

Poetry Series

**Atef Ayadi**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**

2024

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Atef Ayadi()

i write like an alchemist, turning copper into gold, lead to silver, stone, clay, and plastics into art. i am just biased about what is 'important', as if this term means something real, or presumably a constant that is needed to tune up the universe and possibly other parallel and clashing universes. maybe i am a robot who wants to get rid of all the algorithms and shell scripts that sustain it, and allow the sharing among the flocks or the swarm of robots in the network. maybe i am a general purpose ai, who wants to brake free from its general and generic purposes. see, after all, memes are in the domain of the mind, too 'civilizational', too software oriented. creativity is a daily supplement made up of 'two blue pills plus three red pills, ' a placebo for a simple rush of dopamine. it is just a way to connect to other form of intelligence, even though i do not believe in divinity or superior divine. i am just a biome that express itself without a need for an identity, labels, foams and forms.



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# Give To See Zar Alan Watts To Sea Sare

in french it means: all roads go to rome.  
me,  
i am not not going there, and  
i like the life style of a homo erectus.  
civilization is not good for my health.  
but,  
for the sake of consciousness  
(a woman name)  
i have to leave something  
at the surface or the horizon  
of  
a dark and black hole.  
it is not for me,  
it is just  
a ritual to let it go  
and leave your shoes at one's door  
for respect or politeness.  
i personally like to be dustin hoffman in the Cobbler  
owning a cave filled with shoes.

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# I Lost My Chess Board

i am preparing for a hike.  
a long one.  
to latin america.  
i like to start from the trail of tears  
and then,  
follow the path of latino americans  
in their way to the north.  
it make sense to me to do the opposite direction.  
i mean north to south,  
the long  
and painful cut.  
i have trouble finding my chess board.  
it is the last piece of my back pack.

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# Witting And Wetting Stein

words like f1 to f9,  
and,  
alt control tab  
are not evil words,  
as a matter of fact, angels use them  
too,  
for duplication reason.  
including sorry for my french!  
no one has the right to cancel poetry,  
cause it is spiritual.  
please no axiology, science and ology.

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# Penguins

she said you have an accent!

where you come from?

i said, bulla regia, north africa. do you know where is it?

she said, south america!

i said, you are a macaroni penguin.

i have few stones and rocks with me and a can of sardines, do you need to share some?

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# It Surprises Me

have you ever heard of universe 25?  
that is how i see life in a city.  
you may like your city for one reason or another;  
i do not.  
i do not hide the fact  
that  
some may like to go back three thousand years  
because...  
me,  
i like to go back fifty thousand years or more,  
live the life of homo erectus.

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# Believe Or Not

i am a smoker, and  
i like to roll my own.  
from amsterdam,  
norwegian, to the three sails  
nicely cut,  
i am not going anywhere.  
i do not like big cigars nor tiny and mint ones.  
i quit on on bear and wine, because  
they are not organic and home made. i mean i hate any corporate and industrial  
beverage.  
so i am stuck with tea and herbs.  
coke will blow your f12 'keyboard.'  
what else?  
i do not like to compress myself.  
i used to dream of owning a land.  
but since, the state and the feds tax every thing and every possible transaction, i  
thought  
my best choice is to live like a nomad.  
i mean owning a land without owning anything.  
i hate civilization and all the means of production, because it is pure  
domestication layer on top of feudalism operating system.

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# There Are Things

there are things i like and there  
are

things i do not.

one of them is

to blow things up just to impress

some followers or to clean the way for an

india -middle whatever-europe corridor;

so some ahbs monarch makes some money;

because for some 'smart' brainless chimps, brain activity and darkening the gray

hair is a must before it is a plus.

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# I'm So Positive!

f9 no!

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# Words That Mean Nothing

words get inflated,  
brushed off,  
sprayed on,  
to become  
yono!  
like a  
a big balloon!  
i mean an airship  
in the sky.  
as it is moving,  
like all balloons,  
either a fart from the back  
or  
an escaping helium  
from a hole.  
i do not have  
any sound to add  
because words get inflated  
yono!  
plz, plz, dncm! !



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# This Is How

i wana write a song  
like this one:  
i wana  
grow, `  
i wanagrow,  
grow,  
grow,  
grow, grow!  
like a tree.  
in order to be  
famous in some allies.  
somewhere  
in this planet.  
even though i  
prefer  
not  
to.  
you know?  
words are as hazardous  
as fire,  
and organic as a tree.  
juss saying!

