
To the last thought
When it occurs
Just as you depart
Your physical time

This is how
Your own
Heaven
Gradually Created

On another level
As it is daily
Very much tailored
Second by second
By yourself
Before you reach
The destined level'

Najib Altawell

To Understand The Whole!

How can you
Feel
What the victim
Feels
If you have never been
Victimised
Before?

How do you
Know
The meaning of
A true
Love
If you have never been
In love
And never loved
Yourself
At all?

How can you
Feel
The loneliness
The negligence
The cruelty
The weakness
If you use your fellow
Humans
In order to benefit
Yourself
Alone?

How can you
Be
Conscious
Of others
When your "Self" is

The only
Goal?

How can you
Be
Aware of
Other realms
When your mind is
Focusing on
Material possessions
Trapping you
To one
Lower
World?

Oh dear brother
To be free from
The bondage
To enrich the inner
To enrich the outer
You need to experience
The whole!
Complete the circle
So that
Maybe one day
You understand it
All

Najib Altawell

Unforgettable Words

The sun
The bun
The whisky and
The Rum

A ship has sailed
A train can run
The words spoken
From a muzzle of
A gun
Life is precious
Life is cheap
Kill kill kill
This land is fun

Night and day
The dead.....
The dead.....
The dead.....
In tons

The sun
The bun
The whisky and
The Rum

Don't you know?
Abu Ghreab has
Physically gone?
Don't you know?
A play in torture
Will last forever
Creating a loop
For a lasting Hell?

Oh dear son
Don't forget
To light
A candle

To pray for
Peace
For a good job
Done

The sun
The bun
The whisky and
The Rum

Najib Altawell

Unseen Horses & Ethereal Roses

Structural 'loot'
In suspense
Without 'root'
With hybrid
Unseen
Wild Horses
The echo
Of
Their unfamiliar
Sound
Punching endlessly
Trying to revive
Withering
Dying ethereal
Roses
Via
Primitive
Cultivated
Flowing
Unknown
Thoughts

Slowly
The sound of the
Echo
Painfully
Penetrate the
Emerging structure
Resembling
Gathering
Of
'Humans'
Parade
Causing a scenery
Of
Ultimate
Madness
Of

Imaginary
Reality
In a mobile
Temporary
Place

Their space
So called
'Outer space'
Thought to be
Mysterious
An infinite
Is
Nothing but the
Actual thoughts
Of
Obsessions
Of
Desires
In structural
'Loot'
Coloured in
Living 'cocoon'
Timed in
A shape
Of
Expanding
'Balloon'

Evolving
Changing
Behaving
No more
Than the
Behaviour
Of
Animated characters
In
Continuously
Repeated

Action
Of
Unnoticeable
Software
Cartoon

Najib Altawell

Unsettled Nature God

The snow
The silence
And
The sleeping cat
Everything seems
Peaceful
Settled
Under a faint
Light
Shivering gently
From
An old oil lamp

While the cracking
Noise
From a distant
Burning point
Is nothing but
A coded sound taps
Sourced from
Within
Unsettled nature God

Sustaining the fire
Courting the wind
And
Chanting
Vigorously
In every corner
In every path

Unsettled nature God
Stalking aimlessly

The grains of
Sand
Dancing tirelessly
With the Highland trees
Nurturing temporarily
The newly
Born
The darkness of
The Forest land

Najib Altawell

Vertical Observations

She 'sat' in a hurry
On a reserved
Seat
On a train
Touching the
Side of
Her hair
Light brown
The colour
Of an old
Chocolate
Stain

'This is my seat'
I said
'Reserved to Dundee as
The ticket
Indicates'
'Sorry' she said
Then rushed
To another place
Burying her face
Among the pages
Of her book
Pretending to read
While
Nervously
'Over lap'
Every page

The 'glasses' frame
Dark, narrow
And squared
Touched
Again
And again
Then her fingers

'Slide' slowly
Feeling the velvet of
A green jacket
Resting causally
On her white
Shirt

The golden chain
Round the neck
With animal figure
At the end
Resting comfortably
Within the gap
Between her breasts
Telling the story
Of a recent past
A gift from a lover
She named
'Dirty rat'

That, of course, was
In the past
Claiming
As she was pretending
Reading
While
Blushing
Trying hard
To escape
A painful
Unforgettable
Track

Najib Altawell

Vortex

From every angle
Within the human side
Rocketed
Their emotions
From the selfless
From the average
From the loveless
And from the innocents
Side
Penetrating
Enveloping
The blue planet
In a menacing
Volatile
Sky
Day and night

The beginning of
Of a journey
But somehow
Disguised as
Nothing but
Everything is
Right
While the
Uncontrolled minds
Dismissing all the
Signs
Not knowing
The vortex is
From within
Projected and materialised
Without
Powered by
Them
Growing from
Them
Progressing in

Time
The vortex of
A material self-destructing is
Alive
To help to begin
The cycle of
A new
But
Another
Temporary
Life

Najib Altawell

When....Then....Then....when!

