

All it takes is a moment
to blink
and the instance that existed
before your eyes
vanishes
silver bullets
flying through
damp forests
the moment becomes
sounds if
heard
and a blank canvas
of silence
otherwise wait for
when it strikes
the clocks run cold
no rivers of time
know the meaning
that form shape and contour
every moment
envisioned paintings
marvelous
spectacles that
eyelids hide from eyes
every shutter
stop
Kodak moments
crystal halos in
perpetual ice
the wait is not a
wait
but a journey
irises
circling
unified orbits
like faithful
meteors
careening towards
suns

—Photograph

“Your ancestors
foresaw your future
and your living language is a
tomb of historical
artifacts
every syllable
a clue to reclaim
your heritage”

— Diaspora

Heal with your own silence
your own presence
invisibly close
will be a guide

the requirement
is an infinitely small
fraction of space
for your body to be on the same level of
your empathy
a skill shared between
souls
that have been fragmented themselves

but there is justice in fragments
because unbroken mirrors
outline
unbroken bones
and your shattered soul
still has your body
as guardian

and your body is a diamond
that flashes your suffering back
to the universe
in infinite ways
from every shard that will always remain your
soul

— Reflect

I met his eyes
for the first time in a dimly lit
room surrounded by
others
silent
entranced by his
'Oud

It was his solo
he was playing but he had his neck
arched to a side
his head arked like corners on
roughly creased
paper planes

His eyes locked on mine
fixed, targeted, on point
my eyes
responseless yet
poised ready for battle

Legs taking off
rising with the winds
and moving to the rhythm of clouds

The Dabke begins

Streams of notes and geysers of
melodies washing me down
pushing and pulling me across the room
A tango with the ocean itself

His eyes tracing my body
engine flames following exposed air
and growing
with each twist of my joints

Each rotation
airplane motors
wrenching clouds apart
encircling me
without contact

Each of my stomps
A rumble into earth
A floral earthquake
A dance for the dead

Like two flowers
playing with each other
as wind gently
blows through their petals

his strokes engraving themselves into my skin
my every motion branding fire in his eyes

a taboo love in open warzones
two boys
in constant communication
silent knowledge
guiding planes home

- Yallah.

“The rays of the sunset
tend to caress
the edges of leaves
with citrus hands
gentle fires
dancing on verdant
shores
maybe the leaves
don't know this radiance
leaves daily
and glow
in the hopes
of it
returning
the next day”

— Devotion