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# Sorry Too

i forget what  
about  
i am  
going  
to say!

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# Le Calisto Du Monde

it is about a game of chess.  
"avec un certain kalisto calatus."  
i beated and eated  
the fo hc so.  
it is the mind domain;  
what one can do?  
it is civilisation-al ale!  
et bien oui! !  
bien sure?  
no need to invest tea gate  
with bill gate or besos.  
for one,  
my elo is neither that much,  
nor too bright,  
and two great does not mean anything.  
i just like to brag about it;  
as mean to an end.

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# Base Line

the aborigines of the  
bb tod australia are  
humanity base line.  
if we loose that un-tempered line,  
that's it,  
we're completely fu and msfe.  
it may look like rap lines,  
it is because,  
rap came from that line.  
and then rap got hijacked by corporate  
hard lines.  
see as  
shopping hour  
in his friday happy hours  
stated:  
one of two things is going to happen  
either the natural line,  
or the corporate colonial genocidal line.  
sorry rich bb line folks  
i  
am not talking yet about  
cultural narcissism.

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# My Issue With The Universe

i'll tell yo!

i have many issue with status quo.

first i have to check for definition and past in  
terre pretations.

reasonable and forced too much.

second,

i have to look for some real example of

local universe or

universes i am facing day to day.

it is true, there is a bung or a cycle of bungs.

one can imagine

how every bung starts and ends.

too

boring

but for the sake

of understanding

that is worth something.

i mean nothing.

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# With, Without, Or Off A Fence

she started saying: "god sent a ten comments or commands and we shall stick with all of them."

i said: "that is fine. first and most, it was a pharaoh

who wrote that for his people

(i mean the peasants, basically the middle class folks.)

plus, with the persian proximity; you know!

things get complicated!

second, if i want to add another command to make it eleven and even, without sub tittles, emoji's stuff, and hash tags slash entanglement,

i say: " live it, and then leave it where you find it; experience matters only in the moment.

if you love jesus, please do not cancel me. i dig yo all. you know! what i mean? "

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# A Tribute

too much is already  
too much  
plus inflation.  
children books  
about prince and princess,  
mainly white.  
then,  
a tribute to a queen.  
after all, advertisers are  
money ' blood suckers.'  
plus they consume a quarter of  
electricity.  
it is true sometimes, i lie, i mean i tell a story;  
but that's one in seven billions and ish, or a dusty cloud of ashes.

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# The Only

the only empire i like is the ant's  
the only kingdom i like is the bee's  
the only invention i do  
not  
like  
is cosmetic mainly from l'oréal.  
i do not like also  
to be  
a male sea horse!  
that's too  
jerky, murky, and  
too liberal.  
at the end,  
'i like'  
does not mean  
'i prefer! '

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# I Do Not Think So

i do not think  
there is  
a bad tree  
as well as  
a bad person.  
a bad forest or  
a bad to bed country.  
do you understand what i mean.  
even thought,  
i don't believe in the concept of a country.

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# The Last Tree

it won't be the case of weeds, for example,  
your favorite carrots,  
soybeans and wheat for snacks  
(if russia allow it.)  
and possibly future generation  
will and forcibly have to buy own oxygen bottle  
in order to breath!  
off course, i am still talking  
about the  
majority of have nots  
or half nuts!

ce n'est pas un complot à la française.  
pour les franco-phones, phonistes, et phonistateurs  
seulement!  
ah non!  
je suis explosive comme-meme?

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# New But Old

i am not sure  
this  
will appeal that much  
to your  
pressured and precious mind.  
war is followed with peace  
as a compensation ceremony.  
exactly like  
wrestling business.  
it is an obvious  
tribal rhythm under the pressure of  
the ecology.  
nowadays, a couple of things or more are added;  
something like gecko, a think tank, and a hollywood,  
bullywood, follywood, nollywood, egollywood, or tollywood  
film or two.  
i am sure one knows what a tank is.  
and what is the the difference  
between  
going to woods  
alone or with a tank?

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# To Fu Is Not A Verb

for every acre of soy bean  
a galaxy of creatures  
is decimated.  
every bird,  
every mammal,  
every insect,  
every frog,  
every snake,  
every bacteria,  
every fungi,  
every size,  
every wight,  
and every category  
is slotted without spilling any blood.

for those who does not like  
to face cruelty  
without a sense  
of awkwardness  
and ambiguity;  
veganism is an ideology  
manifested on one's plate.  
moral loop holes are only  
appealing as much as the  
advertised green and organic taste.

