

Poetry Series

**Walid Boureghda**  
**- poems -**

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## Walid Boureghda(June,19th,1979)

I'm the one whom you, Poor People, are foraging for since eternity. I'm the one whom you, Rich People, are trying in vain to be in. I'm the Complete Happiness, the sore Angel ever exists on Earth. Once you feel like longing for an Angelic Remedy, then, you should come into my Palace where you will truly find warm and comfort.

## "you" Is "me", "me" Is "you"

Every time when I close my eyes,  
The image of loneliness really dies.  
Just the moment I see you in my dreams:  
Hand in hand, floating on the waves – it seems,  
I feel truly the happiest among all the guys.

It is such a formidable pure sensation  
To finally possess my bona fide aspiration.  
How marvellous to live a devoted love story!  
How magnificently I did own that lovable glory!  
A divine gift bestowed upon me as an inspiration.

You did occupy all both of my soul and heart.  
Can't help but never will get your love apart.

Can't help but think about you day and night.  
Can't help but appreciate the beauty of your sight.  
Your image is in my each and every single part.

Now, "me" is "you" and "you" is, by all means, "me".  
No one can, at any case, figure out that simple "we",  
For Love did compile us into one single harmony.

Walid Boureghda

# A Barefeet Lady With A Fiddler

A beautiful lady with barefeet is walking in a deific grace  
With a handsome fiddler playing a melody with a smile on the face  
Looking around, thinking of how godlike he is, at her man with a stunning gaze  
Love is obviously reigning over there on the nearby horizon with daze.

Walid Boureghda

## A Close Of An Eye

The honey of your lips makes me twisting around.  
The beautiness of your smile gets me truly down.  
That good-shaped body comes on over me.  
In a way that turns my heart on to see  
Beyond the queen light shining out from your eyes,  
And the kindness of your words on that lovely tongue lies.  
In the wink of an eye, I get awake in that very morning.  
For it was just a sweet and striking daydreaming.

Walid Boureghda

# A Royal Acrostic

What a marvelous and shiny day for a royal wedded couple.  
In two simple words « I do! », two hearts are loyally tied-in at a chapel.  
Loneliness is fully gone, and love's reigning o'er their joyous life  
Long live the handsome princely husband with the cute queen-to-be wife  
Intimate years and years of happiness to live together, William and Kate,  
Amiable and winsome kingly gentleman with an exquisite and fair queenly lady,  
Mingled with a noble family name, shall e'ermore together chase their vital fate.

Coloured with much true affection, love and passion, you always will be.  
Addicted to each other since eternity, I wish it would last fore'er after  
Time after time, years after years, you, new royal couple, shall still be happy.  
Hello from me to Your Highest Majesty as to wish you love and laughter.  
Eternal life full of ne'er-ending cheerfulness for both of you.  
Romance and passion in your feelings, a real and adequate affection  
Insanity they would say, yet it is a genuine LOVE. Yes, it is true!  
Nice wedding party I heartily hope it shall be on the day to be,  
Eloquence and wiseness in the royal vow at the Westminster Abbey.

Walid Boureghda

# A Smile On A Painting And A Melody Of A Symphony

I love in you that smile traced on your visage,  
Brightened with the lightness of your eyes.  
I love in you the vividness of your voice,  
And the attractiveness of your femininity.

Your smile to your face gave the meaning of innocence,  
Usually revealed by the children's countenances.  
Your smile fulfilled your body with such femininity,  
Which attracted the painters' fingers  
To paint their most marvellous paintings,  
And fascinated the musicians' strings  
To compose their most beautiful symphonies.

My eyes realized the beauty and the value of the painters' paintings  
Since they caught sight of your smile,  
Which the nature's hands portrayed  
And printed on your face.

Consequently, you were Mona Lisa  
By whom all the aficionados' eyes were captivated.  
And Nature was Leonardo Da Vinci  
Whose fingers painted  
And his thoughts bestowed  
That marvellous smile on the painting of your face.

Additionally, with your paradisiacal voice,  
You were the ninth symphony  
That astonished all the listeners.  
And your scarlet mouth was Beethoven,  
Which whenever it utters  
It articulates a divine melody  
That attracts all the listeners' ears.

