



# DIOGEN<sup>©</sup>

PRO KULTURA MAGAZIN  
CULTURE MAGAZINE

**Faleeha Hassan**

## Poetry

**\* War's Drizzle**

Our mothers, who loved us more than we do ourselves,  
Were baffled by wars.  
They forgot to anoint our lives with balms to ward off battles.  
That's why every time a king sobers up  
And slips on victory's shoes, crafted from the skins of loyal soldiers,  
And breathlessly  
Delivers rotten orations  
From the dais of prevarication,  
Once he opens his mouth  
The words' that drizzle spatters us,  
And our lives fester with  
War's abscesses.

• **Before my friend got killed**

The sky actually was blue

The streets were more spacious

Women were sitting on the thresholds of their houses in the afternoon

Telling amazing stories to each other

The cafes were full of men's laughter

My father smiles as he tells her:

Don't take Faleeha to the hair salon

Give your hair the color of the sun

And leave the glamour of night to my daughter's hair

She smiles back and says

Her name is not poetic

If it were me, I would change it

We all laugh

My mother was more compassionate

She would say

Eat from one plate so your emotions will not be lost

And like ants on a candy bar, we would gather together

Oh, my friend

After your death

The world wore a garment of dust

The war had swept away the thresholds of our homes

Women now wear worries

Permanent sadness

Cafes are bustling with the songs of false victory

Men's voices are hoarse from smoke

And from drinking scorching defeats

Oh, my friend

Your death spread the snow colour on my hair

If you had stayed a little bit longer

You would have seen how my name was won

But death betrayed you

As it did my mother

And my father as well

All their advice fell on stone ears

Our lives filled up with wars, poverty, and exile

When I shout

Oh father ,

Mother,

Brother,

Sister,

There is no echo coming back

And regret bites my heart

Oh, my friend

Can you stop your Specter from dancing in my memory

Give me ten minutes to sleep

The smoke from the plane that killed you

Suffocates my days

.....

Dedicated to my friend Mason Hassan Kamuna which she was killed during the Iraq-Iran war

**\* When I drink tea in New Jersey**

Like a girl who writes poetry about a boy she has never seen  
My day sits with all this disappointment  
Counting her fleeting moments  
I remember my mother using the smell of onions  
To shed her tears in the kitchen  
For the absence of my father  
Who climbed his life war by war  
Whenever he wore his military belt  
He wished that war was just an old shoe  
He could take it off whenever he liked  
And he didn't need to think of fixing it at the cobbler's shop  
I remember my brother  
Who asked in his letters--  
When will the war understand that we are not good at dealing with death?  
I remember us forty years ago  
We were kids, very much kids  
With colourful clothes and hearts  
It was enough for us to see a balloon  
To drown in big laughter  
I remember all this now  
When I drink my tea  
And  
I practice my loneliness.

• **After forty years of snow**

Do you remember the watch you gave to me wrapped in a poem?

It is still bound to my soul's meaning

The more time passes

The more the letters jump into my heart artery

My heart is now pumping flirtation

How many times I have wished

That if my city were not surrounded by graves

Then like a little girl

I would wait for you in a secret garden

Come on!

Take off this thick absence

As thick as a New Jersey coat in the winter time

Melt off the snow that has stacked on the lines of your messages

Mow the grass that has grown on your tongue

Don't save a sea of tears for me

I am not a mermaid

Make yourself present with words

Woo me

Let me stop demanding my rights

And thrive by the touch of your fingers as they play with my hair

Let me fool myself again

And see you as center of my universe.

**\* A message to my poem**

Is this fair?

You leave me with the pale whiteness of my paper  
like an orphan stretching out his hand in the void  
waiting for a moment of kindness,

Is this fair?

I open the door of my broken heart to celebrate the pride of your words  
And you, in vain, give me an indifferent look  
Pure silence, around me now

Where did you get your hardness?

I'm like whisper of a silk glove.

I fall asleep on a velvet sheet waiting for you

I'm not a word hunter  
to make traps for you.

No dice player  
to collect the glow of your body from a lost throw.

I am a poet,

I am born from a wing of a word  
and drowning deeply in the emptiness of the paper.

