

Poetry Series

Nassire Ghadire
- poems -

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An Iraqi poet and essayist. Worked and published in several Iraqi news papers since 1990. Works as Political and Legal Officer in UNAMI.

PhD. Logic and Semiotics of Arabic Language.2006.

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Married to Dunia Khalil since 12/07/2007.

Aimless

What do I do with what I do? !

What do I do with life? !

What do I do with misery? !

What do I do with the unjust look into existence!

What do I do with the kiss, which duplicates the lips but never after? !

What do I do with beating heart from birth to death!

What do I do with you, loving me just in bed? !

What do I do with the failure of repeating the passing moment, or stretching it? !

What do I do with the feet stepping into time? !

What do I do with death pretending the wisest conclusion? !

What do I do with me being so many mes? ! What do I do with which me is I am? !

What do I do with the meaning of the flower? !

What do I do with do soul of life inside the revolt? !

What do I do with the glass, the cup, the fork, the apple, the slipper, the words?

What do I do with all of the words? ! What kind of benefits they bring to me? !
Are they really useful, no joking? ! What do I do with freedom, liberty, rebellion,
blowing up, extending, floating on endless aimless time? !

What do I do with what do I do can give me? !

Nassire Ghadire

Eternity

Once in hell, life and freedom were as far as for ever!

Nassire Ghadire

Giant Infant World Collection Of Poems

Here you are
Stepping into things you don't know,
To touch the flower of truth
Only to touch it.
To dip your finger into the scent of the world
And die. □

War is not funny, it's not easy either
It is simple, though;
You put life beside death
And find the real will.

Wrap your head with the fillet of illusion
And lie on the autumn yellow leaves,
Then, surrender to ultimate love,
And ultimate hate.

There is a fine crazy thread,
Between vision and thinking,

.....

Don't sever it!

And still you walk on the sand of the time road
Naked hands, barefooted
Aimless like a fool wind playing with nowhere man's hair
Smiling to no faces, no mirrors.
Eat your cake of seconds or let them eat you
No matter.

Mysterious woman
Behind the window of your life years,
It's just your untouchable moments from your destiny.

Her glowing thighs are your after- life,
Smoking your mistakes, joys, tiredness and useless wisdom
While you are walking in your nihility.

A road in the valley,
A woman on the balcony,
A pink flower between tender thighs,
Golden honey on the nipple,
This is not beauty
It `s the misery of being,
The joy to miss the being.

Walking queue of keys,
From the sun to your eye.
A god and his goddess,
Hugging on your life screen,
It's beautiful and it's a useless journey.
Whatever!

Wisdom is very complicated, very simple,
That's why we need stupid language,
In a very intimate moment.

Let's take another position,
Let's ride, writhe, sway, twist, wave,
Or crash our bodies,
Let's melt ourselves in life's semen
And sleep.

Oh infant world, Oh youngster universe,
Spread your soul into my chest, into my lungs.
Oh giant infant world hug your hungry powerless boy.
Protect me... us,
Feed me... us with love,
Oh giant infant father.

The smoke in Baghdad from bottom to top,
From top to bottom,
The rocks on Baghdad,
Baghdad the giant bricks baby,

Breathe your blood and lick your injuries.

To liberate the flower,
To stand next to the moon before,
The desert of darkness,
To rescue the last kiss from oblivion,
To acknowledge the core of human knowledge,
To bring out the innocent child of the world,
To life,
To capture the flavor of the apple of existence,
Immortal ignoramuses, salute.

Hey Gilgamesh, Hey Anhidwana
Do you see what' has happened?
Can your bones that fused into the Iraqi sand, your dusty bones,
See our anonymous bodies?
These atomized brown bodies of your kids?
Can you still breathe under our oily, fleshy, bloody land?

No watch on your wrist,
Passing your life like a flame in a bottle,
Like a sun flare through a window,
It's not telling what's destiny nor making it.

.....

Skiing on the grass of hours,
Chewing your lost kisses,
No watch on your wrist.

The stinger in your emotions is a song of life,
Song of winter hours,
Heavy sex of the flower,
Up-down,
Up-down,
Tick-tock,
Tick-tock,
A twisted sexy wind plays games with a child god,
His smell goes with scores,
His smile shrinks,

Do nothing but watch.

Dear audience,

Go home,

I will tell you nothing,

Poetry tells nothing,

The poet tells nothing,

He just dies.

Behind the tasty feeling of pride, there is that nostalgia,

To that wax like girl.

Behind your refusing dignity,

There is that flapping ancient bird wing,

Under that girl's flower.

Since 1971,

Walking the devil in the valleys of love;

Wrapping feelings with dailies,

Naming my life disasters,

Having sex with anonymous women,

And fuelling the right love.

Since 1971.

The bicycle is broken.

The car is too fast.

I love you very slowly.

You're coming tomorrow.

If you tell me: 'love',

One time, only one,

All the way down the country road to you,

I will arrive.

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Love And Existence

I've had it,
I've been through this,
I've been the fine shadow in the atomic flower of love!
I've had it, baby, when time was not time, nowhere but a glance, a single cryptic
glance of a smile from your eyelashes. I've been through this, baby, being in the
ether of the spaces between the second and the other, while love is bonding
these seconds. That's why 'time is so weak existence'* and being is no solid. And
that's why this life was the only solid truth.

* Avicenna

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Sour Is Love

Sour is love,
Like a break up message at midnight;
Like 'good night' with the sense of 'good bye'.
Sour is life,
Like 'I'm sorry' in endless frustrated eyes,
Like no two can leave each other with no tears.
Ends are no harder than beginnings.
Flowering is no different than wilting.
It's knowing, knowing is what makes us adventurers,
And daring, daring to flower just to wilt.

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