Beat: Arts

No one told him

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USPA NEWS - Translated by Hiba Jurdi
No one told him that life was founded to recreate love stories only.
and just before aging covers all the memories that it owns.
.... My case is about an old secret surrounded by curiosity, I always like to remember it when I feel that my soul is delighted as if Iam renewing myself in my forties copy and organize my signs to be so close to each other.
My beginnings ...oh yes.... those awesome, messy, extraordinary self-battles ...
Frankly speaking, it is impossible for anyone to enter them and exit with an end!!!! For they look craved with a knitting hook done by mothers.
All the former stored memory with its aura looked like the Nigerian coffee around my eyes to hold the fugued question in a mute mouth ...
Back then, my image turned to be like a precious beard imprisoned by the sounds of my beloved ones...

I spent my shinny years talking to myself as a psychopath stoned by the devil of memories, but with no avail .... although tribulations continue stacking my bones to stimulate the tingling of the past to go away.
In the profile of that (Communist friend) whom I knew in my first days when the blossoms of the orange trees that were still raping. Iam just trying to get him back ...
In the silence of my meditating vibes....
In the steps that he used to take me to....
Into the places where only my whispers, curiosity, and shudder attempted to infringe his surrealism details ...
A weird longing attracting me towards him ???!!! though it wasn't more than a year, when things ended up, and yet I didn't know that it was gone.
It was a paint that sounded like the prophets age.
In his elongated conversation, a philosophy used to melt in my soul as iron melts under high temperature.

My friend didn't ask for more than convincing me with his thoughts, he was like an untamed horse, that didn't know how to ride his saddle his heroic stories meant a lot to me. Moreover, the smoke of his cigarette was taking me so high to a place where I used to elate ...then he disappears. I always was involved in the nostalgia of that era, and I didn't want to lose it for Iam not that kind of people who waste their lives in the slogan´s illusions, thus I used to see him persuading me with his soft calmness.
His struggle to enlist my thoughts was more than the strive for his belonging. I was driven by his honest dramatic lies which made me feel that Iam an extraordinary person, just because I was able to recognize signals, and had a dangerous secret in a forbidden time.
My Communist friend made me look like a child who spells his first words. Once he admitted that Iam the only triumph that he won after his several defeats since I have a unique vision that is different from other women, and a soft face that renewed itself by itself...

My Communist friend whom I will always be proud of his rich poverty and belonging to a bunch of dwarfs and gangs, made me borrow senses other than my five ones to understand the echo of his confusions. Every day he chops a piece out of his body to chew it with bitterness and fear.
His insistence to boasting about his nothingness, urged me to run away from him until I got my brain back ...
Ohh ..ohh how much poems we had, I didn't regret, yes truly I didn't ...
Spending series of nights searching in (Karl Marks) books.
Nowadays after getting older ,becoming mature enough ,my memories take back again to live between a group of Communists ,the only common issue is that they still hold the same pride and the shaggy hair that turned to be grey cause of the smoke of their cigarettes ,and most of them are luminaries in poetry ,on the other hand they are addicted to the term "SELF" as if they are the only

roasters among many chickens, so they are totally convinced that they are the only human beings who are able to understand the nature and universe as well .
Truly, as time passed, I didn't agree on the betrayal for the last Communist whom they
wore his skin even in their worst failure.

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