Remember

In every day

When the 'clouds' 'arrive'

Then

The sun is

Always 'behind'

When the storm and the thunder

'Scream' too loud

Then

Quietness comes 'next'

In 'no time'

When the pain is 'unbearable'

Then

Comfort will 'follow'

Regardless

Of the physical 'state'

Or the 'state' of the flowing

'Thoughts'

Within the mind

When so called 'death' is

Naturally 'accepted'

Then

Freedom back 'home'

Is the ultimate

'prize'

Najib Altawell

Who? When? Where And Why?

Who?
When?
Where
And why?

Sometime
we wonder
who we are...?
Sometime
we wonder
where we are...?
And sometime
life seems so
objective...
And sometime
it looks so bizarre...

Yes, so bizarre...

Who really
you and me
are...?
And who are those
you can not
see
with your physical
eye...? !

Who?
When?
Where
And why?

Ah, many orphans
ancient
old
new
questions..
born

live
And eventually die...

Wanting to know
who, where when
and
why and why?

Like
Hell and Heaven
Which are
made in dozens
In the mind of
many humans
for an answer
to a really
stubborn
of a question
about
God...
and
Devil...

Who?
When?
Where
And why?

Najib Altawell

Wolves Of Your Time

Complex as you are
But
Simple
When you try....
One moment alive
Then
The next
Dying with
No cry....
Life and death were
Your
'Circle'....
Time and time
Always
You 'come' back
Almost
Just
On time....

But
Not
This time!

Your hat
Your books
Your glasses
Your mat
Left as a sign of
Who you were
In a dark corner
In your barricaded
Deserted
Top
Flat....

Cry no more....

Your dusty desk
Your dusty mirror
Your dusty curtains
Closed the chapter
When the wolves
Of your time
Ended your story
In a moonless
Silent
Night....

Najib Altawell

X-Planet Once More

Earth
A prison floating
In a space
In a temporary
Place
The case within
A lower phase
For the very
Young and
For the ancient
Souls
Residing within
Material forms
And
'Living'
'Believing'
'Worshipping'
Something they
Know nothing about
Until their Earthly
Vehicle
Function no
More
Their 'passing'
To the other side
Is
Continuous
Their 'Higher Souls'
'Sending'
To this side
Is
Continuous
Related levels
Related realms
New personality
To be born
Once more

Yellow Fields

In a place where
The East meets the West
And the North meets the South
Where the end of polarities
And the birth of singularity
Where a 'human mind'
View 'thyself' history
Nothing but the beginning
Of the ending
Of
A
Personality
Disintegrating, disappearing
No difference than the death
Of
A
Human, animal or even
A
Plant
Physical body

Yellow fields
In the mind of a deity
As it creates multiplicity
Via subtle
Delicate
Primordial energy
Creating once again
Another level of
Diversity
With the never ending
To the cycles
Of
Chaos
And
Creativity
Fulfilling the so-called
The forgotten
Ancient

Yellow fields
Prophecy

Najib Altawell

You And Me

Do you know what the man in the dream told me?
Do you know what the winter rain showed me?
Do you know why an angel with your aura
visited me?

No 'reason' anyone will know or understand!
but...you and me!

As the stars in the heaven shoots and travel
far away...
to the tune of our songs, but, no one can ever hear or see
as everyone pass us by with deafness, blindness
to the sound, to the light
to their souls
to their lives

No 'reason' anyone will know or understand!
but...you and me!

In the darkness when you whispered and I smiled
to what you said!
when your lips touched my lips in a stormy crazy way
I forgot who am I!
I forgot where am I!
I forgot what to say!
As my mind suddenly stopped...and died
straight away!

As the soldier who really died with no cry
left his boots and uniform so determine not to die
as we watched him far away beyond the truth
that is how why we know what is the 'truth'
it is the secret
in our spirits
in our hearts

No 'reason' anyone will know or understand
but...you and me!

Do you know what the waves in the sea told me?
Do you know what the sun at dawn showed me?
Do you know why a baby in the crowd smiled and smiled...at me?
No 'reason' anyone will know or understand

but... you and me!

Najib Altawell

'Your' World And 'Their' World

Too sensitive to live in a human world!

A single word with
No sincerity or genuine love
Can easily injure badly
The delicate purified soul

The world appears
Through the eyes of a higher
Soul
As a "Coarse" "Gross"
"Dark" "Dense" place
Even the shining bright Sun
To them nothing but
A dying very dull flame

"Aggressive" raw world
Killing others in so called
Liberations wars
Part of being a hero
When humans kill humans
Victory over the weak
Is their ultimate goal
Impossible for them even
Just to say the word

Too sensitive to live in a human world!

Najib Altawell

Zig-Zag On A London Train

Shifted her
Glasses
To rest on her
Head
Closed her
Eyes
Tried to
Rest
But
In vain
On a slow
London train

The case
Is
Uneasy feelings
Uneasy posture
Uneasy place
The case
Of
A rainy
Afternoon
On a crowded
London train

Not possible to
Rest
She opened her
Book
Searched for page
Forty four
Where she stopped
Before
A
Romance
With a
Distant

Stranger
Would bring a
Smile
To her
Tired
Face
On a London Southbound
Train

Najib Alawell