

Anthology of Samer Amin

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

For every struggling spirit who is in continuous striving for better life.

Acknowledgement

I should thank the Merciful One, who has created hardships and adversities, in order to re-create a new stronger creation, form the horrific painful darkness of the womb of sadness.

About the author

I cannot describe myself except as a truth-seeker,
and a keen investigator, who spares no effort in his
earnest endeavor towards the ultimate truth,
because I believe in Jesus' saying You will know the
truth and the truth will set you free.

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I Will be Waiting for You

I will be waiting for you at every upcoming dawn.

I will be waiting for you in every sunbeam overcomes dim clouds.

I will be waiting for you in every secluded shady spot under leafy trees.

I will be waiting for you in every child's innocent eyes draw me handsome again.

I will be waiting for you on every long road that mocks us and lead us nowhere.

I will be waiting for you in every pain and every relief.

I will be waiting for you in every heart's pulse push the despair away.

Willpower

Do you think your contempt look would shake my profound confidence?

No! It's not enough, not enough at all!

Do you think your condescending smile would manipulate my deep-rooted self-belief?

No! It's not enough, not enough at all!

Do you think turning your deaf ear would discourage my logical argument?

No! It's not enough, not enough at all!

Do you think turning your cold shoulder would exacerbate my lifelong spiritual isolation?

No! It's not enough, not enough at all!

Do you think your deformed scary face would compromise my composure?

No! It's not enough, not enough at all!

Do you think your oppressive abusive behavior would hinder my Willpower?

No! It's not enough, not enough at all!

Undefeatable Adversary

You are still able to make me cry, but when I cry, I will cry boiling water ejected at your face.

You are still able to make me bleed, but when I bleed, I will bleed molten brass on your feet.

You are still able to knock me down, but when I fall, I will fall as a boulder on your rib cage.

You are still able to break my bones, but when my bones become broken, they will be rebuilt in better and stronger shape.

You are still able to make me fall to my knees, but when I fall to my knees, I will enjoy an Absorbing, Long-Lasting Prayer.

Wasteland

Your heart is a wasteland, in it, all my hopes are fading.

Your heart is a wasteland, in it, all my pains are proliferating.

Your heart is a wasteland, in it, all my guiding lights are shaded.

Your heart is a wasteland, in it, all my bewailing songs are heard.

Your heart is a wasteland, in it, all my envoys of prospective happiness are mistreated.

Your heart is a wasteland, in it, all my innocent dreams are alienated.

Your heart is a wasteland, in it, all my Genuine Love is destined to be Excommunicated.

Agonizing Darkness

Keeping your eyes closed, will never do the light any harm,

keeping your eyes closed will only harm your eyes.

Keeping your ears closed, will never do the talented singer any harm,

keeping your ears closed will only deny your ears his enchanting voice.

Keeping your mouth closed, will never do the sweet river any harm,

keeping your mouth closed will only exacerbate your excruciating thirsty.

Keeping your heart closed will never do the Unconditional Eternal Lover any harm,

keeping your heart closed will only keep your heart in his agonizing darkness forever.

A Garbage Bag

You are not created to be dumped at a street corner like a garbage bag.

You are not created to be walked upon, as we walk upon a dirty street pavement with our shiny shoes.

You are not created to be overlooked, as we overlook homeless, wandering cats, and dogs.

You are not created to be neglected, as we usually neglect annoying, insistent, shabby beggars.

You are not created to keep lamenting your misfortune and abuse.

You are created for a purpose and an aim.

You are created to teach yourself and the world a lesson.

A lesson about the worth of all of us, and the change for better that all of us could do.

Black Vortex

To be a victim of hatred and rejection, can feel like the resolute unwavering steps of approaching doom.

To be a victim of hatred and rejection, can feel like a soul tries hopelessly to cling to its original abode.

To be a victim of hatred and rejection, can feel like a soul thrown away from its true identity by an alienating blast.

To be a victim of hatred and rejection, can feel like a black vortex leads to a bottomless pit, grows wild, and asks for its due share of the damned soul.

To be a victim of hatred and rejection, can feel like the everlasting hellish dankness that would be the perpetual residency of the deplorable soul.

To be a victim of hatred and rejection, can feel like an eternity about to be spent in close proximity of an Abusive Mate.

Noah's Beloved Son

Do you think resorting to your own power will save you?

Your own power will only speed up your drain as you battle the giant waves.

Do you think resorting to your own intelligence will save you?

Your own intelligence cannot convince the mighty storms of stopping uprooting everything in their path.

Do you think resorting to your own people will save you?

Your own people are the first to leave you at the moment of the greatest panic and the approaching of the gigantic waves.

Do you think resorting to your spectacular achievements will save you?

Your breathtaking achievements will be wiped away by the flood as you flush your toilet and wash your hands.

Do you think resorting to your inflated ego will save you?

Your inflated ego will not increase your buoyancy amid the upcoming furious tumultuous streams of water.

Do you think keeping your neck stiff and your arrogant nose so high in the sky will save you?

Your arrogant nose will be sadly buried under enormous layers of mud very soon.

Do you think resorting to your own mountain will save you?

Your own mountain is just a grain of sand amid this boundless universal ocean.

Do you think fooling yourself will save you?

Denying the ultimate truth will only deprive you of your last chance to enter through the door of life and safety.

Fire Fighter

Your spirit has taught me how to pass amid the valley of death.

Your spirit has taught me not to be scared under its smoky shadow.

Your spirit has taught me not to be terrified by the dreadful sound of its blazing fire.

Your spirit has taught me how to tolerate the unimaginable burning pains.

Your spirit has taught me how to carry the trapped child in my bleeding arms.

Your spirit has taught me how to calm the weeping child by faking a smile on my anguished face.

Your spirit has taught me how to tell the fatally wounded soul, even at the end of the road, it's going to be Okay.

A Flood of Relief

I will not let you down, I will not let you sleep under the depressing silence of the dreadful nights.

I will not let you down, I will not let you feel lost amid the appalling darkness of the streets.

I will not let you down, I will not let you taste the bitterness of the grim loneliness.

I will not let you down, I will not let you feel confined behind the bars of disdain and contempt.

I will not let you down, I will not let the wounds of your soul bleed, and keep watering your thorny black trees.

I will let my bleeding wounds hug yours, and all your pains into my pains will be flooded with relief.

Broken Glass

You cannot break the broken glass anymore,

the broken glass is meant to tear the trespasser apart.

You cannot walk over the broken bridge anymore,

the broken bridge is meant to drown the invader so far.

You can not fuel the blazing fire anymore,

the ascending smoke will definitely give your lungs an irreversible harm.

You cannot demolish the demolished house anymore,

the demolished house is meant to fall upon the intruder and make him and the ground one part.

You cannot break the broken heart anymore,

the broken heart is meant to be, for any abusive manipulative partner, a virtual graveyard.

Prudence

Beware of the hidden hurtful thorns around the silky tender stem of a flower.

The gentle looking beauty still knows how to resist too.

Beware of the sharp wounding edges while holding admirably a lustrous jewel.

Sparkling jewel does not mean it adorns a heart of gold also.

A glittering jewel can adore a handle of a dagger too.

Beware of a solitary alluring hiking amid the untrodden wilderness.

The untrodden wilderness may still have its own way of intercepting your lonely quiet walk.

Beware of indulging in dreamy hopes about unworldly expectancy.

The unworldly expectation cannot prevent the illusory sandcastles from succumbing to the tidal waves of reality.

Beware of dealing with a courteous deceptive fake friend.

A courteous fake friend is like a smiling wolf.

Beware of getting a closer a look when a wolf is showing its teeth.

A wolf is showing its teeth does not mean it is smiling.

Beware of the wounded soldier. A wounded soldier may feel weak,

and nothing has ever been created could be more furious than the weakness when it feels threatened.

The Pains of Separation

The pains of separation will uproot you, and throw you into an alien land, not known before.

A land where the screaming winds of the mournful nights, will keep wailing and howling.

The pains of separation will grind your feelings, and turn them into windblown ashes.

The pains of separation will tear your true-self into pieces, and throw these pieces to the birds of prey.

The pains of separation will destroy all the beautiful things in you, and turn you into a deformed, shapeless, freaky creature.

A creature that will be devoured by the frenzied wolves of the dreadful nights.

The pains of separation will keep your soul imprisoned into one of the narrow pits of Hell's caves,

and from one of its narrow pit, your soul is going to cry there forever.

The pains of separation are the Last Breath, that emanates from the chest of a lover,

at the very moment of Separation.

When the Earth Shakes

When the dark clouds overshadow the black sky,

When the Earth shakes and opens its cracks,

When the oceans' waves overwhelm the drylands,

When the lofty mountains become crumbled by hellish quakes,

When everyone desperately flees away for safety,

When the beloved ones become abandoned by their lovers,

When the delicate balance between the dark matter and the dark energy goes towards the force of expansion,

When all the galaxies move away, more and more, from each other,

When the whole universe starts to expand rapidly in a furious manner,

When every solar system gives up its planets and lets its planets go aimlessly,

When all the visible and the invisible universes begin to expand frantically to the point of the Big Rip,

When all atoms and all the fundamental forces start to disintegrate,

When the fabric of "time-space" starts to mean nothing,

Nothing can be able to exist then,

Except for your Everlasting Timeless Absolute Fundamental Essence,

Which is the Ultimate Real Cause of all the possible ever existed things.

Entombed Dreams

The loving eyes can give meaning and purpose to every meaningless desolate road.

The loving eyes can plug oozing wounds and heal burning pains.

The loving eyes can rescue the hijacked dignity of the despised soul.

The loving eyes can demolish the prideful monumental depression, and obliterate its many years of imposed defeat.

The loving eyes can shake the deep foundation of the kingdom of darkness,

and its pervasive firmly-established roots are going to be eradicated.

The loving eyes can revive the entombed dreams,

and into their dead veins, can induce their ceased pulse again.

The loving eyes can resurrect the deceased hope under the domination of its grave's debris.

The loving eyes can give us a rebirth, and make us able to walk upright again.

The loving eyes are about to cry out with a loud voice and say: "Lazarus, Come Out!"

The Everlasting Calling

When the shy sun feels hesitant to reveal its beautiful face behind the downy black veil of clouds,

When the audacious lighting pierces the thick clouds with his spear,

and the horizon becomes disclosed by his dazzling lights,

When the roaring thunder declares the coming rains with his majestic voice,

When raindrops strike their piano keys on my room windows,

When cold winds hum their yearning songs in the backyards,

When tree branches start their joyful dance, and hold each other's hands,

When birds become more meditative during seeking refuge under its hilarious branches,

When wet leaves get absorbed in prolonged loud praise of your glory,

When the everlasting calling tries to send its sacred message,

When the lifelong sadness starts to feel distracted away from its permanent sorrow,

and thinks the long-awaited joy is about to draw near,

Only then, I can dare say, nothing can revive my spiritual death, except your Awaiting Life-Giver Hug.

A Mountain of Belief

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, between the thunderous sky and the stormy sea.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, in the midst of the inescapable trap between the blazing fire and the roaring sea.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, his feet were still on earth, but his heart was in the far remote sky.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, no trace of fear or doubt could find lodging inside his unshakable heart.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, many years of oppression and bondage, could not affect his steps, except getting crushed under his rebellious feet.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, the dreadful trap between fire and water, could not impact his heart, except getting smashed by its fearless beats.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, the looming of the arms of darkness, over the horizon, could not impact his boundless audacity and hope.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, never felt the slightest despair when the unpreventable doom approached.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, never felt intimidated by the scream and wailing of the terrified multitude.

He stood like a mountain of belief, on the seashore, yelling back at the horrified multitude, saying that, The Watchful Mercy Would Never Exclude The Trustful Reliant Believer.

Lost Amid Familiar Roads

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, you are over there, still peering behind the curtains of your closed window.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, the walls of your room is still getting thicker and higher, echoing the silence of your confinement.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, your wounds are still bleeding sorrow and defeat.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, your tears are still flowing like a murky river.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, your murky river is still watering the trees of your misery and grief.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, you still feel lost amid your familiar roads.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, you are still over there, at the corner of the street, with an immeasurable pain radiating from your eyes.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, your loneliness is still getting worse, and your spiritual isolation castle has become invincible.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me about, the timid moonlight, behind its thick dark clouds, is shyly pointing towards your blocked roads.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, you still harbor hope and a dream about a helping hand.

The silence of the night tells me an old tale, it tells me, your waiting for a helping hand, may take So Long.

In the Presence of a Mighty Storm

In the presence of a mighty storm, all trees bend, shiver and quake.

In the presence of a mighty storm, the submissive sea gives allegiance, and towards the helpless shore, promptly expels its wrath

In the presence of a mighty storm, the Blue Dome becomes intoxicated with the horror of angry hurricanes, and to the domination of their tyranny, it gives way.

In the presence of a mighty storm, the hypocritical dark clouds, hurry to please the fierce storm by blocking the bright innocent sun.

In the presence of a mighty storm, the wild beasts become more rational, and they rush wisely, towards the comfort of their dens, in search of safety.

In the presence of a mighty storm, you alone on your lofty summit, are still able to mock storms, winds, and rains.

In the presence of a mighty storm, you alone on your lofty summit, the blazing fire of your glowing spirit, cannot be extinguished by the storms of calamities.

In the presence of a mighty storm, the damaging merciless wind can only give your wings more power and more strength.

In the presence of a mighty storm, you alone are still able to spread your wings on the devastating wind, and keep singing your Psalm, despite the Deafening Screams.

Spiritual Death

The holy light dwells in hearts alone,

do not give up, hold on, until the first rays of the upcoming dawn.

Anyone who will make it till the next dawn,

cannot get lost at the crossroads.

The holy light picked the sacred heart as a place to call it home.

Amid the purified chambers of this heart,

devotional melodies are recited and repeated.

The holy of holies is where the holy light dwells,

and dispels the dreadful darkness of the spiritual death.

A persistent state of agony that can't be relieved by any material gains.

The dreadful darkness that penetrates a submerged heart.

A sinking heart in the midst of a dark ocean of separation from the ultimate source of light and life.

The murky ocean, shrouded in the gloom of overarching dreadful clouds of unfathomable misery and despair.

The falling heart into a deep abyss of agonizing sharp claws of depression and shrieking pains.

The super-smart heart that does everything it can do,

to mitigate the horrible free fall into the black abyss with its worldly gains.

Having fashionable worldly goods and drawing a silly smirk on its face.

A foolish smile that might convince the dark ocean to stop being so black,

and the deep abyss to stop getting so deep.

The holy light dwells in hearts alone,

do not give up, hold on, until the first rays of the upcoming dawn.

Anyone who will make it till the next dawn,

cannot get lost at the crossroads.

Elderly Ghosts

At night, walking hand in hand along the calm lanes that pass by old buildings.

The old houses that have become engulfed in a sorrowful black shadow as a result of the departure of their previous residents.

The deep night's lament of the departed spirits that envelops the aged building,

every time we pass by and hear a muffled cry, it strikes a chord in our hearts.

Feeling the old days as evidenced by the black marks on their antique walls.

Feeling the old days that appear to be resurfacing via the eerie sorrowful hues on these crumbling walls.

The crumbling walls, which had grown deteriorated as a result of the howling winds and the solitude winter tears.

Through their shattered windows, a few empty, bleak, depressing rooms may be seen.

The shattered broken windows that appear to give a macabre passage through the depths of these houses' aged tragedy.

Feeling an aura of ancient apparitions staring at us in a terribly frightening manner.

Their frightening aged eyes are trying to warn us that the bloom on our faces and hearts,

will end up like the abandoned rooms of these ancient structures.

Their creepy ancient eyes are attempting to remind us that if we continue to tightly clasp each other's hands,

our sacred love would be able to shine through the black stains of time that have accumulated on the weathered walls of these ancient structures,

regardless of the passage of time.

Conqueror of Darkness

No one likes to fall ill, but I like to fall ill since I can see you standing at the foot of my bed,

resisting your irresistible tears, vainly pushing back your overwhelming fear,

throwing away my pains with your compassionate hand.

No one likes to feel depressed, but I like to feel depressed,

since I can see you patting my head, kissing my forehead, housing an endowed joy between my lips,

showing me a Heaven into your loving eyes.

No one likes to feel hopeless, but I like to feel hopeless,

Since I can see you holding my hands, showing me your endless plans, striding with me towards an amiable rosy tomorrow.

No one likes to navigate through the unpleasant ocean of swelling obscurity, but I like to explore through this unpleasant ocean of obscurity,

Since I like to meet your directing eyes, Conqueror of Darkness, my eternal beacon, when I get drifted away from certainty and security.

No one likes to feel abandoned by all, but I like to feel abandoned by all,

since I can feel your hug, my shady spot, during the blazing heat of the arid land of this heartless world.

The Glorious Triumph

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, follow the faraway calling.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, walk as a solitary soul shared between the two of us.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, feel wrapped in the seclusion of the depth of the night.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, stroll beside the appalling towering walls of the night, and under the mysterious roof of its misty gray heaven.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, walk on the same revolting dark asphalt, that cares a little about anyone's hopelessness, or about his miserable feelings.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, walk beneath the same dark trees, and beneath their depressingly dancing phantoms on their tops.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, pass through the ruins of desolated houses, and over the soil of old cemeteries.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, carry our blessed heaven within our hearts.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, feel the glorious triumph of the holy love.

On the same road, we are going to walk together, trust our intuition, know together that the shroud of the dismal night will be, for every carrier of the holy love, the real upcoming daylight.

The Apparition

The apparition keeps haunting me behind the window glass, every single day, immediately before the break of the dawn.

The apparition puts her chin on the back of her hands and smiles softly as if a mother smiles at her baby.

The apparition keeps her eyes fixed on me as if nothing in this universe deserves to be looked at, except looking at her baby.

The apparition's fair skin and light hair, keep radiating faintly and smoothly, until the background of the dark night, turns into spiritual light.

The apparition's unworldly beautiful wide eyes, seem full of mysterious inexplicable love, a kind of love that no one has ever been created to deserve it.

The apparition keeps silent and silent, the apparition keeps radiating love and love.

The apparition keeps radiating care and concern.

The apparition tries to reveal to me, whatever we are going to face in this life, whether it is joy or sorrow, all these feelings are going to pass away during our life's long journey.

The apparition tries to tell me, the only thing that will remain after the world falls into permanent silence, is its mysterious unworldly inexplicable love, which will keep echoing and vibrating Forever and Ever.

The Sower

What is wrong with you Power of Darkness, what is the matter with you? Why are you talking so boastfully, as if this world belongs to you?

Do you boast your scary darkness, as if the upcoming comforting dawn is not on its way towards you?

Do you boast withering tender green shoots, as if the upcoming spring is not on its way towards you?

Do you boast your desperation's fatal blows, as if the resilient hearts will not deal back resistance blows towards you?

Do you boast your fantastic narcissistic gardens, as if the altruistic storms are not on their way towards you?

Do you boast uprooting innocent dreams, as if the Sower is not sowing hopeful dreams everywhere against you?

Do you boast terrorizing vulnerable children, as if the inevitable upcoming judgment is not

on its way towards you?

What is wrong with you Power of Darkness, what is the matter with you? Why are you talking so boastfully, as if this world belongs to you?

Cold Winter Nights

When the winter nights draw their black curtains over the expanse of the horizon,

and start to install their quietness into the heart of the existence,

When the mournful cold winds vent their sadness to the empathetic ears of the green leaves,

and they start to move in shivering sorrow,

When the cold winds vent their grief to the rigid pavements,

and they start to feel touched and begin to blow their dust at the insensitive passersby,

When the compassionate moon becomes more emotional and sheds its silver tears on the fluffy black clouds,

When the crowded streets become empty, and all their noisy trivialities start to subside gradually,

When streets lamps become fogged by the mist of the cold winter's exhaled breath,

and start to appear like spooky spirits,

When the deserted streets feel abandoned and cannot help giving in to their old sadness of their former days,

When the spirits of the deceased ones start to roam across their ancient residence,

and keep screaming voicelessly through the shroud of melancholic darkness that wraps their old abodes,

When the lonely walker begins to feel a mysterious message that keeps whispering in his soul,

A mysterious message that calls every soul from afar and away existence.

A message about our real home and the real meaning of our life,

beyond this dismal, dispiriting, mournful, alienating, cold winter nights.

The White Flag

The voice of sadness can whisper swiftly, or yell loudly, or move your walls back and forth.

The voice of sadness can roar furiously and darken your sky by its nostrils' smoke.

The voice of sadness can throw boulders and fiery arrows at your strongholds' walls.

The voice of sadness can break all your hope's bridges, and in the heart of your dreams, can bring forth the fruits of despair and dismay.

The voice of sadness can belittle every earnest attempt, and all your devoted endeavors can be held in disdain.

The voice of sadness can divide your identity by towering walls, and let your true-self unable to identify itself anymore.

The voice of sadness can distort any well-established reality, and any futile falsehood can be glorified more and more.

The voice of sadness always challenges you to a face-to-face battle,

but before the confrontation with the brave ones, the voice of sadness usually runs away.

Whereas the hopeless ones, usually raise the White Flag, even before getting invited to the challenge.

The Gravestone and the Moonlight

We used to walk together, at night, along the seashore.

We used to talk together in front of the sea's moist breath and its noisy waves.

We used to sit, at night, on the concrete blocks, meditating the reflection of the moonlight on its black waves.

You used to tell me it is going to be Okay, and my fears would gradually fade away.

You used to tell me a lot of amusing stories to distract me away from my excruciating pains.

You used to make the night seems brighter by painting its darkness with the pink paint of your love and care.

You used to offer me a shelter when the furious depressing night roars and menacingly shows its ugly teeth.

You used to offer me shelter when the abusive world growls and rudely displays its deformed face.

You used to tell me about big dreams and about a prosperous future.

You used to tell me this life is exclusively reserved for the strong ones and the brave.

You used to tell me that I should keep focusing my gaze on the bright reflection of the moonlight, not on the blackness of the sea waves.

I think you were right, and right now, I am focusing my gaze on the reflection of the moonlight on your black gravestone.

Grim Reaper

At the weirdly uncomfortable stillness of the graveyard, I can feel your presence.

In the very heart of the silence of the night, I can hear your rustling sounds, moving the dead leaves across the graveyard's ground.

Behind the blackened gravestones, I can see your creepy shadow moving swiftly from grave to grave.

On the tops of the leafless branches that pointing their long bony fingers towards the sky,

as if they are trying to engrave deep cutting into the moon's face,

I can feel your malicious aggression.

Through the cracks in the graveyard's walls, I can feel your frighting eyes waiting impatiently for new victims.

The black garments, dressed by widows, tell tales about the impact of your tragic strikes.

The shedding of bitter tears of orphaned children, says a lot about the impact of your woeful attacks.

In the appalling eerie aura that enshrouds the deserted old houses, I can see your hideous victory.

But still, seeing the first beam of the glorious sunlight, I can feel your trembling heart and your uncontrollable overwhelming fear.

But still, seeing the glorious splendor of sunbeams, I can feel your terror, and I can see your humiliating tears begging for mercy.

But still, because of the unshakable belief in the inevitable upcoming Resurrection, I can bear witness to your crushing defeat, and the fall of your fake pride to its knees.

Amid the Merciless Waves

The mighty winds are stirring up the quiet sea towards rebellion and provoking it towards violent upheaval.

The mighty winds are enticing the sea to declare authority and to throw exaggerated horrific terror into the heart of an offshore boat.

The mighty winds are moving thick clouds towards the face of the helpless sun and announcing the coming of the fearful darkness.

The mighty winds remind the seawater of its fearful majesty and its indisputable destructive power over the unwary sailing boats.

The mighty waves are bombarding the tiny boat from every direction and carrying over their lofty peaks, the grim face of the approaching doom.

The mighty waves are humiliating the tiny boat, throwing it unceremoniously up and casting it disdainfully down.

The mighty waves know that the sailor should succumb to his dreadful fear and stop resisting their mighty supremacy of the seas.

Nevertheless, the sailor is still able to feel your glorious presence behind the dark cloudy ominous sky.

Nevertheless, the sailor is still able to hear your soothing voice amid the screaming furious winds.

Nevertheless, the sailor is still able to hold firmly on your merciful hand amid the merciless waves.

You Do Care

I really think that you do care,

because I always see your auspicious radiant smile that rejuvenates my hopes,

whenever you clothe the horizon with your holy happiness,

at the break of the dawn every day.

I really think that you do care,

because I always see your cloudy sky so eager to give up its gentile rain,

whenever you wash out the gloom of the arid land,

pour the elixir of life into its veins,

remove the wrinkles of its countenance, and make it regains its merry youth again.

I really think that you do care,

because I always see you blow the breath of life gently into the buds of the disheartened flowers,

nicely dress them in magnificent attire,

summon them to celebrate your victorious spring at his coronation ceremony every year.

I really think that you do care,

because you always intentionally make me feel intense pain,

whenever I unintentionally touch a flame.

I really think that you do care,

because I always see your compassionate tears,

whenever I look into my mom and dad's tears.

Gloomy Night

Thank you gloomy night, thank you for everything, thank you gloomy night, you have taught us many things.

You have taught us how we can keep walking and walking, in defiance of our injuries, on our wounded legs.

You have taught us how we can sleep peacefully, in defiance of our soreness, on the rigid bricks.

You have taught us how we can still harbor hopes and still keep seeking water even in all these dried wells.

You have taught us how we can stand looking at all these grim gray monotonous buildings and bridges.

You have taught us how we can tolerate walking beside all these condescending ashy high walls and fences.

You have taught us how we can accept feeling inferior when walking under these ugly high pitch-black pillars of all those bridges.

You have taught us how we can endure patiently sitting alone under these hapless trees, and keep resisting the recurrent memories of our hastily buried dreams,

when the feeble breeze reminds us through the quivering of their leaves.

You have tough us how we can resist the pain of sitting beside this black body of water without our beloved ones.

You have tough us how we can keep seeking consolation from its tiny waves and vent bitterly to its dimly lighted reddish black firmament.

You have taught us how we can endure seeing all these inexpressive, insensitive passersby's faces, and bear their emotionless careless gazes.

You have taught us how we can still keep seeking and seeking tender hearts, even amid all these heartless, lifeless chests.

Thank you gloomy night, thank you for everything, thank you gloomy night, you have taught us many things.

A Birth Certificate

When the last red beam of sunset melts in the darkened waves of the ocean, I will cease to exist,

but your glory is going to shine again over a new horizon.

When the last burning rays of the sunset are going to be engulfed by the darkened waves, I will become an obliterated fact, reduced to nothingness,

but your glory is going to verify a novel fact, over there, at the new horizon.

When the concluding line of my drawing stops to move on my paper, I will become integrated again into your new drawings on that new horizon.

When my name stops to be mentioned anywhere, your glorious name still encompasses all the possible names and all the possible callings.

When my love becomes denied and neglected by all, your eternal love will be a birth certificate bestowed on the ones who chose to love you.

When the storms of calamities seek vengeance on my hopes and start to uproot my trees and destroy my gardens, your eternal trees will never be shaken by the storms of hardships or adversities.

