

Poems from a Dreamer

mounir laroussi

Presented by

My poetic Side 



About the author

A regular human being who spends most of his time thinking, dreaming, and writing.

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Mediterranean Blue

A sea like no other sea.
Theater of the Odyssey,
and of Cleopatra and Anthony.
The sea
of war and of peace.
Cradle of known civilizations,
and jealous keeper of secrets
of civilizations yet unknown.

To me, it is simply
the sea
where I took my first swim,
panicked and sunk like a stone,
pulled down by the wrath of Poseidon,
that eternally angry god of the Greeks,
who, it was said, lived a thousand fathoms below.
But a strong hand quickly snatched me, lifted me up,
and at the surface I saw a reassuring face smiling at me.
My father was standing in chest deep water,
and I heard him saying,
"son, you got to keep your legs and arms moving."

To me, it is simply
the sea
where I fell in love with the Mediterranean blue,
where I lingered long summer hours at the shore
lazily dreaming,
about people and lands
beyond the faraway infinite line,
that elusive border
separating two magical shades of the azure.

Coup de Foudre

Hey you,
the one gazing at the sky,
I see the blue sky in your eyes.
Your lips are red as ruby,
your hair as golden as the midday sunshine.
A goddess from the icy north
visiting the warm shores of the south.
I believe I love you!
Can a beautiful northern goddess
warm the amorous heart
of a brown eyed boy from the south?
Your eyes keep looking at the azure skies,
but I only see the blue sky in your eyes.

Coalescence

I stood alone listening
to the silence of the oblivion.
I heard a gentle breeze
whisper the secrets of the universe
to the quivering leaves.
Grey clouds slowly parted,
to let faint rays of moonlight
diffuse into the warm air of the summer night.
A milky moon gazed down
on the sleepy landscape.
Then, suddenly, in a transient instant
the infinite space
coalesced to a single point.
So, I grasped the entire universe
inside the palm of my hand.

Escape from the Ordinary

My imagination!
It's a wormhole,
an escape hatch to the only dimension
where everything is as it should be.

All is fantastic there.
There, I dream of places of rare beauty,
I experience feelings of the greatest intensity,
I meet the most awe-inspiring people.

My imagination is
where time-travel is possible,
where astronomical distances shrink to nothing,
where immortality can be achieved.

My imagination.
Where would I be without you?
What would I do without you?
How could I survive without you?

Sisyphus is Us

I have always disliked repetitive tasks.
Hated taking a shower after I have already taken one.
Shave my beard after already shaving it a couple of days before.
Wash my car after already washing it a week ago.
Go grocery shopping after having done it not too long ago.
No, I am not Sisyphus, I tell myself,
cursed by the gods for eternity to push a rock up a hill,
only to see it roll down to the bottom of the hill.
Doing something once is enough for me.
I need to move on, yes move on
and do something entirely new.
But then again, doing something new and moving on to something else
sounds like an ongoing repetitive cycle.
So, in fact, I am just like Sisyphus; we are all like Sisyphus.
The cycle cannot be broken.
The Earth goes around the sun for 365 days
only to start the same celestial voyage again,
on and on for billions of years.
Stars are born; stars die and then are reborn again.
And so it goes on and on.
Sisyphus was doing what everyone and everything else keeps doing.
People, planets, stars, the universe are all Sisyphus.

War

Declared by the old,
fought by the young.
For glory they are told,
and to make their country strong.

The victims are always justice and the truth,
society gone helter-skelter.
The vampire sharpening his tooth,
and the innocent finding no shelter

Humanity down with the deluge,
hunger and fear everywhere.
For the weak and the sick there is no refuge,
not in the night, not under the ground, or anywhere.

Thirty year war, one hundred year war,
World War one, World War two, and then some.
Many more came before,
other wars will surely come.

Will the madness ever stop you would ask?
Not likely, I am afraid to say.
For perpetuating madness is the devil's favorite task,
corrupting man's wisdom and ruining his day.

The End of the World

The world is ending
and this is how you can tell:
It is the end of the world
when nature starts unleashing hell.

Look around you; listen to the news.
Earthquakes, droughts, forest fires,
floods, typhoons, and financial woes.
Aren't these signs of the end of the world?

Not so, science tells us.
Natural disasters are nothing new.
Do not listen to superstitious preachers
who cite old tales that may not even be true.

For billions of years more
the sun will still shine.
Humanity may one day disappear
but the universe will continue expanding its shore.

When asked about the end of the world
the old sage replied with a sigh:
"The world will end
exactly at the moment I die".

No Escape

I am so thirsty.
I have been thirsty for too long,
seeking some form of shelter
in the rubble of my town,
now a devastated landscape, an oblivion,
rendered featureless by the wrath of man.
Without a home I found myself adrift,
a stranger, aimlessly wandering,
hopelessly walking and walking in a world
devoid of directions;
devoid of sustenance;
devoid of empathy.
Doubt has been my companion,
while being stalked by fear like a prey.
I need a long cold drink
to quench my thirst.
I need a moment of reprieve,
under the cool shade of a tree,
to soothe my aching soul.
But there are no trees left here;
there is no refuge left for my kind;
there is no escape from the endless carnage.
So, I need to keep moving;
I need to keep searching,
for the elusive shore of safety.

The Med in the Summer

Turquoise sea melting into blue sky.

Warm salty air hovering high.

Flocks of seagulls flying by.

Fishermen's boats sailing nigh.

Foamy waves crashing against the rock.

Yachts returning to harbor ready to dock.

Swimmers storming the beaches around the clock.

A sunbather lying on the hot sand like a croc.

A Conversation with the Old Artist

"Soon I am going to die!"