Oh! What exquisite eyes you do have! !  
Oh! What stunning they are, indeed! !  
They are two pearl nuggets,  
Which descended from the Moon's powder  
And set down gently upon your eyes.  
They are two bracelets among Chosroes' Bracelets,

Gathered by Muslim Conquerors  
When they triumphed over Persia,  
Which, thenceforward, had been carried  
And homed onto your face - onto your eyes.

Henceforth, I was the first aficionado  
Who, with my Love Card to you, purchased the Mona Lisa.  
And my ear was the first listener  
That listened to one or more of your symphonies.

Likewise, my heart was Surakah  
He, then, wore your eyes and put them on his hands.  
And palmed the two pearls firmly.  
And then, he homed them to his heart box.  
He locked them up.  
So that neither the beholders' eyes will be appealed  
Nor will the thieves be.

Walid Boureghda

# An Instant Vow

As someone who never knew  
Where and when he is to go.  
As he tried to have a view,  
And see how to make it show.  
Looking back as he is blue  
To his past, an instant vow!

Walid Boureghda

# Before I Saw You

Before I saw you that day,  
I was in such agony an' despair.  
I was so lonesome an' astray;  
So have I started to utter some prayer,  
Through which I've asked for a rain  
To wash away all the tears of my heart  
And sort me out from that disdain  
That took leave of all my senses apart.  
Any such compassion others feel  
When they read my very thoughts in my lays  
Has gone away, and to well heal  
My badly bruised heart; a bud of May lays,  
With her soft hands, my sorrow aside,  
And brings life again to my mind.

Walid Boureghda

# Brother And Sister, No Matter What

I know so well I have made a big sin  
When having said something that has hurt you.  
But I came to you apologizin',  
Beging your pardon with what I can do.

I let myself in the class where you are,  
I spoke to you about the event;  
You have shoken your head not to go far  
And you have only spelled the two words « I can't. »

I asked you then about the pledge for your sake;  
You replied you accepted only the words,  
And the pledge is just only a sort of fake;  
With which you can only trap the stupid birds.

Once again I gave you a tell-tale poem  
About our own four years buddihood story:  
I reconciled myself to your blues,  
And at the end, I implicated « I'm Sorry! ».

Tonight, the poem here is to you written.  
And I pray it would set you out of fury.  
You're my elder sister; I'm your brother  
And this what really made our own glory.

Walid Boureghda

## Couple D'acrostiche

Honnêteté dévoile la clarté de son esprit.  
Amour propre dans le regard de son mari.  
Drôle, dévouée et gracieuse elle est, j'écris.  
Jeune ravissante elle était dans son abris.  
Encore éblouissante et plus de grâce quand elle rit.  
Romance céleste dans l'éternelle lueur de ses yeux.

Forte personne que l'on juge l'être cher.  
O l'homme de mes rêves! Mon époux sur cette terre!  
Unique dans son genre, humble maître de mon cœur!  
Amour ferme et vivace dans l'ensemble de mon ardeur!  
Douce vie j'estime qu'on aurait en étant mère et père!

Walid Boureghda

## 'Dedication' June 15th,2015

To whom I owe the lingering magical smile,  
Daily traced on my visage for a while  
Whenever I look at the image of her face  
- The adorable Queen of my heart, full of grace.

To whom I owe the unison of our senses and souls  
In a perfect harmony with no single apparent stroll  
Rarely seen in a couple through the stream of history,  
Fairly existing in the present with no kind of mystery.

To whom I owe the repose of mind after a long shift of labour,  
And the spur to a noteworthy feat – O my tantalizing savour!

To whom I owe the thoughts of my heart burst out in words  
That I distinctly evince on the net to the literary eyes of the worlds.

Walid Boureghda

# Délire

Pour marcher sur le chemin de votre oubli  
Les séraphins de mes soucis  
M'appuient à porter mes présages

Ils m'appuient ...  
A ne pas attendre les répités  
Car les traces de ton allure me font davantage  
Sentir les belles mouettes migratrices des rivages

Ils m'appuient ...  
A ne pas crayonner mes délires  
Sur les murs de tristesse disjoignés  
Car vos yeux en torrents soupirent  
A travers les déserts de votre mépris

Ils m'appuient ...  
A s'enfuir de ma propre psychologie  
Or les ruades m'entraînent à l'agonie.

