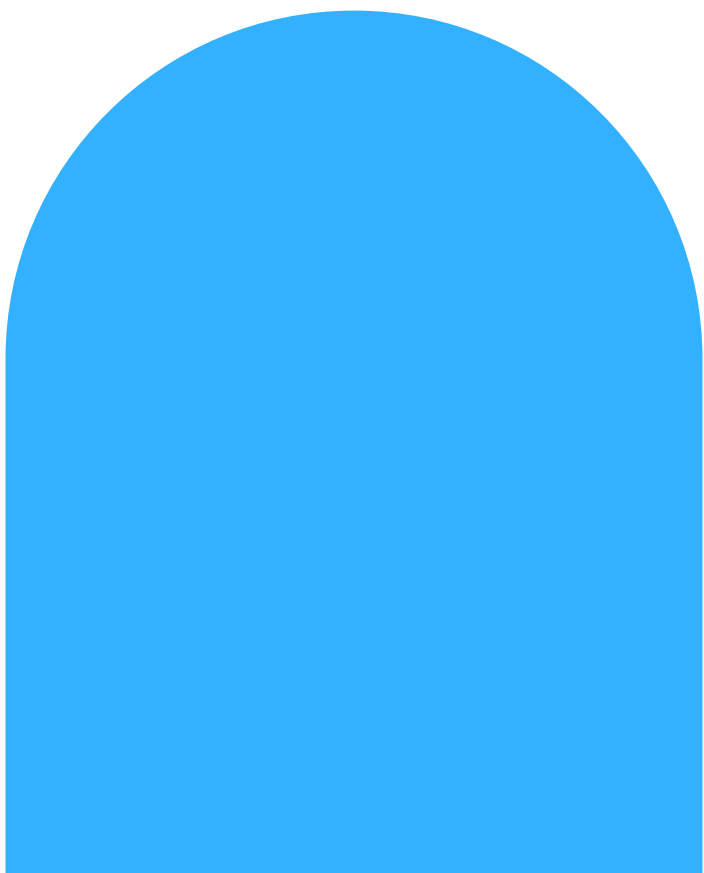


6. Poemas
 - Alí y Bionota
7. En la inmensidad de mis suspiros.
 - Dalit Escorcía Marchena
8. Zenaida.
 - Leonardo Aldana
9. Poema
 - Nora Carbonell
10. Poemas
 - Javier Marrugo
11. Poema
 - Valentín Camilo Hernández
12. Crónica de la pintora que obsequia un cuadro a su amante.
 - Jaime Arturo Martínez Salgado.

Poems-of-ali



Empty

The wind has its logic.. And you walk
 against saltiness of time. The place
 smells croaks in you. You spin your
 death by hands of holes. You stick to
 the wind hissing Your self burnt on
 the flame of fragmentation You
 create your ceremonies in mixing the
 tears by the fantom foam Your
 crushed myth rises from the poem
 hell Go up Go up
 Go up Do not stop on the tip of chant
 I see them approaching from your
 echo I see them slipping from
 the cough attendants Escape ,
 Follow the prophecy of wind

Why "I cannot to write" ?

- (1) Because I'm stronger than idea,
And weaker than language.
- (2) Because I'm bigger than illusion
And smaller than fact
- (3) Because I'm clearer than
nonexistence And unclearer than
existence

"Waiting for Godot" again

I, in the first of distance, was
 waiting for him. As a defeated
 prophet The time scorpions was
 biting me The wild age words was
 stoning me The weakness was
 spreading into the rocks I said he
 must come But they left me I
 waited till the dates evaporated

 Nothing came except death.

Variations on Genesis

- (1) In the beginning was the desire,
Was going around the nowhere,
Embracing the illusion, So it died
as smoke. When it ecstasised by
fact light It got last in the silence of
time. (2) In the beginning was the
bomb, The god lighted its fuse, So
he dispersed as fragment.
- (3) In the beginning the apple was
in the hand of Eve And Cain's hand
carried the knife Abel's neck bled
When Adam had eaten the apple.
- (4) In the beginning was the crime;
It's the first* and the last*. And was
the spite; It's the visible* And the
hidden*

(5) In the beginning the God wrote his autobiography On the kept sheet And when destiny bewildered us We said; the Good and peace are from the God And the evil and war are from the Devil

(6) Excuse for the Devil

* some names of the Islamic God.

Trilogy for the sea

(1) The narcissus desire Draws abstraction for the finite Picks, from my smell, an ink And I still write.

(2) A violet rests to steep In this green storm My pen swims like the jellyfish My face is a rocky jut My lips are a remains of moss And I still speak.

(3) The coast is the start of the flock The fish fished the sea color My eyes smell the cloud And I still look.

Discourse of I\You

I am the shadow inflammation You are the darkness drizzle I am the mirrors masturbation You are the mud labyrinth I am the tale fire You are a poem of dusk I stumbles in the dream lanes Your have sex dreams in barbarian climate I stare in the curse rump You ride the exhalation tremble I get up the horse back of gell You fall at a distance of two seconds from my soul I stand up leaned on the space You rest on the branches of air. I am a soul practices its secret habit You are a body exercises the ceremonies of desolation I; my nerves are the memory of dust You act the tragedy of mote I build the kingdom of yelping You vibrates among the memoirs bows I am killed by the clearness You suffer the ambiguity coldness

Ali Abukhattab is a poet, critic, translator and researcher in the fields of philosophy, religion and politics . He studied English literature and translation. .He published some books and participated in some anthologies. He published many critical papers and political and cultural articles in many newspapers and journals. He also wrote children's literature. He participated as lecturer in cultural events, and participated as political analyst in tv programs .He is cofounder of "Utopia" commune "which achieved many literary and intellectual events in Gaza strip. Because of threats of terrorist Muslim brotherhood Hamas movement, he escaped to Egypt