When my words become erased by the breaking waves of the ocean of oblivion, your words are endlessly the only verification for all the existence and for all the possible realities.

When my eyes become shrouded by the darkness of my demise, your eyes will remain forever a lighthouse amid this perpetual ocean of darkness.

Behind the Green Doors

So heavy is the passage of time; so thunderous are the ticks of the clock in her ears.

On the wall, the strikes of the clock make her heart storm out of her chest towards her throat.

In her veins, the blood is racing towards her head, and in her fearful giddiness, she cannot see anything except the tilting and the moving floor of the waiting room.

In her head, the direst thoughts are competing with each other about which one is going to devastate her more.

It seems like endless ages. It seems like endless eons.

Her patience is dreadfully calling for other helping troops of patience, and her courage is searching hectically for any trace of courage inside her.

Behind these green doors, the destiny of her child is about to be declared, and through the lips that exist behind these doors, she is about to hear it.

Nothing in the world could be heard now except her heart beats.

Nothing in the world could be seen now except her warm tears.

Even the whole universe starts to become more empathetic and starts to decelerate its movement.

Even the heavens and earth start to feel shaken by her frenzied heart beats.

Her wild supplication is moving every single atom in the universe right now.

The Heaven could not wait any longer and it opens the green doors.

In green attire and in a green mask on the face, the heavenly envoy of the glad tidings smiles widely and says "Your child is going to be fine!"

Reasons for Love

I cannot draw you except as a flower at my barred window.

I cannot draw you except as a sunbeam passes through the thick curtains of my bedroom and dispels its gloom.

I cannot draw you except as the meaningful thoughts dissolved between the lines of my old thick heavy books.

I cannot draw you except as my only friend that always walks with me on my long way, during my misty nights, away from this world.

I cannot draw you except as a dream that has been materialized into the shape of beautiful eyes which do not radiate anything except love and care.

I cannot draw you except as a tree in an arid land, within its tender branches, accommodates migrating birds, and under its boughs, shades weary travelers.

I cannot draw you except as a homeland and as an awaiting mother's hug, after a long travel of her son.

I cannot draw you except as a love song I always hear it when the moon comes back from its regular journey and shades its silver rays on my high barred window again.

I cannot draw you except as a red heart on my front door, and when my neighbors ask me about the reasons for my love, I will answer them:" Your Love is my Reasons."

Resilient Heart

Tough days have nothing to do with resilient hearts.

A resilient heart never loses a fight.

A resilient heart always keeps its hands up throughout the fight and never let its opponent enjoys an easy victory.

A resilient heart always anticipates the swift punches of hardships and slips all their blows gracefully.

The harder a resilient heart gets hit, the faster it gets up and fights back by throwing educated punches towards its suffering.

A resilient heart never pays attention to the frustrating whispering voice of the defeat between rounds.

A resilient heart may bend and duck, but it usually delivers a painful uppercut to its troubles in the process.

A resilient heart may feel so weary, bleed, or even start to lose hope, but never throw in the towel.

A resilient heart always engages stubbornly with its fears and keeps wrestling with them tenaciously.

A resilient heart invariably discovers its way through its obstacles without being crippled by them.

A resilient heart is able to understand how cruel the world can be, yet still able to retain its good nature throughout the way.

A resilient heart does not feel disturbed by the darkness and bleakness of the world, since its

guiding light is still looming on the horizon.

A resilient heart usually adapts itself to the mercilessness of the world and allows hardships to recast it into the hardest metal known to mankind.

A resilient heart never moves hesitatingly and never allows for any dissident thoughts to influence its deep-rooted convictions.

A resilient heart is a warrior of the heart in its pure essence.

It is always dressed in a shining armor and fights its intellectual war for the sake of its dear beliefs and thoughts.

A resilient heart is adaptable and extremely resourceful.

A resilient heart understands the chaotic nature of the world perfectly, and if one path is blocked, it will find its new path immediately as usual.

Glowing Spirit

Without previous warning, the storms of calamities usually strike.

The castle's door always yields to the repeated blows with a battering ram.

But his door is still fortified by his unfailing faith and hope.

He knows that a good tree does not produce bad fruits,

and love does not bring forth except joy and happiness.

He knows that darkness cannot arise from the heart of light.

and the merciful one always makes the darkness fade away.

No matter how long he has been walking into the darkness.

No matter how long the sunrise is still restricted behind the high walls.

No matter his way is still full with thunderbolts and storms.

No matter what is going to take place in his life, he will never lose hope.

He'll keep walking, chanting psalms and strumming his harp.

In the middle of the advancing mighty waves, which resemble chaotically mobilized mountains of death,

he would say to the storms of tribulation and misery which have gained momentum,

and are brutally battering his life from every direction.

"My sturdy door is stronger than catastrophe's axes, and my soul is stronger than anguish."

Adversities cannot possibly triumph over him at his towering peak.

Adversities can only hurl stones at his shadow.

Adversities can't defeat his glowing spirit, but they can just fooling around beneath his glorious heaven.

Hastily Buried Corpse

The underground realm is always dominated by the spooky stillness of the everlasting pitch-black darkness.

His greatest fear!

He cannot see, hear, or even breathe, except forcefully inhales the suffocating dusty blackness.

It is the harrowing death for sure!

But he is still able to breathe faintly, and hear his rapid aghast breath.

He is still able to grope and feel the surroundings, which means he still possesses the essence of life for sure.

It doesn't take an extended period of time until he realizes that he is buried alive, and now he lies deep in his grave.

No one has ever cared about him on the surface of the earth, why should anyone feel strong concern for him now.

It's so dark, his body shivers in the dreadful cold, and his panicked scream echoes only in his ears.

In this tight confinement, his lungs are not able to expand fully, and his slow upcoming death becomes unquestionably real.

He keeps screaming and yelling, but to no avail.

He becomes unimaginably paranoid, and keeps thinking about his family's hatred and indifference,

which are the main reasons for his premature burial here.

In his delusions of persecution, in his mind's eyes, the distribution of his inheritance among his heirs haunts him while he still screams in horrific fear.

His unshakable conviction in the conducted celebration of the economic victory of his heirs, while he falls prey to this unspeakable horror here,

infuriates him and intensifies his yelling and his wail.

His paranoid feelings worsen, and it dawns on him that his mean family must have chosen the cheapest coffin that could ever be bought on earth,

and put his neglected body in it here.

and that means the coffin might get broken easily!

He used to suffer a great deal of neglect and marginalization in the midst of his careless and loveless family,

and now it is time to put his lifelong paranoid feelings to the test, and try his last chance under the earth here.

As soon as he extends his legs a little and delivers a weak kick to the bottom of his coffin,

the coffin begins to collapse easily, and he begins to make his way towards the surface of the earth.

Definitely, no words can describe his happiness now,

and also no words can describe his pride in the stinginess of his family,

and his deep admiration for his lifelong paranoid fears.

Migrating Moon

You come at night like a migrating moon.

You come at night like a bridegroom escorted by the angelic winged clouds.

You come at night like a migrating moon; dismissing the ancient fears that lurk at the corners of the streets,

and dispelling the mist that dominates the desolated roads.

You come at night like a migrating moon; wiping the trace of sadness that covers the faces of the old houses,

and consoling the weeping winds that wail in the empty squares.

You come at night like a migrating moon; casting your silver rays over the white crest caps of the ocean's crushing waves,

and changing its rocks into gleaming jewels.

You come at night like a migrating moon; riding your horse over the black clouds,

and running your track over the expanse of the grassland plains.

You come at night like a migrating moon; covering the grasslands of the vast steppes with your dreamy light and your glittering dew.

You come at night like a migrating moon; shining over the tops of the stately mountains, illuminating their foreheads, and increasing their majesty and awe.

You come at night like a migrating moon; mitigating the loneliness of the lonely people,

radiating new hopes at their windows and casting joy at their front doors.

You come at night like a migrating moon; caressing the heads of orphaned children who spend the night in the open; without a home, without shelter,

and compassionately listen to their crying.

You come at night like a migrating moon; offering a shoulder for the dejected widows who are fighting their ways alone through the intricate excruciating roads,

for the sake of their children.

You come at night like a migrating moon; showing a glimpse of light in the smoky sky of a wounded soldier who is unable to see anything except ruin, destruction, and death.

I Belong to God

I belong to God.

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

O showy flowers! O singing birds! O dewy leaves!

Please stop blaming me!

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

When my beloved one called for me, I rushed towards him without questioning his calling.

I quit my sound sleep, I quit my peace of mind, and I just rushed immediately towards his calling.

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

My beloved one told me that doves were singing the praise of his grandeur morning when its splendid light revealed the hidden beauty of the horizon.

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

My beloved one told me that the butterflies were dancing joyfully around his flickering sunbeams that escaped the flossy clouds.

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

My beloved one told me that the bitter winter had gone, and the blooming flowers came back to enthrone his majestic spring.

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

My beloved one told me that the green grass appeared again,

after the snow shied away from the confrontation with the warmth of his approaching

summer,

when the summer joined the congregation of the mass prayer of the green glass.

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

My beloved one told me that all his trees were offering their fruits and offering their compassionate hugs under their long-suffering thick branches.

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

My beloved one told me that he was waiting at my door, holding all the blooming flowers, all the singing bird, and all the dancing butterflies in his hand.

O showy flowers! O singing birds! O dewy leaves!

Please stop blaming me!

I belong to my beloved one, and everything belongs to him.

The Kingdom of Beauty

The Kingdom of Ugliness is almost everywhere.

This kingdom is encircled by an immense ocean of despair.

Amidst this ocean of despair, an optimistic sailor still strains desperately with his broken oars.

After traveling extensively through the unstoppable waves of turbulence, an optimistic sailor still searches for a hospitable island in this stormy ocean.

When he is swallowed up by the waves of the worldly life and its heavy burdens,

he still pushes his tired arms against the fast currents.

He still manages to hold on to hope, while your voice is still calling on him.

Sometimes, the glow of hope gradually fades over time.

Sometimes, the passage of time cannot dim his hope.

But he still tries to suppress his despair whenever his little boat is exposed to the fierce waves of misery.

Although many years has passed, he is still waiting for an opportunity to reveal his true feelings.

To reveal what is rooted in the depths of his heart.

To reveal that his entire world and all his dreams have been recorded in your eyes.

To reveal that he wants you to free him from his limited confinement.

To reveal that he wants you to remove the illusory limits of his limited ego,

and enable him to live all his coming years just for you.

He has always kept true love and sincere affection in his heart for you alone.

There are many roads and many paths in this world.

But even so, he chooses your path, because your path is the only path that leads to the kingdom of beauty, since the absolute beauty belongs to you alone.

Static Universe

Since you left this world, it has regained its original boring and steady nature, and I have resumed my constant struggle between me and its streets and homes.

Now, I hate staying home or walking the streets and all the things that we used to do when we were together.

We used to go through all these streets together before, but they look very different now.

These roads are getting longer and darker.

All the roads are leading to the nothingness and to the emptiness now.

These homes have become colder and more inhospitable.

And the spooky spider webs are dangling on its front doors, along with the creepy crying of sad birds on their leafless trees.

While the shadow of death was imprinting his frightful distinguished fingerprints on these doors,

the bleak faces of the inhabitants of these houses made the shadow of death feels so satisfied and unwilling to approach them anymore.

There is no such a thing called a helping hand when we face this world alone.

Nothing except the feeling of getting lost amid busy roads and the feeling of isolation among emotionless hearts.

Now, I can feel the tied grip of the depressing night is getting tighter and tighter.

As well as the blowing exhalation of the dejected nights' breath that usually wreck havoc amid the indefensible feelings of any lonely soul.

But I used to have your heart beside me; it used to dispel all these feelings, and used to replace bleak nights with joyful mornings.

Even our shadows looked so beautiful on the gray walls despite their sombre countenance.

Even the headlights of the passing cars were not as annoying as they might seem now.

They were only used to magnify our shadows on the tall walls, declaring our unity.

The consistent outward behavior of shopkeepers who seemed extremely boring and they usually tried their best to emphasize the notion of a static universe,

when we roamed these shops together, they seemed very creative and amusing creatures .

It was an amazing and dreamy journey when we were walking together amid this static boring universe.

New Earth

Tough times!

Do you know whom are you going to resist?

Do you know how much stubborn a lover can be?

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, all cheerful colors appeared in his paintings.

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, the green leaves started to sprout from his dry boughs.

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, the wounding thorns under his feet could not hurt them,

and his feet turned these thorns into soft grass and fluffy leaves.

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, the darkness of his years melted away,

and the light of love dawned over the horizon,

declaring the advent of his rosy years.

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, the fear retreated,

and in the eyes of his beloved one, he found a haven and a refuge.

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, the whole world became quieter,

and started to listen attentively to the merry music of his heart beats.

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, the planet Earth stopped its rotation,

and let a permanent sunshine over his homeland.

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, the all-encompassing mountain range of despair collapsed,

and he dwelt with his beloved one into their boundless New Earth.

When a lover had hugged the existence affectionately, the gates of the Hell were closed,

and could not dare to claim his loving soul again.

Tough times!

Do you know whom are you going to resist?

Do you know how much stubborn a lover can be?

Awakening

From my dreams, you are created.

From the core of my weakness,

you have built all your current strength and capabilities.

Because of my wishful thinking,

you have built all your sandcastles on my seashore.

Because of the misery of my years,

you have installed yourself as the queen of my purported prospective happiness.

Because of the naivety of my mindset,

you have claimed the right to stipulate my ways of thinking, and how to interpret your imposed data.

Because of my intrinsic love for the warmth of your proximity,

you have infused an addictive behavior into my heart towards your closeness.

Because of my ignorance of how a real love should look like,

you have pretended to be the perfect model of genuine love and affection.

because of my stranding in the desert of this arid world,

my vivid delusive imagination has depicted you as a fertile oasis amid this brutal desert.

because of my lifelong loneliness, you have seemed like a homeland,

and a big house surrounded by leafy trees.

because of my bleak long journey amid the desolated paths,

you have been acting like a reliable friend and a real supporter during tough times.

However, it is like everything in this world, nothing is perpetual.

Delusive dreams would go away immediately when we wake up.

At that moment, we can realize the true nature of our surroundings and ourselves.

You Resurrected Me

Your voice quaked the Earth furiously, and the sky was melting away.

The deafening sound shook the graves and stirred the inert bodies inside.

In the darkness of my grave, I heard your voice yelling at me.

Your voice commanded me to move the chunks of debris aside and dig out my way.

Your voice commanded me to stand up upright and keep going my way.

You voice commanded me to overlook the pains of my bleeding wounds and let you heal my injuries during my walk on your way.

You voice commanded me to push the memories of my sadness aside and let your joy washes my misery away.

Your voice commanded me to keep my chin up and keep singing my prayer.

Your voice taught me that, we cannot value the greatness of sunlight, except after seeing the bleak dismal nights.

Your voice taught me that, we cannot feel a blissful victory, except after going through the misery of a defeat.

Your voice taught me that, we cannot feel the life-giving tender touch of our soulmates, except after being hit so hard by the cruelty of this indifferent world.

Your voice taught me that, the rebirth of the far more strong creature cannot be delivered,

except through the horrific pains in the darkness of the womb of sadness.

Forsaken Mother

Just keep remembering him when the winter is back and its dark sky gives you a yearning vibe.

Just keep remembering him when the winter knocks on your door and its tears start to purify your old streets and narrow lanes.

Just keep remembering him when the winter revives your childhood's memories and dreams around the fireplace.

Just keep remembering him when the thick clouds sweep the sky and give the earth a prediction of revival.

Just keep remembering him when the rains tap on the soft leaves and entice them to propagate their aroma across the forest.

Just keep remembering him when the wintry winds provoke the branches of somber trees into a swift dance.

Just keep remembering him when the dimly lit sunbeams weave their colorful tapestry through the moist air.

Just keep remembering him when birds migrate away from their homeland,

and endure patiently their long journey away from their decent memories and their beloved ones.

Just keep remembering him when a forsaken mother hums sweetly her yearning song to her baby,

and find a solace, in hugging him, away from her sadness.

Just keep remembering him when the words in the messages of her beloved one are erased by the tears of the sad winter.

Just keep remembering him when your beloved one's love starts to fade away.

Just keep remembering him when your love story flies away like the migrating birds towards the faraway lands of forgetfulness and oblivion.

Just keep remembering him when your love story becomes nothing more than a mere decent memories you can recall whenever you listen to your sad songs.

Just keep remembering him because your Real Lover is still waiting for your heart to listen attentively to his yearning songs through the sad wintry winds.

Arrogant Guy

O arrogant guy! I think you have been misjudged by others, but I will not misjudge you.

You have a right to be so arrogant, since you could supply your intimidating muscles with nerves so wisely while you were a fetus in your mother's womb.

O arrogant guy! I think you have been misjudged by others, but I will not misjudge you.

You have a right to be so arrogant, since you could give pleasant proportions to your handsome face's features artistically while you were a fetus into your mother's womb.

O arrogant guy! I think you have been misjudged by others, but I will not misjudge you.

You have a right to be so arrogant, since you could differentiate the layers of your contemptuous eyes' retina knowingly while you were a fetus into your mother's womb.

O arrogant guy! I think you have been misjudged by others, but I will not misjudge you.

You have a right to be so arrogant, since you could assign and coordinate an immense number of tasks for every portion of your superior brain miraculously while you were a fetus into your mother's womb.

O arrogant guy! I think you have been misjudged by others, but I will not misjudge you.

You have a right to be so arrogant, since you could design your arrogant heart's valves competently while you were a fetus into your mother's womb.

O arrogant guy! I think you have been misjudged by others, but I will not misjudge you.

A Prince with Colorful Wings

O jaunty bird! How do you navigate your way?

Do you have an inner device that allows you to follow the same route every year?

Do you get instructed by the sun and the stars during your long journey?

Or maybe you are so clever at memorizing landmarks.

Maybe you have some well trained aircrew who take part in your amazing navigational skills.

A navigator who uses tiny amount of iron in your inner ears as a compass.

The other one uses a special region in your brain to determine the direction of north.

You have flown over great deserts, mighty mountains, and endless plains.

You have overcome so many insurmountable obstacles and flown over numerous impenetrable walls.

You have reached an ocean of bright sun after passing through an ocean of complete darkness.

You were always an independent prince with colorful wings and have never submitted to anyone.

When you sing, sad hearts pay close attention to your songs.

When you sing, sad hearts find a solace in your inspiring tunes.

Your songs at night pass through the thick walls and invite the inhabitants of these houses.

But you only hear suppressed wailing in return for your songs.

The arrows of despair did not frighten you, nor did they manipulate your joyful songs.

Your life was full of heroic deeds.

All horizons are your kingdom, and the holy freedom and the glorious light are your wings.

Nothing can make you feel an intense agonizing pain deep in your heart,

except the pent-up whining sounds of the spirits who are bounded behind the thick walls in return for your upbeat calling.

Pervasive Mercy

Disclose your glorious light to my eyes.

Dispel the gloomy darkness of my heart.

Wash away all my pains.

Make me able to see the jolly greenness of the green leaves in the gardens.

Make me able to see the delightful city lights in my city.

Make me able to hear your faultless harmonized melodies in your singing birds.

Make me able to see your unmatched overwhelming beauty in your flowers.

Make me able to witness your absolute innocence in your smiling babies.

Make me able to feel your compassion in every mother's hug.

Make me able to feel your gentleness in every devoted father's touch.

Make me able to admire your nobleness in every courageous officer defending innocents.

Make me able to see your sympathy in every altruistic paramedic's eyes.

Make me able to discern your patience in every sincere teacher preaching knowledge.

Make me able to appreciate your infinite wisdom in the vast expanse of the universe.

Make me able to feel close to your everlasting glorious mercy in every single atom.

Disclose your glorious light to my eyes.

Dispel the gloomy darkness of my heart.

Wash away all my pains.

The Perilous Bridge

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

It is like a wobbly bridge that bridges over swiftly swirling turbid currents.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

It is like a shaky bridge that bridges over a blazing, hellish, fiery gap.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

It is like a quivering bridge that bridges over a fathomless abyssal gorge of the unknown.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

It is like a tottering bridge that is moved back and forth by the winds of doubt and uncertainty.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

The creaking sound of the unlocked panels will make you feel paralyzed by horror.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

This bridge will cast into your heart an unbearable fear as soon as you lean on its rickety side.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

When the wind blows during the crossing, you will certainly find yourself under the tyrannic absolute sovereignty of the uncompromising forces of nature.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

The sheer height above the ground, as the bridge shakes, can make you pass away from terror alone.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

As soon as the bridge's wooden floor begins to crumble, your panic will multiply beyond imagination.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

It is a bridge that is only dedicated to every brave, resilient, audacious heart.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

It is a bridge that is only reserved for risk-takers and adventurous pioneers.

Are you still willing to cross the bridge?

It is a bridge that bridges over the perilous chasm between the lifelong Despair and the upcoming days' Hope.

A Flood of Sadness Behind a High Dam

Don't let the surge of your stressing feelings inundates your lands.

Your determination is capable of keeping them behind a restrictive towering dam.

A dam that can change them into beneficial productive energy.

Do not let the storms of your infuriated upheaval uproot the trees of your gardens.

Your resolve is capable of moving them towards your windmill.

A windmill that can turn them into defiant battleful vitality.

Do not let the arousal of your hazardous feelings demolish the braced walls of your strongholds.

Your resolve is capable of fueling your motor with them.

A motor that can convert them into a fabulous impelling vitality.

Do not let the surge of your sadness suffocates you in the midst of their turbid streams of despair.

The flood of your sorrow is capable of carrying your vessel towards the homeland of your long-awaited dreams.

Free Will

The Ultimate Essence can only exist in one single substance,

Because of the inherent interconnectedness in everything that exists.

Since the Ultimate Absolute Substance is entirely absolute in its fundamental essence,

it possesses all possible potentials and all possible qualities out of necessity.

Nothing can exist outside of the Absolute Essence that encompasses all the possible existence.

Since the Absolute Essence is an absolute thing, its attributes cannot be changed,

and its predetermined actions which stemmed from its immutable attributes cannot be altered as well.

If you truly feel powerful and have the power to control your life,

Why cannot you control your bowel movements or even the muscles of your iris when it gets exposed to bright light?

Why cannot you either control the chemical signals in your body that tell the smooth muscles of your blood vessels to narrow or widen?

It is the involuntary autonomic system.

Why cannot the sun and other stars control its movement?

Why cannot the river control the direction of its inevitable riverbed course?

It is only the Fundamental Cause of everything that is capable of creating and moving everything according to its absolute will.

Through the quantitative difference in the Absolute Essence, differentiation and creation can take place.

Through the quantitative integration in the Ultimate Substance, integration and annihilation can occur.

However, the Ultimate Essence has allowed us to exercise a kind of a tiny fraction of individual free will and a fraction of control over our lives and actions.

All our true identity and personality resides in this tiny fraction of our free will and our freedom to choose between good and evil.

Colossal Symphony

Through the dynamic vibration of the Absolute Essence, physical particles are formed.

Whatever appears to be a physical matter, atoms, or molecules,

are nothing more than an elusive effect of the vibration of the Absolute Essence.

This Absolute Essence could be like an infinite ocean,

and what appears to be the physical universe, is the rolling physical waves on its surface.

These waves are created and forced to interact with each other in an organized and coordinated way,

an organized way beyond any wild imagination.

It is the dynamic unity of reality that makes all of us acts like interconnected parts of an infinite whole.

The dynamic unity of reality behaves like a colossal symphony.

Everything that seems like a separate entity,

is in fact behaving like a tiny musical note embedded in this enormous symphony.

The beauty of this symphony is derived from the interplay between its great harmony and balance.

Harmony and balance are the foundation of any beautiful thing that has ever been created.

That is why we feel so deeply affected by the inherent musical rhythm,

which is woven so deeply into the unifying fabric of the universe,

when we indulge in a deep contemplative practice of the beauty of nature around us.

The Shades of Barred Windows

I will endure the volcanic eruption of my sorrow.

The burning lava and ash will make my barren land more fertile when my sadness subsides.

I will endure the infernal earthquake of the uprising of my grief.

Infernal earthquakes will create many fresh water lakes and natural dams.

I will endure the agonizing pain that tears my heart apart.

These cuts will reveal the new long-suffering heart beneath the old fragile one.

I will endure patiently my gradual death in my confinement and its indifferent walls.

The gradual death will lead my soul into another realm of a shining rebirth which no towering walls can enclose.

I will endure the shades of the barred windows of my confinement on its dreadful walls.

The dark shades will spark my imagination and make me feel absorbed into their ghostly, dramatic show.

I will endure the dead silence of my confinement.

My spiritual music will fill this silence with endless melodies and sweet tunes.

I will endure the wounds of my handcuffs around my wrists.

The wounds of my handcuffs will make me feel so proud of the new shape of my struggling hands.

I will endure the dim night of my confinement.

My spiritual light is able to break through the dark clouds of this world when its sun goes down.

Self-Defeating

The most painful love is the one-sided love.

The most humiliating love is the unanswered love.

It is a sort of love that your lover does not understand as such.

The most painful love occurs when you display your gifts in front of your lover's eyes,

but your lover still cannot see them.

The most terrible love is when the person you love does not share the same feelings with you.

The most excruciating pain is when your tears roll down unnoticed in front of your beloved one.

The saddest suffering occurs when your heart declares your love aloud,

but your heart's declaration is ignored by your lover's ears.

The most terrible pain happens when your lover denies you,

and in your humiliating defeat, you will be left alone.

Licking your wounds and lamenting your misfortune.

The most terrible pain occurs when you feel unable to look at your face in the mirror,

since you know that you are not the same person anymore.

You have become a deformed creature who allows the denial and rejection of your unworthy lover to draw defeat on your face,

and the door of your self-esteem and self-worth, in return, may be closed in your face.

You might keep saying that I can't resist this one-sided love, and I can't move on.

Well, if you fall into a trap,

Will you find a way out?

Or will you surrender to your captivity?

Inside the Belly of the Whale

In the very heart of the compassionate heaven,

beneath the immense layers of dark water,

a heartrending scream is heard.

A piercing cry, imploring under the terrifying darkness,

of the distorted face of the stormy cloudy sky.

While the boundless immensity of the vast sea is growing darker and darker,

and the raging black waves are getting higher and more livid,

the terrified soul is still fighting desperately to catch its breath.

Tightly squeezed by an enormous squeezing force.

An immense compressive force, creating a hellish abode around this tormented supplicant,

and the agonized body is being flooded with unbearable fetid water.

Within the whale's belly, within the pitch-black darkness,

a tormented soul is showing great remorse for leaving his mission.

Inside the belly of the whale, inside the gruesome darkness,

the tormented soul is still clinging to the heaven's mercy.

Inside the belly of a whale, inside the alienating darkness,

the tormented soul is still in love with you.

Inside the belly of the whale, inside the stagnant water,

the trapped soul is still singing your praise.

Inside the belly of the whale, inside the watery grave, the quitter is finally answered.

Whoever begrudges the divine mercy, granted to the transgressors, will be denied mercy in the same manner,

and whenever the salt of the earth loses its function,

it cannot find a place but to be trampled upon by the feet of the others.