Les séraphins de ma sérénité m'appuient  
A bien considérer la vigilance  
A me tenir à la prudence  
Lors de votre ultime flânerie  
Pour bien accomplir une danse ...  
Parfaite et réellement inouïe.

Voyez-vous! Mes frénésies sont finies.  
Je suis de retour après cet ahurissant songe,  
Tenant un oud pour vous jouer une mélodie  
Et vous chanter un bouquet de louanges.

Walid Boureghda

# Expressive Words For My White Little Bird

I know it won't be easy for us to stay wondering.  
But look, babe, at me! Am I that one who keeps wandering? !  
Just trust me. And we shall be together forever, darling.  
Leave all the obstacles behind us, and look forward.  
For what we do feel inside of each towards the other is stronger,  
Much stronger, than the others feel.  
Our love is strong enough to be shown out to the surroundings.  
Yet, it is so marvelous to bring out a little bit of our love  
To people outside so that they could feel that sensuous emotion we do feel, you  
and me.  
I love you. You do love me too.  
We do love each other.  
We were made to live together.  
That's our anticipated destiny.  
And that's our real, inshallah, fate is.  
Our solemn vow is being activated.  
Get Happy. Get laughter.

Walid Boureghda

# Forever After Wife

I find the real relaxation  
While hearing the melody of your voice.  
I feel love through your sensation.  
I can but say that you're the very best choice.  
I can foresee the true laughter  
– You and me, forever after.

In my heart, lies the image of your face  
With the deific smile – your holy grace.  
In each and every piece of my body  
Lies your forever after custody.  
I do admire the softness of your voice  
As well as your tenderness I rejoice.  
You can't imagine how much you've changed me.  
You can see how better with you I'll be.  
You gave me the real meaning of my life.  
You gave me the great chance to call you, Wife!  
I'll love you endlessly; be sure of that!  
My everlasting wife, my lovely cat!

Walid Boureghda

# Hagar

Harmony in her name with the softness of the morning breeze.  
Angelic voice she has and quite strange and cute like bees.  
Generosity lies in her heart an' beauty of 'er spirit makes 'er different.  
Accuracy in her knowledge have I been acquainted with - Delirious.  
Rich and huge amount of culture has she to overwhelm us -but not hilarious.

Walid Boureghda

# Happy Fifth Anniversary 'gef' June,09th 2015.

Home of intercultural dimension  
Amid a diversity of opinions  
Pursuing in learning the perfection  
Preferring English as a vision  
Yearning for the standard of writing.

Finding out the how of things  
Intrigued by the intellectuality  
Focusing on the learning rings  
Trying to catch up on conceptuality  
Hindering the idleness in texting

Aloof from disturbing subjects  
Neither religion nor politics  
Nor sex is discussed in some respects  
Illuminated the GEF is, and much frolic  
Vivacity engulfs the members in large  
Expressive diction from the admins  
Reflects the smoothness of the marge  
Softening the tension when it happens  
Arigato dear #PIETRO for such a forum  
Rebirthing on such day in a kind of poem  
Yonder up the way with more decorum.

Great community we've always been in  
Erroneous! We've never made things akin.  
Friends forever like Jim and Huckleberry Finn.

Walid Boureghda

# High-Tech Means

Our reticent existence on earth  
Is replete with a bunch of craving

Our dearly loved persons are worth  
To be mourned for their love's saving.

They stepped down into the great beyon',  
Leaving us forever, taking their last yawn.

Some kinsmen have known an estrangement;  
Some amici have abandoned the arrangement.

Beyond distances, on the surface of the screens,  
The worlds are forgathered via high-tech means.

By: Walid Boureghda

Walid Boureghda

# Imagining

'You are imagining him wading into your bosom, murmuring your name each and every time.

You are imagining him breathing your words, uttering their letters; heaving a sigh for their significations on the surface of your journal.