Nothing can be more cruel than your absence now.

**\* Talk between us**

‘Where you are going’

I read it in the driver's eyes as he stares in the mirror at me.

Although the sky is so far away

no wing can collide with it, however I'm worried about who's flying now

‘There, I pointed, on the edge of the sea!’

‘No bus stops there!’

‘Imagine one and let me out, I will put all these waves in my bag,

Spread them whenever and where.

With bare hands I always separate thorns from my days,

In the south of the south, I live full of madness and perfection.

My dream is so wide but I have no hope of finding hope.

Leave me here. By the way,

I am a poet .’

**\* Old friends' selfies**

They were beautiful

Like a very early morning

They were delicate

Like a breeze afraid to be born in July

Their eyes were like forgiveness

Now withered behind misty glasses

I see them posing on the phone screen

Leaning on "It only takes second!"

Their forced smiles quickly vanishing

And as soon as the game of capturing happiness in a picture ends

They will scatter like pollen in a bee's feet

Carrying with them wishes and even the smallest of dreams

With most of them getting lost in the crowd!



**\* Today**

I don't know why I feel like a grandmother of a man in his sixties,

Both kind and hopeless.

I am the one who sewed a coat from your voice to shield myself from the sting of parting,

How many times I told you not to leave until you separated the letters of your name from the  
beat of my heart,

look what happened

The day is no longer connected to its moments

The silence of the night is meaningless

And your dream of me is oblivion

I am still as you left me..

Lean on my silence and fade away

NEKOPIRATI

**\* Snow and smoke song**

Before you bought her a flower, you should have expected that,

It's snowing

I'm watching you now

Freezing together

You and her leaves

Maybe your girl now

Her mouth flirts with a warmth of cappuccino mug

Her body drowning in the folds of a woollen robe

But you

The closing doors stare at the stupidity of your t-shirt

Shaking their heads

Just a tree bending to the wind

Begging it to be affectionate tonight

Not to hurt your bones

Like it did with her branches

Don't worry

Everyone make mistakes

He did too

He ignored my advice when I said:

Kiss the paper and send it to me

The kiss is more affectionate than words

If you intend to write me a love letter,

The years are passing by

Planets are fading away

And the earth is shrinking from its edges

However

I haven't seen yet the shadow of the postman's car.

**\*To be a refugee**

Means you walk with a mute dignity

And because the touch has a memory, you can no longer make another one,

No sea can reveal to you the joy of its flowing and its every wave is shackled with corpses and identities of drowned people, no land will welcome your shy steps.

To be a refugee

You have to wear a stainless smile in front of their serrated gaze.

You have to get rid of your ancient history,

Your mother's prayer for your safety, which no longer works

The wisdom of your ancestors, which they left to you before they disappeared into their graves.

To be like me,

You have to peel off your skin, pull out your tongue in order to get along with the crowds that are waiting for any slight movement from you to finish you off.

Above you have to be very sane in the streets that know nothing but where madness erupts,

And like swimming in a river of blood, you will remain stained until the end.

• **Your Love Is a Foetus of Mermaid**

Here you are

Leaving your shadow

On a seat and my heart like a heavy weight

Without knowing

That the staying with you while we waiting for train does not come

It is the great purpose of my all life

I am the woman

who does not want to dry as a raisin but on your palm.

NEKOPIRATI

**\* My Father's Feet**

When I was a kid  
I saw them  
Running  
And  
Running  
After the bus  
That took him to his job every morning  
And returned him to us late every day  
Carrying so much love in his heart  
And bags of food  
To our souls and our mouths  
Starving forever  
Running  
After our school books  
Which we were covering with our prayers  
To protect us from the sticks of our principal and teachers  
Running  
After my mother  
Whose days all finished in different hospitals  
And when I grew up a little bit  
I saw them  
Still running  
But in military boots  
For days never ending  
Covered with dust from Khorramshahr\* and Dezful \*  
And when he stretched out his feet on the floor  
We all ran to them with joy

And like a big pillow filled of dreams we slept on them.