I did not reply.

Just waited to hear what else he would say.

He was old but did not look like a man who was dying.

I finally replied with a question:

"What is life? You who lived so long,
you must have a good idea by now."

He looked at me for a minute and then said,
with a twinkle in his eye and a raised brow:

"Life is many things, not all of them pleasant,
but feeling alive bestows vision even to the blind.

That's the only part worth talking about."

"Tell me about that, then."

Suddenly all gloom departed from his face,
and he declared with much emotion and grace:

"Life is the sun rising from below the water.

It is the dew on flower petals on an early spring morning.

It is a beautiful woman's lips ready to give you a kiss.

It is the taste of the first bite from an apple,
after a long day of fasting.

It is the smell of the fields after the rain.

It is a bird bathing in a waterhole on a hot summer day.

It is coming to port after riding out a perfect storm,
with your clothes soaking wet and your mouth salty and dry.

It is waking up in your warm bed to the smell of coffee,
after a long absence from home."

The old artist suddenly stopped, took a deep breath,
and said with a hint of regret:

"I have been around for eighty years,
but if I condensed all the moments I felt alive
they would add up to days,
maybe hours, no more.

That is how it feels, for sure."

A few months later the old artist passed away,
leaving me with not a word to say,
but with a deep impression in my mind,
that feeling alive bestows vision even to the blind.

Goodbye my Love

Tears ran down her cheeks as she stood on the busy quay of "Gare de l'Est"
and waved goodbye to him.

He looked at her through the train window without any show of emotion,
waived back and took the seat facing me.

She kept sobbing and blew a couple of kisses towards the window,
but he did not see her do that.

He was too busy rearranging the luggage around his seat.

The train started moving in the fog and I lost sight of her.

Out of the fog another vision entered my consciousness,
right out of the deep recesses of my memory:

She looked at me as I was ready to drive my car.

She had my red flannel shirt on.

I could see the tears running down her cheeks,
as she waved goodbye.

I looked at her through the window of my car without a show of emotion,
but my foot refused to press on the gas pedal.

I shut the car engine off and looked at her again.

She looked so beautiful in my red flannel shirt.

I rolled down the window and asked her in.

We kissed passionately for a while,
then headed back to my place.

The train whistle startled me and brought back from my reveries.

I looked up at him.

He was calmly reading a paperback novel.

Outside, the fog started to dissipate,
and the golden sunshine slowly warmed up the frigid air.

Just my Fantasy?

I am caught in your orbit,
I think you know that.
An invisible string ties me to you,
I believe you feel that.

How did it happen?
How does it work?
Is it you or is it me?
Or is it just my fantasy?

Are you a diabolic sorceress?
Did you make me swallow an alchemist's potion?
Or is this just a lover's feverish hallucination,
borne out of sheer fantasy?

To feel is to be.
So set your heart and mind free,
and they may lead you up to me,
or maybe this is just my fantasy.

I can't tell if you're real or a figment of my imagination.
Regardless, even if you did not exist
I would make you up; I would invent you;
A beautiful fantasy of my own creation.

Humans

Humans,
who are we?
What are we?
Habitats for microscopic life-forms?
Fertilizer for spring blooms?
Animals, incessantly foraging for sustenance?
Polluters of the Earth and its atmosphere?
Killing machines with insatiable appetite for war?
Yes...Yes, we are all that and more.
We are poets and dreamers,
truth seekers and love makers,
scientists and prophets,
heroes and villains.
We are the damned and the blessed
inhabitants of a lonely planet.

How Long is Now?

You say now is the time
to start planning for the future,
to leave discontent behind
and move forward.
That there is no use in harkening
on past mistakes and
misguided deeds.
You say that there is no better time to act than now,
that now is the time
to forge a new path,
to build new alliances
and to seek better horizons.
I say yes, I agree!
Since time immemorial
"Now" has always been the designated time
to do all that you said.
That people have always waited for that special "Now"
to make meaningful changes.
That people have always been waiting
for that elusive moment in time they call "Now".
Which makes me wonder,
which makes me ask, in fact
how long is Now?

Melancholia

On one side of the narrow alleyway
there was an open door
letting off hints of cumin and fresh caraway.
A boy with dreamy eyes walked in slowly.
Oriental music from a transistor radio
laced the warm air with tender melancholy.
Inside, the sweet aroma of summer fruits filled the courtyard
where a woman holding a tray whispered some words
but hearing them was rather hard
The sun was high in the deep blue sky,
visible from the roofless courtyard of the old house.
The kid looked to his left at the room where he was born
with its faded blue door and its striped curtains half torn
Inside were a wooden bench and scattered pillows,
and uneven steps that led up to a loft
where an elderly man was sleeping
under white linen, silky and soft.
Outside, the music was still playing,
and to its slow beat the old woman was swaying.
The kid looked up at the room's whitewashed ceiling,
supported by wooden beams
and that's when he came undone at the seams.
So hurriedly he walked out and away
passing the old woman with the tray
who followed him and begged him to stay.
Not looking back, he increased his pace
and with his sleeve wiped warm tears
running down his bourbon vanilla face.

Justice of the World

What do you see?

What do you think?

when you see the word "Justice".

I see "Just Ice":

The ice-cold hard tribulations,
of the weak and the powerless.

The cold shoulder
society shows the poor and the destitute.

I think of the ice-cold hearts of dubious leaders,
who send young men
to kill and die in faraway lands,
and of the chilling "resolutions"
the powerful inflicts
on those who can't defend themselves.

I see the frozen dark landscape,
that becomes the dwelling of those displaced
by humanity's perpetual and senseless conflicts.