You are imagining him at the top of success acknowledging you for the greatness of his person.

You are imagining him a father surrounded by offspring whom you begot for him, a generation to come that would be cited for some special efforts.

You are imagining him platitudinous without you in his life.

You are imagining him prodigious whilst you are wiping away the morning's fatigue from him, just with a simple touch of your curing hand upon his brow.

You are imagining him a pioneer in the whole caboodle as long as you are with him, pushing him forward into the top of success.'

By Walid Boureghda

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Walid Boureghda

# Innocence And Silence

Innocence and silence.  
A kind of state out of nature.  
A head in a queer trance.  
A body with a fracture.

Crying out the pain inside.  
Showing out a grey smile.  
A heart truly deeply died  
Without blood running wild.

A crying silence growing.  
A silent cry inside hidden.  
A stare at the forbidden:  
Words without meaning -  
Innocence and silence.

Walid Boureghda

# It Was Wednesday Morning

It was wednesday morning,  
In the class, where I met her.  
It was a day like no other day.  
It was the begining of my life.  
She called for me to see the picture -  
The picture sticked on my copy-book.  
I turned my head to see the one calling me,  
just once I fixed my eyes on hers,  
I felt like thunder has fell upon my head.  
It was such a flabbergasping day,  
To meet such a girl with such marvelous eyes  
That at the first sight made me sick.  
She asked me for the mariah's tape of 'Hero',  
I opened my mouth and I nodded with my head.  
I was like having been mesmerized.  
The next day, I gave her the tape.  
Then, we have had a walk that day,  
We have gone to the cafeteria,  
We sat just before it and drunk a couple of tea.  
Inside of me, something is growing.  
Something that my heart is full of it.  
I thought it was just an imagination  
But day by day, I realized  
I have had a crash on her,  
And I can't bear my life without her.

Walid Boureghda

# Je Vous En Remercie

Je vous en remercie  
Pour m'avoir dit adieu, mon chéri!  
Je vous en remercie  
Pour les beaux jours et les douces nuits.  
Je vous en remercie  
Pour ne m'avoir rien dit  
Que vous étiez décidément parti  
Ainsi vos regards et votre silence  
Ne m'ont pas donné la moindre chance  
A vous chanter les paroles de ma romance  
Je vous en remercie  
Pour m'avoir jadis fait sourire  
Voilà que maintenant  
Vous me faites tant souffrir  
Avec la venue du printemps  
Le cœur brisé et délaissé  
Telle une écœurante frénésie  
Hélas, ainsi est-elle faite la vie!  
Et pour ça je vous en remercie!

03 Décembre 2015

Walid Boureghda

## Just Words

Living alone and not knowing where to go,  
What to do, how to be; and almost who I am.  
This feeling and this wondering  
Always pull me out of my mind.  
I gaze at every one  
Who's passing across me  
With a great question mark  
Imposed on my mind.  
How come? ! How come? !  
How do they do  
To get what they are living?  
Why am I not living  
The same thing as they do?  
Well, you would say that I am wrong,  
But what I am saying is indeed true;  
For if you were me,  
You would have had the same question mark upon your head.

Walid Boureghda

# Le Bon Refuge

On survole les verdure, cherchant un bon refuge.

On y cache nos peurs, rejetant nos cauchemars.

On y cherche. On s'y trouve, laissant rien au hasard.

On sursaute entre la vie et la mort, telle une folle muge.

Les collines étant étrangement estompées par la brume,

Furent incertaines de traits après un incroyable déluge.

Certes, un drôle de mystère s'étale sur la surface de l'amertume,

Et dans le parfum de l'océan, on y abrite une colonie de solifuges.

Par Walid Boureghda

10 Août 2016

Walid Boureghda

# Lost But Found!

Feeling warm and comfort within my heart,  
Touching love and passion both together,  
With you, Wife, ever after ne'er apart  
– A sensual trance in paint change like heather.  
Being devoid of you renders me drown in pain.  
Scenting your odour makes my body lost in rain

Wintry and senseless my whole life has been before  
– Desperate in loneliness with so much dejection,  
Submerged in agony out of gladness and more –  
Yet with the dawn of my genuine love, true affection,  
I've really found elation and a lot of distinction.  
No question but living in the whole adoration.

