

الضوء كلب أبيض

Light is a white dog

Poetry
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Translated by Layla Ebrahim



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Light,
Is the only chisel,
Capable of carving
The seal of happiness,
On the shoulder of water.

Light is,
The one that moves
On more than a leg,
To open up doors for lost colors.

Light,
Circles the flower of darkness,
Like a Buddhist bee.

By coincidence, light survives,
For the sky to maintain clarity of mind,
The ability to swim
In the Amazon River.

Think, How do I harmonize,
Whispers the light
In the ear of the aurora.

The song of light...by light

Yes, I am the light,
The one emerging from the all,
The flowing abundance of the soul
Of infinity,

I am the dreamt hat tantalizes
The sun to join the earth,
I am purist as I set bare
Unrestrained upon the surface of cosmic clouds,
Reading the palms of gods,

The woods, the fields,
And the glaciers,
Are my eyelashes.

At spring time
I write King's songs
Only to tear them apart,

A father I become to wild flowers
Never blooming the same,
A mother to parrots and cardinals,

Fragrances, butterflies,
And fashionable fabrics,
Are my voices,
Thirst is my shadow in summertime,

The urge that drives you to the sea shore,
And sunny streams,
So you'll enjoy the love
That emanates from my rays.

Autumn is my genius and bravery,
Displayed
In the spirit of trees
In the music played
By falling leaves,

I find deep enjoyment
In the winter,
In the skillfulness,
And madness of the clouds,
Randomly
Changing their shapes,

With effort I define warmth
With it's opposite,

To those who can see
With their souls,
Don't you understand
That the moon
Is my writing board
On which I write,
Deep symbols of love,
And beauty
Leading to sexual over flow
Time was nothing but,
My spinning inhalation,
My path,
To surrealistic desert mesas,
The marks left behind by fire,
The candle drawing an aura,
The lantern at its siesta,

Inside your rooms I rest,
And in your beds my words fall,
On jovial days of love,
I burst out,
With magnificent colors,
You witness their reflections,
In the great mirrors of the universe,

Nothing can stop their resonance,
And style,
From piercing through icy rivers,
Mounds of alphabets,
Wrapping Roofs of emptiness,
And wings of nightly insects.

Yes, I am the light,
With my beauty I speak,
I gently debate night and day,

I offer precious gifts
To big hearts,
To free children,
To women assembled
With elements unseen,

I am the light,
Able to think,
Analyze the bottom of the sea,
The behavior, arrogance,
And vibrancy of the wind

I am the light,
My body and spirit tear,
For accumulation of frost in the soul,
For failure of love,
For multi-legged grief,

I stand impotent to
Entering your hearts,
To endow them
With my touch
As I witness increasing pain
Boring into walls,

Yes, I am the true light,
The brightness everywhere,
Under the bed stone,
In the mouth of gloom,
Between the lantern's nails,

Whoever desires to see me,
Touch me, talk to me, taste me,
Or smell me,
Should first investigate my biography,
And journeys,
My methods,
Of knowing all beings,
Through heart and spirit,
Never through gods,
Should first,
Write me with light of light.

Voice from within

Where is this light emerging from?
Neither from the tree's branch,
Nor from the apple
Resting in a plate,
Is it from deep solitude?

The mouth of silence,
Incomplete rocks,
Or advancing seasons,

On the opposite bank of the river,
Can be seen,
Taking the shape of music,
Or any awe inspiring picture,

Do you hear it
Penetrating your bodies?
In the heart?

It happens that I dream

With a knife of light,
And a fork of sun rays,
In a plate
That resembles full moon,
And in a presence of
Flickering candle light
I, all the time,
Can cut through darkness,
Make dry bread,
Letters for hunger,
Blankets for village skies,

Invite the camera
To capture this surrealistic picture,
Just before I wake up.

Up until now

My dream is,
To own a bike of light,
When it manifests
I will not quit riding it
On my kitchen floor
On neighborhood roofs,

On my bike,
I'll go on a trip,
Inside "Arabian Nights" book,
To attend one of the darkness balls
Where dances of gods,
And beats of pain,
Take place,
On my bike
I'll find my way.

Satisfaction

Wild morning light
Crawling early
On its belly,

Through tree leaves
Exercises these moves
To stay fit,
And to allow its tongue
To snatch a taste
Of the vigilance of birds.

Who would listen to it?

Intelligent beams of light
Colliding against each other
With music filling the hall
Through the heat of dance,
Dissolving entities,

Seasons race bare foot
To rush through perspiring bodies,
There, rhythms exists,
Between reeds of light
And departure of time.

Advance forward

With free laces,
Securely,
Light ties his shoes,

Before speaking,
He travels with his musical instrument,
What beauty!
For no apparent trace of his foot steps,
Except for distant stars,

Blind speculations
Those said by the moon
About his name,
His delicate touch,
About his eyes
Left behind
To scan the river.