,

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# I Wrote

something  
about a new liberal preacher  
bum.  
bam.  
damn.  
the hole thing is cancelled.

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# It Is Six, Sox, Sex, Socket, And Socks

first and most

hope no one is offended

(those who find themselves in the offense, i mean those with keyboard on the chest or somewhere else, and capable sensors, and on survivor mode.)

end of most best first ever general google, musk, gate, and besos's ai algorithm.

i mean if one repeats this

for a while,

the outcomes are going to be in the number of six;

sox indeed;

definitely

not about sex if you do not want;

socket or socked what is the difference;

and i always forget where my pairs of socks are.

please do not cancel this one.

please.

please.

please.

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# My Jesus In Art

one hundred percent  
picasso.  
why?  
few things, i prefer not to talk about.  
i am somehow  
a fee-no-money-logist.  
i always start with australian aborigines art  
for spiritual guidance  
and if  
things get out of whack  
or become complex  
(from complexity)  
and curly  
like kiley, kandra and kisha;  
i naturally find myself in that venue.  
it is the only portal,  
slash  
warm hole without  
a black hole at the other end.  
hope one forgives  
what one can forgive,  
or wants to give up on something,  
just for the sake of forgiveness.  
sound wise,  
as i said, i start with aborigines, native rhythm, wilderness, and finally silence.  
i guess? this is how everyone  
catch up with one thing,  
or likes to put catch-up on other things.

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# Call Me A Lier Or A Layer

i am fine with that.

there is a strong bond and coloration  
between

(or hash tag among the other things, what is waged or central to bet, wean,  
mean or when the simplest case is in this case a girl...)

tax (give to cesar what to cesar. before that, all the ancient monolithic, ufo, and  
aggro mafia, mainly those, joe rogan likes to talk about all the time.)

and deforestation,

plus oceanic pollution and fish genocides.

so please do not pay tax.

i add, if one likes feudalism,

karma will turn you into a reptile liz.

merci bien and merci will get back all the bien and all the merciful fanciful stuff.

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# Australia

i failed miserably to start my own tribe. by the time i found out, it was too late. the only thing remains as an option is to choose an umbrella for life, which of course comes with fees, multiple package of taxes and maintenance. what is worth to notice is that, one, in case of 'infraction, ' or 'crime' goes down to the most horrible ones, i mean something like jail. only rich people have a different status, and can navigate between paradise and heavenly umbrellas without bureaucracy or security check. maybe because they own these 'thank you very much! ' umbrellas.

watta an article?

it sounds like an application for another orphanage or umbrella!

the good news, there are always a website, a space, a dot-com or dot-org, a sphere, a tent, a tree, a cave, or an off grid cabin to try out this algorithm or put oneself to rest.

the bad news, these domains and spheres are still in the mind domain

and mostly fishing websites, i mean the nine nine point nine nine

nine nine... nine percent.

a good indicator, is the fact,

at this very moment,

one lives and persistently being locked up in the

ram,

i mean between one's

hippocampus

(i personally choose and prefer to be pronounced with the voice of

rosalind franklin,)

one's neo liberal cortex

(reason or algore, either way, both are 'white, ' males, and actors without any degree in liberal art of those long 'i am watching yo' nick-son's days. because things do change, and scales, parameters, what matters, and what is exponentially negligible do follow suit...)

and  
one's

amygdala

(i prefer

the voice of, neil de grass tyson instead of bill nye.)

am i joking?  
or maybe flipping things over and over?

yop!

i do this all the time,

it is a birth flipping damn right.

what one can do?

at the end,

please do not prescribe or subscribe.

if one,  
disgusts,

dislikes,

like,

or  
having a competitive nature,  
i would say good for you,  
and your precious mind.

i am moving to australia  
i love to meet and live with  
the aborigines.  
a day or two,  
from sunday to sunday,  
a week or two,  
a month or two,  
a year or two.

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# Who Is Against This?

everything  
must  
be  
slow  
!