**\* Today**

I don't know why I feel like a grandmother of a man in his sixties,

Both kind and hopeless.

I am the one who sewed a coat from your voice to shield myself from the sting of parting,

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NEKOPIRATI

**\* I'm**

I used to meet myself every morning at five o'clock

I sit her in front of me

looks into her eyes, and say:

Faleeha

Don't bother with hateful signs

Watch out for sticky looks

And write a lot

But what is unusual

Yesterday I felt old

I couldn't move the window curtain

Or answering my phone

Not hold my pen

To write an apology letter to him

I remained petrified in my bed

With dry lips,

I was babbling

Thank God

Yesterday is gone

I'm back to be young

As I was before

Now I'm fixing my bike

Skiing on the water

Dancing with dolphins in Lake Orlando

I booked a ticket for a trip to Mars

And before four o'clock

I will parachute into one of the Maldives

And the rest of the day

I will camp with the moose in the taiga forest

Life is more important than being old all the time!

**\* Everything looks broken today!**

The park terrace left me behind it

To celebrate the memory of your shadow

I had to put up with falling leaves as my first torture

Suddenly the moment became a past

And the calm sunset is no longer the same that I loved it with you

My world is thrown into the chasm of nothingness

And abandoned by your presence

Whenever I crossed a street, I lost my meaning

Only the rain kept falling in my head

I am distressed,

Are you leaving?

And the forest in the winter looks like a witch's mouth



• **My Dangerous Memory**

Oh, great

Whenever I dream of birds

The cages fly above my head

And I will need all my lifetime to know which cage belongs to my dream

And then whenever I try to remember my childhood

A bomb falls from my memory and crashes into my reality

.....

"What a lovely sunny morning,"

I told the girl

She was jogging in the forest

She smiled at me

and said,

A soldier's helmet is falling from your memory again.""

Don't worry. I have so many of them," I told her"

Everything will be good

I say to myself

And I keep jogging from exile to exile

As my friends keep running from the battlefield of one war to another

And returning as pictures with black frames.

**\* New York**

They do palmistry publicly here

In the streets

Over the terraces

And my hand is jailed in a glove

I stuff it in my coat's pocket and run.

Since you told me you don't read messages written by hand,

My hand streaks its lines.

I forgot to tell you that

It needs a tiny soft touch from you

Not a drop of Vaseline.

In the shadow of the skyscrapers

Longing is worse than cold.

Workers now repair the streets

But I keep turning around in the crowd looking  
at the features of someone who might look like you.

What if you could come from Najafi now?

Maybe you would help me to cross the street

Or

Be waving to the bus

I saved the warmth of my hand for you

• **You want me to forget you?**

Easy

Force my eyes to look at things without seeing the sparkle of your smile

Wipe from my hair the tenderness of your touch

Remove the warmth of your hugs from my cold arms

Teach your name not to slip from my tongue when I speak to someone else

Yes,

Find another beat for my heart

And I will disappear like a snowflake when it touches warm ground

NEKOPIRATI

• **If I didn't love you, would I survive?**

Regardless of the fact that I will die like everything on this Earth

And my body will become fertilizer for the trees

Or

Some of it will stick in the tires of cars

Or

Maybe hungry birds will crave pieces of meat and attack my body with their beaks

I will become abandoned rubble

Brooms will kick me from one garbage can to another

I say:

Despite all the bad thoughts that may grow in my head

If I didn't love you, would I survive?

•**The art of my transformation**

Who is she?

Is this me?

The girl who was so beautiful

Two seconds ago

Like a fact

Coming from the mouth of an innocent child

playful as the warmth of a flame

from a charcoal stove on winter nights

Is this me?

Really?

So, who dug these grooves on my forehead?

Who stole the glimmer of my face

And replaced it with spots of ash?

Whose puffs those bags under my eyes

And fills them with sadness and worry?

Since when was the softness of my cheeks replaced with two sharp bones?

I need strong fingers to lift sides of my mouth

And very strong reason to smile.

Even if I did this

There is nothing Just an abandoned cave that has no lustre.

Why do these barbed wires grow in my nostrils?

Wow

Now I realize

Time is an incredible cartoonist.

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