Natural Selection

Significant navigational skills and exceptional architectural capabilities.

Wonderful teamwork and unparalleled social organization.

Just a great navigator when you keep wandering the fields back and forth,

but your life and the lives of your children still depend on your dancing skill.

Since you can only tell your sisters how to find new food, water, resin, and nest spots,

using your innovative dancing language.

Not only that, but you can also use your solar compass to allow you to locate flowers in relation to the sun.

Even if the sun is obscured or not,

your ability to see polarized light enables you to determine the location of the sun.

You can also use your internal watch to keep track of your distance.

With this innovative indoor clock, you can also determine how much the sun will move during your flight.

When you return to the hive, you can tell your sisters exactly where the food is,

with respect to the current position of the sun,

not the location of the sun when you found that food.

As you get older, you will also learn how the sun's path across the sky changes with the seasons.

And at different latitudes if your hive has been moved.

Whether you are willing to tell me or not who taught you all these skills,

Obviously, "A person who is blind cannot guide another who is blind, can he? Will they not both fall into a pit?"

The blind natural selection cannot produce an insightful creature like you.

Significant navigational skills and exceptional architectural capabilities.

Wonderful teamwork and unparalleled social organization.

A Dark Well

Sometimes we can fall an easy victim to our delusional thoughts.

These illusions can be our acquired way of how we could see and perceive the reality around us.

These misinterpretation of reality usually stems from the deep-seated fears that run deep within our psyche.

And the more we leave these fears without direct confrontation and without addressing their underlying causes properly,

the more they gain the upper hand in the way we perceive reality or the way we make decisions.

These fears were formed during the early developmental process of our psyche.

And they were buried deep in our subconscious mind during our maturation progress.

They are buried over there, in a dark well, at the deepest point of our psyche.

There, in this dark well, these irrational fears are guarded by a terrifying monster.

There, in this dark well, a terrifying beast protects our greatest fear.

There, into this dark well, lie our bondage and captivity.

There, into this dark well, lie our imaginary incapability and limitations.

There, into this dark well, lie our false beliefs and superstitions.

There, into this dark well, all of us should descend, lit a torch, defy the monster, and bring out our Eternal Salvation.

Rebellion

Under the calm ash, the flames are still burning.

Under the broken branches, the thorns are still hurting.

In the heart of the benevolent clouds of rain,

destructive lightning strikes still exist.

Behind a high dam, in the quiet water, huge potential energy still exist.

Under the tree covered mountain, the ingrained volcano is still boiling wildly.

Deep in the veins, the quake of life is still shaking off the despair.

Under many years of frustration, a dream is still glowing bright.

Under the heaps of frustration, a dream is still seething frantically.

Under the heaps of frustration, a dream is about to rise up.

Under the heaps of frustration, a dream is about to demolish with its fists the longstanding mountains of fear.

Under the heaps of frustration, a dream is about to scream so loudly until the smoke of fear would disappear,

and a bright sun would be revealed.

Because the dream knows if it can break the barrier of fear,

all its life is going to be retrieved.

Anguish

It is a dire feeling of alienation from the source of life.

With unexpected force, a soul is pulled away from its original source of life and light,

and in the midst of the dark primeval ocean of nonexistence, a soul stands completely alone.

The soul is getting engulfed by multiple layers of dense darkness,

and the soul continues to plunge deeper and deeper into the bottomless unfathomable abyss.

In the midst of a dark ocean of primordial nothingness, nothing could be heard but the absolute silence.

In the midst of a dark primordial ocean of nothingness, nothing but the agonizing pain of separation could be felt,

and it is now very far and away from its loved ones.

The beautiful bright daylight has been replaced by unspeakable darkness,

and the beautiful music of life has been replaced by the soul's muffled wailing.

During its previous life, it couldn't assimilate the beautiful messages embedded into the colorful flowers and it kept itself away.

During its previous life, it couldn't assimilate the beautiful messages in its mother's touch on its cheek and it kept itself away.

During its previous life, it couldn't assimilate the beautiful music of the shepherd's flute,

when he used to sit under the vine before sunset and it kept itself away.

*It could not feel the glorious happiness of embracing the wounds of others with
a compassionate heart,*

or press a tender kiss on an orphan's forehead.

*It has chosen the confinement of its finite self, and from the Infinite Universal Self, it was
driven away.*

Stalingrad

In proportion to anyone's strength, trials come.

In the eyes of the mighty ones, the huge trials seem trivial,

but in the eyes of the weak ones, the trivial trials seem huge ones.

The way we react to adversities makes us able to explore new potentialities within ourselves.

Maybe we have underestimated or overestimated our potentialities,

but the fire of trials will extract the steel from the iron ore,

and make us able to fathom the untrodden paths within our psyches.

Under the siege of hardships and adversities, our stubborn resistance to surrender,

will chisel a new form of heroism and bravery deep into our souls.

Under siege, the firmly established houses on rocks cannot be shaken that easily,

and the newborn hero will stand taller in the battlefield than before.

Under siege, under the rains of fire, and above the shaking earth,

Under siege, under the bombardment of shells, and above the streams of blood,

Under siege, under the impact of hunger, and above the frozen land,

Under siege, under the impact of dire horror, and above the corpses of the beloved ones,

Under siege, every living soul would flee, bolt, scam, skedaddle, but the real men would stay.

Dynamic Unity of Reality

Anything must necessarily exist if there is no restraining force that is able to restrict its existence.

When a restrictive force appears, this thing cannot exist by necessity too.

This constraining force must be more dominant and more powerful than the thing that it has restricted its existence.

There cannot be a huge water mass in a desert because there are many limiting forces that limit the existence of this huge body of water.

Once these limiting forces disappear, the huge water mass will exist in a desert by necessity.

This means that any finite existence must be restricted and defined by any more powerful and more extensive existence.

Therefore, in the case of Absolute Existence, there would be no more powerful existence that could restrict its existence or define its limits.

This is the true definition of the word "Absolute", which entails what is beyond restrictions or limitations.

It also entails that the Absolute Existence would encompass all possible attributes and possibilities,

because there is no external force that is capable of restricting or determining the existence of all these qualities and potentialities which are inherent in this Absolute Existence.

Therefore, the essence of this Absolute Existence and its essential attributes cannot be changed, restricted, or limited by any means.

Since the Absolute Existence is infinite and exists by necessity, it does not consist of parts like anything that has ever been created.

A created thing must be composed of parts and these parts must depend on each other to function as a whole and to support its existence.

The Absolute existence is unique and does not consist of parts or anything that depends on one another in order to make it able to exist or function properly,

like any created thing that we observe in this universe.

Therefore, the only way that the Absolute Existence has used to create any finite existence, is through the quantitative differentiation that could be produced in that Absolute Existence.

There quantum differentiation is being produced through the dynamic movement of fixed patterns of vibrating waves that are able to produce a modification in the Absolute Essence of the Absolute Existence.

Through these constant patterns of vibrating waves in the Absolute Essence, every type of matter and energy was created.

And everything will cease to exist when the Absolute Essence obliterates these fixed patterns of waves at will.

The Divided Kingdom that Still Stands

Natural selection has developed a crush on random mutations,

and this unrestrained desire has culminated in the evolution hypothesis, a massive superstructure for them to live in.

Natural selection is a maniacal lover who is always on a hysteric hunt for the finest new fashionable mutations for an organism.

In other words, if not for the mesmerizing charm of any updated mutations, this real love would have ended in a painful breakup,

and the evolutionary process would come to a halt,

because nature selection requires a large number of mutations in order to present itself with a wide set of alternatives.

As a result, the fortunate bearers of these mutations are virtually idolised by natural selection,

while making the life of the carriers of the other unbecoming heinous mutations a real hell on earth,

finally, the lucky one will end up as a flawless creature in the eyes of this utter injustice of natural selection,

and condescendingly lets this lucky creature live in peace with its surroundings.

According to the fundamental premise of this theory, life normally progresses from a simple form to a more sophisticated one,

through mutations and natural selection.

Since those who postulated this theory lived in the nineteenth century,

and almost nothing was known about the unimaginable complexity of trillions of trillions of mechanisms of biochemical activities,

that must work "Simultaneously" to make a living cell alive,

they had a right to imagine that the living cell is just a simple thing.

All biological activities within every living cell are controlled and determined by DNA, the genetic material that governs and regulates them.

Before a cell multiplies and divides into new daughter cells,

biomolecules and organelles must be replicated in order to be distributed throughout the new daughter cells.

To guarantee that each new cell obtains the right number of chromosomes,

the DNA inside the nucleus of a live cell must be duplicated as well.

So, they can function similarly to the parent cell.

When a specific enzyme binds DNA nucleotides, which are the building blocks of DNA,

in a sequence that matches the original DNA strand, new DNA molecules are created.

All living cells have a variety of extremely complicated processes in place to prevent mutations or permanent alterations in the DNA sequence.

Most DNA polymerases "check their work" during DNA synthesis, correcting the majority of mispaired bases in a process known as proofreading.

Any residual mispaired bases can be recognised and replaced immediately after DNA synthesis, a process known as mismatch repair.

If DNA is injured, it can be repaired through a variety of methods such as chemical reversal, excision repair, and double-stranded break repair.

This scrutiny process is tremendously important in preventing any uncontrollable number of mutations in newly synthesized DNA strands.

However, if the proofreading process fails, the erroneous nucleotides are no longer removed.

In this case, mutations can rapidly accumulate throughout chromosomes.

This astonishing error-correction process has the ability to shake the basis of genetic materials' "Solo Reliance" on random mutations during evolution,

with the indispensable assistance of the purported all-knowing natural selection,

and the oversimplified postulations, which rely on random mutations as the only key underpinning for the theory of evolution.

If the emergence of random mutations always does a great favour for natural selection, since it offers more varieties to choose from,

Why did this so-called natural selection create an incredibly complex biological system for "Correcting and Eliminating" mutations during the replication of genetic material?

It seems like an unacceptable logical fallacy to say the least.

"Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand"

The Disagreement between Body Parts

Despite the large number of brain cells, there is an unmistakable and tangible sense of our oneness.

Despite the diversity of brain functions, there is an unmistakable sense of fundamental oneness.

It is a sense of undeniable oneness that directs our decision-making and makes it possible to choose from an unlimited multitude of alternatives.

No one can deny that the brain has the ability to process data from the input senses.

But who is in charge of perceiving this data once it has been processed?

Why should trillions of cells and multiple physiological functions all collaborate to make us feel like One Person?

However many scientists claim that consciousness is merely an illusion and a byproduct of

our nervous system's various functions.

So, why can't each element of this neural system sense its own distinct identity and Oneness?

Why should all these trillions of cells and the myriad biological activities work together to make us feel like One Person?

Despite the fact that each cell cannot enjoy its own distinct identity,

When they get together in a massive crowd, they begin to feel like One Person?!

It may sound absurd because, despite those who claim that our nervous system has the only ultimate authority to control us,

we still have the option of moving the right or left hand based on our free choice.

Despite the fact that the brain has several functions and regions,

The one-of-a-kind decision maker within us is not bothered by the presence of another person within us.

Without being affected by the darkness of our skulls or the darkness of our bedrooms,

Without being hindered by the darkness of our skulls or the darkness of our bedrooms,

We could see future places and events in precise detail.

How can someone see what is going to happen precisely in the future,

after many years, and after a huge number of events and uncontrollable circumstances?

It is the Universal Self that pervades the whole of reality, and we all belong to it and are fundamentally ruled by it.

If it's only a byproduct of neural activity,

We'd very certainly experience a significant schism inside ourselves and between our physical components.

Rebirth

The ever trapped souls, in the vault of black death,

lie engulfed by the flames of burning sadness, emerging from their thundering adversities.

At the heart of the thunderous pounding sound of devastating sadness, there is still a very soft whisper of calm voice,

whispering smoothly in pitchy black recesses of these troubled souls.

In a dungeon under the castle of their eternal misery, the prisoners of tough days are still digging an escape tunnel,

with the shovels of patience, and the axes of faith.

Despite the blurry vision of their dusty weary eyes,

A very faint beam of light could be hardly seen at the end of this black tunnel.

A very dim beam of light managed to pierce through the dense dark clouds of their perpetual pains.

Despite its faintness, darkness could not overpower it.

In an astonishing way, a feeble ray of light managed to renew their long-forgotten hope of escape.

Subtle draft of air also begins to be felt at the end of this suffocating humid tunnel.

Surprisingly, an imperceptible breath of air could revive an exhausted, breathless soul.

A fine breath of air could rejuvenate this desperate soul's hope of survival,

and make it able to push itself forward towards the end of this dark tunnel.

There is now a whispering voice that could be barely heard at the end of this silent tunnel.

The sound of the whispering hymn is stirring indescribable feelings within that soul.

Unspeakable feelings about something called life that can be felt amid the black trap of death.

A hymn about the butterflies that are dancing joyfully around the flickering sunbeams on the surface of the land of living.

The strong-willed sunbeams that managed to escape the somber clouds.

A hymn about the departure of harsh winter and the advent of enthroned spring.

A hymn about the long-awaited rebirth which is drawing near,

from the very heart of the black death.

The Big Bang Theory

Once upon a time, 13.8 billion years ago, a nonexistent universe said deep within his nonexistent mind: "enough is enough!"

How long should this long-suffering nonexistent universe tolerate this humiliating state of not existing?

After thoughtful consultation with his fellows surrounding nonexistent universes, he was advised that he should be more positive and try to do something,

and stop accepting this meaningless nothingness state.

But what should this poor helpless powerless nonexistent universe do to change his unspeakable state of nonexistence?

He was advised again that all he should do is just exploding in a furious hectic manner and everything is going to be perfectly fine afterwards.

***"But what about hurting the surrounding nonexistence if I explode into its face like this?"
said the tenderhearted nonexistent universe.***

***"You are not going to hurt anyone, do not forget that the nonexistence does not exist in the
first place,***

***so it would not be hurt if you decided to explode in its face." said the wise surrounding
nonexistent universes.***

***"But how can the new existence expand into the nothingness?" said the skeptical
nonexistent universe.***

***"Your are overthinking the matter too much, just explode and everything is going to be fine"
said the seasoned nonexistent surrounding universes.***

***It was a spectacular explosion to say the least, regardless of any known thermodynamic laws
or any nonsensical physical laws like them.***

Matter and energy emerged spontaneously and immediately in an extremely tiny fraction of second.

After his initial expansion, the universe was inexplicably programmed automatically to start to cool sufficiently in order to allow the formation of subatomic particles, and later atoms.

Afterwards giant clouds of these primordial elements ? mostly hydrogen, with some helium and lithium ? later coalesced through gravity, forming early stars and galaxies, the descendants of which are visible today.

It was an amazing success story about how a nonexistent universe could create all these wondrous worlds,

through an explosion of a Stroke of Luck in the face of nothingness.

Lion's Den

Motivated by the idea of finding a shortcut, a prominent scientist got lost in the wilderness.

When his cellphone battery ran out, and the untested night of the wilderness was about to fall,

his problem solving skills indicated readiness for the challenge.

His flawed side of unmitigated curiosity and inquisitive nature steered him to set off in the wilderness without his vehicle.

When the night fell and the weather became unbearably cold,

his first logical priority was to find a suitable shelter until the approaching dawn.

A small cave on a rugged hill seemed more convenient than the other illogical shelters that night.

He instantly began to examine that narrow cave in a very systematic and analytical manner,

in order to verify its suitability and its presumed safety.

His initial systematic examination revealed many samples of mammalian skeletons and many fleshy animal parts that might belong to the same species.

Besides noticing a lot of newly formed blood stains on the walls of that cave,

which made his scientific hunch a little uncomfortable.

He knew very well that this region had never observed any carnivorous species according to the available scientific literature.

However, he equally knew the importance of scientific observations and how he should not neglect these numerous suspicious indications around him in this sinister cave.

Therefore, he began to search more thoroughly in the cave and outside of this ominous place,

in the hope of gathering any indirect evidence that could dispel or confirm his growing suspicions.

In fact, a lot of large newly formed excrement was found nearby and inside the cave,

along with lots of dark brown wisps of hair almost everywhere.

But nevertheless, as a sincere meticulous scientist, he refused to jump to any definitive conclusion so quickly,

especially according to the majority of the scientific literature and the inhabitants of this region who did not observe any carnivorous mammals before.

Anyway, he was utterly exhausted because he had spent so much time trying to find his way out of this intricate wilderness.

He turned off the light, entered his sleeping bag and said to himself that he should not be overly anxious,

because the observed evidences were not so conclusive and further researches were needed.

Just Keep Insulting Them!

Just keep insulting them!

Just keep humiliating them!

Just keep accusing them of being narcissistic or selfish parents who don't care about you and just want to let you down.

Keep accusing your dad of putting out his cigarettes on your private parts because he's reluctant to buy a new ashtray.

Or your mom who enjoys putting too much housework on your shoulder to make you fail your next exams.

Just keep waiting for an angel who masquerades as your potential partner who will rid you of persecution and slavery in this tyrannical family.

This angel, who will give you everything and will make you feel your true worth and true value.

While your family continues to perpetuate the notion that you are worth nothing or just a reconstruction of the nothingness.

Especially your abusive mother who was sleep-deprived when you were a little kid in order to feed and take care of you.

And your abusive father who used to work day and night to support his family.

But still just the empty words of your prospective angelic partner is the only way to rid you of your present misery.

There is nothing permanent or lasting for so long in this life.

When you become weak or sick, you will know the true angelic nature of humans around you.

You will know that most humans can offer conditional love as long as you are still strong and handsome.

Except for your mom and dad who will love you forever no matter what happens or regardless of your insult or accusation.

Surely, you'll know the truth, but when it's too late, unfortunately.

When you keep looking for them everywhere, but you will never find them again.

You will only find the terrible, real ugly face of this world that was hidden from your vision because of their unconditional love.

Homo texting

Nearly two decades ago, a new subclass of modern humans "Homo sapiens" emerged, and this new species was dubbed "Homo texting" by the majority of scientific community.

Because the members of this subclass cannot stop looking at their phone screen or stop texting for one minute.

This subfamily is also part of the Hominidae family (great apes, or human ancestors).

They are distinguished by a little stoop in their back and their amazing ability to walk on two legs without looking in front of them at all.

High mastery of texting, accompanied by excessive use of their cellphones, compared to their classical human counterparts.

This subclass appeared with many modified and special senses that did not previously exist in classical humans.

They can easily walk while texting without bumping into anything either day or night.

Even on the busiest streets or even while crossing the world's most dangerous highways.

Scientists usually attribute this exceptional capability to the amazing new "echo-detecting senses" that have been developed in the brain of this species after many years of excessive texting while walking.

Besides their extraordinary abilities to keep texting during literally all of their daily activities.

This mysterious phenomenon has been an enigma to psychologists and anthropologists for a decade.

How could this subclass keep texting while walking, eating, swimming, and even during intimacy?

They must have developed special senses outside the current understanding of modern science.

What poses a real challenge to scientists is the inexplicable behavior of this "Homo texting" in nature or on beaches.

This type of "Homo texting" enjoy being in nature a lot; however, they never bother themselves by peeking at the beautiful surroundings away from their cellphones.

That is why some scientists have postulated that they might have developed some kind of undeveloped or very primitive eyes on the back of their necks or something like that.

Moreover, they are usually misunderstood by their classic human partners when they think they don't care about them or ignore them while they keep texting constantly at home.

Whereas, they are very tender and compassionate creatures, they only seem like that due to their sophisticated and extra-developed senses.

In the Name of Defiance

Despite the dire consequences of challenging human limitations,

deep within our souls, is a constant calling for embracing the challenge, and challenging the impossible.

Going beyond our limits can give us a deep sense of glory and an indescribable sense of victory.

Regardless of our gender or any ideological background, this glorious feeling never changes whenever we overcome an insurmountable challenge.

Only to convince themselves that they are still in control of the various parameters of this world, some people exceed the limits of their potentialities.

Like the stubborn young maid who insisted on hanging clothes on clotheslines on a stormy day without using clothespins.

Despite the deep sadness that afflicted the entire family, she still believes that she achieved her glory,

when she had raised to the challenge of the elements of nature in general, and the authority of the housewife in particular.

Insisting on insulting a bad-tempered elephant in front of that elephant's family, during the elephant's annual peak of testosterone level.

The zoo keeper did not vent his anger upon this elephant because he could not vent his anger elsewhere.

But because he wanted to tell himself that he was still not afraid of that frenzied elephant and he was still in control.

Immediately putting down his answers on the answer sheet without being bothered to have a look at the question paper first.

Certainly, this brilliant math student thought his intelligence was more superior than the inherent inferiority of that question paper.

In the same way, a university professor who usually forgets to write some questions on the question paper.

Instead of admitting his forgetfulness, he asked his students to infer these questions and answer them in detail.

Doing a high jump into a swimming pool with too little amount of water.

A friend of mine used to kept reducing the amount of water until he decided to jump into a swimming pool with no water at all,

except for a small wet towel at the bottom of that pool.

On his deathbed, after breaking every single bone in his body, he was asked to seek forgiveness from his Creator for what he had incurred upon himself.

However, he never showed any sign of repentance and said it was not his fault.

It was just the fault of an envious friend who had squeezed the water out of that towel.

What lies behind the shower curtain?

It appears to be one of the most powerful forces on the Earth.

The film industry has molded the mindset of millions of millions of people around the globe.

It has created a kind of mindsets that have never roamed the Earth before.

Constructive art is meant to reveal the pains and sufferings of human beings, makes them feel related.

This is why the art of storytelling is as old as the human existence.

It is an indispensable need for most of us, since it may give us an answer for why we live or how we should live better.

However, some movies do their best to create a special mindset that has nothing in common with the real world.

A mindset that believes a true hero should do the impossible without scratching his hands or spoiling his hairstyle.

Or the heroine who should fights against mighty warriors without spoiling her makeup.

What is the big idea behind creating such a mindset among the victimized audiences who watch these films?

Nobody knows for sure!

Except for those who repeat these themes over and over again.

Like the famous notion of a mass murderer who enjoys killing pretty ladies for no apparent reason in classic movies of the late 1970s and 1980s.

The movie industry always maintains that the natural habitat of this crazy killer is behind the shower curtains.

It can be virtually impossible for a pretty lady to find a mass murderer anywhere in her home except behind these shower curtains.

Even if these ladies lived in a fortified military base, the odds of finding this insane killer behind the shower curtains remained the same.

Is it an implicit economic cold war between the film industry and the shower curtains industry?

Is it an indirect suggestion not to shower alone and carry a gun during your morning shower?

Still nobody knows for sure except for those who do their best to shape the mindset of the mob like this.

Soulmate

In spite of your silence, I'm still able to hear your eloquent speech between the lines of your hissing breath.

In spite of your inherent uncertainty, I'm still able to feel your unshakable belief in me.

In spite of your deep rooted fears, I'm still able to find a safe haven amid the turbulent pulse of your heart.

In spite of the mystifying mournfulness of your eyes, I'm still able to find my joyful happiness resides in them.

In spite of your tormenting feeling of detachment away from this world, I'm still feel indescribable feeling of belong and connection in your spacious heart.

In spite of your unavoidable walk amid your misty roads, I'm still able to see the gorgeous sunrise looming over our distant horizon.

In spite of your inexhaustible sad tears, I'm still able to see them watering the wastelands of my desolate deserts.

In spite of the lifelong pains of your outcast soul, I'm still able to feel indescribable relief whenever I seek refuge amid your life-giver hug.

In spite of my inevitable demise, I'm still able to enjoy a perpetual life whenever my existence unites with your presence.

My Baby

Whenever you feel like a rootless alienated wanderer in this world, there is a home for you into my heart.

Whenever you feel your words falls on deaf ears among your own people, there is a place for your words into my mind.

Whenever you feel abused in this ruthless cruel heartless world, there is a safe refuge for you between my arms.

Whenever you feel dejected and alone amid your intricate roads, there is a companion for you who would hold your hands in his own.

Whenever you feel defeated and can't hold your head high, there is a place to keep your head high on my shoulder.

Whenever you feel wounded and your bleeding scars cannot be closed, there is a cure for your wounds into my tender touch.

Whenever you feel engulfed by the darkness of the bleak nights, there is light for your soul into my radiant loving eyes.

Whenever you feel the bitter cold of the mournful winter nights, there is a warm place for you into my awaiting affectionate hug.

Good Morning!

Good morning, my shining dawn, that is always able to break through the fortified formidable walls of my darkness.

Good morning, my resilient hope, that is always able to dodge the fatal blows of the furious despair.

Good morning, my singing bird, that is always able to tell me about the existence of an unlimited expanse that is waiting for me behind my confinement's walls.

Good morning, my spring's breeze, that is always able to remind my slumberous buds that our long-awaited bloom is at hand.

Good morning, my sweet ancient river, that is always able to shake off the piles of sadness that have accumulated over my rusty heart.

Good morning, my breath of life, that is always able to keep me alive through the airless tunnels of this distressing world.

Good morning, my beautiful dream, that is always able to ward off the nightmares of my desolate nights.

***Good morning, my paved path, that is always able to pass through the ruins of my old grief,
and leads towards my new unprecedented relief.***

***Good morning, my soul mate that is always able to make my soul able to feel its existence,
and conquer its Impenetrable Grave.***

Armor of Light

When my sun rises, the raging terror that wanders in the sheer darkness, cast into fear and disappear.

When my sun rises, the ugly faces of the wrinkled hills regain their beauty and wear their green veil again.

When my sun rises, the old cracked layers that cover the dilapidated houses show their youthful, forgotten colors again.

When my sun rises, the brokenhearted birds can sing the praises of the glorious eternal love again.

When my sun rises, a goodhearted shepherd can lead his sheep through the sharp, misleading rift again.

When my sun rises, the insecurity and old fears that inhabit the hearts of fear-controlled villagers begin to fade away and they regain their brave nature again.

When my sun rises, the lonely hearts of abandoned souls begin to feel the pulse of renewed hope in them again.

When my sun rises, the frightened children will ignore their ingrained fear and hurry joyfully towards their playground again.

When my sun rises, my despair will be crushed by the rays of your splendid love, and I can wear the armor of light again.

When my sun rises, I can make you ride on my horse, and toward the place of sunrise, we can keep our souls united again.

The Silent Message

Your words may fail one day, but your loving heartbeat will not fail.

Your loving heartbeat's message is all my heart needs to know.

Your words may fail one day, but your sweet breath will not fail.

Your sweet breath is all my heart needs to be revived again.

Your words may fail one day, but the river of mercy that flows from your eyes will not fail.

The river of mercy that flows from your eyes is all my heart wants to see.

Your words may fail one day, but your tender touch will not fail.

Your tender touch is all my heart wants to feel.

Your words may fail one day, but your gesture towards your ways will not fail.

Your ways are only the ways my heart wants to walk through.

Your words may fail one day, but your dream will not fail.

Your dream is all my heart needs to reside forever in.

Your words may fail one day, but your hug will not fail.

Your hug is all my heart needs to get rid of its pain and suffering in.

In the Depths of the Night

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still stirring the deepest foundation of my soul.

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still shredding the remaining debris of what was once an integral soul.