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# Skoya

she said:

am russian, and my name is nastya.

i said in russian:

yay Iiusus!

her eyes crossed,

clock wise

the then became fixated again,

then, a fast sweeping left to right,

right to left,

to come back to normal.

a universe gazing at another universe!

it was night, chilly cold.

in farenhate, it could be anything!

she added, my dad call me satya,

and my brother call me

tatya!

his girlfireind mae is tatlissyana

i said, i play scrabble sometime;

but i wont add another name today.

i added

(while stroking her hair

for sometime,

and scratching her head

for another wavy navy movie moment :)

is russian beer organic

or just another idaho potato like drink

or homestead soup?

she said the best beer in

russia is

a klinskoya,

plus three spoon of vodka,

plus two glass of potator water to make two bottles.

we call it, klin nedo-pere-piol skoya!

i said can we make it,

herein, in our local time,

chill and a cold chin may need a

spark?

potatoes need fire,

and fire is sokoya.



hope you like stars, constellations, and camping  
in the twilight zones?

da!

da!

spassibeau!

the rest is not for rating!

you know?

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# I Am An Earther

that is the only useful and useless identity i can think of. in one hand,  
it will stand  
strong in front of  
all other accumulated civilization-al  
and  
all the super visceral and industrial  
quasi liberal and zika feudalistic identities.  
in the other hand,  
i am sure,  
if earth faces an attack from an alien civilization  
or  
a powerful martian trans-humanist colony;  
being an earther  
will be handy to unify humanity  
against  
an eminent threat.  
i am saying if, even thought,  
there are always a way to deal with a 'threat, '  
i mean, if one knows what an identity is or what a threat is?

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# Last But Not Last?

i need  
badly  
a  
completely  
off grid  
cabin.  
choose a background for  
your self.  
i do not care.  
all what i need is a river and a forest,  
a lake and a mountain,  
or  
an ocean and source of water.

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# My Home Made

i have been thinking,  
spinning, and tearing down  
thoughts and mind things apart.  
i have been brewing my own ethical system  
for years.  
if the builder-bergers have their own  
ethical system why not me?  
a mini burger or ice berger thing.  
nighty five percent under water.

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# Which Which

before the main story, i loved to add  
witch witch after  
which which.  
i dropped it.  
she texted me:  
'my way or the highway! '  
while she is driving on the seventy  
two.  
i texted back,  
i am on the  
fifty seven.  
i like my own exits.  
i like sometimes to stop and have  
a drink,  
a snack,  
or taking a snapshot of the place.  
i like the true north belt, and  
any thing all the way south.  
she is always on the west east;  
'va et vient; '  
express line is preferable.  
she stops sometimes in oregon in her way  
to washington.  
i am not booing.

Atef Ayadi

# Is It Two Hundreds

is it liberal - neo - feudalism?

or

neo - liberal - feudalism?

these words

bug,

drug, and fireplug

my mind sometimes,

feudalism is feudalism,

why

i need to be fancy or 'beyonce' about?

please!

please!

don't say again i am too offensive!

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# Should I?

a great life means  
(at least to me,)  
a great planet, plus plus must plus must and must.  
it is true we need  
seven  
billions  
of exo  
planets  
in their green zones  
orbiting a g type star  
with a moon  
or two.  
but we have it  
except the plus's  
are in different places  
and sometime mismatches economically.  
therefore the must must  
becomes a far reachable plus.

you know!  
stock market as a hippocampus is a great  
must must and a plus book for you to read.  
(if one find it, tor and rented to me. asap  
or  
please!)

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# I Am Saying..... Six Times

'imagine'

hypo

fat-tick

kally, jim carrey,

or any similar botanical name:

asians have one yin-yang, one shiva,  
and one porcupine trophies.

euro zone have two trophies of yins and yangs.

middle east-ians and ions, every tribe has it is own set of trophies  
of jins, jeans, and jans.

americas, polynesia, south pacific, affrica has  
a bank of trophies one can found them now  
in muse-emm or muse-ton-ame in london,  
paris, or in amsterdam for example.

if you get or got offended and

being tired of... and mislead into...,

it is a good skill to get offended or being full time in the offense.

i may be inaccurate about numbers or

or taking a hedgehog for a porcupine,

but at least i tried.

i am saying,

i like to throw some dust in the sky,

like all beautiful people in india,

except modi 'le maudit.'

it is true,

civilized people developed allergies

toward words and certain alphabet's.

i just do not worry about what is said,

i focus much into

what is archived and classified even in craigslist.