Walid Boureghda

# Love

Love, a difficult word to define.  
What can we say about love?  
Is it something we can taste?  
Is it something we can reject?  
Or is it just a simple move?

Some said love is what you have,  
Your own possession, to give up  
For the one you really adore  
With whom you want to bridge the gap.

Others said that love is nothing  
But an empty bowl full of sorrows  
That hurts the lovers with anything  
But living nights without tomorrows.

I say Love is the genuine seed  
That we first sowed in ourselves  
To reap then our first affliction feed  
When we get pricked by the smooth thorn  
Of that lovely sorrow within ourselves.

Walid Boureghda

# Merely Changed

Each and every day and night,  
The shadow of your image  
Is creeping up on my eyes,  
Sneaking into the deep side of me.

Each and every moment it happens,  
I close my eyes, and there you are;  
Reigning over my whole body and soul  
And then I've totally lost the entire control.

I'm now like a robot in your hand:  
You can either turn me all on,  
Or even you can turn me off.  
– At anytime, I'm all within your reach.

That's my life you have changed.  
That's my body you have gained.  
That's my soul you have controlled.  
And that's my mind you've mesmerized  
– That's merely me, body and soul, totally yours

Walid Boureghda

## Mounir's Acrostic

Magnificent the way you looked yesterday Morn.  
Of course, it's wonderful, when you cut off your hair!  
Unexpected look with a slight retouch you adorned  
Now, your well-cut hair is shining each and everywhere  
I can just imagine it! An amazing glow!  
Run ... Run..Run...friend...Nothing but just for a great show!

Walid Boureghda

# My Best Friend

Anytime we are in trouble  
Anytime we need someone  
As being alone in darkness,  
Needing a spark of light;  
You are there - shining star:  
Making me out of misery,  
And setting me free to the light  
- My best friend you are.

Walid Boureghda

# My Epitaph

Lonely was I in my cursed previous life.  
Stronger am I now beneath this lovely tomb.  
Life's but a play rehearsed once in the womb,  
Replayed again till stabbed by a knife  
And here lies my spirit to the day of doom.  
May here know I the truest rest, not in the former gloom.

Walid Boureghda

# My Future Wife

You are my sole hope in all my life.  
The last dejection has gone away  
When I met you on that very day.  
All the troubles are completely gone;  
From now on, I am no more alone.

You are my sole hope in all my life,  
My all reason to live – my future wife.

Living and hoping to still keep you  
By my heart and soul – and it's for true,  
My all reason to live, my future wife.

I'd love to live by your side to death,  
And take away, for you, my last breath.  
I can be everything when you are near,  
And leave behind any issues; my dear.

You are my sole hope in all my life,  
You've really made me the man I am,  
And got me head over heels out of jam  
– My all reason to live, my future wife.

You are my sole hope in all my life,  
My all reason to live – my future wife.

Walid Boureghda

# My White Antelope

Magic lies irrecusably in the deepest side of your name  
Yonder down is a sensual spirit of a great musical fame

What an idyllic body fabulously and beauteously shaped! !  
Hither, thither and yon, your beauty and gentleness overcame.  
In a deific way, you enthralled me - So totally sweetly draped! !  
Truly you are my hearty LOVE and my true FRIEND - My avid claim! !  
Enthusiastic I fervently am, in your presence - My dearest DAME! !

Animated, you decidedly are with your joie de vivre - Visibly remarked!  
Nacreous, you relevantly are with the prismatic smile traced on your visage  
Tenacious, you ardently are in the vivid torridness we both are evermore  
embarked.  
Engulfed, we both are in an echt ardour; merely with you shall I stay on the  
rivage!  
Living soul, you unreluctantly are; only enchanted with the spark of your eyes.  
Omnipotent, our mutual LOVE is ad vitam aeternam - Despair's gone with your  
sunrise.  
Paradisiacal life on earth, you and I, hand in hand, together forever to the end of  
days.  
Everlasting LOVE, hopefully it shall be; for we both keenly show it in distinct  
ways.