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still passing over the old building, adding a thicker layer of sadness over their ever-existing color of sorrow.

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still providing a stage for the terrifying ancient spirits to exhibit their melancholic show over the pitch black horizon.

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still drifting the lost souls away from their homelands and away from the warmth of the bosoms of their loved ones.

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still keeping me from holding your hand and walking with you on our unpaved intricate roads.

The dark swirly waves of the depth of the night are still preventing my muffled voice from reaching out to your confinement where your heart currently residing.

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still building their black blocks between both of us and preventing the remnant of the light beams from entering through the cracks of our barred windows.

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still exacerbating my agonizing longing for your soothing, reassuring voice.

The dark swirly waves of the depths of the night are still increasing my yearning for my sunny homeland, which can only be found in your bosom.

Radiant Smile

Your smile resides in the smile of every smiling dawn.

A dawn that can wipe the sadness off the face of a horizon.

A horizon that cannot resist the impulse of a joyful dance.

A joyful dance of a hope that is about to come.

A hope about the victory of two unified souls.

Two unified souls who pass through water and fire.

A fire of a careless world that cares a little about the pains of others.

The others who should be crushed by its neglectful hatred.

A neglectful hatred that can make us trapped into its dark caves forever.

The dark caves of hatred that is the permanent abode of every vulnerable soul.

A soul that is not able to fight back the tyrant night and shake off the dominating darkness except by your radiant smile.

Immaterial Presence

In the quiet old streets, your immaterial presence was there,

shaking the foliage of their black trees with your mournful breath.

Hovering over the ancient building as an estranged spirit,

detached away from all her beloved ones by the mighty hand of the stony heart of the passing of time.

Weeping softly through the dark, meager raindrops of the somber autumn upon my bleeding wounds.

Putting your ethereal hand upon my depressed heart, joining my solitary walk amid your archaic roads.

Revealing to my heart your distant call of your entombed dreams that are still screaming in their graves.

Revealing to my heart that there is still a place for both of us amid the conqueror night of your cement city,

a place to germinate again as new souls amid its timeworn gardens.

Walking again with the hearts of hopeful dreamers in spite of our agony and pains.

Revealing to me that our timeless love has always been there for both of us,

just waiting for your physical presence.

Brand-New Life

With an unwavering faith in the power of love,

the sun of our hopes can penetrate the thick layers of our black clouds of despair again.

With an unwavering faith in the power of love,

the inherent misery that lurks amid the ruins of our demolished dreams can turn into a joyful victorious dance again.

With an unwavering faith in the power of love,

we can manage our ways through the dense forests of misguidance and delusions again.

With an unwavering faith in the power of love,

our angry, raging ocean of pains can show mercy towards our helpless boats again.

With an unwavering faith in the power of love,

the noisy world can become quieter,

and can allow us to resonate with the fundamental music that makes up the fabric of this universe again.

With an unwavering faith in the power of love,

our lonely nights can turn into a meditative solitude,

and can allow the Omnipresent Eternal Glorious Light to dwell into our hearts again.

With an unwavering faith in the power of love,

we can learn to tolerate this abusive world and can be able to accept ourselves and the others again.

With an unwavering faith in the power of love,

we can fold up the scrolls of our past lives and unfold the scrolls of our brand-new ones again.

When the Light Shines in the Darkness

The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

The light stirs the eternal stagnant oceans of blackness into bright musical waves of love and happiness.

The light arranges the musical waves of love and happiness into unshakable firm established pillars of order,

the firm towering pillars of the kingdom of order and balance.

The light keeps his imperishable loving essence omnipresent throughout all the four corners of his lively kingdom,

the imperishable loving essence that resides into the hearts of those who do not deny his sovereignty over their beings.

The light bestows on those who accept his permanent dwelling into their hearts a power that is always capable of warding off the grinding darkness,

the grinding darkness that surrounds them with misfortune and despair.

***The light gives, to those who allow his kingdom to establish its dominion into their hearts,
rainy thick clouds roaming their skies,***

thick clouds full with gentle rains of mercy and compassion.

***The gentle rains of mercy and compassion that is always capable of irrigating all the arid
wastelands,***

all the arid wasteland they encounter on their way during the course of their lives.

The light creates vast expanses of fruitful trees,

vast expanses of fruitful trees of hope and dreams.

***Fruitful trees of hope and dreams planted by the hands of the ones who believes in his
dominating beauty and wisdom.***

See You Very Soon!

See you very soon my pink rose always blooming in my room,

which is always able to prevent my room's gloom from proclaiming its power.

See you very soon my pink rose always blooming in my room,

which is always able to fend off the dreary mist of cloudy nights from flaunting their rule.

See you very soon my pink rose always blooming in my room,

which is always able to prevent the shadow of my barred window from drawing its dreary shapes onto my bare walls.

See you very soon my pink rose always blooming in my room,

which is always able to relax the grip of the loneliness' nights whenever they press hard on

my soul.

See you very soon my pink rose always blooming in my room,

which is always able to calm the raucous sounds of stormy nights whenever they launch their rebellious attack on the smashed windows of my room.

See you very soon my pink rose always blooming in my room,

which is always able to repel the spooky spirits who show their ugly heads, to make me frighten to death, behind my creaky door.

See you very soon my pink rose always blooming in my room,

which is always able to exhibit her mesmerizing beauty and give my eyes a rest away from the ugliness of this world.

The Essence of our Nights

The alluring magical tones of the moonlit nights,

give your eyes their mysterious vibe of a distant calling.

The distant calling that captivates the wings of the flying souls,

navigate in the expanse of your eyes' calling.

The merry melodies, dance in your eyes, move the breezes of the night,

and caress the tops of the autumn trees with the merry laughter of their calling.

In the silence of the night, your essence is still there,

and in its quietness, your breath is still dancing and flowing.

On the streets of the night, I'm still walking holding your hands,

unable to tell if I'm walking on real streets,

or in your spacious heart, I'm still moving.

Questioning myself, am I really holding your hands?

Or is it just my long-awaited dream's persistent imperishable calling?

Questioning myself, who stole the blackness of the gloomy nights,

stealthily replaced it with the radiance of your eyes, my real shining morning.

Walking together, casting the seeds of our dreamy palaces amid the ruins of the devastating nights.

Listening attentively to the mournful songs of the nights,

boasting their melancholy melodies, through the lanes, amid the old buildings.

Cannot hear anything except for their jolly praise of our united hearts.

Our united hearts that were allured by the magical tones of the moonlit nights,

which always give your eyes their mysterious vibe of a distant calling for our ultimate unity.

Deep Roots

Hey tough days! Do you have any idea who you are going to mess with?

Hey tough days! Do you have any idea how stubborn the hearts of lovers can be?

Do you have any idea how the lovers' heartbeat can shake the mountains of uncertainty and fear?

Do you have any idea how the lovers' heartbeat can demolish the fortified walls of their confinements,

and allow the light of their beloved one to get in?

Do you have any idea how the lovers' heartbeat can rebel against all these well-established nonsensical worldly needs?

Do you have any idea how the lovers' heartbeat can be a stumbling block in the way of all their assailants of misfortunes and calamities?

Do you have any idea how the lovers' heartbeat can crush the wounding thorns, on the roads towards their dreams, under their feet?

Do you have any idea how the lovers' heartbeat can develop roots, so deep in the soil of this life,

no matter how long the rainy clouds will be late or will go away?

Do you have any idea how the lovers' heartbeat can be harder than steel when they face the fire of their ordeal?

However, steel may go rusty one day, but their hearts cannot be.

Hey tough days! Do you have any idea who you are going to mess with?

Hey tough days! Do you have any idea how stubborn the hearts of lovers can be?

Enchanting Voice

Your voice cannot be veiled in the midst of your love songs.

Your voice runs so deep through every single note of your melodies.

Each tone connects your heart with the hearts of those who feel enchanted by your glorious voice.

Your glorious voice that is capable of taking them far and away from the shackles of their separate selves,

and in the eternal river of your holy melodies, they are so ready to swim there forever.

They are always ready to unite with your river of joy and happiness.

Your river of love and happiness which is the eternal fundamental essence of all created things.

Your glorified core essence that is always able to create by producing musical waves in your ever existing unfathomable unchangeable eternal essence.

These musical waves that you always reveal their melodies to the hearts of those who have always been so eager to listen to your melodies,

which are deeply inherent in every beautiful thing you made through your charming voice.

Your enchanting voice is a life and a life-giver.

Your enchanting voice is an ultimate peace and is also a giver of holy peace.

Your enchanting voice is always able to unite your lovers in a gigantic universal symphony.

A gigantic symphony that will forever praise your glorious beauty forever and ever.

Eternal Healer

After the smoke of the battle subsided, the burning rubble began to emit one last emission of their black smoke.

After the thunderous sounds of the shelling began to sink into the original silence, the accompanying horror began to loosen its grip.

After the planes fled away after spreading an unprecedented terror into the very heart of the existence,

my deep wounds started to stop bleeding and proved not to be fatal enough.

After I set myself free and moved away from the heaps of the bodies of my comrades, I tried to crawl my way out of the bloody trench.

After walking desperately through the ruins and across the desolate desert towards my destination, far and away,

I passed through the heaps of death, destruction, blood and humiliation.

Hearing your gentle voice still calling behind the smoke of pains and torment.

Lifting my weary eyes towards your bright face, I could see your beaming, reassuring smile.

Lifting my hazy sight towards your luminous glorious face, I could see your auspicious smile cutting through the darkness of all my suffering and all my horrific pains.

Lifting my sandy eyes towards your glorious face, I could see you opening your arms, allowing me to find my eternal healing amidst the boundless mercy of your ever-awaiting hug.

Tree of Life

We wander past the old stadium's walls as if we are in the depths of antiquity.

We have the feeling that our spirits are journeying back in time.

Walking past the walls of the old stadium, it's as if we're discovering an ancient life inextricably linked to our own.

An ancient life that goes back to the very beginning of time.

Although this old existence came to an end a long time ago,

deep inside the evergreen tree of life's roots still lurks an unbreakable core.

When we wander around the walls of this historic stadium late at night,

we always feel this indestructible core.

While we're on a tour of the historic site,

The indestructible energy of these ancient spirits continues to resonate and vibrate with our spiritual core.

These ancient spiritual secrets that are buried deep inside the roots of the tree of life,

make a gentle whispering in our souls at all times,

as we stroll under the dark dome of misty nights and hold each other's hands.

These spiritual messages never cease to beckon.

They always reverberate through the pure serenity of the night.

These spiritual messages never fail to draw our hearts closer together and unify the rhythm of our hearts.

These spiritual messages in the middle of the night always attempt to enlighten us that the unification of our hearts is at the base of the tree of life.

The ancient ghosts that haunt the antique walls of the historic stadium are continually seeking to convey to the living that love and the tree of life are essentially two names for the same essence.

The same essence that exists in the hearts of lovers, where the past, present, and future are all one.

Where the Sun Always Shines

From the shores of this world, the boat of your eyes always takes me away,

towards my homeland, in your heart, where my true identity lies.

Amidst the waves of your heartbeat, the boat of your eyes let my past sadness drown alone there.

On the boat of your eyes, I am a navigator who is able to reach the place of sunrise,

after traveling so long amid the enchanting darkness of your loving eyes.

On the boat of your eyes, I am a navigator who is able to reach the place of sunrise,

where all your shores lie.

You heart is the shores that always embrace my boat whenever I get there,

and all the secrets of happiness that lies in your eyes, your enchanting eyes always reveal to me.

The secrets of my true identity, that got lost in the seas of my early youth during my navigation towards my homeland that still lies in your heart.

My true identity is found in the streets and roads of my early youth that still leave deep traces etched in my heart.

My heart that is always able to see your eyes' gestures towards where they are still alive.

The deep traces that still call to me whenever I see the infinite expanse that stretches across the ocean of your loving eyes.

The infinite expanse that cannot be navigated except by the boat of your eyes.

The boundless extension of your eyes that can only lead me toward my true essence and toward the place where the sun always shines in your heart.

Silver Lining

The rolling waves could only move the brittle layers of sand off the boulders,

but the boulders would surely stay.

The furious storms could only remove the dry foliage from the tender branches,

but the trees would certainly stay.

The bitter winter nights could freeze the pulse of life in the hearts of weak plants,

but the pulse of life in the stubborn buds, is sure to stay.

The hordes of dark clouds could overshadow the beautiful face of the sun,

but the silver linings around the edges of these gloomy clouds would undoubtedly stay.

The mighty earthquakes could shake the foundations of all man-made monuments,

but in truth, the deep-rooted lofty mountains would stay.

The deadly blows of hardships and tribulations could paralyze all vulnerable humans,

but truly, all resilient hearts would stay.

All the dwellings behind the high dams could be wiped out when these dams collapse,

but in reality, all strongholds, built on solid rocks, would stay.

All adversities and misfortunes could break our hearts and destroy our bodies,

but without any trace of doubt, our love would stay forever for our beloved ones into our souls.

Hellfire

Just let the winds groan and howl amidst the caves of the hell.

Amidst the darkness of fiery caves of the hell, this agonizing winds always appear.

These painful winds serve a great purpose, and their main goal is to emphasize the weakness and fragility of human race.

This human race that must pass through the vast expanse of the hell fires before they reach their final abode amidst the gardens of paradise.

The human race that must witness the horrific roar of the fire of the hell, blazing and calling for spending the eternal pains, and the perpetual torment, in its terrifying caves.

This horrific embrace of the hellfire is not only reserved for the transgressors in the afterlife.

This horrific embrace of hellfire is a common daily practice for most human beings during their usual activities in this challenging life.

Life seems like endless roads, amid a wilderness, covered by thick darkness which usually lead nowhere.

Or in fact, they lead to a very precise destination, a place where all of us should feel alienated away from our true essence, or our values, or our goals.

Separation, isolation, devaluation, these are the holy trinity of this life, and there are the Bermuda Triangle, into which, all human beings must fall,

after their lifelong struggle amid these misleading ways of life.

However, the eternal salvation of the power of love is the only thing that can give everything a purpose and can also give everything a meaning.

It is the re-creation force, inherent in love, that is able to overcome the furious fire of the virtual hell on this earth,

and grant salvation to all its permanent inmates of humankind.

The Devil's Tail

You climbed the stairs of the pulpit, dressed as an angel of light.

You climbed the stairs of the pulpit, holding your holy book,

the book of false dreams and promises.

You climbed the stairs of the pulpit, hiding your ugly face behind the false veil of innocence and feigned naivety.

You climbed the stairs of the pulpit, as a seller of impossible hopes for the crowd crushed in souls.

You climbed the stairs of the pulpit, playing your musical instrument.

Your musical instrument which plays on the vulnerable chords of the deep wounds of the broad masses.

You climbed the stairs of the pulpit, offering your poisonous bread and tainted wine to the little children.

The little children who know next to nothing about the bitter reality of your sordid kingdoms, scattered all over the world.

You climbed the stairs of the pulpit, motivated by your eternal arrogance.

Your eternal arrogance that has shown to you that no intellect or intelligence was created to match your mind and intelligence.

You climbed the stairs of the pulpit, dressed in your best attire to impress the millions,

but unfortunately, I regret to inform you, that you forgot to hide your remarkable tail as you should.

The Melodies of the Waves

When the sea sings, we can never feel tired of hearing its melodies hundreds of times.

The singing of the sea reveals its secrets to the heedful beaches.

They are the secrets of nostalgia and longing without cease.

Craving and longing for tomorrow's leave.

The tomorrow's leave that will take us away from the strangeness and sorrow of this world.

The world that never get tired and will never be weary of planting all possible barriers and obstacles between us and our dreams.

All possible barriers and obstacles that will tear, into our hearts, all our dreams and hopes apart,

and these barriers will throw our hopes' remaining pieces to the wind that will carry them far and away.

Far and away towards an abyssal place which lies at the heart of the comic's existential alienation.

The existential alienation whose main purpose is to separate the lovers apart as much as it could.

As much as it could, that each one of them should feel as if they were created to suffer alone in the midst of their suffering and pains.

That's why the sea's singing always assures us that tomorrow's departure is drawing near.

The tomorrow' departure that promises a lot of dreams that were revealed to the shores through the melodies of its waves.

The Delayed Harvest

My happy days ahead are still staring at your hands,

waiting for a signal to start.

My smiling dawn is still waiting intently for the light of your gleaming eyes,

to allow its appearance.

My daylight is still counting the days until your bright smile command it,

to illuminate my dim roads.

My eloquent words are still longing for your heartbeat,

to be engraved on the pages of my blank years.

My home is still in readiness for the command of your soothing voice,

to be erected on the solid rock of the sharp fissure away from the bottomless abyss.

My lost loved ones are still in anticipation for the warmth of your presence,

to be joined together around the fireplace during the cold winter nights.

***The withered leaves of my deserted city gardens are still
in wait for the passing of your spectrum,***

to breathe life into them again.

***My solitary walk amid the uncaring crowd is still longing for the joyfulness of holding your
tender hands,***

to make my lifelong dreadfulness fade away.

The delayed harvest of all the past seasons is still waiting for your coming,

to produce its yield.

Get on Your Feet Son of Bitch!

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have a lot of mops to clean the floor of my room, but not your body.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have plenty of water to wash my floor, but not your tears.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have a lot of yelling outside, so I do not need to hear your sad screams.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have a lot of crawling creatures everywhere, would you mind using your feet.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have a lot of frustrating silence outside, do you mind letting me hear your stirring voice.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have a lot of helpless kids outside, would you mind showing me the wisdom of your years.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have so many submissive creatures everywhere, would you mind showing me the unparalleled determination running mightily through your veins.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have so many yielding creatures everywhere, would you mind showing me your stubborn resistance rooted so deeply into your unyielding soul.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have so many creatures that accepted their defeat so easily, would you mind showing me the relentless resistance of your brave core.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

I have so much sadness out there, would you mind letting me hear your heart's songs, despite all the suffering and pains that surround it.

Get on your feet son of bitch!

Because your Creator loves you!

A Dormant Volcano

We fight back not only to win; Fighting back is a dormant volcano.

A dormant volcano that resides among the muffled rhythms of our hearts' drums.

We fight back not only to win; Fighting back is written lines on the palms of our hands.

These lines make our fears disappear whenever we look at them.

We fight back not only to win; Fighting back is written on our clingy hands.

These clingy hands that always make us feel more courageous whenever we cling resolutely on our hopes.

We fight back not only to win; Fighting back is an outlet for our pent-up tears.

Our pent-up tears because of our dreams that were shattered under the feet of the pride and

injustice of this world.

We fight back not only to win; Fighting back is driven by the blazing fire of many years of frustration.

Many years of frustration under the seemingly quiet ash of our burned dreams.

We fight back not only to win; Fighting back is an imperative expression of the unbridled desire for freedom.

The freedom which is the pure essence of the creative power of all the possible things in this universe.

We fight back not only to win; Fighting back is our only way to retrieve our lost self.

The true self that got hijacked by the belittling, contemptuous, rude eyes of this souls-enslaving world.

Good Night Daughter

The night's blackness brings an enchanting sparkle to your eyes.

The night's silence lends alluring tones to your voice.

The hours of solitude, in the heart of the night, give your embrace incomparable passion.

The waning moon, on its last breath, gives your face timeless glow.

The night's cold breath gives your breath renewed warmth.

The night's great sorrow, whose lash strikes the hearts of men,

gives your hands a healing touch.

The heartbreaking night which shows off its contempt for the rejected mortals,

turns your kiss on my forehead into a blessing kiss.

The towering fortified walls of the Night Prison,

give its inmates a great hope when you visit.

Birth Pangs

When the quake of pain shakes the profound foundation of the self,

and shakes off all its ostensible ornaments,

When the quake of pain shakes the fortified doors of false beliefs in our minds,

and lets the light of rationality in,

When the quake of pain terrifies the developmentally delayed child in our psyche,

and puts it between two choices, either to fight or to fight,

When the quake of pain shatters the fragile sandy hopes that arose during daydreams,

on the banks of our wishful thinking,

When the quake of pain dispels the false mental images,

and makes us able to see the true values of our loved ones,

When the quake of pain challenges the very core of our existence,

and causes us to develop deeper roots in the rocky soil of this life,

When the quake of pain mercilessly presses upon the frightened, intimidated soul,

and forces it to utter a cry of war from its muffled throat,

When the quake of pain ruthlessly visits a mother with its birth pangs,

and enforces her to fill the anxious horizon with her bitter scream,

***Only then, our mother nature will carry her new created child with indescribable happiness
and unimaginable joy.***

Farewell

In the night voyage, the sea, the moon and the night are united.

They unite to make up the traveler's companions.

The traveler who fears the farewell.

The inevitable farewell away from his loved ones,

who are now no more than old pictures on his wall.

They used to be more than that, and used to fill his life with happiness and joy,

but now, they had disappeared without a trace,

except for the nostalgic feelings that usually choose to die hard during that night voyage.

A feeling of longing for the resurrection of the dead lovers,

whose names were written by volatile ink on the yellow perishable pages of the Book of Life.

A book which is full with fleeting lines of happiness amidst an inundation of lines of sadness.

A flood of lines of sadness disguised by overlapping lines of hopes.

The entwined lines of hope that blow the sail during the night voyage.

A night voyage accompanied by the consolation of the sea, the moon and the night.

The consolation that tries to convince the nocturnal voyagers,

that the farewell is the same pages of the Book of Life.

Trust Issues

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

exhausted from the long nights of sleep anxiety.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

weary of the sorrow of the past years.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

apprehensive due to the menacing cloudy sky.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

anticipates the impending danger, suggested by the pounding thunder.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

awaits treachery from everywhere, inspired by the old wounds in his heart.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

his finger is unable to leave the trigger for a blink of an eye.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

putting on a rocky face over his tender one, hiding a trembling heart.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

seeing in every moving branch a potential enemy, urged by his thick foggy nights.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

waiting impatiently for the horizon to be lit up by the comforting light of day.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

eagerly awaits the bold sunlight to distinguish between his enemies and his friends.

In the watchtower the soldier stands,

questioning himself, is it possible during the broad, revealing sunlight, his finger could let go of the trigger for just a blink of an eye?

Fountain of Immortality

Adversity will pass by you, and the time will pass by you,

but you will remain immortal in the heart of time,

because your heart is more loyal than the time.

The passing of time always takes us from the mountaintop of our lives to their mountain foot,

but the beating of your loving heart guarantees me an eternal flight in the sky of your wholehearted love.

The passage of time always and forever takes us from the peak of our strength to the lowest depths of human weakness,

But the songs of your loving heart can unite and harmonize with my heartbeat,

and give my members unlimited strength,

with which I can defy the hurricanes and storms of this world.

The passage of time can eliminate the sparkle of life that dances with joy amid the features of our faces,

but the beating of your loving heart can restore to my face the euphoria of the radiant hope.

The radiant hope which is able to erase the traces of the years of sadness and loss.

The passage of time can throw us without pity or mercy into the well of neglect and oblivion,

after all those who claimed to be our past's dearest lovers count us among their useless possessions,

but the beating of your loving heart will forever remain the fountain of pure kindness and tenderness,

that cannot be exhausted in the oases of your warm embrace,

in the middle of the deadly, barren desert of the world.

That is why, adversity will pass by you, and the time will pass by you,

but you will remain immortal in the heart of time,

because your heart is more loyal than the time.

Reap What You Sow

The mill of injustice will grind you,

and leave your waste to the factory of inequality,

where your waste mingles with the tears of sorrow and anguish.

This factory creates a new creature runs in its veins the roar of a subdued soul.

The repressed soul boils in the veins like the boiling lava.

That lava raging with mad rage across the towering mountain of injustice,

which has become an imposing edifice,

on which the fallen human nature prides itself.

The fallen human nature that embraced oppression and injustice as a temple of all its pagan gods,

that it has invented to justify its contempt for its own race.

This temple grows and grows,

forgets that beneath the ashes is a latent fire,

and whoever sows thorns reaps wounds.

New Destiny

Although the days pass, the wound does not subside,

and the hopes do not fade either.

The wounds of the body can heal someday,

but the wounds of the soul do not.

The wound of the soul is always seeking vengeance,

both in this life and even in the life beyond the grave.

It is a kind of wound that does not accept penance and does not demand settlement.

A kind of wound that has become a professor at the Patience and Perseverance Academy.

A professor who teaches his hardworking students how to use the blowing winds to make their spines straight,

instead of their old hunchbacked ones,

and how to paint murals of hopes on the rocky face of the frustrating years,

with the colors of the same bleeding wounds.

and how to use the pains of hot surfaces to train them to be among the most outstanding dancers,

and how to use the bitter darkness of their nights,

which shrouds and squeezes tightly upon their chests,

to extract the nectar of wisdom from the black flowers of their estrangement,

and how can their baptism in the river of purging pains,

transform their souls into purer ones,

when the holy love flies by its holy wings above,

and make their souls produce new roots and create their new destiny.

When the Bells Ring

Tomorrow, when he comes, the bells will ring from afar,

announcing the advent of the glorious happiness.

The glorious happiness that used to be bounded in the hearts.

The glorious happiness that used to hide in shame behind the windows of the eyes.

The glorious happiness that used to be bounded by the chains of the fears which lurk in the corridors of the palaces.

Tomorrow, when he comes, the bells will ring from afar,

announcing the glorious coming of the conqueror.

The conqueror who bears the banner of justice that has been eliminated.

Tomorrow, when he comes, the bells will ring from afar,

triggering the quake of the earth under the hooves of the horse of light.

The horse of light that will make the heavens and the earth tremble from the breath of his wrath.

The breath of his wrath that melts the mountains because of the weeping of those who are crushed in spirit.

The breath of his wrath that will explode the oceans because of the tears of the orphans and the widows.

Tomorrow, when he comes, the bells will ring from afar,

announcing the glory that will kiss the foreheads of those who kept the ray of love in their hearts,

despite the hordes of darkness that possessed the world.

Tomorrow, when he comes, the bells will ring from afar,

announcing the creation of a new word,

A new word worthy of the new universe,

this new word is the word "justice".

Ladder to Glory

The ability to withstand pain and adversity lies at the root of human strength.

It's all about managing the pain, getting up, and going on our ways,

despite the roar of brutal pain which is tearing the soul with its claws and fangs.

The more we fear pain, the more brutal and intense the pain becomes,

and whenever we try to avoid the encounter and run away from it,

the greater the jubilation and the flexion of its muscles from the ecstasy of victory.

But if we choose to face the pain, challenge it, and continue our way,

despite the storms of misery and adversity,

The pain would find no way but to step back and undo its claws.

It is the pain that has long enslaved the souls of the human race,

just for fear of meeting.

In the abyss of the well of pain, lie innate fears.

Innate fears that have long been considered the greatest horror of mankind.

The greatest horror which is always conceived as a majestic and towering wall,

that the masses do not dare to penetrate.

While daring heroes always take advantage of this majestic wall,

and use it as a ladder towards their remarkable achievements.

My Soul-Comrade

Calming the wailing of my wounded comrade gives me a strange calmness into my heart.

Wiping the tears of my stricken companion gives me mysterious soul tranquility.

A tranquility that passes peacefully through the corridors of my heart.