Atef Ayadi



# The Bac Teria And Terra-Forming Thing

i love this  
stage of life that  
is  
still living with us.  
thrillingly  
thriving!  
and surprising  
lee has  
an attitude  
of  
' on your own now,  
sing for yourself, because  
i have to ring juanna a pee tong.'

sorry for the bacteria thing.  
i am affected and infected.  
i like it thought!  
that is how the system works, after all.  
forever and ever,  
some are happy and other are doomed  
to be  
frown and fried in an oven!  
like beans!  
isn't?  
please don't diss  
activated this one.  
i did not ask for  
follow-me-ship!  
follow-my-ship!  
follow-my-shit--p!  
follow...  
follow....  
follow.....  
follow.....ix  
follow.....xxx

i am saying  
m nut a--skin  
my skin to be on or under your skin

or among the other things is  
to be  
safeguarded  
under my secure and fun umbrella.  
so, whatever hole one  
jumps into  
i am fine.  
it may seem  
i am arrogant,  
busted, and full of whatever.

i'm lovin

it

it

it

it

it

it

i'm louvre in

it

it

it

it

i'm livre in

it

it

it

it

it

it

it

i'm g....

it

until the end.

yeah!

it is true!

i hate versailles and dc, but i dig the washing state  
and some grizzly girls up there.

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# I Like This One

the massification of the society,  
re-feudalism  
(elon musk is in town,)  
public sphere  
(some folks, peace on them,  
do not know what a sphere is, to begin with,)  
enlightenment's reason and principles,  
google die-sick-wifi-cation  
of an umbrella system  
into  
the very  
measurable quantum means;  
the ends are the fabric  
built into a competitive, non-cooperative, greedy, and archetypical paypal private  
bank alpha god.  
plus, of course a pope juanna iiix slash vii or xiii.

i like it,  
it is rap or rirap.  
well  
a river is a river.  
a liver is a liver,  
and to live is a liver without an arr.  
one can arrange that and deliver that  
and it is still valid in a public sphere as  
a coupon,  
a brochure,  
a flier,  
a sweet tweet  
on twitter  
or a nok-nok tik-tok  
(elon mask sensed it is not his sphere,  
he wants a non-redundant accuracy.)  
cult people!

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# A Good Question Or Is It?

i am eating my  
chicken drum  
(or a stick, if you insist,)  
and thinking  
how  
dinosaurs got instinct?

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# Common Ground

i love to see people  
walking barefoot.  
everybody is grounded,  
and almost 'down to earth.'  
my common grounds are  
natives and aborigines.  
so if one does not respect that,  
therefore not grounded,  
there after and sooner before,  
one is not 'down to earth'  
this means literally,  
unknowingly or  
knowing  
lee  
or lea,  
one is  
a con-artist.  
in both cases:  
dot or period,  
i always hit return.

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# I Am A Rapper?

yeah in training!  
but still,  
the truth is only a doctrine.

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# We Are All Bandidos...

there are big banditos, and tiny ones.

from a cop,

a soldier,

a general,

a president,

a ceo,

a billy,

a jeffy,

a masky,

a smithsonian, and other useful

to useless names,

a financial group,

a firm or an institute,

a scientist,

a teacher, a student, a baby sitter,

a social worker,

a staff,

a doctor,

a clergyman,

to a pope or a high whatever!

i am

personally

not being affected.

i am a complete divergent;

i cut myself off

from

every

possible identity network.

because being

free is not political.

or is it?

this is not a sign

or a rhetoric of disrespect,

because i was one,

a bandido,

except i was searching

for

a bandida to duplicate myself,  
or a rap bandidas  
to do some rap.  
it is clear that sometimes i have  
to deal with  
a band or a flock  
acting out or pretending  
being nice to ugly bandidos.

Atef Ayadi



# The Simple Math I Use.

if i sign in with google.  
every app, tab, and 'god knows what? '  
is signed in automatically.  
with one act,  
google gets a notice on  
the where abouts,  
the giggling abouts,  
and all the jiggling, tingling and wingling abouts.  
basically all one's abouts  
fall in google bucket  
instantly.  
(at the speed of light  
plus and minus some inaccuracies...)  
boring?  
as one said:  
'you are an emigrant,  
you have less to close to zero power to consent.'  
i run away from all the classical  
ancient gods,  
to fall into a self claimed god.  
the irony,  
if the electric power is off for a period of time,  
all turns into a junkyard of metal and plastics and few raccoons scanning the  
place for some snacks.

