

## SCRIBBLES OF THE EVENING

Do not believe me  
I do not miss you  
Nor do I weave our story with the stars  
And play your name on the guitar,  
Or wait for you until  
The first threads of the morning light  
Do not believe me  
You are not the pulse in my arteries  
Nor my mirror for beauty and survival

I am not a mirage or a transient,  
I am a copious love,  
The candles of hope  
and the dream in your eyes.  
I am the fragrance wrapping you  
I am the nectar  
And the elixir of your yearning  
I am the love  
And the lover;  
I am the life  
And I am you

I shall wait for you  
There, at the dawn,  
At the first crow of the rooster  
With the singing of the birds

And the hymns of the falling leaves

Let us flee to our nest  
And wrap our warm bodies  
With the incense of longing  
While my hands caress your hair

I paint my dreams  
And the map of my remaining life  
While you narrate your stories  
And tattoo my body  
With the covenant of your pledge

We would then dissolve in white smoke  
And leave with the threads of the sun  
At the first twilight  
To the gardens of life  
To the sky inlaid  
With our eternal love

## TEARDROP

Inscribe me as longing groans  
And intersperse the remnants  
Of my grief and moans  
Wipe out my tears,  
Enrobe me with lasting spring  
And infuse me  
Between your arms  
To moist your lips  
And your forehead,  
Where the sun's threads  
And the buds of endearment grow,  
With the fragrance of Jasmine

And then,  
You shackle my wrists  
With the madness  
Of your infatuation

## DO NOT BLAME ME

A dull silence confines me,  
Dew drops  
Draw curves on hills screaming  
Love and longing  
My lantern, coloured by the dusk,  
Warns of unruly desire  
So I smarten up with your fragrance  
And dream in your arms,  
Carrying me, soft and ripe,  
To the world  
Of concubines and lust  
And immerse me  
In the niches of amazement  
Roaming forests and valleys,  
As a lover dreaming of  
Harvesting the seasons of love

Do not blame me;  
God created me for love  
And infatuation  
He imputed my breath  
And inflamed me

With the love of your shine  
And the flood of your longings  
To jettison my shackles,  
To become yours  
Only yours

And ... together

Live the impossible

## PASSIONATELY IN LOVE

In my loneliness  
I am consumed by longing  
And awakened by my desires

I escape to you  
Between sundown and dawn  
To absorb, in silence,  
The nectar of your longings  
And burn the groans of loneliness

I breathe the fragrance of your surprise  
As you draw on my body  
The lusts of years and years  
And set me on fire  
and I, lovingly,  
Dissolve in your eyes  
And we, as one, write  
The first letters of love

Intoxicated, I wonder in your space  
And hallucinate your name

You  
The King of Love  
And  
Longing

## I WAIT FOR YOU

I wait for you,  
For the dawning sunrays,  
For your cup of coffee:  
I raise the banner of yearning,  
Of longing to see you-  
The horizon of loneliness  
Has vanished  
Anguish bloodies my pores  
and begins gnawing my bones.  
After contemplating,  
After the agony of longing  
The cup cries:

"You are a woman  
looking for her lover,  
talks to him, cuddles him,  
imprints on his lips  
stubborn kisses,  
imprisons him  
in the nectar of her vintage wines  
and dances with him  
on the chords of a drunkard

and the hymns of  
the promised dream"

The echo of my whispers  
will then chant your name  
and I scream  
" I...LOVE...Y...O...U..."

I will seek refuge  
In your lap and  
Absorb the rivulets and rivers  
Of our love  
And splash your fragrance  
On my supple body

I ...doze... in... your... arms  
As a serene baby  
Smiling...

