Beat: Local

Newspaper Sheets

“Poetry”

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USPA NEWS - Translated by: Riyadh Abdulwahid

Among pale pages and sharpened pens, I live
a life too strange to be real,
etched in crises, haunted by questions,
left behind for orphans to answer.

In the deep hours past midnight,
down the tenth corridor,
By room twelve , I stand before the intensive care door,
my chest open to the cold, welcoming its chill,
letting it settle upon the scars in my bones,
surrendered to dawn’s ravens,
awaiting their turn to tear my scream from me.
Through the glass, I watch him—mute, paralyzed,
unable to reach the dreams I wish for myself.
I glance down at my phone.
Nothing.
I am alone with a lifeless night,
a blend I cannot explain,
its language offering no solace,
no purge for guilt, no balm for wounds—
a killer in moments stripped of color,
with a dangerous, unrelenting pleasure.
Around me, mirages and lies,
vanishing like smoke rings as I toy with my cigarette.

They say love cannot thrive on fantasy,
but how, when all my dreams are woven with secrets
of ecstasies yet to be tasted?
I long for a love that does not weigh me down
with the debt of being loved
but lifts me by the worthiness of love itself.
I am a woman who fears sin—and loves it,
and my own faltering saves me from it.
So I remain, alone with my own abandoned self,
stranded by his silent absence, his coldness.
How can it be that, before my eyes,
a rushing river turns to stone,
and words stumble on my tongue?
I was once skilled in spinning verses,
yet now, I drag ink in despair,
trying to say “good morning” with no one to reply,
“May your morning be good.”

I tore down the sheer curtains and replaced them with thick blinds.
No one knows the sun inside me,
how painfully it burns, never to dim.
My once-peaceful soul has soured—
now a hater, not a lover,
fleeing presence, stung by absence.
I crumble while standing, as longing is torn from me,
all except for that fierce, devious one.
With a bitter smile and bitten lip, I mock myself—
I am one of war's beauties,
a bride of Christ,
the last page of the newspaper.
This is how my homeland's rewarded me
While tucking the handkerchiefs of blackness into the womb of my heart.
No one secures my vow.
When I write it down,
they see their sins in each line of my words.

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Editorial program service of General News Agency:
UPA United Press Agency LTD
483 Green Lanes
UK, London N13NV 4BS
contact (at) unitedpressagency.com
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