The staring eyes of my wounded comrade at the smoky sky in her desperate prayer,

still reminds me that there is the "One and the Only" who loves us in heaven,

regardless of the inferno of hatred that surrounds us on this earth.

The restless heartbeat of my wounded comrade echoed with the turmoil of the battlefields.

However, her anxious heartbeat is able to quell the terror of these sounds in my terrified heart.

This tense heartbeat is able to make me collect the remaining trace of my courage,

which was about to fade,

because of the bold sound of death declaring its dominance everywhere.

Death, darkness and pain could not make us forget our mutual wounds and pains.

Since then, staying in the same trench and predicting the same fate,

not only makes us two soldiers go through the same struggle,

it truly makes us two bodies sharing one soul.

A Flower of Hope

Thorns allied with drought to stifle the beautiful flower of hope.

The beautiful flower of hope that grew in a garden of endless love.

Endless love and care that transcend all limits.

A beautiful flower of hope that grows on the banks of the streams of kindness and tenderness.

The streams of kindness that spring from a heart of a true lover.

A faithful lover who protected the flowers of his garden from the poisonous, malicious winds.

The poisonous, malicious winds that refuse to let anything grow,

only the thorns of pains in the world.

The loving gardener made the nursery soil more fertile,

with the sweat of his hard work,

despite the harsh winter and thunderstorms,

or even the hot summer sun,

which cares a little about the gardener's struggle under the fire of its beams.

But the flower of hope will not lose sight of the gardener's dreams and hopes,

because the gardener's sweat is still running in her veins, giving her face a radiant freshness.

Her vibrant face that sparkles in defiance of harsh drought and choky, pitiless weeds,

even if the gardener is far away.

Homeland

I will fade into your bosom,

which embraces the graves of my long-lost loved ones.

I will fade into the rays of your eyes,

that radiate love and tenderness,

like the eyes of my late love at the moment of departure.

I will fade into your saintly sunshine,

when it casts its lenient rays upon your dreamy autumn clouds.

The golden rays of the sun that tickle the cheeks of the roses of your old trees,

on the banks of your mighty river.

Those roses that always smile cheerfully in the afternoon,

whenever young lovers pass by.

Sending their flowery greetings to the auspicious promises of their blooming love.

I will fade into the melodies of your nostalgic songs,

when your sun approaches its setting,

inspiring tones of affectionate melodies across the golden horizon of your magnificent riverbank.

Your gorgeous riverbank that witnessed the eternal cycle of rebirth and death of your great stories.

Stories of eternal majestic love that are rooted in the depths of bygone eras,

announcing the victory of love over death.

Declaring that love contains the true meaning of eternity between its folds.

That's why I will fade with passion into your bosom.

Perhaps I will be raised again as another creature on the banks of your river,

between the arms of my lover.

Conquering with my new soul the last moment of sunset.

Queen of Wisdom

The breeze of wisdom blows from your voice.

The breeze of wisdom that stirs the leaves of your old trees.

The trees of the ancient patience that never ceased to enclose the walls of your majestic palace.

Your majestic palace that still casts a condescending look at the passage of time on the banks of the Nile.

Your majestic palace which refused to be build, except as a gateway towards heaven.

The heaven which is your eternal path towards eternity.

In your eternity, there was a place for mercy and pity.

A unique mercy which was taught by your unprecedented forgiveness.

The unprecedented forgiveness that always springs from the hearts of the mighty ones.

The ancient mercy that could not help but to find a home in the hearts of the powerful ones.

The sages who were accustomed to heal every incurable disease and wound by patience.

The patient ones who used ancient wisdom to create order on the outskirts of a chaotic world.

The more I look into your self-confident eyes,

the more I become able to see how your unwavering beliefs had managed to establish and erect.

Erected unparalleled monuments by the utterance of your wise voice.

Your wise utterance that narrates your spectacular deeds,

to the palm trees around the walls of your glory.

When Fate Intervenes

When Fate steps in, the impossible becomes achievable and all its difficulties escape.

The frightened "impossible" gives over its trembling legs to the changing winds.

Nobody can stand up to Predestination's will.

Because if they want to defy Fate,

Fate would mock their defiance,

since their defiance is a basic requirement of Fate's plan.

In the very heart of Fate, lies the eternal wisdom.

The timeless wisdom containing the essence of flawless perfection.

As a result, an object and its polar opposite might operate as two soldiers in the same Fate's scheme.

and they would do nothing except achieving the same predetermined aims,

which are not contaminated by any trace of weakness or insufficiency.

As a result of the human mind's narrow horizons,

It might be seen as irony,

when something and its polar opposite collaborate to attain a same aim.

The same thing that was formerly destructive and ruinous to a human being, is now beneficial.

It is now the same thing that gives it pride and triumph.

So, it may be the same path that led to the demise of our hopes and the slaughter of our dreams.

is now the same route that we can see our happiness strolling down, wearing the wreaths of triumph and pride.

One of these ironies, perhaps, is the wide road along the seaside.

The road where we said our farewell in horrendous pain,

which pose a challenge to human perception's limits.

The road that has driven its fangs into our broken hearts without showing any trace of mercy or compassion.

It is now the same route that brings back to life our departed hopes.

The departed hopes that we give up believing in their resurrection because of the limited horizons of our human minds.

Mermaid

When the water of the sea runs in your veins,

The waves of the sea unite with your daring dancing soul.

The dancing soul that craves for freedom amid these rolling waves.

The long heavy sea waves as it advances towards the shore.

The empathetic rolling waves that did not remove all the traces of the sandcastles of your dreams.

When the sea breeze passes between your facial features and the strands of your hair,

I know that the tears of your cloudy autumn are about to appear in your mesmerizing eyes.

Your mesmerizing eyes that tell me about my country and my people,

who are still alive in your compassionate eyes.

The tenderness of your eyes that always swell with sad tears over my wounded heart,

and pours its merciful rain,

which you always keep it for me amid the passionate clouds of your autumn.

Your love for the dance of freedom among the waves of the raging sea,

taught me that the secret of your beauty lies in your rebellious heart.

Your rebellious heart that is always thirsty for life.

Your stubborn heart that is always able to fill my heart with heavenly happiness,

whenever I hear its beats into my heartbeat.

You reveal to me the hidden secrets of beauty,

when your heartbeat tastes like the water of the sea into my veins.

Therefore, whenever, the pains of my soul get embraced by the shores of Alexandria,

I always find you there,

since you claim to love Alexandria.

Let me tell you the truth,

you are not only someone who deeply loves Alexandria,

but also you are the Alexandria itself.

Redrawing our Angelic Faces

Amidst the graveyard of misunderstanding and neglect, I am still walking.

Hear the groan of your wounds moaning,

under the rubble of the grave of your spiritual loneliness.

Your spiritual loneliness and the cold dark emotional emptiness,

which have blown you with their forceful winds,

towards a land of a distant country.

A faraway country where you cannot see the reflection of your beautiful face,

on the glittering surfaces of the streams of longing and yearning,

which used to spring profusely from the crumbly rocks.

The crumbly rocks which originate from the hearts of your loved ones,

who remained stuck to the departure.

The departure that crumbled their hearts long ago,

by the unbearable pains of their passionate love.

But now, your beautiful face no longer has a place to be reflected on,

and make you able to ponder the charm of its features,

except for the turbid surfaces of stagnant water,

that the breath of life did not stir.

Deep in the graves of misunderstanding and neglect,

emotional death may have the power to reshape our features,

and recast our new identity.

Our new identity that becomes closer to human deformity, than to the ordinary human being.

The carefully balanced human being that grew up in the arms of love and care.

Between the arms of the oases of love and care,

which lie in the desert of the vast cosmic emptiness.

Always and forever, there is a sanctuary and a refuge,

and sweet rivers that originate from the springs of the pure tender hearts.

The sweet rivers those are able to redraw our old angelic features,

when the springs of life-giving love erupt,

and enables us to see our true features on the ripples of their glittering surfaces.

Desert Mirage

The desert mirage has magical effects on the hearts.

The hearts which are thirsty for kindness and tenderness.

The hearts that relentlessly rush towards the dreamy monuments of great hopes.

The dreamy unworldly hopes,

which only exist on the expanse of the horizon of the arid lifeless wastelands.

The hearts that are exhausted by the inferno of the scorching desert sun,

and the coldness of its nights,

which freezes the pulse of life in those agonized veins.

Those hearts that have no consolation,

except for the moaning of sadness, and the grumbling of pains.

Those hearts that embrace the sand of death in their sleep,

and cover themselves up with the all-encompassing cosmic darkness.

The cosmic darkness that does not allow anything to be seen through it,

except the oceans of blackness,

that swallows the souls in the catacombs of the caves of nothingness.

The nothingness that calls for the lost souls among the black dunes of darkness.

Those hearts that drink cactus when they are thirsty,

and eat sand when they get hungry.

Those hearts that could see the ghosts of terror walking in the darkness,

and the horrific roaming panic spreading on the horizon.

The horror of the void that makes the hearts fall into the abyss of the nonexistence.

Those hearts that always dream of drinking from the fountain of pure tenderness,

that springs under the tall palm trees.

The tall palm trees that never cease from offering lush shades,

to all weary travelers under their tranquil shades.

But the arid desert will not cease to be a wasteland without water for the weary travelers,

and the mirage in the desert will not cease to be an illusion for any thirsty heart.

No One But You

In the muted tones of the depth of the night,

I can hear the wordless songs of my sad heart,

telling me there is no one but you,

with whom I can only share my quiet hermitical walk on my long road.

In your obscure dusky sky,

I can hear a chant of a nightingale.

telling me there is no one but you,

who can shake the inert heart of the night by the glee of his melodies.

In the radiant countenance of you resurrected dawn,

when it emerges from the tomb of the last night,

I can see, in its sunny eyes, a glow of hope.

In the delicate droplets of your dew,

whose tears are still on the leaves of your twigs,

I can feel my unquenchable thirst for the day of coming together again.

The day of merging with the bewitching light of your morning.

The bewitching light that illuminates the hearts of the lost ones,

and the ones who are tired of the onerous burdens of this disconsolate world.

I can become full with the pleasant pulse of life that impels me to glorify your beauty,

when I see the pink blooming of your shy flowers.

Your shy flowers which are unable to hide the redness of their cheeks,

when the touches of the fingers of your life-giving spring pass by,

causing the renewed life to rise up from its slumber,

amid your harsh bitter winter forests.

Before the Fall of the Autumn Leaves

It's time to let go of your old sadness and put on a new dress of hope.

A new hope woven from the sun's rays,

when the bright sunshine manages to break free through the windows of your high-walled room.

The new hope dress that the seamstress of your eyes manages to sew,

whenever you look at the bright daylight that dispels the darkness still enveloping your walls.

The walls of your room which are still covered with the mournful colors of the autumn leaves.

The sad autumn that shed profuse tears on your walls,

when it saw the confinement of your cherished dreams.

The confinement of your dreams which are trapped in the same veins of the autumn leaves.

The autumn leaves that were growing on the tears of your sadness and despair.

The tears of sadness and despair that dried up when the day lit your way,

and a tiny smile began to appear shyly on your face.

a tiny smile capable of weaving a garment of hope, thread by thread,

when your facial features reflect the bright morning light.

The bright morning light that can sneak around the autumn clouds.

It can also escape your window's frame,

and make you able to interlace the threads of lights into a wonderful hope dress,

before the fall of the autumn leaves.

The Pillars of Fire and Smoke

In the compassionate look of your eyes,

lies the enigma of life.

The baffling secret that could stir the stability of the inanimate primordial black stillness.

The black stillness that whirled into waves of light,

by the immanent mystery of life.

The mystery of life that is capable of inspiriting and healing.

Healing the groans of the afflicted hearts of the lost ones,

who are shrouded by the clouds of their imprisonment,

in the far godforsaken wilderness.

The incomprehensible mystery of life that is able to return the alien to the bosom of his homeland,

and to return of the migrant birds to the same nest year after year,

after a long journey of travelling to an exotic land.

An exotic land that allows the growth of the thorns of pains and sorrow.

The sorrow of the distance between the birds and their mates.

In the intently look of your loving eyes,

lies the mystery of the eternal holy light.

The holy light that generates the sublimity of the holy joy.

The holy joy which flares up into the hearts of your dearly loved ones.

The grueling hearts of your loved ones,

who are haggard from walking in the narrowness of the uphill path.

The narrow ascending path that leads to the boundless love which radiates through your eyes.

The narrow ascending path under the thunderous night sky in your dire wilderness.

Guided by the pillars of fire and smoke.

The sacred fire that emanates from the flicker of your loving eyes.

Manipulative Partner

The manipulative partner always plays the role of a plotter who conspires with the enemy in time of war.

They usually align themselves with our difficult surrounding circumstances or our internal personal challenges.

This partner is more ferocious and destructive than the enemy itself at the time of combat.

Since these partners are aware of all the loopholes and weaknesses in their partner's psyche.

These weak loopholes that can facilitate the intrusion of our enemies.

Our enemies who can assume the abstract forms, such as our difficulties and tribulations or any tangible physical forms,

such as financial issues or chronic illness.

Because the majority of psychological weaknesses were formed in the psyche of the unfortunate victims during the early stages of their psychological development,

this weak emotional tenderness always remains attached to our deep-rooted fears and our repressed desires.

These deep-rooted fears and pent-up primary desires are the two sides of the same coin.

The only currency all manipulative partners use to deal with their victims.

Also, all these manipulative partners, despite their different styles and characteristics, share the same goal.

It is the psychological control over the souls of their partners,

and getting the upper hand in any given relationship.

Meaning, their partners should develop an emotional dependency upon them as the only source of their happiness and emotional satisfaction.

They often succeed in convincing their victims that they are worthless or merely a burden on the shoulder of the generous existence.

Therefore, they are the only and the unique gateway to happiness and survival of their victimized partners.

But it is truly shameful in this respect that the manipulative partners are themselves victims of great oppression and injustice.

Victims of great oppression and injustice because of what happened to them during their childhood or during their early stages of development.

But instead of thinking of their painful past as a lesson to offer educated help to themselves or the others in the battle of life,

they chose to ally with the forces of darkness, desiring to destroy themselves, which they have always hated,

and destroying the others.

The others who did not commit any sin except all their trust and love have been entrusted to them.

Guardian Angel

The castles of the misleading falsehoods perch on the mountains of deceit.

The mountains of deceit which encircle the cities of sorrow.

The mountains of deception whose high peaks invade the sky,

and their mountain ranges obscure the light of the distant and bright horizon of truth.

However, the castles of deceptive falsehoods were shocked at their deep foundation.

They were terrified deep inside,

when you spoke openly about the feelings of your compassionate heart between your eloquent lines.

Your lines that always smell like the fragrance of pure honesty.

The pure honesty that springs only from the hearts of the guardian angels.

The guardian angels who guard the citizens within the walls of the cities of sorrow.

The inhabitants of the cities of sorrow who always seek solace,

the comfort they feel whenever consoled in times of disappointment,

when they look at the soulful eyes of those angels.

Those angels who are able to conquer the darkness of the surrounding nights with the purity of their hearts.

The purity of their hearts that resembles the smile of a newborn baby.

The smile of babies that is capable of generating purity in the heart of the most wretched reprobate.

The miserable one who chose the paths of misguidance as a path in place of the path of guidance.

The one who chose the kingdom of lies as a homeland,

which under its shade, the flames of the sun increase,

and on account of the bitterness of its water, his thirst becomes more severe.

The cities of sorrow which are clever at fabricating lies and more creative at believing their own lies.

But your sincere words that spring from the depths of your heart,

are always able to tell the truth amid the lies of this mysterious world,

whenever you talk about yourself between the eloquent lines of your innocent angelic eyes.

Under the Wreckage of Broken Hearts

From the purity of your eyes arises the flooding daylight.

The flooding daylight that floods the squares with its purifying light.

The arenas which witnessed the futility of childhood and the rush of our youth.

The boyhood's rush towards the impossible dreams.

The impossible dreams which crouch between the fierce fangs of the difficult road.

The desolate harsh road, where the winds of sorrow howl like the beasts' howl in the wilderness.

The predatory monsters who rushed to tear apart our innocent childhood's dreams.

The dreams of youth that used to see the sparkle of your eyes as a guiding light,

amid the darkness of this difficult road.

In the sparkle of your eyes, the hopes of youth used to see the radiance of your eyes as a beacon,

amid the crashing waves of sorrow.

The waves of sorrow that used to crash amid the black sea of ??loss.

The black sea of ??loss that witnessed the farewell ceremony of the sun,

when the sunset wears the colors of mourning during the burial ceremony of the daytime.

And behold, the day shines again from the depths of the beauty of your eyes.

It shines on the squares of our youth again, announcing the long-awaited dawn of hope.

Announcing the dissipation of the clouds of sadness of our bygone years,

and the escape of our youthful dreams from the claws of the furious despair,

that still have the breath of life under the wreckage of our broken hearts.

Announcing the victory of the dawn of hope,

when we will walk together in the light of your pure eyes,

That will revive the innocent dreams of our childhood into our wrecked hearts.

Creation is Love

When the world paraded its beauty before the eyes of the heart,

its beauty could not worth the value of a single moment of sincere love.

Since the only thing that could give value to the world and all beings,

is when we feel beloved by our loved ones.

Because the cause of the sacred happiness that we sense when we feel beloved by our loved ones,

lies at the heart of the fact which states clearly that the essence of love is a creative force.

A creative force that can bring into existence all lost hearts.

The lost hearts which inhabit the abyss of the nothingness.

The sincere love that can summon the lost souls back to the realm of true existence again,

when we hear the glorified divine voice calling for our names.

The majestic divine order that commands us to rise up again in a new dimension of true life.

The reviving divine command that can summon our lost souls from the outside darkness,

where the weeping and the gnashing of teeth.

This command that can take the form of the affectionate pulse.

The affectionate pulse which is generated into the hearts of the ones who love us.

The affectionate pulse that constitutes the underlying raw material of all the existence.

Are not the matter and energy, in their abstract essence,

nothing but the a sort of vibrations brought about by the Absolute Being.

The vibration that was brought about by the Absolute Being into its eternal essence by its immortal creative will.

Therefore, when the material world boasted its material achievements,

It would not provide a sufficient power that is capable of summoning the hearts into the realm of true existence,

as they are still in the depths of the physical existence alone.

The physical existence that lacks the vibration of love,

which creates the pulse of life in all beings.

Therefore, when you love someone, you give them a real life amidst a real dimension of existence.

In other words, the fluctuation of the word "Be" which called all beings into existence,

is the same vibrant letters which emanate from the heart of a life-giving lover.

Flowers of Fire

O darkness of the night!

Spread your dreadful blackness on your servile horizon.

I am not afraid of the blackness of your darkness.

There is nothing after night, but a glaring streak of dawn rising in the distant sky.

O sad wind, moan!

Let me hear a tune that makes my heart happy.

Your moan expresses what goes through my heart.

O old wound, keep bleeding!

The color of your blood is like a garden flower,

that witnessed our love encounters.

O way of exile!

Get more difficult and incline higher.

In the darkness of your way, there is a giant stage.

The dreaming moon is allowed to display its dancing silver threads on its wounding rocks.

O thunder roar, increase brutally and violently!

Your voice has the power to empathize with my loneliness in this terrible void.

O volcano of pain, erupt!

Throw your raging lava on the slopes of the mountains and burn their trees.

Nothing after wreaking havoc on the earth,

but the trees of tomorrow sprout from your fertile ashes.

O flood of sadness, keep going crazy!

Destroy the dams of patience.

Nothing after demolishing the dams of patience,

but rebuilding the dams of undiminished struggle.

The Bridge of Silence

When the sounds of the night calm down on the bridge of silence,

and its hours start their night journey in the depth of its calmness,

and the crowding starts to disappear in the peacefulness of its tranquility,

and the dreams which are hidden into the folds of the soul,

start listening to the hymns of love that hover in the blackness of its sky,

and the lovers' hearts begin to communicate with each other through the mystic medium of the ether,

that includes and connects everything,

and from the somber colors of their sad nights, their hearts begin to paint some moments of

joy,

celebrating the merriment of their love.

The love that does not care about the illusion of the false barriers of space and time,

since the heartbeat of lovers is the essence of the existence,

before the creation of time or space.

The heartbeat of lovers who sends love letters between them,

regardless of the darkness of their surrounding nights,

and without being deciphered by anyone except themselves.

The heartbeat of lovers that meet on the bridge of silence,

which bridges between their despair and their hope.

The bridge of silence that allows lovers to reveal the secrets of their passionate love,

when the existence plunges into its eternal darkness,

and the heartbeat of lovers remains the only source of light and life,

amid the silence of this vast cosmic darkness.

Rib Cage

Your heart, imprisoned in its rib cage,

still sings its morning carols at the break of the dawn every day.

The break of the dawn that was delivered from the beats of your agile, graceful heart.

The dawn which tries to flirt with your fresh youthful heart,

whenever your heart smiles and leaps with joy.

The leaping heart that is leaping behind the bars of its captivity,

and is calling out the fading hope which has faded into the depths of your years.

Your youthful heart which its captivity could not lessen the pulse of its enchanting tones.

The enchanting melodies which were buried under the years of drought and thirsty.

The years of drought when the joy of their dreams withered on their dried branches.

The dry branches that used to bear the flowers of patience and forgiveness.

The flowers of patience that have always been dancing and swaying with the breath of your sighs in your lonely nights.

Your cold nights that have always made your heart ache with agony and the excruciating pains of parting.

The pains of parting which are boiling mad between the supple ribs of your rib cage.

Your rib cage that contains your slain dreams.

The slain dreams that still sing the morning carols at the break of the dawn every day.

When We Unite Again

When we unite again, our thirsty hearts will answer the call of the land of healing.

The land of healing where our wounds are united.

From our united wounds, the essence of healing will emanate.

The essence of healing which is rooted in each other's feeling of each other's pains.

When we unite again, our thirsty hearts will answer the call of the land of life.

The land of life where our lifeless hearts are united.

From our united lifeless hearts, the essence of life will emanate.

The essence of life which resides between the cracks of two lifeless hearts,

when they hug each other passionately,

and in the middle of their passionate hug, the light of life would be produced.

When we unite again, our thirsty hearts will answer the call of the land of beauty.

From our united hearts, the essence of beauty will emanate.

The essence of beauty which entails the acceptance of each other's shortcoming.

and from the concept of accepting each other's shortcoming,

the unmatched beauty would be produced.

When we unite again, our thirsty hearts will answer the call of the land of happiness.

From our united hearts, the essence of happiness will emanate.

The essence of happiness which works its miracles when our eyes overflow with the tears of empathy.

The tears of empathy that wipe off the sadness from the faces of our sad old dwellings and our depressed narrow lanes,

when the raindrops of the winter of our united hearts,

pour our tears upon the deserted roads of our lost decent memories.

Knocks on the Door of the Hearts

When the knocker knocks on the door of the hearts,

our intuition knows to whom this sound belongs.

You can hear his voice in the sea roar,

as it simulates the quintessential music of the primal universe.

The music that constitutes the basic core of the fabric of the unified universe,

when it resonates in the depths of our emotional existence.

When the knocker knocks on the door of the hearts,

our intuition knows to whom this sound belongs.

You can hear his voice in the scent of the flowers of the dreamy summer nights,

when the flowers hang in meekness and placidity over the walls of old villas.

The walls of the villas that are colored in the sad colors of the passing of the years.

When the knocker knocks on the door of the hearts,

our intuition knows to whom this sound belongs.

You can hear his voice in the gentle kiss of a mother as she kisses her child's head,

when she casts in her child's heart the pulse of motherliness that flows in her veins,

whereupon her child can grow on the whisper of her overflowing affection.

When the knocker knocks on the door of the hearts,

our intuition knows to whom this sound belongs.

You can hear his voice in the bright daylight on the faraway horizon.

The faraway horizon that accommodates the long-awaited dreams of the years,

whenever we stretch our hands and call upon them.

When the knocker knocks on the door of the hearts,

our intuition knows to whom this sound belongs.

You can hear his voice in the tears of the winter when it sheds its tears through the eyes of its merciful clouds.

The tears of the sympathetic winter,

that always shows empathy towards the leaves of a lonely tree grows in a barren desert.

The lonely tree that grows only on the tears of the merciful, compassionate knocker.

When the knocker knocks on the door of the hearts,

our intuition knows to whom this sound belongs.

It is true that we went astray and injured,

and lost our identities and hopes,

but despite the loss, our souls are still digging a tunnel for our return to the origin of that voice.

The Singing Lighthouse

When the angry nature loses control over its furious rage,

and loosens its dominant controlling grip on its volatile mood.

When its stormy winds roar and declare their blatant rebellion against the cosmic rules,

and the rapacious horde of waves rush frantically towards the shores.

When the thick, dark clouds erase the dying luster of the silvery light amid the darkened sky,

and they say to the moonlight,

it is not permissible for its light to intrude its silver light into the midst of the battle of the dark forces again.

When the hearts of the terrified sailors get stuck into their throats,

and the terrible watery mountains of death bombard their boats from everywhere,

and here "You" are in the middle of this stormy frothy sea,

standing on your tough rock,

like a mountain of light in the middle of a sea of darkness.

Calling upon your people by your soothing voice.

Your charming voice is melodious,

able to captivate the souls and the hearts,

away from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light.

The power of light that lies in the melodies of your mesmerizing voice.

A voice that emanates from the depths of a dreamy night in a distant horizon.

The distant, remote horizon that lies deep in your warm heart.

Your warm heart that makes the sailors lose their fears and burst into tears.

The tears that make up the beads of their rosary,

by which the sailors sing the sacred song of love.

Your voice guides them towards the song of love,

when you called them to their safety, away from the sea of darkness, towards the sea of glory and light.

Empty Chairs between the Tombs

We will return one day to our neighborhood and drown in the warmth of our fulfilled dreams.

We will return no matter how much time passes and the distance between us increases.

O heart, do not fall on the path of our return to our home.

There are still empty chairs between the tombs of our dreams,

under the leafy cemetery trees, waiting for us once again.

The trees which are standing left and right on our way back to our neighborhood.

*The lush cemetery trees that feed on the remains of our
past's sacrificed dreams.*

Our dreams that were sacrificed for the sake of achieving the glory of others.

The glowing incandescent glory,

whose flames can only be ignited by an extracted fuel from other people's tears.

The tears that quench the trees of the graves of our deceased dreams.

The trees in which the nightingale commemorates, in his nightly songs,

our promises of meeting again.

Our old promises of meeting again, whose lines were written by the tears of our hope and longing.

The longing and nostalgia that have debilitated our hearts on our way back home.

O heart, get up and shake off your sadness,

for there are still empty chairs, between the tombs of the cemetery, for us under the lush

shadows.

In the branches of those trees, nests the mournful nightingale,

who has immortalized our old promises in the verses of his poems that he reiterates over and over again.

My Safe Haven

In your eyes, my safe haven dwells.

A shielded haven that can only be found in the arms of mothers.

A glowing haven resides in your eyes,

commands me to expel all the fears that lurk in the folds of my heart.

