

Stems
from the
Edge of Silence

Writings from the springs of the mind

HANNA ABI AKL

Stems from the Edge of Silence

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One

*Poetry is the holy verse
all else is blasphemy*

i bought her flowers

i bought her flowers
changed water, put them in vase
on the porch they hang

bathed in cold sunlight
holding space-time together
the white ones open

i sigh of relief
she loves the white flowers best
i point them to her
yet she refuses to look.

on the act of kindness

here i am now; rolling with
the wind; beating ceaselessly
against the mad centuries

progress has been lost
humanity ranks first in
slavery; last in kindness

i have reached a point
where i dish out niceties
and expect none in return

i work in reverse
against the clock of this lost
civilization

i do not honk at others
i let them go through

nor do i direct insults
at the waiter; i hand him
his tip with my chin held high

it pains me the serviceman
has to brace himself
and be ready at all times
to be confronted,
put down, provoked, lambasted

by those who are still afraid
if we keep aiming this low
then we truly have no chance

the last of us will be torn
up like thin paper

gamblers, idiots alike
will be wasted and dried out
like scarecrows in a corn field

hollowed out and forgotten.

security

it is a book in my coat
it travels with me
everywhere i go

knowing it is there
even if i don't read it.

cartoon mania

i miss this other planet
waking at 5 in the morn
to watch animated toons
hear little sister's footsteps
in the corridor
father preparing coffee
mother still tucked in her sheets
he wakes her gently
time to get the kids ready
for school; she stretches her arms
the sun stretches over them
like a well-crafted portrait

i go back to my cartoons
the bottom of the tv
flashes 6 a.m.

the school bus is here
big yellow painted-over
bumpy seats, noisy children
all in uniform

the girls untucking their shirts
looking at the boys
challenging them to chase them
when the bell rings after class
catching them by the shirt tip