

# MY POETRY

Writing poetry is not an exclusivity of those who are or will be immortalized greats or nerds. One too many can follow the rules and produce a soundly literal poem, whether the content is plausible or not.

**Though I write in three languages, English, French and Arabic, they are not translations or renderings of each other.**

In over 90% of my poems, I poured out my heart, shared my knowledge, tried to portray love's majesty and purpose, in all its forms, be it "Eros", "Philo" or "Agape". I believe that love is the act of unconditional giving, the expression of kind diligence, the auspices of tender intimacy, the forging of oneness and the reflection of the Loving Living Creator.

Love like color, it has thousands and thousands of solid palettes as well as shades. Through those shades and nuances, love is seen and appreciated. Over six hundred of my poems speak and describe love, love situation and love longing. You may wonder how a solitary person can write so much in describing one sentiment! If you still wonder, the secret is in the Greatest Teacher of all, and if you read His Word, you will see how the Almighty has summarized the hundreds over hundreds of commandments in one word, namely:

**L**  **V** **E**

Love is blind; it does not subscribe to color, race, grace, ethnicity, nationality, geography, philosophy, norms, and storms. Love survives any inclement weathers, as it withers tempest, it breaks boulders, it removes mountains, it fights cruelty, and it instills peace.

Love wrestles against demons and muses. Love defies the ebbs and flows of the rational mind in the matters of the heart. Love is graceful, picturesque, effortless, candid, thoughtful, lyrical, reflective, hot, and wild.

Love's sting is what makes you exhilarate, invigorate, cry, fret, jump, react, respond, serve, please, long, miss, hope, belong, give, sacrifice, labor, seek, tingle, shiver, quiver, and finally even ache. In a way, you can echo Earl of Sterling's words:

*"Of all the tyrants the world affords,  
Our own affections are the fiercest lords."*

Love is what makes the dormant senses and emotions erupt like a volcano. Love is elixir to the heart, nectar to the soul, incense to the mind and fragrance to the body. Love is the naked truth of our aspiration and existence. Love is the freedom in sweet bondage. Love is the innocence of a new birth. Love is the mechanism of staying alive.

**Love is Life in itself**

And

**LOVE** is that **SILENT** yet **VOCAL** underlining  
Expression of my poems & Prose