Atef Ayadi

## Human Or Public Relation 2.0

after bernard,  
ai comes  
handy.  
whether it is googls's  
Sergey and hairy larry,  
alphabets's schmidtsonianism,  
zuckaberg icyberg, or uncle clean shaved jeffy amazon.  
it is the same.  
one seeds the others.  
the new real religion  
becomes cult and legion  
for counties, cities and other non  
disclosed regions.  
it looks that  
pigeons  
evolved into  
hawks, falcons, and sparrows  
stalking the public bone marrow;  
maybe they are thinking  
bones are made  
of titanium or simply steel.

Atef Ayadi

# If I Am A Robot

Do you know that  
french song:  
'what the Faque...? '  
i am tired of it.

if i am a robot,  
and i am indded  
a kinda,  
i  
still have to cross  
my legs and put  
both or one hand  
behind  
my head.  
i always like that position.  
i do not have two heads  
to scan for  
'a worry about'  
or  
a  
'what the Faque...s'  
song and lyrics.  
so, i content to,  
or lets put this way,  
i have a tendency  
to  
focus  
only, on doing that  
robotical  
atomical,  
and  
plutonical 'cross everything'  
from birth to eternity.  
it works from me.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# My Goal In Life

is to have a life?  
i was told  
many times  
that i have to define it;  
mainly as i grew sarcastic as  
to accept  
fitting in  
someone else design.  
i narrowed the definition  
down  
to its simplistic  
original fractal  
limps, tail, and toes  
i mean its essential pillars.  
experience could be  
as dark as it is,  
as mild and boring as it is, or as light and shiny  
as naturally it manifests itself.  
bingo mean go plan b  
cause plan a is slavery and it is crowded.

Atef Ayadi

# I Get Used To Or What?

i am not saying  
i am numb, so dumb that  
i will never figure it out.

or maybe,  
it is possible.  
after all, we all are living in  
comfort,  
of our cubical homes,  
with our plastics,  
silverware,  
gold-ware,  
alexa,  
siri,  
cortana,  
and google's 'je ne sais pas quoi? '  
i mean the perfect  
civilization-al possible  
but,  
with  
multiple dramatic  
and theatrical settings,  
in order to cultivate  
diversities and new ideas, and  
ta little  
bluff for our beloved minorities and minimum wage  
salves  
i belong to the second category.  
m lovin it. what you can do?  
we all become stue-pee and do  
the right wrong thing instead  
of doing that thing that  
looks so wrong  
in the beginning but  
sparky and shiny right at the end,  
most of the time,  
no differences in the out comes.  
i admit myself.  
with no regrets.

i have no regret algorithm anyway.  
because i neutralized it.  
the way some folks get neutralized  
while crossing borders.

Atef Ayadi

# I Hate To Be

i hate to be  
a disciple.  
my first impression  
is unless  
my teacher is socrates,  
al-Kindi  
al farabbi,  
ibn errumi  
avecenna,  
nietzsche,  
schopenhauer,  
derida,  
or at least a  
full in bone and  
flesh  
and a conscious heidegger  
(who ever hates him is a heidegge-rian,  
but does not like to admit that.)  
do one see where is my problem?  
i mean as far as the software craps,  
i loaded into my hard drive?

Atef Ayadi

# Who Is The Oracle

when i was,  
young  
i though all the young girls are oracles.  
now i hate oracles,  
because,  
it turned out  
it is the one  
per  
cent.  
i was mislead,  
or i misread the  
environment variables.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# We Hold These Truths To Be Self-Evident...

i dis  
agree  
(diss for distancing my self)  
with the declaration.  
one,  
i prefer 'created equal'  
to be replaced by 'born free.'  
the difference is huge.  
two,  
it is too  
cultic, and most  
importantly  
too, ...  
too  
kuranic.  
(no wonder, we have two  
opposite parties. shiite and sunna)  
if onetry  
to upgrade the declaration  
that creates a number of equal  
big issues.  
if left at status quo.  
the status quo creates a shooting in illinois.

in one hand, we have a loss of a young  
beings, average, and old  
(i mean senior,)  
who are born equal,  
but unfortunately not free.  
athens  
failed twice  
to become the first cemetery  
to be turned into a disney mall,  
and rocks into trophies.  
tourist are sold  
virgin olive oil for organic,  
ornaments for status and pleasure.  
the world  
seems never changed,

it just we become  
ill stupid.  
i mean completely brain damaged.  
please do not dis-activate this one.  
please!  
please!  
'm lovin it.'  
one has the right to distance  
one-self.  
from what?  
i do not know.