Extra enjoyment

I enjoy eating and drinking light,
It aligns my impulses
With the taste of my mouth,
With my journeys
In search of brightness,
And its' nature,
Of what is timeless,

Leave the plate and the cup
For me,
To slowly find my self,
And the star that never dims out,
There it is, over there,
Up the tree of knowledge.

Who am I?

Did light say I'm a door,
Nothing secretive about me
Except for my blinking eyes
So I can witness the perspiration of lovers,
Through me,
Like two friends,
Darkness and brightness
Travel side by side ?

Yes, I might be the entrance
To any movement,
To music, to he who crosses the line of silence,
To reach a rose that turns its back in every direction,

With dedication I succeed,
To gain a touch of a hand
That rids me from the odor of meaning.

Skills

Light won
When played with his chaotic idea
And the style of the rose,

Allowed colors
As if a skilled hunter
To catch their breath,
And called upon the blue only,
To experiment with him,
To ask him about the plain of darkness,
About music, songs, and a real carnation,
These are his prizes after rain fall.

Reoccurring fantasies

Red lamp,
As if a small wound in the skin of light,
Its mind never dims out,

Because the distance is far
Between the hand of satin
And the holly grail,
The trail of desire remains unpredictable,
Silence within silence,
Color talk,
Or just a shadow falling into nothingness,
And within this lamp light
Exists long night
Never goes to sleep.

Yes I don't know you

In the night club,
Delicate as you are,
Continue to dig up tunnels of electric surges,
In the flesh,
Feminine you appear,
When you reveal yourself,
Masculine the moment you collapse.
Oh, light,
Friend of insects,
Is this your life style,

Neither the shiver nor the gloominess,
Not even this page of the book,
Are able to control your curiosity,
Your harassment,
When you touch the poem.

Blue vision

Band of light,
Marching through the jungle,
What does it see?

Hints from enchanted times,
Yellow and green creatures,
Thirst dangling from branches,

Suddenly, I saw it
As dawn started to wash itself,
With a touch of emptiness,
And chant mysterious prayer
To rid itself of aging darkness.

Along the infinite path

I came across a white rose
In a pot of light, asleep,
Even though she was white,
Majestically,
Extends her shadow
Into infinity,
To touch a rock
With sharp memory,

Along the boundaries of passion,
And its seat,
Fragrance becomes delicate,
Proportionate to listening
To the inner self.

Deep listening

How magnificent the sun at dusk,
Showers us with pure beauty,
We fantasize of standing,
At the edge of the horizon,

We perceive her light as a song,
Crossing existence,
On bright orange horses,
Worth listening to,

Here In the ocean,
She drops her reflection,
Like a pure gold mine,
There, in the dessert she appears,
Like an orange in a cradle,
Above wheat fields
Her rays resemble eternal spirits.

More than just a hunch

After a cloudy day,
Left the prairies dark,
Dogs bark stop,
Here appears a warm sun,
Dropping her leaflets,
And her strange thoughts,
Her vibrations could reach us,
We start to glow,
Edges of rocks shimmer,

No traces of emptiness,
Except for,
A flying flock of birds,
Carrying similar impression,
Amidst brightness,
A hint of something,
Appears and disappears,
Could that be,
Men and women I love.

Crazy games

Here, we are,
Possessed with love,
The sky is wide open
For joyous sparks,
Of sorcerers,

The universe finds itself,
In a flow of colors,
And bursts of music,
That takes place,
In the magnetic aurora
In the bends and turns of it's light,

We live the happiness of our spirits,
Our dreams in action,
Crossing the polar horizon,
To become a feather for wonder,

A wrest for brightness,
With this dance,
Everything imaginable,
Colored by the hand of light.

Invisible wolf

In clear nights,
His secret revealed,
In an attempts to trick us
Through soaring lights in the darkness
Intends to say something different
About buds of love,
About sand mounds,

The moon is a skilled hunter
In open air,
Out of his rays
Designs bare legs
Gray bodies,
Never quits howling
To announce his desires
That surround the earth.

Introduction card

Here are flowers of light
Opening up near time
In an effort to find out,
How pure it is
With plenty of laughter,
In the nerves,

Reside flowers
That I don't see
Yet I could talk to
In the path of galaxies
And in an empty bottle
I get to touch their fragrance
These are tricky flowers
That could release a red butterfly
In a lover's heart.

Confession

A bird toys with the stars,
That's who I am,
The one who criticized their brightness
When it fell into emptiness,

I fly in a circular motion,
In search of a mirror,
Through which,
I'm able to see the wind,
I plan my migration,
Both verbally and written,

Yet I lumber,
When I don't find a tiny silver light,
A little horizon.