Walid Boureghda

## Pauline Lin

Precious stone almost rarely caught in the hand.  
Astounded we unceasingly are, with her words.  
Unique is her middle-name on our virtual face-land  
Lively and lovely when flying above like birds  
Insidious the others might be, she always stays still trustworthy  
Nightingale she is, plain and simple in her style - So earthy! !  
Efficacious her thoughts always are - So undeniably worthy! !  
Laborious, I can say about her, my dearest Asian-European friend! !  
Innumerable times she continually contributed efficiently  
Numinous delicacy in her crystal bowl of words - Always to shine! !

Walid Boureghda

# Pretty Young Wife

Like a gentle leaf falling in an autumn morn,  
Like a smooth snow falling in a winter day,  
Like in a spring eve, a subtle breeze adorn;  
Like a glittering star falling in a summer night.

Like all of these, I consider you to be.  
You are the real shelter for my miserable heart,  
In which I can find true confort and warm  
To all the terrible journeys I had from the start.

Listening to the melodies of your song,  
And apprehending the words you focus on  
Makes me believe that you do trust in the love  
Of a mother to her babyborn.

Walid Boureghda

# 'Queen And King Forever' September 20th,2015

Fascinated by the dazzle of your tenderness  
My devotion to you is everlasting...  
Despite the angriness,  
Even when in a sullen silence,  
My love to you is genuine,  
Sincere and with no abnegation.

You're my whole world,  
I am greatly addicted to you,  
For, as long as we live together,  
Despite what our wrinkles would write down,  
You will still be my sole Queen  
In the traits of your face,  
And I will still be your King  
In the melody of my voice.

With the lullaby of your love,  
Through the lyrics of the tunes,  
I will sing out your magical name,  
And I shall love you for the rest of life.

Walid Boureghda

# Revelation

Bethinking myself about the different words,  
Different expressions, having been sorted out from my lips;  
It really gets me weak and ill.  
When I think of the day when we can be together at our home,  
I pray Allah so very much to make it come true as soon as possible.  
I cannot think but of you,  
I can whisper but your name to myself,  
I can hear but your angelic voice calling my name,  
I cannot feel anything but your heartbeat next to mine;  
I cannot see in my dreams but your sweet flavoured shadow coming closer and  
closer to me.  
I really love you, honey  
– I cannot live a single instant without you by my side.

Walid Boureghda

# So Many And This My Fate Is

So many words I want to say.  
So strong in my heart is my love.  
And so hard to let you go away,  
My heart, my soul; you – my dove.

So many words I want to spell,  
Only three words I can do:  
« I love you », in my heart dwell,  
And in my soul and mind; you.

Being together and hoping to be  
With you, a dream, may it come true?  
Wishing well all time for you and me  
That one day, I would better live with you.

And then so many things I wish to do,  
And all what my heart wishes is you,  
And before all that, so nice is true  
To have and be such LOVE – you knew.

A kind of life, you and me are living,  
And each of us tries to keep on giving  
Without expecting from the other in return;  
And then such LOVE others wish to burn

A love when anyone hasn't once been in,  
And none of them can realize it is a sin  
To have such an envy towards my heart  
That of which my very LOVE is a part.

To whom my very affection is devoted,  
To whom my life would indeed have no sense  
If once I would find her again on the fence  
To reveal her deep emotions so seen offended.

This and then it could be our anticipated DESTINY  
To live and have so MAY troubles in getting our life.  
And then my FATE to foresee my LOVE to you for eternity,  
Living and surviving even if stabbed with a keen knife.

Walid Boureghda

# Still

Still the image of your face,  
A soft brightness of your grace,  
Your delicate, dainty smile,  
In such an updated style,  
Is calling on my two eyes.

Still the sonnet of your voice,  
The lyric words of your choice,  
The spell of your body, yes,  
In such a kind of finesse,  
Is letting me in paradise.

Still the fairness of your heart,  
A symphony of Mozart,  
The comeliness of your soul,  
In a tranquil, chatty stroll,  
Is getting me out of lies

Still the quietness of your kiss,  
A warm wish from my two lips,  
The enchantment of their touch,  
In that soothing way I long much,  
On the whole, in no way dries.