A dazzling haven resides in your eyes,

orders me to dismiss all the doubts that sneak stealthily amid the corridors of my heart,

and let the sparkle of your eyes shines,

in the maze of the unfathomable darkness of my depths.

From the bewitching spell of your voice, the rivers of my dreams flow.

The rivers that irrigate the ruddy orchards of love in my abandoned valleys.

The river of your soft voice that can calm the turbulent conflicting forces in my soul,

and transform my inner turmoil into a kingdom of harmony and tranquility.

A kingdom of unique symphony of the finest melodies,

you are the only singer who can bring it to life.

The finest melodies of spellbinding chant of a holy magic,

that always flow from your fragrant breath,

when the resonance of your singing fills the universe.

From your pitying touch, stems every cure for my wounds,

when you hold me compassionately during my distress.

The compassionate hold of a mother who crosses the fiery valley of death,

carrying her bleeding son between her arms.

That is why I cannot find any safe haven except between your arms.

The shielded haven that can only be found in your motherly hug.

The Sweet Elopement

When the storms of misery strike the soul, they destroy and build at the same time.

When the storms of misery strike the soul, they eradicate and sow simultaneously,

since they could eradicate the weeds of weakness and meekness,

and they could also eradicate the weeds of the faintheartedness of heart and the infirmity of its purpose,

and sow instead the seeds of bravery and heroism.

The seeds of courageousness that enable them to face danger or pain without showing fear.

Since the storms of adversity are able to rub off the pillars of rust on their rusty hearts,

the rusty hearts that have grown up in the arms of the false ostentatious luxury.

The rusty hearts that have grown up in the bosom of the inability to resist the immediate gratification of whims and desires,

which clothes the souls with the robes of weakness and powerlessness.

The feeble soul that trembles with fear like the leaves of an aspen in a windy winter night,

when faced with the storms of affliction and misery.

The soul that flies in terror if it receives the slightest stroke of ill fortune.

Because they choose to escape the inevitable confrontation with their misfortune,

and enjoy a sweet elopement with their beloved lifelong defeatism,

and they willingly give up their free will to the wind of hardships to take them wherever it wants.

Nevertheless, the storms of tribulation are still able to scrape the layers of rust off their rusty hearts,

and give them a new lustrous vivid color.

A glowing lustrous metal that is becoming of a crown of a victorious conqueror.

The conqueror who is able to redeem his newly discovered heroism.

The Valley of Negligence

When the darkness of the night draws the curtains of its blackness upon the mournful horizon,

and its spooky silence stirs into the apprehensive hearts whatever it could stir.

The spooky silence that enshrouds the ceremonial grief.

The ceremonial grief which is attended by the melancholy trees.

The melancholy trees which stand with their shadowy heads bowed in the gloom.

They stand in a somber grief over the tragic departure of the sun into the sea of blackness.

The sea of blackness that encircles the island of the horrific Tyrant of Sorrow,

when he emerges from his abyssal cave,

declaring the dominance of the kingdom of sadness over the vulnerable lonely hearts,

and ruthlessly enforce them to join his deeply cherished permanent folk song.

His eternal anthem which praises the excruciating suffering and the horrific pains.

The excruciating pains that spring from the deep wells of the lonely hearts.

The wells of the repressed pains that explode with sadness,

when the mighty sorrow hovers in the night sky,

calling out those lonely hearts from behind the curtains of his ancient darkness.

His ancient black clouds of belittling and humiliation.

The contemptuous black smoke that emerges from the disparaging eyes of this careless world.

The indifferent world who judged that the lonely hearts should suffer alone in its lifeless valley of neglect.

The lifeless wilderness of neglect which the world takes pride in owning the patent of its invention,

and achieving a glorious victory when its negligence crushes these vulnerable lonely hearts.

The Acoustic Strings of the Heart

The joyous symphony of love is the storm of happiness that blows through the doors of the heart when we fall in love.

It is the wondrous rhythmic impulses, generated in the heart,

when the storm of love hits the stage,

and its winds begin to strike the emotional acoustic strings of that heart.

The emotional acoustic strings of a heart that were covered in heaps of the dust of grief.

The dust that piled up on the strings of the heart's musical instrument.

The piles of dust that compromised their playful and vibrant strings,

as the heart traveled its whole life in the sandstorms of grief.

That's why when the strong wind of love invades the heart,

it hits its strings and makes it capable of producing a type of tune that has never been heard of before.

The unique melodies which enable those who love to resonate and interact with the immense symphony of the entire universe.

The whole universe, in which, all its coherent parts interact harmoniously and inseparably from each other.

All its inseparable harmonious parts sing together the immense song of praise.

A gigantic song of praise that glorifies and praises the breath of its Author who is able to stir and produce life in everything.

That is why, the stirring of the acoustic strings of the musical instrument of the hearts of the lovers,

makes their hearts delicately fine-tuned,

and make them able to listen attentively and resonate perfectly with the gigantic, all-encompassing universal song of praise.

That is why, the storm of happiness that blows through the doors of the heart when we fall in love,

not only make us resonate and interact with our beloved ones efficiently,

but it actually makes us able to resonate in unison with all the beautiful inherent melodies in all the entire fabric of the universe,

and with the glorious life-giver breath of the Composer himself.

The Lonely Lover

An old story is told by the passing of days.

Its lines are written by the fleeting hours.

An old story is told by the passing of days.

Its pages are preserved into the hearts of the nightly hours.

An old story is told by the passing of days.

It is about unveiling the untold story of a lonely lover.

The untold story of a lonely lover who lives in the absolute solitude.

The absolute solitude which is ever present in the inexplicable weird melodies of the blackness of the nightly hours.

The absolute solitude which is ever present in the voiceless stillness of the queer silence.

A lonely lover, you can feel his presence, on every street corner.

A lonely lover, with an indescribable pain in his heart, standing alone, looking at the passersby.

A lonely lover, you can feel his presence, at every crossroads.

A lonely lover, with an indescribable pain in his heart, standing alone, looking at the passersby.

When his compassionate heart feels sad for the passersby,

its compassionate pulse turns into a flux of tears.

A flux of tears which mingles with a torrent of crystal raindrops.

A torrent of crystal raindrops that falls on the windowpanes of the depressed widows.

The depressed widows who are listening to the inexplicable weird melodies of the blackness of the nightly hours.

The melodies which tell them about a unique loving heart.

A unique loving heart that is always very near.

When his compassionate heart feels sad for the passersby,

its sadness always turns into a bitter sigh.

A bitter sigh which mingles with the cool autumn breeze.

The cool autumn breeze that blows smoothly on the foreheads of the homeless children.

The wordless autumn breeze that tells the homeless children about the unique caring heart which is still very near.

An old story is told by the passing of days.

Its lines are written by the fleeting hours.

It is about unveiling the untold story of a lonely lover.

A lonely lover, in each captivating landscape, you can see him sitting alone,

Sitting alone, painting his masterpieces,

neglected by all.

The Scandalous Delusion

The charming morning chirping of a songbird hails the bright light of your morning.

Your gentle ray of glory spreads out at the first ray of your daylight.

Your dazzling beauty becomes revealed in the morning when you exhale your brilliant light.

Your gorgeous light that declares its eminent beauty through the joyous immigrant morning.

The immigrant morning that passes over the fertile and arid lands,

till it shines over the scent of your fragrant flowers.

Your dazzling light is a whisper of hope that passes by the inert buds,

and awakens the drowsy flowers in the variegated orchards.

The colorful fields that was enshrouded in a misty night the day before.

The long night that folded the flowers of hope under the thick roof of a sky of illusion.

The egregious black darkness that has always claimed that the smiling face of the morning is one of its wondrous signs.

The scandalous delusion that always directs the nighttime travelers towards the opposite direction of your route.

The travelers who have embarked into a long journey,

seeking a purpose and meaning for their lives.

The travelers who have never been guided under a misty black sky at night before.

Since they are still not sure, if the faint light in the distant horizon, is sunrise or sunset.

As they are still misled by the blackness of the night which claims to be the splendor of your daylight.

Because they have grown up in the depths of the labyrinths of the caves of the pitch-black nights,

and have never seen your cheerful radiant glory in the morning before.

The Rattle of Mortality

The rattle of mortality will crawl through the veins of the trees of your garden and all your flowers will wither away.

All the lush appearance of your garden will be reduced to the realm of wrinkles and wilting.

All the tree leaves will fall and succumb to the stormy winter winds, casting them anywhere.

Over the years, the winter's tears will paint the walls of our homes with the color of sorrow,

and the hue of the mournful departure will cover our doorways.

When the days pass, the streets and lanes will forget us, and they will be mindful of another ones,

just as they forget the ones who preceded us.

The ones who used to pursue their dreams on these roads before.

When the days pass, the walking faces in the streets will not pay the slightest attention towards us,

and the old faces will never be met again.

Since they will be assigned to the realm of oblivion where they may be more fortunate,

since the oblivion may show more care.

Even the places that used to witness our romantic encounters will be demolished.

They will be unceremoniously torn down and replaced triumphantly with new ones.

The new ones that will mock our defeat by the passing of time,

as if they have granted the assignment of immortality by their imaginary partial favorable Fate.

The passage of time will steal the glimmer of happiness from our eyes,

and will replace it with the gloomy darkness of grief,

that will have been accumulated over our eyes for years.

The passage of time will steal the mellow songs of hope from our hearts,

and replace them with the mournful sad songs of wailing despair,

and the lonely nights will show a gloating smile on their sordid faces,

when the spiteful nights see our defenselessness,

because of the gradual creepy internal demolishing, caused by the passage of years.

But your youthful beauty will stay forever roaming our old streets,

calling upon our previous joyful lives behind the ancient dilapidated walls.

Your everlasting beauty will keep gaining its renewed youth from the auspicious rays of the sun.

The rejuvenating light of hope that always shines on your angelic countenance everyday.

The light of hope that fills your heart,

and will make your eternal youth continue to laugh merrily at our old meeting places.

Because your eternal youth is my everlasting love,

and my eternal love for you will never ever fade away.

Black Forest

In the gentle clouds hovering over the flowing water,

your face sparkles bashfully like a jewel hiding behind the fluffy morning clouds.

A shining face like a gleaming gem that derives its light from the purity of its heart.

A heart that reflects the light of the bright morning that spreads its rays over the vast green plains.

The green plains that stretch so deep into the expanse of the meadows of your spacious heart.

The specious meadows where your fresh and lively youth rejoices.

Your youth that rocks the wildflowers with joy when you runs around.

When your youth sings, the whole deserted forest listened intently.

The entire gloomy forest echoes your singing with joy.

Your angelic voice whose melodies can gather the birds of the air.

The birds of the air that join the choir of your heart's singing band.

Your lyrical heart that dispels the fog of the heart of the black forest by the light of its cheerful melodies.

The lonely heart of the forest which is inhabited by the horror of its ghostly stillness.

The ghostly stillness that spreads a sense of terrifying loneliness around the untrodden corners of the forest.

But now your shining face becomes the sun of this dark forest that dispels the gloom of its nights.

and now your voice resonates with the melodies of its chirpy birds over its bubbling currents.

The bubbling gleaming currents which reflect the lights of your fascinating eyes.

You have become the bright delight of this black forest.

The Mountain of Serenity

Here we are again, rushing with all our might,

towards our repressed cherished memories, and towards our quiescent hopes.

Here we are again, rushing with all our might,

impelled by our irresistible heartbeat, in pursuit of our inhumed dreams.

Here we are again, rushing with all our might,

breaking free from many years of all-encompassing soul enslavement.

Our soul bondage that abides in the grip of our tyrannous nights.

Our tyrannous nights that pulled our souls apart, and in the blackness of their nights, we where deeply engulfed.

Here we are again, rushing with all our might,

caressing affectionately our bleeding wounds, wiping out our unsuppressed tears,

and drawing sincerely reassuring smiles on our wistful faces.

The wasted faces that we got as a result of many years of accumulative grief.

Here we are again, rushing with all our might,

heading towards the top of our sanctuary that resides on the top of the mountain of our towering love.

Our towering love that keeps increasing with the passing of years.

Here we are again, rushing with all our might,

heading towards our reclusive shrine that resides on the top of the mountain of our spiritual

peace.

Here we are again, rushing with all our might,

heading towards our home which resides on top of the Mountain of our Serenity.

The mountain which is soaring high in the night sky, away from the insane agitation of this hectic world.

Here we are again, rushing with all our might,

heading towards our blessed heaven that resides into our hearts,

whenever we climb together the mountain of our upcoming days.

Wordless Love Letter

His true voice can only be heard amidst the melodies of his lovely songs.

The songs that penetrate and navigate the depths of our hearts when we listen carefully.

The melodies that vibrate so deeply and tell tales about the glory of their harmonious beauty.

Your harmonious beauty that forces us to dance merrily,

whenever the tremor of life suddenly erupts, as we listen to your music attentively.

Your musical vibe that takes us away from our tedious worldly lives and our lifelong sadness.

The sadness of a lifetime that always fades away,

whenever we hear your voice in the revitalizing winds that stir the dancing waves of your sea.

The revitalizing wind that invades the soul and moves it towards an immortal dance of real life.

The real life that we can feel when we unfold, with the eyes of our mind, the lines of your love letters.

Your love letters that are passionately written on the tender pages of your flowers.

The lines that can tell us what billions upon billions of textbooks cannot tell about how the glorious true love should look like.

The lines that can reveal what billions upon billions of melodies cannot reveal about the enchanting musicality of your creative voice.

Your creative voice that has taken the form of a colossal sacred love song.

The colossal sacred love song that can only be preserved by our limited Senses as our material universe.

Your Final Abode

The thick walls of the grandiose edifice of sadness cannot prevent your ghost from reaching out to my heart.

High walls cannot restrict or affect our meetings day or night.

Towering walls have nothing to do with the heart that can hear the quiet whisper of your love.

The silent whisper of love that often takes the form of a silent longing in the depth of the night.

The silent longing that is still surreptitiously crawling into the depths of my heart.

The silent longing that is still calling upon me to rush toward our old deserted roads.

The hidden longing that still invites me to resume our old dreams.

To resume our dreams, when we could roam those streets, hand in hand again.

Wandering the old streets which were the scene of our great night show.

The night show that used to be the theatrical show of our unfolded dreams.

Our unfolded dreams that reshaped all our surrounding reality in an unprecedented delightful way,

and painted the existence in the pink color of our newborn dream.

It brought to our hearts a storm of unspeakable happiness when we saw the radiant love in each other's eyes.

But now there is only the darkness of the thick walls of the grandiose edifice of grief,

which still cannot prevent your ghost from reaching out to my heart.

Because the eternal abode of your ghost is in the depths of my heart.

The Absolute Essence

The Absolute Essence is everything and encompasses everything.

The Absolute Essence must exist by necessity,

because there is no other controlling or restricting force that can restrict its existence or its all-encompassing attributes or potentialities,

which must exist by necessity too, as an inevitable inherent nature of the definition of the term "Absolute".

The Absolute Essence is the fundamental and the underlying cause of every possible thing.

Since it always exists out of the sheer necessity and it is absolutely one fundamental substance, lies at the core of the essence of the existence itself.

Which means, the word "Existence" and the "Absolute Essence" is fundamentally the same thing.

As a result, nothing can exist outside the "Absolute Essence" or the "Absolute Existence" since it encompasses all the possibilities and all the potentialities.

Since the Absolute Essence encompasses all the possible attributes and all the possible potentialities, it can cause any differentiation into its unchangeable ever exist essence only through quantum differentiation, which leads directly to quality differentiation.

The "Quantity Differentiation" is the essence of the word Creation for any possible thing.

The "Quantity Integration" is the essence of the word Annihilation for any possible thing.

The only method that has been used to produce that quantum changing into the Absolute Essence was through the vibratory movement of its essence which produced fixed organized patterns of waves.

These fixed organized patterns of waves are the core of all the matters and energy of this universe.

In other words, this universe is just an organized and coordinated waves into the Absolute Essence, which have been produced by the free will of the Absolute Essence itself.

When the Absolute Essence decided to create the Heaven and Earth, it induced these fixed organized pattern of waves into its Fundamental Essence and everything was created according to its free will in the same manner.

The Dark Energy which is inhered into the fabric of the universe and is the driving force behind its expansion, is nothing but the free will of the Absolute Essence itself.

The Dark Matter which keeps the universe held together, is nothing but the free will of the Absolute Essence too.

That is why this universe was created through the fixed patterns of organized waves into its Absolute Existence through the vibration which has been induced by the direct command "Be".

And in the "same manner" the universe will be annihilated and reduced to the nothingness and recreated again in the form of New Heavens and New Earth through the vibration effects of the word "Be" as well.

The Uttermost Stupidity

It doesn't matter if you really love him or not.

It is more than enough to appease him with your physical ritual ceremonies alone.

Physical movements mean a lot to him,

because genuine affection and sincere love are so invisible, and unfortunately, no one might see them except him.

Do not forget he cares more about the others who are supposed to witness and bear a solemn testimony to your spectacular faithful deeds as well.

It doesn't matter if you love your neighbor as you love yourself or not,

still your ritual practice, in their due form, means a lot to him,

because your neighbor doesn't deserve to be loved anyway,

since he doesn't share you the same personal beliefs.

It does not matter at all to be a true helper or a genuine supporter,

in times of hardships and adversities, for the vulnerable or the needy people.

What really matters is to stay a faithful adherent to your dignified ritual practices,

because those needy individuals are the main cause of their current misery,

due to their bad decisions and their uttermost stupidity.

It doesn't matter at all that you should have a well-established logical rational belief in him.

What really matters is to follow the mob blindly wherever they go,

because it is virtually impossible to assume that all these herds are wrong except you.

It does not matter to pay any attention to his visual word in nature when he tries to speak directly about his glory.

It is much better to listen to the idiots and the feeble-minded individuals when they talk about him,

since he could not speak eloquently or make himself clear in his visual messages,

which have taken the form of this material universe.

Believe me it does not matter at all to love him or love his world,

it is better to be a worshiper of hatred than a worshiper of the Unconditional Lover.

a worshiper of hatred who faithfully represents his imaginary pagan god,

not the real God of love who speaks about his glory in every single atom in his extremely expressive universe.

The Silent Flute

You still inhabit the stillness of the silence when you call upon me voicelessly.

Without saying a word, your pulse is able to stir the quietness,

and turns it into smooth waves of warmth and love.

The loving waves of your throbbing heart that surmount the intrinsic boundaries of space and time.

The loving waves of your pounding heart that overcomes the ingrained pains of the inexorable suffering.

The loving waves of your pulse that traverse the immanent limitation of the modest words.

The limited words that cannot quench the vast swathes of the years of thirst.

The humble words that cannot irrigate the empty spaces of the deserted emptiness.

The frivolous words that cannot fulfill the prolonged emotional unfulfillment.

When the throb of your heart stirs the quietness,

the inert melodies in the fabric of the dark nights start to move and dance,

and from the womb of the very darkness,

the newborn light starts to rearrange the black fabric into radiating rapturous melodies.

The pulse of your heart is able to order these rapturous melodies to be erected as lofty as the dreamy palaces.

The dreamy palaces that invade the black ceiling of the stillness of the silence.

The imposing palaces that rule the new kingdom of rapturous melodies when you call upon me voicelessly.

Fabricating an Answer

When a person cries bitterly, and asks mournfully for an answer,

the universal silence stands still boastfully , and in its perpetual indifference,

his bitter sobbing usually receives no answer.

When a person cries bitterly, and asks mournfully for an answer,

the bragging cosmic mechanism does not pay the slightest attention to his wailing,

and in its contemptuous scornful eyes, his wailing is usually unanswered.

When a person cries bitterly, and asks mournfully for an answer,

the desolate lonely nights exhale their cold breath impatiently,

and amid their vacant cold heart, his hot tears usually find no answer.

When a person cries bitterly, and asks mournfully for an answer,

those close to him may fake some tears, and in their deaf, inattentive ears,

his agony usually finds no place to rest its head, save on their impassive unmoved cold shoulders.

When a person cries bitterly, and asks mournfully for an answer,

the crowded streets shrug their shoulders condescendingly and say:

A grain of sand on our sidewalk, is not worthy to receive any answer.

When a person cries bitterly, and asks mournfully for an answer,

the Providence is the only one who would listen carefully to his pains,

and is the only one who always offers the tormented soul an inspired answer.

But unfortunately, the inspired answer cannot be interpreted by the inherent limitation of the human mind,

and the tormented soul cannot find any solace, except through fabricating an answer.

The Day when the Earth is Turned into another Earth

The Absolute Essence encompasses all the potentialities and all the possibilities,

for everything must exist out of necessity, as long as there is no restrictive force outside its being.

A stronger force than this entity which could restrict its existence, or influence its inherent capabilities.

This is why the Absolute Entity has the unrestricted ability to do or will anything.

The Absolute Essence allowed the occurrence of fixed patterns of wavelike movements into the Absolute Uniformity.

These wavelike movements in the Absolute Uniformity caused quantum differentiation which produced quality variation in the absolutely unified essence of the Absolute Entity.

These wavelike movements which produced the quantum differentiation, is what meant exactly by the word "be" which produced all the form of matter and energy in this universe.

The structure of the current state of the universe is maintained through a fine adjustment of a delicate balance between what are called the dark energy and the dark matter.

Dark matter is responsible for keeping the universe together, which is meant by the force of gravity.

Dark energy is responsible for keeping this universe in a continuous state of expansion and also for creating new forms of matter and energy.

Both of these fundamental forces are nothing more than the free will of the Absolute Entity itself.

Gradually, over time, the dark energy will gain ground and the delicate balance between the dark matter and the dark energy will shift in favor of the dark energy.

In this case, the expansion rate of the universe will continue to increase steadily over time until the entire universe passes through what is called the Big Rip.

The Big Rip means that all the fabric of space and time will expand frantically.

All galaxies and all solar systems will be separated hectically and all the form of matter will be torn apart and disintegrate,

and the whole universe will return once again to its original state of the Absolute Uniformity,

and in the exact same way through which the first universe was created,

the new universe will go through the same process of creation again, by the direct Divine Order which is the word "Be".

Phoenix

Hostility and ill-treatment created an indomitable genie.

A mighty genie that is impossible to subdue or defeat.

A wounded genie who was buried under the wreckage of injustice.

Beneath the ancient ruins of devastation and destruction, the wounded genie is still roaring wildly.

Still roaring like a great thunder whose cry cuts through the silence of the dreary nights.

A roaring thunder that sends a terrifying tremor around the four corners of the earth.

A fierce earthquake declares that the inflamed soul cannot be buried under the heaps of oppression and pain for long.

The piles of pain and oppression could only erect a towering mountain.

The piles of pain could only set up a majestic mountain.

A stately mountain that casts a contemptuous look at the surrounding oppressive hatred.

No one can deny that the heart of the mountain is still burning with old aches and pains.

However, the high mountain is still a formidable defiant challenge.

A formidable challenge throughout the ages, because the fire of hatred could only recast iron into a stronger form.

But when the mountain collapses due to earthquakes, tribulations, or great disasters,

The buried genie will be released, spreading its wings wide over the horizon like a giant phoenix.

A giant phoenix, the fire of hatred could only give it a new rebirth.

A rebirth like a giant glowing bird that announces the victory of the unwavering

determination over the surrounding ocean of hatred.

None other than Yourself

Seeing you on your horseback.

Traversing the rough terrain, sparks are emitting from your horse's hooves.

Gasping for breath, your horse's breaths, stirring the silence of the vast expanse.

Rivaling the glowing sunlight, your glowing shield, when it shines on the horizons.

Casting terror into the heart of the terror itself, your amputator sword, when you wave it, shining bright, under the blazing sun.

Blowing the earth with your wild horse's hooves, I can feel the trembling ground.

like lightning falling from a furious thunderous sky, shocking heavens and earth, in a fit of horrific tremor, when you rush towards the fortified castle.

Feelings uncontrollable terror, in their hearts, the castle guards, immediately show their loyalty and bow in awe.

Rushing towards the underground prison, unlocking the rusty bars, out of unparalleled compassion, setting free the prisoner for life.

Getting out of the fortified castle, in allegiance, everyone falls to his knees, rushing with the prisoner on the back of your horse.

Racing the winds, with the prisoner on the back of your horse, who was none other than yourself.

The Throne of the Joyful Delight

From the depths of the confining darkness at the bottom of the well of sorrow,

I ascend to the throne of the joyful delight, and come back to you.

Amid the pool of the blood of my wounds,

I gain my life again, and return to your healing bosom.

After so many years of aimless wandering in the middle of the barren desert of the existential alienation,

I could distinguish my way around, and return to the arms of your tenderness.

After staying a lifetime in the thick dark layers of the caves of neglect, in the valleys of oblivion,

under the black sky of the depressing bitter winter, I could hear your soothing voice,

showing me the way, through the intricate caves of the dark maze.

I come back to you because I am the words of your book,

and the lines of your destiny, written on the palms of your hands.

I am your soul and your innermost core, and your years that have been mingled into my years.

I am the empty hall in which your enchanting voice is still echoing.

and the musical instrument whose strings are still vibrating because of your fascinating breath.

I belong to you, and the barren desert of the existential alienation is going to turn into a mother's hug,

when your compassionate tears fill the well of sadness,

from which I will ascend to the throne of the joyful delight, and come back to you.

Painless Life

On my shoulder, from the tender heart of Heaven, your tears fall like the gentle rain.

The soft rain, mixed with the seeds of dormant sadness, lies deep in the core of my affliction.

Like the early morning dew, your tears, awaken the drowsy leaves.

The sleepy leaves of the old dreams, strangled by the thorns of sadness.

In our nights of extreme misery, these thorns of sadness always grow.

They always grow and strangle our hearts with despair.

On my shoulder, from the tender heart of Heaven, your tears fall like the gentle rain.

The gentle rain that fills the wells of the rejuvenating springs.

The rejuvenating springs that enliven the trembling life in the veins of the lifeless leaves.

As you make them encircle the dancing flowers,

when they sway with the breeze of your sobbing tears.

Your sobbing tears are capable of infiltrating the cracks of my heart,

and in its most hidden recesses, dispel the darkness of the tormenting years.

On my shoulder, from the tender heart of Heaven, your tears fall like the gentle rain.

Like the torrent of rain that sweeps away the barrier of the natural boundaries.

The natural boundaries of the illusive hills between the two of us,

and in our new spacious land, our new life can find a life free of pain again.

Walking through the Fire

I still remember the place of your home that lies behind the land of sadness.

I still remember the place of your home that lies behind the blazing fire of suffering and pains.

Your home resides in the heart of the rosy smiling dawn.

The smiling dawn that is able to shake the deep foundation of the arrogant force.

The arrogant force of the tyrannical dark kingdom.

The kingdom of apocalyptic darkness that spreads its terrifying black clouds over the trembling face of the horizon.

The gloomy and pessimistic black kingdom that refuses to have any seat,

except for the Black Despair as its capital.

The black despair that spreads into our hearts like the shapes of the spider's web in broken glass.

The broken glass that becomes opaque with the smoke of sorrow,

and murky because of the tears of the bitter wintry rains.

I still remember the place of your home that lies behind the land of sadness.