Quick opinion

Had the white light focused
His vision a little,
Had he noticed the presence
Of the prism
Music would've lost her friends,
Poems would've become dull,

Fragmented light is,
A Sufi concept,
For glass,
Any successful journey,
Into depths is an attempt,
To understand color,
Understand humanity at large,

I also add:
Glass is stimulated entity
Hard for it to reject
Therefore,
There is infra red and
Ultra violet
Like two lips,
In a moment of revelation.

Here...There

Rainbow stretches,
Like a bridge in eternity,
From the edge of the sky,
To intense desire,
Who carried it here?
More than once,
Rain turns into a magician,
A section of a rose bush,
By hopping and whistling
Voice becomes clearer
Spirit moves nearer
To a target defined by love.

History

Only light could talk about color,
Describe red as Rambo's father,
As a pebble swallowed by birds,
Suggests that the iguana,
Writes with her skin,
Pointed to the dessert and whispered:
Abandoned, meaningless
Yellow words,
Like wounded beast in the light,
Gave all colors skin disease,
A hat of darkness,
Blab like this became,
Faces in the street,
Fish aquarium.

Just few words

Oh, you black mirror,
You place your soul outside light,
And your heart in the shade,
Is this a game of silence?

Enigma alone isn't enough,
To discover who we are,
To depart this depth,

In The distance between
Instants of Forgetfulness exists,
Inert images of our selves,
A tear drop on tree leaves,
Here is a tulip lost her dog,
And her white cane.

On falling leaves

Even when it is bare,
Light becomes reminiscence of autumn
Enough that it is feather light
Even when turned into colorful leaves
Proceeding into planning their private time,

Those transformations
Made a wrest watch of it
That reads book of seasons,

These birds migrating south
Aren't real
The remaining reality is
Their shadow left on the earth's knee.

Warmth speaks

Horned clouds,
Stuffed with rain
Day and night,

This isn't a riddle,
Lightning displays wings,
Shows us threads,
To weave new words,

Here is light
Riding a horse of snow,
Wandering around,
In search of fire,
And her tongue
That refutes eternity,

Weather never was
With a single taste
Light melts into sand
To build a short winter.

Quickly, goes by

The matter resembles
Lost music,
Emerging out of our souls
To touch ears of emptiness,

Near this bend,
So long it is pure white,
Butterflies make love
On their bed of flowers,

On a carriage,
Enhanced by light,
And from one color to the other,
Rays of light travel,

Growth begins
Every thing
Turns awfully pretty,
Time though
Is not at spring's side.

In search of shade

The sun becomes harsher
On the young trees' roots,
On their exposed heads,

Continuous currents of heavy rays
Strike the windows,
Fading away the buildings' paints,

Birds in bad shape
It is hard to describe,
Even when blue water is available
Those bodies tossed into stillness
Buried into wet sand
Or in sunscreen lotions,

Ought to seek shade
Sip on a delicious drink
For they already stole enough of light.

Revelation

We descended to the bottom of the sky
To find out how the morning writes its name,
How to answer the door,
And shake hands with desert sand.

For it never makes mistakes
Even in a cloudy day,

Early discovered by birds,
They feel its unseen words reaching grass,

Precisely hits mankind
The secret of his justice,
The fertility of his light
When we hear it picking into rocks.

Inevitable change

Good effect of light doesn't occur here,
The reflection is awkward,
For a moment candles loose their sight,

Either temperature rises or air retreats,
Lovers will not reach ecstasy
In their first kiss,
Not even in their second attempt,

Here ahead of time
Love dims out
Becomes excess light,
Like silence being salvaged
Elsewhere.

Who colored these feelings?

1

The multiplying whiteness
Is it lost bugs in my room?
Is this black with blind mouth
A beast chasing them
To gobble them up?

2

From whence does spring bring his wardrobe?
How does he convince flowers to wear them?
Can the butterfly
correct the path of light in the fields?

3

Wouldn't he learn to fly,
This pale ray
That chases those blind pups?
Why wouldn't he leave them his milk?

4

The leaf asked him
Wasn't I once deep green,?
What had happened to turn yellow and fall down?
How do you suppose light manages to explain
With a delicate touch?

5

How many clouds have you discovered
Whose color
Is a mixture of light's speech and its silence?

6

Is light the universe's blanket
It could be his heart calling us
To burn with love?
When do we listen carefully to his scheme,
To the red when writing fire
To the blue when weaving water
To the green inside and out?
In what manner we explain the genius of autumn
To the tree?

7

What motivates the light to dive
And thank the shallow water fish,?
Why wouldn't he settle for a blue wink?

8

Wasn't Cezanne's apple red,
And Mozart's shirt purple,
Or dim light was able to trick them with beauty?

9

With what manner do the birds enter the sky?
Is it true that they learn to dance
With the purple morning threads of light?

10

How did Borges view the falling light In Alhambra
palace?
Did he realize by heart
That the red is extra warm when united with its
echo?