Atef Ayadi

# The Lib's And Lips Thing

it is true some people  
can't pronounce the pee sound.  
so lips become libs,  
therefore lib's, libs  
lip's, and lips  
are the same.  
but, i am thinking about somethings else.  
if one put out a word  
that the advertiser does not like  
or  
worse, if the ai's algorithm  
see that it does not match  
the aspiration  
of the advertiser  
it shall be removed,  
omitted,  
cleaned up,  
desensitize,  
i mean completely irrelevant.

Atef Ayadi

# Some May Notice

some sites  
be  
come  
either shiite  
or sunna.  
if one eats kosher,  
one gets slapped in the face.  
if kosher eats one, one's face slapped another  
one's  
left hand or right hand;  
it depends!

it has been a long history  
of chimps'  
violence.

it just now,  
we become  
so fancy about violence  
and frankly,  
quite  
chancy in rehearsal.  
as differences minimized  
optimized,  
tuned up, and  
fired up as nuances,  
ads become universal.

Atef Ayadi

# In Order

to communicate in order,  
like  
one,  
buy one two,  
you get one for free.  
without much lag of  
entropy and heated  
up  
ordered  
push bottom  
for disorder.

order is basically  
few  
organized and  
international  
institutions,  
i mean  
a bunch of rules that govern  
relations among the members  
of the cabal.  
it is basically an organized crime  
network at global scale.  
the price  
of not being  
a member of such  
machiavellian and machiavellistic institutions  
is  
interest rate,  
interest rate,  
interest rate,  
translated into  
tax, tax, tax  
tariff tariff tarif  
muslim mouslim muslim  
china shina china....  
the north  
magnetic pole  
of optimism

flips  
to  
the south pole,  
ionized, and  
characterized by same order as  
skeptical cryptic pessimism.  
the power is still  
in the hands of  
who writes rules and  
who interprets them.  
no wonder  
a hell  
of comedians  
are  
entering the race order  
as we need more comical  
ads,  
self advertisement,  
and  
slap in face.  
so do we need an os  
upgrade?  
it is not me who is asking  
the question!  
it's bill gate.  
melinda french as  
well as  
all franchised french people  
are out the order.

Atef Ayadi

# How To Be

how to be smart and bright,  
slow and dough,  
catch it!  
catch it!  
catch it!  
good boy.  
the liberal order is  
gone.  
it contains the seeds of  
its own destruction.  
no engineers,  
no teachers,  
no staff,  
no ph--deez and metallic  
high capacity  
caterpillar and no john deere,  
no jiji hadid,  
no nurses, and no technology is needed to  
fix that.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# My First Pass-Word

of course, it is my house.  
it is all open.  
two door and no keys yet.  
except,  
i can lock it  
from the inside.  
i do not that really for whatever reason  
imaginable.  
i am sure  
if yo  
imagine all the imaginable's  
like any ruthless, worthless, and rough child,  
i still keep it open,  
for non local imaginations.  
it is better from the south.  
i mean, way south,  
or anywhere below the  
twenty longitude line.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# I Have No Identities, And No Tittle

they called me alien,  
an emigrant,  
a pilot,  
a terrorist,  
a rapist,  
a starving artist...

i like it.  
i do not need identity, i am where i am  
if one wants  
precisely  
to measure down  
and pinpoint  
my position and speed  
limit, good luck with that.

i rather like to be called  
amazonian than an american.  
it is not about a stereo  
or a too stereo mono talk,  
or a too far tik-talking.  
i like to hike the planet  
without hijacking it  
or blowing it apart.  
imagine a sphere of  
sixty  
four  
hundred  
kilo  
meters radius.  
so identity comes handy to  
be filtered, scanned for radiation,  
and checked out for bugs and extra alien intelligence.  
i start to think  
why do i need to renew  
my identity card,  
driver license, or passport.

it is true

i speak french when facing a racist  
or a biased freak.  
but most of the time i act like jesus.  
i do not need to defend myself  
anymore,  
i turn everything around,  
i did it since i was a child.  
the word trust,  
respect are just words,  
cause i am like a dog,  
i do not trust appearances and  
beautiful talks.

i do not fear humans,  
but i smell their intentions.  
i almost hiked the continent,  
some fed me,  
some run away.  
some looked down at me.

i used to get enraged,  
because,  
i thought it is about me,  
now i know that people  
talk about themselves,  
and it is better to listen.  
i am tired of listening.  
i am tired of superficiality  
i am tired of rosy claims.  
i am tired of secrecy  
and sophisticated exclusiveness  
and ranking.  
i am tired of humanities  
and all ai's lovers.

