



# Half Full Cup of Hope

Poetry

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Translated

by

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**-1-**

Some beautiful things, may overflow due to the silence of the night, or shatter whenever they touch the edge of the day.

**-2-**

In the book of transformations; on its final page: the Sun wondered why was I not created as an orange?

**-3-**

Before the free bird spread its wings, it asked the space,  
"Would you protect me?"

-4-

Yes, it is the reverberation; this is what we write on behalf of life, of love and its babbles.

-5-

I recalled the bird that asked me about the relationship between freedom and the orange tree; its beak was twinkling , and its wings begging for the air of truth.

-6-

Tomorrow, when you open your eyes, the wind shall show you its wings, and offers you its warble, its extended lethargy like vapours.

-7-

On the path to the nest of the bird, I saw you sculpturing a cloud, and a question on the distance between the flower and its yellow colour.

-8-

The deeper in rain, the less confused between the eyelids of silence, thus you are; diving and floating in luxuriance.

-9-

When the soul is cured, the space is broadened, and the flowers of lightening are unlocked in the vases of hope.

**-10-**

Your heart shall always illuminate the passages of memories,  
and feeds its flowers with its tongue.

**-11-**

Between the fingers of light, you pass over the festive to the  
hearts so as to soak more by the water of love.

**-12-**

Between the infinite lips, the word shall remain a vernal  
bridge to the music that finds no path to silence.

**-13-**

Your soul kindling the lantern of the festival, was under the protection of love.

**-14-**

The boneless love came, without foliage, and here is your body inventing its pure waters.

**-15-**

The festival is rivers springing from the brilliance of the soul to flow into the mouth of love.

**-16-**

It is your souls, these that touched the grass, to shape joys in-  
to two directions inclined to turning around.

**-17-**

The stone was wondering while tasting the light: whose voice  
is this that turns into a grey tune in the time?

**-18-**

Were the gods blind and deaf, were they not mere frogs jump-  
ing over the grass? How come, then, they dare strip off in  
strangers' garden?

**-19-**

Whose is this illuminated forest with hope, this musical piece  
that your eyes know?

**-20-**

Until when shall the sky remain blue? Were Van Gogh alive,  
would he accept that?

**-21-**

Who recalls the last sentence uttered by the sky? Was it about  
love or the torment of childhood?

**-22-**

Where is this wind, who is conceited of its braiding, and  
claims knowing our faults?

**-23-**

If the day, was really an open window, why then our bubble  
fears did not rise higher?

**-24-**

When did heaven lose its memory, to leave its bones in the  
mouth of the dog of coincidence?

**-25-**

If the moon is unable to swim, why did she dive into the gold fish aquarium?

**-26-**

From what door shall traditional music enter? What tune shall the ear of sorrow perceive?

**-27-**

Serenely, grows the flower, it opens, it always speak, about the pride of light and its originality.

**-28-**

The butterfly is an intelligent creature , it knew how to exploit light and colour, it is a moving flower, is it not it that forged the lexicon of spring?

**-29-**

I do not know where dreams are heading to, but I follow them incautiously.

**-30-**

Birds while picking grains, repeat in an unheard voice, how can we understand the problems of space while we are captives?

**-31-**

Is this light vapour that sticks to the glass of the window, is a musical secret, or is it mere day dreams assimilating with a moment of silence?

**-32-**

Why is this speed flight at night? Does the love butterfly think that the moon is a silver flower able to offer its fragrance to lovers?

**-33-**

You must be a mouth to kiss the day; you are the butterfly that weaves the colour of flowers from its wings.

**-34-**

Heaven is quivering again when the stars talk about their adventures over carriages drawn by silence.

**-35-**

Once the clairvoyant wind asked: what has heaven achieved by leaving the stars read its palm?

**-36-**

The ray of the soul in its lightness is able to penetrate the walls of silence, to draw shades of a final hope.

**-37-**

The rain dances but cannot perfect all rhythms, except on  
short skirts for the girls.

**-38-**

With bubbles, and light touches, and water colours, the sun  
was also flattering the trees of the field.

**-39-**

Images that I retained since my childhood, about sunrise and  
sunset, were a mixture of music liquids, and most rare flow-  
ers.

**-40-**

In front of of sources of serenity, sit peaceful dreams, waiting  
patiently for the passage of our souls.

**-41-**

Something made me not to budge; this is what the soul of the  
butterfly whispered into the ear of the flower of light.

**-42-**

When I direly felt the need to dance, the butterfly was stand-  
ing at the entrance of the garden, with a saxophone in its  
mouth.

**-43-**

Sometimes, music sleeps in its bed, and lights narrate fairy tales about our relationship with the sorrow of water.

**-44-**

The prose poem, is a mere poem, a lantern we light up when we feel that night made of drowsiness whose sky is not lucid.

**-45-**

At Sufi moments, when the soul is at peace with itself it loves to elaborate in nudity. To write a letter that covers the hair of the sky.