I still remember the place of your home that lies behind the blazing fire of suffering and pains.

Your home resides in the heart of the unattainable dreams.

The unreachable dreams that lie behind the mountains of the human weakness.

The mountains of human weakness that constitute insurmountable barriers for all the feeble souls.

The feeble souls that become disheartened when they forget the place of your home.

The place of your home which resides in the pulse of all the daring hearts.

The unflinching hearts that are still willing to traverse the land of sadness,

because they still remember the place of your home.

The place of your home that always lies behind the blazing fire of suffering and pains.

The Psalm of a Mighty Heart

Unruly like the raging winds howl in the spacious squares.

The wintry squares where the winds utter their shrillish cry of the fervid anger.

Furious like a wrathful sea rushes with its menacing waves towards the shore.

The ruthless waves that never tire,

and do not get tired of hitting the helpless shore with their utmost violence and tyranny.

Mighty as a booming thunder shakes the horizon.

Decisive as the spear of lightning rips the darkness of the pitch-black sky apart.

***Stubborn like a brave dream stands up in defiance of
the steadfast despair.***

Resilient as a hopeful heart digs through an insurmountable barrier.

The insurmountable barrier that has been erected to keep the hearts apart.

The invincible castle that incapacitated the invaders at its gates.

The lover's heart will break into its impervious gates,

when the inert heroism becomes aroused in his heart by the loving eyes of his beloved one.

The Singing Angel

In the peaceful calmness of your voice, an eternal soft, sweet waves of melodies,

move smoothly amid an ocean of secluded tranquility.

An eternal tranquil ocean, on its shores, grow the quiet trees of the serene felicity.

The lush trees whose branches extend in the width of the pure clear sky.

The vast sky that witnesses the birth of the glorious morning because of the whisper of your singing.

Your soothing voice sends the existence into an ecstasy, lulled by the peaceful calmness of your chanting.

Your chanting instills reverence in the heart of the stubborn wretch,

and turns him into a devout worshiper, walking on the shores of the ocean of the secluded tranquility.

Able to fathom the revelation of life, mingled with the sacred fragrance of your angelic singing.

The melodious inspiration of life that are declared from above the dewy morning roses,

and between the butterflies' fluttery dancing.

Your singing has summed up the secret of the beauty of the sacred harmonized existence.

The most sacred beauty which is calling everyone to reside in the kingdom of peace.

The kingdom of peace in which the birds of the eternal freedom sing your melodies.

On the Roads of the Cold Cosmic Emptiness

These are the ancient streets that stretch out in the depth of time between the walls of our old longing.

The unfulfilled longing for love that covered the old walls with the tears of the black mournful nights.

The sad nights that witnessed the death of the murdered dreams under the weight of the dire sadness.

The deep sorrows that left indelible imprints between the cracks of the timeworn crumbly walls.

The crumbly walls whose shabby windows overlook our emotional emptiness during our solitary walk.

The agony of our otherworldly spiritual hunger which is always aggravated by the solo walk on the gloomy old alleys.

The emotional hunger that springs from the depths of the wounds of our spiritual hemorrhage.

The spiritual bleeding that we usually feel when we wade through the darkness of this black cosmic emptiness.

The cold cosmic emptiness, far from the warmth of the proximity of our loved ones.

The spiritual hunger that groans between the ribs and amid the mournful rumblings of the souls.

The mournful rumblings of the souls, whose groan are always echoed by the sad faces of the crumbly, worn-out walls,

and are always mocked vehemently by the ruthless cruelty of our solitary, desolate walk.

So, it is still that eternal calling in the depths of my soul,

calling for your soul, that we may walk together, holding your hand,

in the dead of night, on the roads of the cold cosmic emptiness.

Fulfilling our spiritual longing, dispelling the void of our bitter cold nights through the warmth of our united souls.

Treasure Island

Here we are, on the paths of our treasure, walking together and our hopes are outrunning us.

Our hopes are running, through their dreams, towards our treasure island.

In the uncharted seas of our new world,

our hopes are the ships that we use to navigate the sprawling sea between ambition and reality.

The sea that separates despair from hope.

The sea that has always been a graveyard for all sailors who have got lost,

as they did not consider the light of their hearts as a guiding star behind the thick clouds of illusion.

Our treasure island is found in the depths of our souls and in the folds of our hearts.

Our treasure is the joyous pulse of life that has been inundated by the rough waves of the worldly trials.

The ordeals of life that bombarded our ships from all directions,

and our lives were unceremoniously thrown into a merciless sea of pitch-black ??darkness,

where there is no anchorage or dry land.

Where there is no anchorage or solid ground, and we are finally trapped between regret, sadness and despair.

In the journey of the hearts, that yearn for the impossible, whenever they cross the black seas of pain,

man is always caught between escaping his bitter past and pursuing his impossible dreams.

The impossible dreams that can only inhabit our treasure island,

where we can sing the hymn of our rebirth.

The joyous hymn that glorifies reaching the treasure of our rebirth in our new hearts.

Bridges over the Dark Abyss

Your reassuring words are able to dig the paths of hope in the depths of the rugged rocks of the arid souls.

Your reassuring words are able to obliterate the mountain ranges of fears.

The mountains of fears that have been erected into the terrified hearts,

and allow a vast expanse of profound serenity to be seen again.

Your reassuring words are able to calm down the devastating dragons of our doubt and uncertainty.

The uncertainty that wreaks havoc on the false feelings of our security.

The false safety that always means nothing in the face of our life's raging calamities.

The angry disasters that have been insulting our existence long ago without previous warning.

The calamities of life that could uproot any trace of human achievements,

from the fragile tenuous sandy face of this planet,

and re-establish the rule of the brute chaos on the thrones of the illusions of power,

into the hearts of the helpless human race.

Your words are able to build bridges over the dark bottomless abyss of the eternal cosmic darkness.

The abyssal darkness that lurks in the depths of tormented souls.

The tormented souls that reside in the black ocean of the nothingness.

Those who are waiting desperately to gain the light of life through your words.

The Doors of the Impossible

When we knock on the doors of the impossible,

we cannot hear any satisfying answer in return,

except for a terrifying resounding thunder.

A booming thunder of a dire collapse.

The dire collapse of the Babylonian tower of our emotional aspiration.

The thick, fortified, nailed door that allows nothing to pass through.

Nothing is allowed to pass through that formidable gate,

except what exacerbates the wounds of our bleeding hearts at its doorstep.

The door that is decorated with the graves of the aspiring dreamers.

The martyrs who only managed to increase the robustness of its stubbornness.

The deceased dreamers who could only offer their fighting corpses as a kind of reinforcement nails.

The irrational dreamers who were the only victims of their unworldly expectations.

The extra-mundane expectations in the face of the daunting challenges and the insurmountable height of this timeless door.

The eternal door that always shows defiantly its ugly head,

whenever we try seriously to pursue our happiness in any possible direction.

Ironically, it usually takes advantage of our fervent efforts,

and use them as protective beams for its unbeatable fortification.

Since someone's failure to get through that gate,

can dissuade others from approaching those intimidating prestigious territories.

Courageous and serious efforts have turned into a mass deterrent that reinforces the unbeatable nature of that impossible door.

Regretfully, beyond that impossible door, exists the fountain of our happiness.

The source of our happiness that has been sought since the creation of the so-called hopes and dreams.

Dead by Dawn

At the core of the frustrating human weakness, your permanent abode always exists.

In the very heart of human powerlessness,

your sarcastic laughter can be heard so loudly, emerges from your creepy lasting residence.

The smell of the deep bleeding wounds, always entice you into getting out of your appalling cave.

Roam the earth, feed on the sadness of the vulnerable, pitiful, helpless ones.

Ruthlessly attack the lost and the misled ones, away from their trodden roads.

Into the fragile hearts of the naive, you tear the germinative dreams of the hopeful dreamers apart.

Instead, demonically, plant into their green hearts, the seeds of doubt, anxiety, and the confounding uncertainty.

Mercilessly, throw them into a hazy world of ambiguous vague vision,

and an insidious vicious circle of self-doubt and humiliating worthlessness.

Spread your ancient idea about the superiority of your fiery nature,

over the humble, meek, peacemakers, in the midst of your arrogant, fiery, filthy world.

Crush them with your unrealistic artificial fears and illusion,

which you always cast into their overconfident trusting hearts in your suggestive words.

Trap their innocent childish souls into your favorite propagated fallacy of your perpetual darkness,

and the death of the inevitable upcoming dawn.

I am not sure if I have done anything wrong in my past life or not,

to be punished by seeing your stupid sarcastic face,

wherever I go, or try vigorously to seek my dreams in this world,

and hearing your empty threat of swallowing my soul,

into your horrific darkness, when you see any trace of hopeful simile on my face.

But I am so sure about making you swallow my crushing shoe,

***when I crush your ugly head under the feet of the ever-existing, unquenchable, dazzling,
upcoming, bright dawn.***

I Know Your Coming is Drawing Near

Whenever the reviving cold autumnal nights lull my troubled heart,

I know your coming is drawing near.

Whenever the autumnal breeze affectionately kiss and cuddle my face with its rejoicing dancing rhythm,

I know your coming is drawing near.

Whenever the autumnal sky hides the glaring face of my bold sun with its tearful somber clouds,

I know your coming is drawing near.

Whenever the cryptic yearning autumnal melodies creep into the untrodden recesses of my soul,

and point towards our homeland,

our homeland that makes the autumnal breeze carry our nostalgic messages,

I know your coming is drawing near.

Whenever the dim lighted bleak roads call at my heart so furtively,

and the mysterious warmth of your immaterial presence starts to join their calling,

I know your coming is drawing near.

Whenever our despondent, deserted dreams supplicate us to return and discover their burial place,

I know your coming is drawing near.

Whenever the autumnal tears wash out the dark leaves of the trees around the graves of our buried dreams,

and the wind begins to unearth them and revives our hopes again,

I know your coming is drawing near.

Whenever our resurrected dreams rise from their graves under the misty gray roof of the autumnal sky,

and embrace each other passionately in their graveyard,

I know your coming is drawing near.

The Cities of Grief

In the cities of the mournful darkness,

our souls are separated apart by the frustrating grief of black smoke.

The black smoke that paints its grotesque shapes on their monotonous gray walls.

The monotonous walls that mimic a perpetual vicious circle.

The vicious circle of our boring, aimless, meaningless, daily walk.

Walking meaninglessly among the complicated paths.

The intricate paths that do nothing but exacerbate the pains of our parting.

Our parting from the long-forgotten true essence of our identity,

and from the true calling of our deeper souls.

The deep souls that were imprisoned into our throbbing hearts,

and under the sadness of black smoke, billowing mightily in our veins.

The black smoke of our sad songs that created endless frustrating nights.

Devastating nights that spread on our past and on our noon to come.

The upcoming noon that could hardly find any trace of the vibrant pulse of life,

in the depths of our shattered hearts.

The lonely hearts that are always looking for a helping hand.

A rescuer's hand amid the overcrowded and careless roads of the cities of sorrow.

The roads of the cities of grief that can only offer mournful nights of dominating pains for the lonely collapsed souls.

The lonely souls who are still on a desperate search for a savior.

A promised savior who is hopefully still roaming the desolate roads of the cities of pains.

The savior who cannot be anyone,

except the unity of the dejected lonely souls on the same desolate roads.

When You Heave a Sigh

In the ocean of your unlimited love,

the dreamy nights sail through the ravishing moonlit waves.

The magical waves that are always stirred when you heave a sigh.

A sigh that can navigate the oceans of the entire world as you search for your lost soul.

Your lost soul on the shores of our dreamy nights.

Our dreamy nights that used to be our unique realm.

Our exclusive world as our spirits traverse the material confinements of this world.

The material boundaries that have imprisoned our seething souls for so long.

Our frustrated, infuriated souls that have been imprisoned in the island of misjudgment and dereliction.

The willful neglect that has dimmed the radiant glow of our true quintessence from the start.

The fundamental core of our true essence that has been reduced to a mere backdrop.

The sketchy scenery covers the back of the trivial flimsy affairs of this world.

A world that has been a colossal stage for a lot nonsensical frivolous displays.

The meaningless performances that have drifted our souls away from the shores of our dreamy nights.

The dreamy nights that your sweet breath let them out when you heave a sigh.

The blazing breath that always stirs the glamorous waves in the ocean of your unlimited love.

The Gypsy Heart

Under the roof of the blue dome,

When the rebellious wind mates with the stubborn waves,

your insurgent heart is born.

When the rays of the scorching sun cause the rocks of the rugged mountains to become dilapidated,

the firmness of your sturdy heart is revealed.

The resolute heart that gives your face its strong, determined countenance.

When the harsh winter tests the patience of the long-suffering forest,

your heart remains steadfast until the advent of the promised spring.

Your glowing heart always gives your enchanting eyes their captivating beauty.

The eyes that always receives their hazel colors whenever the autumn's leaves fall.

and your hair gets its gleaming blackness,

when the autumn's misty moonless sky becomes covered with its fluffy clouds.

When the waves of the ocean summon your soul, that belongs to its depth, at its core,

your wild heart dances in this turbulent ocean,

as its rough waves resonate, so deeply, with your wild rhythm of life.

You always dance barefoot on the sands of your dreamy oceans.

Producing seismic waves of happiness,

into the bark of the trees that rehearse your singing,

when they emit their aromatic breath,

which enlivens the somber heart of the inert horizon.

You real abode always resides deep into my soul,

as an eternal calling that calls for the wild freedom.

The wild freedom that inhibits my throbbing heart,

whenever it overflows with the stubborn, rebellious, unbridled love.

Wonderland

In the stillness of the night,

your eternal voiceless voice is still calling so loudly.

Calling mutely in the immense emptiness of my heart that contains nothing,

except for its black void.

The black void that has united with the depressing misty night sky from the very beginning.

Your unfathomable voice is always there,

calling at my soul which was consigned to the realm of oblivion.

The realm of oblivion that reigns over the dejected streets of the night.

Your indecipherable voice is always there,

calling through the unfathomable messages of your incomprehensible essence.

The incomprehensible essence that always stirs the stillness of the black waves of the night.

The black waves that engulf the face of the existence with their gloomy darkness.

Your puzzling messages always subdue the subservient limitations of my mind.

Whereas, they are still deeply addressing the fundamental core of my being.

My true existence that feels hypnotized,

whenever your occult messages reveal the mysteries of the wonderland to my forsaken heart.

The wonderland that cannot be found except in the other dimensions.

The other dimension that inhabits the boundless void of the black waves that flow at night.

The wonderland that belongs to the long-forgotten original light of life.

The light of life that does not abandon the silent cry,

in the immense void of my heart that contains nothing.

Your Wintry Breath

Your gentle singing holds all the mesmerizing secrets of the dark wintry nights.

The dark wintry nights that dwell in the depths of our united souls.

The dark wintry nights whose soulful calling never fails to invite our yearning souls all over the year.

The cloudy wintry nights that take pride in wearing their soulful attire.

Their thick, fluffy, weeping, cloudy clothes during our meeting at night.

The cloudy winter nights that take my breath away,

whenever your breath covers the windows of our meeting places with its sweet mist.

The magical fog that hides the dark melancholy deserted streets from my vision.

The entrancing vapor that navigates through the somber nights when you sing.

The somber nights that reveal their mysteries,

whenever I gaze deeply into the enchanting charm of your captivating hazel eyes.

Your hazel eyes that tell about the enigmatic sad stories of the dejected weeping winter.

The weeping winter whose tears are able to stain the walls of the desolate stately villas.

The walls that witness the gathering of the dancing flowers,

when they dance to the beat of your spellbinding singing.

The fascinating songs that are able to bring the winter back,

and clean with their tears the bleeding wounds of my soul.

My lifelong pains that are no longer able to find a place in my heart,

whenever the mist of your sweet singing breath,

reshapes the gloom of our meeting places and our old streets.

A torch in the Wind

Her eyes house the inexhaustible wells of the holy marriage between mercy and strength.

The holy marriage that gave birth to a noble knight in her spacious heart.

A brave knight, the nobility of pursuit of justice,

always radiates brilliantly from her dignified forehead.

Hardships, adversities, and the storms of calamity, only added fertility to the fruitful gardens of her heart.

Her heart always wanders the plains of the arid lands,

sowing the seeds of hope and dreams into the rigged, antagonistic soil.

The antagonistic terrain that usually gives way to the currents of mercy,

which overflow from the irresistible gaze of her compassionate eyes.

On the back of her horse of peace and war, as a knight who fights for the cause of the kingdom of beauty,

still holds her sword so firmly.

Her sword is her words that draw the boundaries between the ancient labyrinths of the intricate caves of darkness,

and the first line of the break of dawn.

The upcoming break of the dawn that the dignified light of her forehead always assures its coming.

The upcoming dawn that resides in her penetrative eyes.

The piercing eyes that are capable of intimidating the thick clouds of the arrogant injustice.

The arrogant injustice that always clouds the smoky sky of the aggrieved hearts.

Her eyes house the inexhaustible wells of the holy marriage between mercy and strength.

A holy marriage that gave birth to a noble knight in her spacious heart.

The Great Escape

We will meet again, erasing the lines of sorrow,

written on the old worn pages of our years.

We will meet again, drying the springs of tears,

digging their grooves in our lean withered cheeks.

We will meet again, driving away the ghosts of our ancient fears,

painting their terror on the walls of our old dilapidated buildings.

We will meet again, dispelling the thick fog of the wintry nights,

perching on the silence of our empty streets.

We will meet again, drawing a laughing dawn,

on the lips of a frowning dreary somber sky.

We will meet again, stretching our hands towards the call of tomorrow's hope,

calling softly for our souls behind the walls of the graves of our slain dreams.

We will meet again, casting the years of wandering and loss from our accounts,

allowing only your dawn to emerge from my dawn.

We will meet again, neglecting our past wounds,

casting us into the darkness of a crushing neglectful cave.

We will meet again, digging our salvation tunnel through the stubborn rocks of that cave.

We will meet again, digging the tunnel of our great escape.

We will meet again, digging the tunnel of the great escape towards the city of our biggest dream.

We will meet again, running away towards the city of our greatest dream,

that still resides into our grief-stricken hearts.

Spiritual Isolation Castle

If you water the gardens of hope in your heart,

they will bear abundant fruit in your songs.

If you sing to cheer up the rejected hearts, without expecting a reward,

your pains will melt away.

If the pain in your heart fades away,

your songs will joyfully shake the pitch-black darkness of our gloomy nights.

If the darkness of our nights begin to be shaken by the ecstasy of your dreamy songs,

our dreams will be woven together in an impenetrable shield of light.

If we put on the shield of light on our vulnerable hearts,

we will be able to invade our invincible spiritual isolation castle,

riding on our irresistible divine chariots of light.

If we manage to conquer the invincible spiritual isolation castle,

with our unified fortified chariots of light,

all of us will be apostles, preaching the advent of the kingdom of the delightful light.

If the kingdom of light reigns in the place of our lonely gloomy nights,

the engraved names of the wretched ones will be erased,

from the stony face of the ancient book of misery.

If the names of the wretched ones are erased from the accursed book of misery,

their names will be written again on the tender foliage of the book of life.

If you water the gardens of hope in your songs,

the foliage of the book of life will sprout again.

If you sing to cheer up the rejected hearts, without expecting a reward,

The dreams of the wretched ones will be woven into your hopeful dreams again.

You are Despicable

You are despicable no matter how hard you try to discourage us from continuing our way.

You are despicable no matter you never get tired of using your timeworn ancient deceptive ways.

You are despicable since your deceptive ways always fall short of originality and flair.

You are despicable because you never get tired of using your ancient magnet for attracting the ones who go astray.

Your polar opposites of false hopes and irrational despair.

You are despicable no matter how much you fuel our false hopes with our wishful thinking,

and irrigate our despair with our irrational fears.

You are despicable no matter how hard you cowardly cover your traps with the seductive lure of our emotional hunger,

and the steep cliffs with our unworldly dreams.

You are despicable because of your intricate unending deceptive roads,

which always lead to the same starting point or towards your deeply cherished nowhere.

You are despicable because you never cover your ugly face in proper manner,

and always leave a trace of your residual repugnant scent floating in the air.

You are despicable because of your contrived pseudoscience and your knowledgeable fake.

Your frivolous contrived knowledge about your countless trivial worldly matters,

and the blanket ignorance of the true purpose and meaning of our lives here.

The Imaginary Rusty Bars

Under the towering edifice of the tyrannical heartless castle,

in the thick darkness of the old forgotten dungeons,

between the dingy, moldy, appalling walls,

the lonely forlorn souls still live and breathe.

Still live and breathe the very faint stream of air,

that managed to escape the rusty barred windows and doors.

In the dimly lit neglected vaults of oblivion and abandonment,

the eternal home of lonely souls always remains.

Behind the rusty bars of unbearable desolation and gloom,

resides the permanent prison of lonely hearts.

The unalterable place that never change,

between the cutting edges of the plaintive days and the melancholy nights.

The sad days of the solo wailing in the inescapable confinement of the spiritual ostracism.

The spiritual alienation in the barren land of the screaming mournful nights.

The melancholy nights that cut deep through the hearts of the lonely ones,

and throw their bleeding pieces into the arid and scorching desert.

Throw their remains to the hyenas of the dreadful furious excruciating nights.

The ferocious beasts of darkness that prey on the despondent and vagrant souls.

The wandering souls who roam the ruins of this cold world,

seeking the warmth of the sweet whisper of the soothing kindness.

The comforting goodness that can isolate the dejected souls away from the bitter cloudy winter nights.

The lonely nights that can penetrate the souls with their poisonous piercing sadness.

The chronic toxic sadness that took the form of rusty bars.

The imaginary rusty bars that are able to keep the dejected hearts into their spiritual imprisonment forever.

The Holy Sacred Secret

The waves of life are still swaying and dancing on the surface of the greatest ocean of eternal lights.

The waves of life are still leaping with glorious joy and happiness,

whenever they are moved by the will of the eternal ocean of lights from non-existence to existence.

The waves of life dance with ecstasy and joy after gaining the bliss of life and the sense of a single self.

Despite acquiring a unique sense of a separate self,

they still retain the glorious light and the sanctity of the original ocean of lights.

This primordial holiness is the basic foundation of the true happiness,

that causes the newly created waves of life to still dance in joyful merriment at the very roots of their existence.

Their new existence that gave them a sense of unique individuality and free will.

An autonomous freewill derived from their original source, the eternal ocean of life and light.

The joyous dancing waves of the newly created life expressed their holy happiness in the smiling faces of little children,

and their joyous play among the flowers of gardens.

The joyous dancing waves of the newly created life expressed their holy happiness in the harmonious and well-organized behavior of all innocent animals.

The joyous dancing waves of the newly created life expressed their holy happiness in every beautiful moral behavior of all creatures.

But the further the wave of the primordial ocean of sacred light travels,

as a pure choice of its free will,

the more it loses its intrinsic sense of happiness and life.

The more the wave stay adherent and in harmony with its source of light and life,

the more it retains the holy sacred secret of the holy glorious happiness in its heart.

The holy sacred happiness that we can see with our own eyes and perceive with our minds in the hearts of innocent little children.

The Unequaled Disciple

On this solid rock, I will build my imposing edifice.

On the unshakable shoulders of this mighty soul,

my imposing edifice will be erected.

On the shoulders of the unwavering defiance,

in the face of the storms of doubt and uncertainty,

my words will be established.

In the very heart of this insightful intuition,

my words will resonate profoundly.

In this sharp and piercing mind, which is always able to see far beyond the mere face value of anything,

my words will settle into the warmth of a very attentive heart.

In this soulful, tender heart, my words will germinate abundantly.

They will sprout and produce joyful melodies into the hearts of the dejected ones.

They will grow like the upcoming spring's tender leaves,

and enshroud the confounded uncertain minds with the light of the guiding wisdom.

The guiding wisdom that is deeply inherent in the essence of the life-giving words.

The life-giving words that will grow like the thick entangled branches,

into the hearts of the genuine lovers.

The thick entangled branches that will shelter the masses, crushed in soul, under their lush shade.

The lush shade that always offers asylum for the homeless and the outcast ones.

The outcasts who do not belong to the deep-rooted darkness of this material world.

The darkness that will be crushed if it falls on that solid rock,

Or will be totally annihilated if my solid rock falls on it.

Assimilation

I will inhale the horrific ghoul of pain so deeply into my lungs.

I will inhale the appalling spectrum of tremendous pain and let it run frenziedly into my veins.

I will let the pain invade, penetrate, and rock every single atom of my being.

I will let the pain shake and threaten tremendously the deep foundation of my existence,

and throw its terror into my terrified soul.

I will let the pain rise to its podium and continue its timeworn speech.

The overused speech about my ancient engraved worthlessness,

on the preserved walls of the predestined inevitable defeat.

The pervasive dogma about the humble surrender of the meek souls,

to the grinding mill of the unmitigated, unbearable pain.

I will assimilate and contemplate the hurricanes of pains into my severely tormented heart.

The hurricanes that emanate from the fiery mouth of the dragon of sadness when its roar deafens my ears.

The menacing thunderous roar of sadness that merciless uproots and cruelly eradicates.

I will breathe the horrific booming thunderous voice of sadness so deeply into my lungs,

and let its seismic waves run perfectly parallelly through my veins.

I will let its shocking waves come together, reinforce each other, and move justly one way.

Very reinforced, united seismic waves, frantically fueling my muscles and my brain.

An indescribable inner earthquake will lead me towards the ostentatious ogre of astounding pain,

and make me teach it a valuable lesson about how the real pain should be.

Just Keep Silent!

Just keep silent and do not say a word about him,

and let his flowers tell you something about him.

Let his flowers tell you that the ultimate beauty belongs only to him.

Let his soulful music, taking place in the surrounding space,

owing to the geometric design of his petals,

tell you that the faultless harmonized melodies belong only to him.

Just keep silent and do not say a word about him,

and let his marvelous feat of the language of colors,

displayed in the assemblage of his flowers,

speaks deeply within the depths of your unconscious awareness.

The moving message which has been written on the tender surface of these petals,

addresses the depth of the unfathomable darkened recesses into our souls,

whenever we see the ineffable love speaks of his glory in the small dewdrops on these petals.

This soul-stirring discourse which is always capable of shaking the inert foundation of our existence.

The direct divine message that is meant to address everyone in a very direct manner.

A direct form that speaks so explicitly of the inconceivable attributes.

The real attributes of the originator and author of this letter.

A letter about the incomprehensible glorious attributes that cannot be expressed by the mere limited words of humans.

The humans who seldom pay any attention to these love messages,

And they will never give up documenting their faults and shortcomings,

in the apocryphal letters that have always been attributed to him.

Just keep silent and do not say a word about him,

and let his flowers tell you something about him.

Let his flowers tell you that the ultimate beauty belongs only to him.

Worldly Life

In a ramshackle desolate room, an old decrepit man sits alone.

He sits alone with a heavy look in his weary eyes.

A sullen look was etched on his countenance,

as the sadness of the years left its lasting marks on his wrinkled face.

A gloomy look of sadness has become an integral part of his melancholic countenance.

He sits pondering on a dilapidated chair.

A wobbly chair with shaky legs.