Still the moonlight of our love,  
A light of you, my white dove,  
Stillness and freshness of you,  
In such a pure fashion and new,  
At any case never dies.

You are and still be my wife.  
You're everything in this life.  
You're my beloved, my friend.  
We're together, hand in hand,  
At home, out of any strife.

My love will never expire.  
We'll stay forever on fire.  
You and I, with one desire,

Will dwell in our own love shire.  
Nice couple! How you will admire!

Always to the end of time,  
We'll stick to our mutual rime.

Walid Boureghda

# 'The Beauty Of Love' May 27th,2015

Beauty lies beyond the curtains of Love! !  
Love is as much beautiful as a dove! !

Love makes us tenderly and magically sway  
Like a leaf waving so marvellously in the airway.

Beauty lies in the surroundings of its eloquence.  
Magic lies in the logic traits of the words sequence.

Beauty lies in the smile of a happy couple of eyes.  
Beauty lies in the reign of love in the above skies.

Love with its beauty irrecusably changes your life  
From worse to better without any kind of strife.

Love calms you down like the scent of a pretty rose  
We are all wholly fascinated by love from tips to toes.

Love leads a chivalric knight to become brightly noble,  
For love renders you wise in your thoughts and humble.

O Love!

That lovers are desperately pursuing and seeking for  
That lovers deeply, with all their hearts and minds, adore

My heart and soul, in so much tiny rags, are totally torn,  
For, with only the beauty of love, «Me » is truly adorned.

Walid Boureghda

# The Lanturns Of Noreturn

They trespassed the mystic line,  
Galloping a sort of oblivion just like falling stars.  
They mounted up some lanterns of noreturn with no scars.  
They unexpectedly left an excruciating reverberation in a fictional manner of art.

Their spectres are magnificently surfing on the spot of certitude.  
Oh, I have been vividly fidgeting beyond into infinitude.  
I haven't been truly wounded by a stream of innocent snoring in a strict compliance and obedience.  
I haven't been attained by the mania of palms, only its fronds long for the delirium of spines.  
I just haven't gotten the chance to mantle back the roads with lilies petals of wines.  
I stepped forward into what would ease me up from the tyranny of dependence, Enquiring helplessly about my reflexion in the weird attributes of inconvenience.  
I am desperately yearning for those who used to pillow the subtlety of conveyance.  
They used hopefully to pilfer joviality from the munificence of unpredictable virulence.  
They used to come by, but strangely not to cross the passing lines.  
They used to water up their efforts with endless breadcrumbs at the shivering work entrance.  
They used to but carpe diem following the refugee's divine utterance.  
I pleasantly remember myself mocking at their Jacob's unreachable endurance.  
They used purposely not to embarrass Jacob's remarkable perseverance.  
They used to lean on the surface of air, to burn out the yards and to fade away beyond the outlines.  
I still remember the number of their steps on the shallow brines,  
Overflowing the unexpected fates and the overwhelming annoyance.  
I still remember what they desired the most to live in a fancy residence;  
How much they used to unceasingly hope for some sunny shines.  
We just have to open up our eyes and to sneak out from a stealthy lassitude.

By Walid Boureghda  
11 August 2016

Walid Boureghda

# The Laurel

I am carrying a pannier replete with discordant locutions.  
I am reclining myself to the delusion of the thoroughfare.  
I am bartering the ink of truce with the anchor of warfare.  
I am limning out an implicit screen for moderate solutions.

I am ad-libbing hordes and battlefields.  
I am ad-libbing laurels and warlords.  
A further obscurity came in an aggregate blackout,  
And when the glare found, beyond shadow of doubt,  
A sneaking path like wading through a river at a ford;  
The canopy of innocence yawns at our atrocious deeds.

Then absurdly the war was alluringly adjourned  
For thousands and thousands of years to come.  
Notwithstanding was the enmity longly yearned,  
Many laurels have raised thousands of thumbs.