**-46-**

The only thing that I can recall, is that I left my childhood in the profound sources, when the sunlight was painting water-falls of light in the empty foyer.

**-47-**

Sometimes, we see silence wandering on the other side of the street, in forests, and in the courtyard of hot thoughts.

**-48-**

Near the fire music waves rise taking us to where the stars belong, to secrets susceptible of ignition.

**-49-**

Night falls slowly leaving behind some of its stars searching for  
its souls in our faces.

**-50-**

What a wonderful time, air, water and heaven, all inviting me  
not to budge, so I can hear the recitations of my solitude.

**-51-**

When I behold a tree I run to it, to liberate my shadow. How-  
ever, birds living on the tree, finds my shadow a despot, like  
me.

**-52-**

Sometimes, I stand in front of the nothingness, without a shadow, listening to my pains rising from craters dug by time.

**-53-**

If I can hear you through the waves of the sea, I can see you writing in the old green colour, a song that that heavens ascend to it.

**-54-**

O, woman, when the wings of serenity  
When the wings of calmness spread, the gate of singing  
opens; and these forests have no excuse not to let their ears  
exposed to the beauty of your voice.

**-55-**

As long as this bird flies high, and its eyes reflect the light of freedom, the space must drown in its crooning.

**-56-**

In the river that flows from our dreams, new thoughts may swim in the manner of freedom, and its excessive wealth.

**-57-**

For the sake of seeing in depth, should we not listen to our desires, and think how the day reads the image of night?

**-58-**

Is this blue music not sufficient to lit the day dreams? Then let  
it continue its vertical flying.

**-59-**

A certain sea shares happiness and love with you, and shall  
leave its repercussion in the boat of light that you look for.

**-60-**

When the river begins searching for love, our hearts and souls  
have to dig a deep stream for it.

**-61-**

What does the rain say to street lamps? Does he teach them dancing, the way little clouds do, or does he inspire them his audacity and charm?

**-62-**

O, you who are full of sorrow and light, you, the sound emitting from the tubes of the stars., these are your footsteps surrounded by giant shadows and delusions.

**-63-**

Have you ever, one day, tried the stars, to be metamorphosed to domestic flowers? Have you ever tried to be shattered in our souls, and teach us good listening to light?

**-64-**

I converse with the echoes of domes, and listen carefully to  
advices of colour. I do that, in search of a song to whet polish  
with the teeth of the night.

**-65-**

In delightful things in heavens painted by children, we can see  
ourselves when we listen to the tunes of the self with the sen-  
sitivity of love.

**-66-**

For a candle to burn, and the butterfly to reach its preferred  
flower; for meteors to race in the lanes of the sky, all this is : is  
a new reading for thoughts susceptible to vaporize.

-67-

How did this bird manage to open the cage? Did it make use of the key of love or Holy Scriptures?

-68-

There is no limit to our flying, we can send our looks to the water of the galaxies, and write poems on rose petals about the mixture of our souls with the nectar of the gods.

-69-

What shall we do with heavens? Should we leave birds stretch the strings between our curved bones, and make hollowness listen to the cracking of our pains?

**-70-**

Birds cross this space to leave dull shadows on the footpath; it is they that lead us to the deepest caves of sorrow.

**-71-**

These dazzling lights are musical steps on the ladder of silence.

**-72-**

Countless are the mirrors on that alley, they reflect nothing but destruction.

**-73-**

Light shall prevail anew, when trees begin to open its eyelids  
and believe in the existence of the god of love.

**-74-**

From the mirror that covers the universe magic colour are re-  
flected on everything, we ought to contemplate our inner  
selves; however not on the manner of prophets alone.

**-75-**

They are also civilized flowers too, these that grow and bloom,  
in its own way, in a fenceless garden.

**-76-**

It is possible to note the inner beauty of the rose; it is possible to see what is beyond the horizon whenever we listen to the singing of our silence.

**-77-**

Here, you are always in a transparent shirt, opening a window permitting drizzles of light to enter.

**-78-**

Missing clouds fall on the lake, does not matter, what matters is not to leave it surrender, and loses its ability to fly again.

**-79-**

Everything seems to be fabulous, the sky in its expansion,  
clearing clouds, and also what tranquility affects in the heart  
of the rose.

**-80-**

In order to continue in life, from time to time, we must draw a  
new sky for a more serious bird.

**-81-**

This month the music may rise higher, it also can teach us that  
love has an accent that requires no ear.

-82-

It is not coincidence that the moon sits on the glass of the window; ask her lights that are still looking for a secure place.

-83-

In the ashes of poetry (hair), there is more than one chance for the growth of souls, for the emanation of crispy winged questions.

-84-

Under the charm of colours, the shadows of its dance, I close my eyes to view with utter clarity the flow of music in the streams of love.

-85-

Are these our spectrums, these words flowing from the  
springs of doubt? Then, from what somber cave, does certain-  
ty pop up its face.