



Untitled poems

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I'm an independent feminist activist from Algeria. I am 30 years old. I moved to Beirut 6 years ago. I started writing poems around two years ago, which came as a surprise to me, on all levels, including the linguistic. At the time, I hadn't had a good grasp on the Arabic language or its use. My personal experiences and intimate relationships prompted me the most to write. I was inspired by them, and I wrote and expressed feelings and thoughts that stayed with me at certain times. Most of my poems are about love and the pain of love.

(1)

Short breath, white pages
Short breath, dry pen
Short breath, flux anger
Short breath, companion soul
I'm obligated to write
About you, for you
Many lines of love, hate.

Madness, illness
I don't know
I'm terrified to be called crazy
And my sin is to be torn by a frantic love.

(2)

To the point of insanity
Stillness, quietness,
Stillness, quietness,
Wears me and covers my body,
A body that loves abstractness.
Emptiness stayed with me,
Dominating and abundant.

My existence is shaking in fear
Antipathy, forgetfulness,
Antipathy, forgetfulness,
Chasing me in my dreams
Punishing me in my past
So, I whipped my imagination
Repeatedly, arbitrarily,
To rest from my devastating torment.