07/12/2015

Walid Boureghda

# The Only Love

All the words I say,  
All the poems I write.  
It's all to think that one day  
I'll tell you: You're my light,  
My sun which shines my way,  
My life; my only sight.  
I love you with all the means of 'A'  
So, wish you accept me as your knight.  
Forever I live in this life,  
You'll always be my only love alight.  
How much you mean to me.  
How much I think of you every night.  
So, I always dream to be  
The only love within your heart is tight.  
Don't ask me why  
Because it's so hard to say: Good Bye.

Walid Boureghda

# The Reason Why

Once again, I'm all alone.  
At home, waiting for a phone.  
Standing up, pacing the floor  
To and fro with heavy steps.  
I don't know the reason why  
She hasn't as yet made a dial,  
And call me up just for a jiffy.  
It's been more than half a year  
The last time I saw her,  
And more than a year  
The first time I met her.  
And I long to see her face again,  
To feel her incredible perfume  
Going deep inside me,  
Driving me hypnotic, insane;  
To be again all ears to all beautiful words  
Escaping from her sweet lips,  
To hear again her soppy, hearty voice;  
To be again her close friend  
As I was before,  
And the only well for all her secrets;  
Her intimate confidences  
As I was before.  
And I still don't know the reason why  
She hasn't phoned me, so far.  
But, I always try to persuade myself  
That she hasn't kissed Good Bye  
To me nor did she forget me.

Walid Boureghda

# The Spell Of Her Kiss

The splendour, the loveliness and the beauty of a sunset at the beach at a midsummer night is NOTHING in comparison to the smile traced upon her face mingled with the glamour of her eyes.

The spiral shape of her two lips coloured with a bright crimson that gives her exquisiteness another dimension.

When I put my lips upon hers, I can feel my poor tongue sneaking out of my mouth following the fragrance of that enthralled kiss flavoured with vanilla and chocolate mixed with honey-like caramel.

Walid Boureghda

# 'When Trust Is Lost, Fears Overwhelm'

Those innocence traits on your face;  
Your shame often showed with grace;  
The magical appeal of your body;  
The stream of love in your custody.

Ignoring and abhorring their absence;  
Looking in the abyss for their essence;  
Trying to give them a kind of rebirth;  
Fighting to keep them alive on earth.

Crying a river flooding on the cheeks;  
Stealing the joy out of heart - It freaks;  
Staying sleepless overnight and thinking;  
Losing faith in love; falling in drinking.

Remembering the shining of those traits;  
Loving them to come back in these dates;  
Wishing her to show me the last dance;  
Reminding of her beauty out of trance.

04/06/2014

Walid Boureghda

# White Rose

Beholding the magical beauty of a white rose.  
Methinking how touching scent it has for the nose.  
Wishing it could be the hand of a charming groom.  
Lying down on my right cheek, soft as a rainbow loom.

Walid Boureghda

# Words To A Moor

Words were once traced on sand by the love shore.  
Convinced the waves were, sea ne'er saw that 'fore.

Red and black hearts, in miles scattered, gathered.  
Their two souls into one love sea fathered.

Love is said to be but nights without days  
I say love is but life with all the sun rays.

Veronica with her bluish hair petals,  
Conquered the Moor's heart with her spelling scent.

And let him know the true love forever sent  
To give them a chance stand anew their lives' tall.

Walid Boureghda

# Zephyr's Touch

So early at a new dawn, I wake up fast.  
A golden sphere in the sky with its shining rays.  
A glowing sunshine warming up the light of days.  
A yellow butter with honey always at breakfast.

A dripping pancake, today I prepared with a mellow berry  
A melting chocolate I poured to have a sweeter flavour  
An elated time for a shaving off with my electric shaver  
For then, a butterfly is fluttering, scenting the flowers of cherry

A joyous moment just appears forthwith once in the while a day  
When you hear the tremendous pace of a zephyr's touch in May.

- Walid Boureghda

Walid Boureghda

# Zineb

Zest of juicy lemon mingled with vanilla flavour

Is scented when uttering the letters of your name

Newness I can see in the very deep of your outlook fame

Eloquent diction when discoursing with no single lame.

Beatific in your character with a taste of chocolate savour.

Walid Boureghda



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Walid Boureghda

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Walid Boureghda

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Walid Boureghda