11

How does the sun flower becomes sad
And joyful at the same time?
Does she intend to allow the yellow
To express what's inside?
Does she keep a diary of the sun?

12

Were the clouds ever a prism for children's dreams?
Were their drawings lit up with the innocence of the
aurora?

13

Oh lantern. How many shades of colors you need
To reach your sanity, your complete calmness
While discussing our faces in the dessert?

14

How all these colors match in the memory of ice?
From which delicious light they suckle?
Cool to hot, hot to cool!
How is it so profound this dance?

15

How did this harmony occur?
Between the magenta and the rooms wall
Was it is a real translation of the sun's tranquility
Or an attempt to mislead?

16

Did Rembrandt finish his last painting
Using the same mute colors?
Did the locks of light impede
To change the shade of red?

17

Do all these blue bones belong to a white dog?
Is this little brightness his barking?

18

To which extent light penetrates my poems?
Wonder when the fog wrote his blue poems
With a light shade?

19

What the black bread on the table trying to express?
Does it mean the scent of light couldn't draw the
white ant's attention?

20

Oh light,
Why do you travel these distances?
Is it just to say that our spirits
Are prettier than the peacock?

21

How do we mix
For a new blue to be born?
How do we adjoin
For the light to offer us
The purity of the white rose?

22

Does the frequent visit of light
Represent impressionistic reassurance
To the cannabis flower?
How is it that Van Gogh
Didn't notice this interference?

23

Oh eye! What do you see?
Is the crowd of light,
Traversing my window
In tune with
The tile of eternity?

24

Is it the spark of blue stars
Or the souls of our ancestors listening
To our copper poems?

25

Oh lantern! Are you hazy
How is it so not to
Touch my papers?
Do you depend on
The fall of my sparkling tears
To trick your prey?

26

What was he thinking when he used
The blue and the green?
Was the child of light trying
To pull the daisy out of her loneliness?

27

What's the silent green
In the depth of the ocean try to tell
Does it try to teach the water every thing?
Could it explain the fall of the day
In the silver fish net?

28

How red dissolved into the blue
When remembrance radiated?
Is it true
That rose's heart still
Illuminating the entire sky?

29

How do these lamps reminisce
Their laughter and cry?
Is light and air enough
To explain what happens in darkness?

30

How does snow expresses its pure whiteness?
What does it say about the heart beat of the stars
When there are only few of them left?

31

Does light seek happier place
To express its touchy words
About cherry blossoms
Or settles to sending color signals?

32

What does the opening
Of the flower buds at night signify?
Will butterflies carry torches
Or with the aid of fire flies
Their spirit illuminates?

33

When do angels reveal their favorite colors?
And how is it possible to know their names
Without the African drum beats of meteors?

34

What makes the future a gem stone?
Is it dissipating light?
Or light merging with the torch of absoluteness?

35

How wind was able to
Carry fragrance and color with his teeth?
And with them wove a nest
Over the rainbow?

36

Are these colors crazy horses
Floating in the air?
Or melodies and fire
Belonging to tribes seeking the gods?

37

who said that the clover
Is stricken by color blindness?
Wasn't she who saw flock of blue stars
Crossing the orphan darkness?

38

Is this a dream
Told to the mirror by light'
Or else how could the clouds have finished
Their gray flight?

39

how does the mirror know
That the un-reflected purple ray,
Is a poem by a gold snail?

40

Is this the voice of blue song singer?
Are these strings
Of the musical instrument
Accompanying him the flames of lanterns
Or just headlights?

41

Why didn't I print a blue kiss
On the winds lips
Why didn't I borrow
The courage of daylight?

42

What would the orange tree say
When left to witness sunset?

43

Is light still within me or did it depart?
Do I need to reveal
All this pain?

44

How did Picasso transcend his blue stage?
Did he use a glass prism
Or birthday candles?

45

Why did music drown
In the cold lake of color?
What's the plan of passion melodies
To win the trust of light?

46

How can neon signs
Direct frightened birds
To peace?

47

Who wakes the young light
From his slumber
In his bed of glory?
Is music alone capable of perfecting that
Or might it need the aid of Salvador Dali's work?

48

Who turns his back to light
To kiss the palm of darkness,
Faithful of its divine secrets
Of its potency
To offer a flower of certainty?

49

Why can't light reach calmness?
Is he in search of a solid friendship
Or in attempt to wipe resentment
Coated with the smell of darkness?

50

Didn't light offer support to the moon
To penetrate this dark sky?
How can we thank him
And offer him a meaningful dance?

51

Is this how light ages in the glass
To blend with its passionate melodies
To turn the redness of the wine into fire
With divine ashes?

52

Can music describe you
While you ascend the stairways
Of soft light?
In what pure melody you dissolve
With what color your soul blends
For me to be able to see it
And remain forever happy?