

Poetry Edition

*We all write poems; it is simply that poets
are the ones who write in words. - John Fowles*

Fassima Abdelfattah

ALC Book Club

تارودانت	Taroudant
صرخت	Screamed
واستنجدت	And sought help
ثم وئدت	And then it was buried alive
في قبر من ماء	In a grave of water.
ماء تجبر	Water showing its strength
فطوق الحياة	Forcing the circumference of life
من كل الجهات	From all directions.
ولم يبقى على الربا	Nothing has remained
سوى نخيل	Except palm trees
متدل الجريد	Stripped of their leaves, dangling.
يبكي الوليد	The newborn is crying,
بعد ان هذه المجداف	Worn out because of paddling.

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Somia Rafia

Adv 5

A Spot of Peace

Where the sea meets the sky is my favorite spot.

I can lose track of time whenever I'm looking at it and listening to the sounds of waves.

I was running away from reality to nature.

I did not realize that those moments of peace turned into years.

When I close my eyes, I can still see the shapes of the clouds running in slow motion into the beautiful pink sky above me.

I see the stars of the night sky, more elegant than the most gorgeous young woman in the world, wearing the most expensive diamonds.

Nothing blows my mind more than the beach and the way it makes me feel—alive!

I was selfish, but I was in such a peaceful state that I did not care.

When I came back to my real life, I discovered it had left me behind.

My fiancé married another man, my parents passed away, my friends moved far away and all the people I forgot about had forgotten about me too.

I don't blame them, but I don't blame myself either.

In fact, I am unable to.

I am going back to the sea; I will enjoy the peace there until it is forever.

Meryem Kouadir ALC Book Club

The Forest

Walking down my forest of solitude,
My body fully dressed, yet I have never felt so nude.
Walking down my flowery meadow,
with bare feet and a bare heart,
in this haven behind the sun.
Nothing in the world could ever hurt.
The weeds are brushing my feet,
sending sparkles of light through my soul,
grounding me to the core of the earth,
making me complete and making me whole.
I'm sent into a trance; I am the earth and the earth is me.
What bliss!
A feeling of absolute joy fills me from my head to my knees,
Running with the white rabbits
and dancing to the hidden melodies.
The holy sounds of nature
lure and drown me in their everlasting reveries.
I hold up my hand and grab a piece of sunshine.
I hold it to my heart,
like the last thing I have of a long-gone loved one.
It burns my bosom, and the pain comes as a rebirth,
And as I open my eyes,
I know that I am a child and that my mother is earth.



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Maryam Loukriat

Adv 3

Death

Slowly, slowly into sad flowers, you passed away.
This place is not like home anymore. Believe me, it is so cold.
Sorry is the child inside me, hurt by poisoned knife.
A hole replaces my heart. My state becomes like a woeful movie. What did I get?
Shall you see this unfair destiny?
In your absence I did not continue my path—path of life, path of heaven, path of blessing.
Ah! If you were here, you would see.
Life has transformed into crestfallen flowers.
Sorry is the child inside me that learns silence.
The past knows the quantity of wounds.

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Maryam Loukriat

Adv 3

To Me

I am not afraid of dissolution.
I am under God's protection.

I am not afraid.
Even if heaven turns into hell,
God has the power to quell.
I am not afraid.
My spirit radiates, gleams,
It gleams with faith.

I am not afraid.
I pray to God,
I speak about my pain,
I complain about my repression.

I am not afraid.
My heart is glad,
I am God's ward,
I am not afraid.
I will forget this situation,
And be engaged with life and its illusions again.

Come! Don't be afraid.
God will make us satisfied.
I am not afraid of being audacious,
I encounter this pandemic, and
I am not afraid of being weak.
For God's sake,
I am not afraid.
I am content with God's destiny,
Which elevates my dignity.

Come! Don't be afraid.
God will make us satisfied.

Reem Sendide

Jun 6 Adv

Guilty

This music is making me sick.
These memories of you,
I'm on my way to feel something new.
All these things you left behind, keep
reminding me how much you were kind.
This melody,
the one you made for me,
is driving me crazy.
And I keep feeling guilty.
I don't think time will fix everything.
Since that day, my heart won't stop crying.

**Do you paint, draw,
make anime or
write poetry?**



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