Staring through the cracks of his room's window.

He could see little boys playing noisily,

among the neglected wilted plants in his ruined garden.

They play and laugh in excessively joyous manner and in high spirits way.

They are playing around, carelessly crushing the remains of the wilted plants under their feet.

The plants that used to be watered by his hopes and dreams.

The cherished remains of these dried plants are being trodden upon,

so carelessly under mindless sloppy feet.

The carefree and playful feet which belong to the bright faces,

who think that the flowers on their faces are an everlasting blooming.

The eternal flowering that has nothing to do with the next fall.

The withered old man gets angry and tries to stand up and shout at those boisterous boys.

But he could see now the gloomy autumn clouds looming over the distant horizon.

The inevitable autumnal ending for all the flowers unaware of the passage of time.

So, he sits in his dilapidated chair again, with a very tiny spiteful simile,

that might seem noticeable now on his wilted face.

A Big Tragedy in a Little Balcony

When she begins to feel the caressing of morning breath on her soft cheeks,

and its breeze starts to stir the silken strands of her hair,

*and the merry rays of the sun starts to reveal her gorgeous beauty that usually dazzles
the beholders' eyes,*

she breathes out a heavy sigh.

A grave sigh that can burn the flowers,

hanging from the wrought-iron railings of her balcony.

Contemplating the light of the holy morning that has begun to fill the four corners of the horizon,

with the mellowness of its perpetual rapture of rebirth.

The perpetual rebirth that is capable of resuscitating the happiness,

robbed by the depressing hours of the night.

The gloom of night hours still lingering in the sky of her bright morning.

Rendering her heart incapable of receiving the influx of the invigorating force,

inherent in the beautiful rays of the sun.

The animating force that is capable of resuscitating our hopes and rejuvenating our dreams.

Our dreams about far more better tomorrow.

The bright sunlight usually nurses them in the soil of young hearts.

But her very young heart cannot yet receive the message of the rejuvenative morning.

Her tender heart is still submerged in her sadness,

and she cannot join the congregational singing of birds in branches,

when they see the glorious morning light heralds the dawn of hope.

Lovely flowers, nearby lake, dancing treetops, fluffy clouds, and ice caps on the mountainous tops mean nothing to her now.

Her whole universe has taken the form of a tiny rectangular apparatus which is usually called smartphone,

and the last received message has depressed her greatly,

and reduced all her hopes to nothingness, in spite of her very young age.

Questioning herself, is the One who created the Heavens and Earth still able to create another suitable partner,

like the unmatched, unequalled, unparalleled, peerless ex who has sadly sent this devastating message?

Unfinished Bridge

Placing his hands on the steering wheel, while his head is still in the clouds, he drives.

In his ethereal radio, he listens to his fancy songs.

On a fanciful road lined with basil flowers, a moonstruck driver drives his luxurious car,

down a highway that stretches further and further into his irrational mind.

Not paying even a passing glance to road signs or directions.

The incense rising from his rosy dreams' censer obscures the road signs on his highway.

To any airy fairy dreamlike mentality, warning signs mean nothing,

as long as they believe that their hopes and wishes are the only forces at work in their fantastical worlds.

Their world, which is built on the pillars of their guesswork as well as their incredible creative imagination.

These sensory, visual, and auditory hallucinations, which are frequently dubbed "fantastic imagination."

Still in his luxury car, cruising down a dreamy road paved with his wishful thinking and his ingenious form of escapism.

The fantastic imagination that magically manipulates road warning signs and makes welcome panels out of them.

Despite the large red sign that reads "Unfinished Bridge,"

"Fishing Bridge" was the wishful mind's interpretation.

Despite having been disconnected from reality for a lifetime,

reality never shies away from catching up with those who try to avoid it,

and it always catches up with them in a tragic way.

The Sheep and the Goats

The compassionate heart will react so speedily,

and will rush immediately towards the distressed and the needy.

The compassionate heart is drawn inexorably by the rushing currents of mercy.

The heart that is bursting at the seams with rivers of reviving mercy.

The rivers that pour from underneath the Throne of the Merciful One.

The divine rivers, which are unrestricted by any material dams,

whether these dams are built out of self-interest or fear.

The empathetic heart is like gentle rain, falling like divine tears on the wilted land,

after the dying land's inhabitants have given up all hope of survival,

and were thrown into the bottomless pit of despair.

The inhabitants of the bottomless pit of despair, who will feel ashamed of their previous pessimism,

when they shall be saved by caring revitalizing merciful tears.

The compassionate heart, which is always full of joy whenever it could bring a smile to the upset eyes,

and takes great pleasure in alleviating the plight of the poor.

The pleasures that have a permanent home in the unfettered gushing river of the mercy's unchangeable core.

The unchangeable core that runs through all positive attributes,

and serves as the stem of all fruitful branches.

Whereas the branches that do not bear fruit, on the other hand, will be denied life itself.

Because they refused to yield the fruit of the revivifying water of kindness.

The Shepherd

When the shepherd plays his flute at dusk, the compassionate sun refuses to set.

When the sun sets, it is well aware that the horizon will be dominated by apocalyptic terror.

The evil that lurks in the realm of darkness and is eagerly awaiting the sheep.

The sheep that continue to wander aimlessly through the woods.

They had no idea what awaits them in the dense forest's convoluted passageways.

The perplexingly built pathways that are always covered by the dense fog of ignorance.

At night, the ferocious wolves are still prowling the earth.

When night descends, demons always emerge from the hell's caves.

They come from the bowels of hell seeking vengeance and revenge.

The malice and hatred that always dwell in the mutant heart of the envious darkness.

The spiteful darkness that always begrudges the incredible hilarity of life's pulse into the intact innocent hearts.

The pure, innocent hearts that grow up beneath the shelter of the shepherd's mighty arms.

The huge arms that have been a real source of agony for the darkness.

Whereas, the melodic flute has been touched by their loving touch.

The loving touch that persuades the flute to perform its most enchanting songs,

which are well known to the sheep's hearts.

The enchanting tunes that can only be heard in the twilight shortly before sun sitting,

when the horizon finally accepts the inevitable encompassing darkness,

and the sheep hurriedly retreat to sanctuary under the mighty arms,

as the panic spreads its unbelievable fear over the pitch-black horizon.

Flux of Life

The appalling towering walls of the night start to collapse,

when the first rays of the dawn have appeared,

challenging the formidable spooky winged clouds dominating the dark crimson sky,

and the murky black sea gradually has become less scary,

as the hidden submerged terror steadily fades away.

The foggy mist that has crept over the historic alleyways begins to evaporate.

The ancient fear that used to lurk in the dimly lighted passageways vanishes into thin air,

and the vicious demons on the street corners, who have now nowhere to hide, start to retreat.

When the light penetrates the old houses,

the ghosts who never feel tired of peeking through shattered windows start to fade.

The dancing phantoms on the tops of trees begin to fly away,

and the treetops begin to regain their pleasant appearance once again.

In deference to the newborn bright dawn,

street light poles start to lose their spectral aspect,

and stop generating their yellowish dreary light.

As the morning rises, the drearily dull sorrowful shadows overarching our hearts start to wane.

As the horizon begins to dress in its pink costume of pure bliss,

the lingering sadness dissolved in the murky muddy currents into our hearts,

start to turn into crystal clear streams of life.

The luminous flux of life that waters our resurrected hearts at the early hours of the morning every day.

Radiant flow of life, perpetually moving in the endless cycle of death and rebirth,

when the dreadful high walls of depressing night crumble,

and the Conqueror of darkness enters our hearts.

The Scavenger Vultures of Despair

The scavenger vultures of despair are still prowling the wasteland's sky.

In this desert where survival is unthinkable, they are impatiently awaiting their victims.

Clear blue sky without clouds or even a speck of shadow on the ground.

Antagonizing all forms of life with scorching heat and apocalyptic drought.

Terrible glare surrounded the lonely traveler stranded on the burning sands.

Burning sands that just don't care if a traveler is terribly thirsty or in extreme pain.

The physical and emotional needs that must be burnt on the surface of this flaming dust of this cursed world.

The flaming dust that bears witness to the most heinous act of folly.

The foolish act of seeking the water of life in the middle of a desert,

far away from the true fountains of love and compassion.

The springs of genuine love that were unable to fulfill the imprisoned souls.

The trapped souls that were enslaved in this wretched desert by the yokes of their misguided wishful thoughts.

The wishful thoughts that usually harbor childish pride.

The naive vanity that made them feel as though they could reach out their hands and touch the glittering stars.

The twinkling stars in the faraway desert's black dome.

The unwarranted vanity that usually provides its bearer with a false impression of power,

and causes the mind to underestimate the genuine values or the real dimensions of almost everything.

The vastness of the cosmos that cannot be comprehended just by staring at dazzling things in its dark dome,

or even the relative mobility of each gleaming item in relation to its heavenly counterpart.

Knowing the components of something does not imply that you comprehend its essence,

or have any influence over its actions.

So, what awaits this misguided mindset in the endless cosmic desert, amid its unbearable harsh arid regions?

Will they be able to maintain their grip on the sparkling stars?

or will they collapse to the ground and will only be able to grip the searing sand?

Finally, satisfying the long-desired wishes of despair's greedy vultures,

who patrol the flaring sky of the arid desert.

Sauce Cans

Between ourselves and our dreams stands a massive barrier made of a thick reinforced door.

A massive man-made barrier that reaches all the way to the sky has cut us off from our true selves.

It is the ferocious winds of this antagonistic world that have stripped us of our original identity.

Our original identity, which was predisposed genetically to seek the greater meaning and purpose of life.

The higher purpose of existence that can bestow unparalleled dignity and distinct characteristics on the human race.

The distinguished characteristics that make each individual appear so unique,

and adequately convey their distinct melodies among the gigantic universal symphony.

The unique musical composition that can make anyone appear to be a one-of-a-kind painting,

with its own unique spot on the world's massive gallery walls.

Individuality and originality, on the other hand, are unfortunately incompatible with the mindset and strategy of the sauce can factory,

and they never go hand in hand with the rites of worshipping the deities of the holy stereotype, nor with the ideology of mass production.

The ideology of mass production as a means of meeting the market's ever-increasing demand for flawless uniformity.

Throughout history, the cruel gods of faultless likeness, in their holy shrine of indisputable uniformity, have proven themselves to be the most terrifying deities.

Peer pressure or the looming danger of social excommunication in any given culture can be a terrible punishment for misbehaving novelty seekers.

Since the dawn of human history, no one has been able to explain why the punishment of being expelled from any social gathering can be so terrifying to human beings.

That is why, through antiquity, the ever-profitable sauce cans factory has yielded untold fortune,

making unique individualism and the need for novelty appear more infamous vice than the original sin,

especially, for the ones who want to defy the wrathful pagan gods of the exact resemblance and the inflexible uniformity by simply being themselves.

So, it is seems more comfortable to allow these gods to display the one-of-a-kind artworks on the high-built walls around their holy temple,

where they can kindly accept our submitted dreams as offerings to boost their sauce can factory's productivity.

Nightmare

Your soothing voice can be heard like the rattle of morning breath passing through the tender leaves.

When it slips between the delicate branches and reaches my window, your soft breath awakens me.

It awakens me, like the rays of your smiling sun that escape from my room's drapes and dance gleefully on my white ceiling.

The ceiling, which has been transformed into a white canvas ready to be painted with your morning lights' exuberant dances.

The glorious mornings that used to replenish our pure souls when we were kids.

Long before the cobwebs of sadness clung to the nooks and crannies of our hearts,

and the shadowy ghosts of sorrow sat in the rocking chairs, staring frightfully into our eyes.

When we walk or sit, a winged, thorny-headed dark ghost of black anguish descends on our chests.

He digs his poisonous fangs into our hearts, draining the happy life force out of them.

With his clawed hands, he presses tightly on our necks to prevent the breath of life from re-entering again,

and with his claws, the demon of depression rips open our guts,

infusing them with the scalding black water of diabolic hell.

The diabolical hell that has always been the source of the rivers of dark water.

The dark water that flow through our hearts at depressing nights, watering the unhealed wounds.

The unhealed scars left by coming into intimate contact with the domain of brutality.

The ancient domain of brutality that burrowed its way into the fabric of life,

and into the unmistakable marks of its fangs that are still visible in our souls, leaving gaping bleeding holes.

The depression's well-known gaping bleeding holes that can turn our lives into a virtual nightmare.

A serious horrific nightmare until your sweet breath awakens me,

and the rays of your smiling sun break through my room's curtains,

and dance merrily on the white ceiling once again.

Broken Sword

Deeply embedded into the throbbing beating of our hearts,

the explosive life energy that gave rise to our universe.

It is the creative energy that will not permit anything,

less than imprinting its inevitability on the universe's fundamental fabric.

*In the struggling heart's beats, the vestiges of the explosive resolve that created this cosmos
may still be found.*

Before the beginning of formation and differentiation of all the stuff in our universe,

the exploding creative determination manifested itself as unbelievable shaking power.

In the fighters' unflinching persistence during the never-ending struggle,

its undeniable remnants may still be seen,

where they always fight against their flaws on a long path towards perfection.

The holy grail of perfection which is entrenched in the deepest roots of our inherent untapped potential,

that runs rampantly through our veins.

Whenever their willpower's volcano explosion erupts and spews lava over the horizon,

the unyielding spiritual fire of their unshakeable determination propels their unwavering feet down the burning paths.

They rush with all their might towards the perfectionist's dream,

which is usually housed in a tower of a heavily fortified castle,

surrounded by murky fast currents of frustration.

The fortress whose walls are teemed with armed archers,

who have mastered the art of firing despair's arrows into the hearts of every hopeful intruder.

Yet, the flaming heart never feels discouraged,

even in close combat with the guards with a broken sword,

or even with severely injured arms,

since the remnants of the explosive willpower that created the universe are still found in the striving heart's pulses,

and whenever their physical body says, Stop!

the explosive life energy always cries, Never!

"Hey Master! It hurts so much!"

Whenever a group of brilliant brains come together to design a long-term deception plot,

the outcomes are always breathtaking.

They usually begin to reflect on the psychological problems they've identified deep inside themselves,

and anticipate the same psychological issues in the souls of the individuals who would be the victims of their plans.

Their strategies are mainly based on a single tactic known as "the stick and the carrot."

Sowing despair in the hearts of those who, on average, have limited horizons.

Simultaneously, create false expectations that cannot be met,

and only allow the naive to go forward in the desired direction.

These favoured courses are designed intentionally to serve the plotter's goals,

rather than the true needs of the deceived.

The craft of sowing despair in someone's heart is not about belittling his talents or making him feel awful about his circumstances,

but rather the opposite.

Because continuing to dismiss someone's potential or capability may lead to resistance,

and this resistance might lead to self-improvement and eventual self-growth and development.

Therefore, the art of sowing misery and crushing dissatisfaction in the hearts of others,

is mostly based on setting complete unreasonable expectations in their innocent minds.

Just plant this unrealistic expectation into their hearts and let these unreachable trees grow and grow,

till their branches completely conceal the outer reality from their innocent thinking.

and if they become inquisitive someday and ask you,

"Hey, master, I'm totally perplexed and unable to identify the reality."

Don't be alarmed; simply offer them the greatest advice ever created in this universe.

Just tell them: "Don't be troubled, my darling; you are the one who creates reality, as well as the gods themselves."

It wouldn't be long before their heads collide with the reality's concrete wall.

Then, when they return back to you with a broken heart and a smashed head,

they would lament and say, "Hey Master! It hurts so much!"

They are now yours, and you may direct their steps, in any direction, as you see fit.

The Cemetery's Half-Opened Iron Gate

Under the roof of the perpetual misty nights,

there is a deserted courtyard surrounds an abandoned home.

A derelict home that has only one tiny single room.

A single chamber with teary crimson eyes looking through the smashed window of that lonely dwelling.

The courtyard located in a lonesome neighbourhood that has long been forsaken by its occupants,

who have perished under the earth's surface.

Like a carpenter's used and abused workbench, there is a crumpy face with furrows and wrinkles,

and wispy grey uncombed hair stands in the air, blatantly defying gravity.

With a terrified expression on her face,

she glances at the empty courtyard encircled by tall walls and a half-opened iron gate.

The desolate courtyard, which hasn't heard any footfall in a long time.

Only a glimmer of enigmatic light could be seen above the vastness of the grey sky,

as the dark and misty night reigns supremely.

A doorman at this iron gate, a very sympathetic old man with a humped back and a bony face can always be seen.

Whenever her heart's awful loneliness grows and the long hours of the night seem to extend forever,

she usually calls out to the old man and asks if he can see any traveller,

who might take her away from that terrible place.

The empathetic old man can only wave his hands at her,

hinting that nothing is visible, and alluding to the dim light in the sky,

as if trying to tell her that the dawn is drawing near.

But it has been ages, and nothing seems to be coming,

except for the foggy dreary evenings and the never-ending howling of faraway stray dogs.

Whenever she sobs bitterly, the old crippled man forces his legs to rise up and stares out the half-opened iron gate.

Raising his hands in supplication to the enigmatic pale light in the sky.

And when she yells angrily at him, demanding to know why he constantly covers the enormous sign on the iron gate,

he only answers with his usual cryptic hint to the enigmatic light in the sky.

Little Cute Pagan Idols in Earthly Mission

In the ancient past, when the demons from faraway universes decided to pay us a visit,

several of them were venerated as pagan gods by the ancients as a result of their miraculous feats and outstanding appearance.

But, sadly, they never stop propagating the notion that certain individuals are idiots when they returned to their homelands,

since it took a long time and a lot of money to build a large number of temples and shrines to placate them,

and provide them with the products of the year's labour.

When they decided to return to our planet in the modern era,

they were unable to retain their original forms as pagan gods,

Since mankind has learned a great deal from its historical blunders.

They have chosen to adopt the persona of narcissists.

That's why the relationship those narcissists have with their lucky lovers,

is strikingly similar to the one that ancient gods had with their devoted followers.

Unfortunately, they were unable to deflate their bloated egos,

which refused to relinquish their celestial pride.

On the surface, they appear and act fairly human.

Nonetheless, their supernatural origins may reveal all about their celestial nature when they come into close social interaction.

Because of their profound divine essence, they always act as if they are the centre of the universe.

For their own good, all persons and events must kneel down with great regard to it.

As kids on this planet, they had normal-sized egos.

Until they had been educated by their loving family that they were magnificent creatures.

Magnificent beings deserving of everything life has to give,

and their simple presence in our universe is a tremendous privilege.

In any social setting, their incredible presence is more than enough to make any lucky communicator euphoric.

As a consequence, they are not required to listen to anyone who speaks about their troubles or even their joyous events.

They pick one-sided discussions, and other people's thoughts or ideas should only be used as a trigger to encourage their train of thoughts in any friendly conversation.

Other people's trials, tribulations, and sorrows mean nothing to them,

except as a gloomy backdrop to highlight the brilliance of their success.

Pagan gods are not supposed to benefit people other than accepting their committed worship,

and their material gifts, which are the fruit of their lifelong labour and struggle.

Lion Taming

The slaves of their irrational beliefs may be seen wandering aimlessly on desolate routes,

clutching the bars of their mental jail.

It appears pretty weird to see someone going down the street,

tightly gripping an iron-barred window in his hands,

as though he is still a prisoner clutching the bars of his barred window in his jail.

This holds so true for anyone who is enslaved by his delusory thoughts.

Illusionary concepts influence how the mind interprets and analyses reality.

That is why, wherever they go, these imaginary iron bars are implemented,

to keep them incarcerated in their mental prison.

Constructing illusory barriers in someone's mind is akin to training circus lions.

The lion's mentality has been thoroughly altered,

and it is now completely controlled by his master.

A furious lion that fears his frail trainer,

is analogous to a man going along the street,

feels he is still in prison and holds an iron window bars with both of his hands.

You may be wondering why some wonderful individuals spend their entire lives in unhealthy relationships.

The bulk of them had been misled by their scheming partners,

who imprisoned their souls by implanting a plethora of erroneous beliefs in their minds.

These false ideas essentially include fictitious deficiencies and suggested shortcomings,

that can leave spouses feeling absolutely powerless in the absence of their dominating partners.

Similarly, threatening partner with abandonment by the abusive spouse is a typical abuse tactic,

which is the same sound that a circus lion trainer makes as he bangs his whip against the ground,

and when the lion demonstrates himself docile enough,

a tasty piece of flesh will be placed in his mouth,

and whenever the lion ponders why he is humiliating himself by obeying this coach,

outside the cage, someone is always hired to poke the side of the lion with a long iron rod,

in order to distract the lion's train of thoughts away from the actual size of his domineering trainer.

Once You Leave

The blank inanimate walls of expressionless solitude,

are more rewarding than seeing your haughty visage with its condescending sardonic scowl.

Hearing the echo of dead silence stroking the walls of an empty room,

is preferable to hearing your shrill ranting,

which always makes me feel that this world is not a pleasant place to live in.

It could be wiser to speak to the seemingly lifeless furniture rather than your inattentive ears.

While venting to indifferent ears may be benign,

the ever-present opponent, ready to attack,

whenever a conversation reveals any exploitable weak points,

is the most repulsive thing that has ever existed on this planet.

The cold chill of the night is warmer than your icy shoulders,

which look like the frozen mountaintops in gale-force winds,

especially if a mountaineer is stranded and has to flee high winds for his own survival.

Asking for your support in the midst of a crisis,

is akin to avoiding hot weather by plunging into a roaring fire,

or the awful sequences of sipping bitter salty sea water to quench someone's thirst.

The sizzling hellish electromagnetic waves emitted by your agitated spirit,

are capable of causing unrest and chaos in practically every tranquil spot on this planet.

Because of your presence, inexplicable hostility arises between me and myself,

as well as between everything in the house.

When you go, the unspeakable serene tranquillity finds its way back into my spirit,

and I, as well as all animate and inanimate objects in the house,

rejoice at the reappearance of the peacemaker, the heavenly light

Whoever Gets the Electron Gets Everything

The quest for the underlying cause of existence must begin at the most fundamental level of creation.

It should go all the way down to the formation of the tiniest particle of matter.

The structure of the smallest little unit of matter,

reveals a lot about the fundamental notion of the meaning of the word creation itself.

Since considering the origins of creation may give a more methodical approach to fitting the pieces of the perplexing puzzle together.

Reflecting on the smallest basic unit of matter known as the electron,

which is the simplest letter in the vast book of creation,

the electron proves itself to be the simplest building unit of matter,

and anyone who is aware of the underlying nature of this particle,

as well as how it emerges and vanishes from existence,

may get a great deal of insight into the entire book of creation and life.

The analogy of the simplest format of the most fundamental unit of matter, the electron, is a vortex pattern,

like a tiny water whirlpool in a river.

When these small swirls are joined together in specific geometric arrangements,

another form of a more complicated structure of matter begins to develop.

Therefore, the whole existence can be visualized as colossally coordinated wavelike motions in a boundless ocean.

The electron can be, as a result, visualized and conceived as a vortex in an incomprehensible and immutable essence, according to contemporary physics.

This hypothesized ultimate essence has the ability to generate, propagate and orchestrate wavelike patterns.

Throughout history, numerous names have been given to this fundamental essence.

The unchangeable fundamental core of all existence can be represented accurately by the phrase "The Ultimate Reality."

The Unchangeable Essence or The Ultimate Reality is capable of producing and spreading the wavelike movements,

that give rise to all types of matter and energy in our cosmos.

The Ultimate Reality is the most appropriate word for this glorious immutable essence,

since it is first cause that is able to generate changes via movement.

This propagated induced movements are basically the essence of life itself.

The Absolute Essence, on the other hand, remains forever unchanging,

that is why it is called the glorious Ultimate Reality.

Wrinkles and Cracks Saved a Beautiful Face

Cracks and wrinkles in our skin indicate the onset of ageing and the loss of the moisture of life in our faces.

Whereas the deep fissures in your face appear to be the fountain of your unmatched beauty and limitless freshness.

It's hard to believe that the cracks and wrinkles on your attractive skin are constantly rejuvenating your youthful face.

On your surface, these jigsaw puzzle pieces are the primary source of life not merely a source of perpetual youth renewal.

During your early youth, these incisions not only triggered volcano eruptions with their disastrous flaming smoke,

but they also caused water vapour, trapped under your surface, to fill your sweet rivers and the enormous oceans on your face.

Because of the fissures of your coat, the temperature of your cover is constantly kept at a fitting level,

which is extremely vital to bring out a variety of life on your surface.

This always happens when your deep cracks keep the carbon cycle moving,

and your face's optimal temperature is constantly maintained.

Your surface's temperature depends on how your cracks control the amount of Carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

When a large amount of carbon dioxide is lost from your atmosphere,

as it interacts with precipitation and penetrates your skin,

the fine-tuned greenhouse effect, which is meant to keep your face warm,

significantly turns impaired, resulting in a permanent frozen age.

But when a volcano blasts due to the movements of the cracks on your face,

this loss of carbon dioxide is repaid again.

Beneath the shield of your magnetic field, you can keep a sweeping multiplicity of life on your face.

The protective shelter of your magnetic field protects all forms of life on your surface,

from the destructive effects of the solar wind and ionizing particles from space.

This magnetic field can only be created if your core cools rapidly,

and your core cannot be cooled until your facial cracks open on a regular basis, allowing your inner heart to escape, permitting you core to cool fast.

Now, it's not hard to believe that your beautiful face is constantly being rejuvenated with cracks and wrinkles in your life-supporting skin.

The Creature who Believes that a Bubble of Air is a Fortified Castle

Since ancient times, our homes have been considered safe havens for safety and comfort,

away from unfavorable or ominous surroundings.

A deep sense of security and amenity is always what defines the word home.

Not only that, but the term "house" has considerable broader implications for independence and autonomy.

Since the beginning of time, all these conscious and subconscious impulses,

have been the driving force behind the construction of the most protected and pleasant housing.

The ubiquitous impulse to build the most functional and safe dwellings,

is always at the top of the priority list for almost all living things, and the animal kingdom is no exception.

Through a dizzying array of limitless variations in the type and function of animal shelters,

that varies significantly in terms of protection and function,

there is only one subspecies of spiders that reaches extremes,

because it is a big believer in the absurdity of fragility's strength.

A bubble of air under the water's surface, according to this intriguing spider,

will protect herself and her offspring to the best of her ability.

This species has chosen to live in quite unusual environments all around the planet.

Ponds with motionless water and slow-moving streams are examples of this.

Using underwater plants as an anchor for their fragile supporting web.

Weaving a small dome out of their silk, filling it with a single bubble of air.

This underwater bubble of air has become this creature's realm,

***and the spider keeps replenishing this bubble, when it starts to shrink, with air trapped
between her ultra-fine hairs,***

whenever the spider swims to the surface of the water every now and then.

In this bubble of air, the spider decided to spend the majority of her life.

Feeds, mates, breeds, and enjoys her distinct autonomy and hegemony.

It may appear absurd to trust in an underwater air bubble as a safe haven,

yet that is exactly what this species does.

This spider, in fact, is a firm believer in the underwater bubble castle,

and some of us also believe in other kinds of material bubbles as strongholds.