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### **Heaven for Non-Believers**

If the loudness breaks out from the kind people, we all will be covered under boiling water, an accusation for the level of insanity that turns you into a pure atheist.

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### **Hotel in Thailand**

I'm seeing you in love, but the man inside is ruining me.

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### **Fall Down Wise Man (Awrah)**

Welcome me where you enter, and the greatest honor is in hell telling the teller.

Both surrounded with twisted four branches, and the breastfed language, default like a child distended to write years ago.

Waving through the eyes of a ferry to the meeting point where afterlife awaits, where tons of grace awaits.

Open the gates to a kisser to let them kiss the Repentants.

Allow the Muezzin to preach against Lucifer, and the eyes are wet enough to see the sarcastic bars.

Destiny was written years ago.

FALL DOWN BEAUTIFIED OPINION

FALL DOWN WISEMAN

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### **Half a Year I**

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### **Beatrice**

Give me the pen and the book,

Dante died but the funeral never stopped.

Our kisses are like the waves, and the rocks we own.

The kites are tied to minarets; if there is a knot, we can fix it.

Who died in Ravenna will revive in Egypt.

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### **Jayhano Al Kawahi**

Tomorrow must come sooner—

To you through the heartbeat of stones.

The sunset is lamenting to you like a mistress of screams—

Approaching from the void.

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### **Side B**

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## Half Year II

I'm standing behind the flashing light, throwing gravel to the ocean.  
I'm standing behind the flashing light, throwing gravel to the ocean.  
I'm standing behind the flashing light, throwing gravel to the ocean...

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### Telawa

I wish to see the boats going where the magnet,  
They pull the sails enough to lead them to al Khanka.  
My heart is enough pregnant and the Priest is from Mecca.  
Without a real meeting, I offer you my entire self.  
Oh, the plates are turning causing those sudden waves.  
Why the pigeons, every time they leave me a mark?  
Why the pigeons, despite the goodbyes, they still call me?  
Why the pigeons, despite the goodbyes, they still call...

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### The Lord of the Whip

If the city burns, I will not run.  
I will be eager to pour the oil on my body and run—  
Easily as a slaughter, then cut the power lines.  
Will the frame of my home be annihilated?  
Will the fire make uniforms into civilian clothes?  
The people's scream strikes feeling, fleeing into prison.  
But I will set out for the lord of the whip,  
To make him victorious in my defeat.  
Then I will expel every ideologist,  
Refuse fear, and uproot the begetted—  
As sullenly as Christ on the cross.  
I will run naked to the eye that hisses at the embrace,  
I will fall like a vessel burning in a well,  
Then be silent as the fire goes out, the people extinguished.  
Then I will faint in the precinct of the gaze, safe at its center.

If it rains and the city drowns, I will not flee,  
But I will despair for the heart of one close to me,  
And I will swim beneath him—  
To lift the ones seeking refuge up to the surface.  
To calm them with compassion,  
For the defeated ones on earth, losers of wars.  
Heroes with no titles, who go against bullets,  
Naked in their beautiful intentions.  
I will believe them, I will bid goodbye,  
To the crew of this world, and fall like a stone.

Chest under armpit, and will awaken the beast of Montauk!  
Follow them, protect them, wash them clean of approaching faults.  
I rise and the cradle above the water goes distant.  
I speed and provisions are distributed to some.  
I swim and pass through channels like thunder.

I refuse my soul's greeting witnessed by charred bones.  
If it freezes, I will not flee.  
I will be eager to pull the thread,  
Of stuttering empty spools.  
Clattering to the sound of surfaces falling,  
Chiseled away from statues that cannot be carved.

I will run naked to the eye that hisses at the embrace,  
I will fall like a vessel burning in a well,  
Then be silent as the fire goes out, the people extinguished.  
Then I will faint in the precinct of the gaze, safe at its center.

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## **Farada**

Raining lava,  
Eating away what it crosses.  
In the shape of an ox's horns.  
In the heaviness of a military costume,  
Solely facing the judge in the final court,  
In a flaming entrance inside my own hell.

By ourselves,  
Individuals,  
Robots.

The heat of loneliness,  
Cellphones are pieces of wasted metal,  
Readers of Burda,  
Keepers of temperature.

By ourselves,  
Individuals,  
Robots.