## YOUR HOLINESS

(inspired by the visit of His Holiness Patriarch  
Mar Ignatius Ephraim II to Homs and Iraq)

You are a gift from the Lord;  
Your soul is faith  
Illuminating the darkness and  
Overwhelming us with knowledge

You are the fountain of blessings;  
When life burdens us  
We beseech you  
And you bless us with the Cross,  
Protect and medicate us with your love  
And your modest hand

May the Cross protect you  
And crush all demons  
While chanting hymns and singing

Rejoice O' Damascus  
Climb O' Jasmine  
The Bab Tooma, Sydnaya and Um El Zinnar<sup>1</sup>  
Are lit by the Syriac's Patriarch  
The dream of peace and security,

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<sup>1</sup> Bab Tooma, Sydnaya and Um El Zinnar are cities in Syria

Father and Teacher  
Fighting aggression;  
A shepherd for the children  
You work hard to see  
Bartaly, Bashiq  
And the Monastery of Saint Mathew,  
Homs, Zaidal and Um Zinnar  
You care for the children  
Light the candles of security  
And strengthen faith  
In the Lord and Peace

## GOODBYE DADDY

(He died on the evening of the Australian National Day)

Before sunset,  
Few hours before his departure  
He tightly held my hand  
And said  
"You are my youngest;  
I will reveal to you my secret  
and my last words,  
the oil in my lantern evaporated,  
I am traveling tonight  
to see...Him  
and I am fortunate.  
May I say Goodbye?"

I stuttered and  
Left the place  
In fear and indecision  
I rejected his prediction;  
Screams within me  
Accusing him of imprudence;  
Others rise up  
Through the silence of death  
And the hue of the soul

He demanded my return

I returned...  
And he was gone hours later  
Slept serenely in peace  
And I  
Continued to chat with the sunset,  
The emerging dusk  
With echoes of his words  
Drumming my pulse

Goodbye Daddy...  
Everything continues to remember you;  
We salute love in remembering you  
We compete to solve your puzzles,  
Rearrange your tales and stories  
And you... my Daddy  
Remain a live pulse  
And we... and Australia  
Continue to celebrate  
The F...e...a...s...t...

## ST. EPHRAIM

(To my brother Abdo Jacob Joseph who was one of the first who initiated the building of St. Ephraim Church in Qamishli)

O' St. Ephraim  
You are the Holy  
From Nusaybin to Elroha,  
You shine as a jewel  
Sparkling like a star in winter night,  
A halo illuminating  
The darkness of the worshippers  
And destroying the heresy of hypocrites

The words I paint  
Are engraved in letters from your hymns  
And I am honored to chant them,  
To recite them.  
No matter what I say  
Will not be enough  
You...a beacon radiating light  
To guide the body,  
to brighten and cheer the soul  
Your aim is love  
Even kings cannot shake  
Your strength is the triumph of human rights  
  
You are the crown of Holiness;

Your teaching is from the Holy Spirit  
The Gospel  
Is your guide and redeemer  
Your love is dedicated  
To the poor and the oppressed;  
You are pure and saintly  
Truly the Son of God and the Holy Spirit.  
Your rise is embedded in your belief  
Your Holiness in your modesty

O' St. Ephraim  
We live in times our blood shed legally,  
Our bodies stripped naked to satisfy  
Their sexuality,  
Patriotism to them is betrayal,  
Backstabbing a religious edict  
And humanity atheism

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And we...  
We embrace death with honor  
And wear the shroud with courage;  
We are the oak tree of resilience  
Their hatred and killing  
Imbue in us the solidity of firestone  
  
We will write the history in a poem

With letters from  
Our blood  
Our pride  
Our sublime heritage  
With the beacon of our blessed fathers  
And their wisdom;  
With the guiding light of  
A boy from Nusaybin

O' Holy Ephraim  
You are the white clouds of fortune  
The shine of hope;  
A star in the sky of glory,  
An Angel  
Serenading in our heavens

What shall I say?  
You are the giver,  
Sincere, modest, compassionate  
All for the glory of God  
and Holiness

O' St. Ephraim  
The son of Nusaybin  
And from Nusaybin to El-Ruha<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Ruha in Syriac (Edessa), they change the name to ORFA in modern Turkey

You prayed  
And became a fountain of hope  
For us all  
And for generations to come

To you St. Ephraim  
The lyre of the Holy Spirit,  
We raise  
The banner of glory