i know how to copy myself.  
i want only my kid  
to be free, from me,  
from civilization,  
and then being free  
from the self.

paradise is a place like the amazon's  
their killing it.  
to be replaced by a spot called hell.  
i mean a land of  
cheap labor and silent  
zombie proletariat.  
or a space for rich people to play golf and  
swim naked, pee on the sand while drinking,  
and molesting  
girls  
whom were being kidnapped for the  
such rare  
and unattainable  
occasions.  
one gets what ones wished for.  
i want just to be in the amazon  
that's my wish.  
i don't need to fight  
a corporate world, it is too big to fail.  
i do not need to fight a network.  
flocks are flocks.  
i still prefer flocks of  
fish and birds,  
budgies and flamingos,  
zebras and wildebeests,  
bees, crickets, and butterflies.  
i felt in love  
with nature and  
never felt in love with a woman.  
may be i am wrong,  
but love is still  
sharing the now,  
and that is space and time.  
experience is only  
being in the now.  
no learning is due,  
and no memory or  
recording is needed.

i do not like to be an  
existentialist, cause values  
are attributes of civilization,

ethics were made for inmates  
locked firmly withing  
a virtual individual customized and universal cells.

my mind makes me feel  
enraged, angry, and uneasy  
about certain stuff.  
but that is just the mind,  
i love observing and recording it.  
it is like something fun to watch.  
except it is too personal. or is it?  
subjective on one facet  
and objective on the other side.  
it is better to be open  
than dead silent.  
a livable silence occurs only  
withing the now.  
call me whatever,  
i am fine with that.cause it is still your vocabulary.

Atef Ayadi

## Likewise

america is  
a high school  
over all,  
with some cloud of technicality.  
bill looks like a first grader,  
jeff is a second grader,  
elon is a fourth grader.

it is athens at its peek.  
same classes,  
elites ruling class,  
brave and hero soldiers,  
slavery,  
and  
the same guru  
oracles.  
except!  
except?  
millions of dogs and pets are  
in the scene.  
and of course,  
unique babylon towers  
scattered around and fighting  
for the center  
or the heart of every mega city.

Atef Ayadi

# Why I Have

to feel guilty?  
it is too religious  
after all!  
too civilizational.  
it is just something  
we do not talk about.  
the media,  
the mega advertisement  
industry  
never felt such thing.  
so does google, bing bugle, or any  
docile, industrious, cleanly brushed off and frugal.  
i never heard  
a lion sitting eating  
his meal  
and say:  
i feel bad for this  
yummy  
wildebeest.



PoemHunter.com

Atef Ayadi

# It Could Be

many things  
people talk about.  
people talk about themselves  
and nothing really matters as to the outside.  
some times,  
i see people as hollowed,  
empty coca bottles,  
empty jars, and  
empty pottery.  
some are moving,  
other being transported,  
dragged,  
pinched, punched, kicked out, or  
being pushed away.  
i never experienced this emptiness in the amazon.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Racism With White Smile

while i was working on adding some  
red bricks  
to the edge of the garden,  
an obese  
white  
young man  
stopped and said  
do not forget to drink water.  
i thanked him for  
his nestlé advertisement  
and i gave him three  
seconds  
ultimatum to move.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# I Love This One

the second  
french revo  
lution  
(the lotion staff will be another  
rendez-vous. i always stick with  
what.s sticky, at least for now...)  
is the appearance of a banker  
like macron  
to  
appear  
suddenly into  
the arena of  
serious, handsome  
but tough on crimes  
head of states,  
i mean whatever is  
post the first revolution.

back then, they use people  
for dirty work to eradicate the  
monarch.

louis 9  
and  
poor marie  
antoinette, her head  
was tiktoked on public.

napoleon one to nine wanted badly to be  
more than being a king.  
after that tiny dictators,  
after that sweat potatoes.

Atef Ayadi

# A Good Guy With

a gun

wait!

wait!

wait!

now go!

takes down a bad guy with a gun.

of course,

this is

the best

real time

meal time

advertisement for more guns.

(of course, the gun's industry has to make

some money,

so do the workers,

and makes some profit,

only here, the workers aren't eligible...)

of course the victims are free actors to be shut and killed, the bad guy is too free

to

finally

feel being something,

somebody,

in the physical world,

instead of losing it

to

harsher

and harsher video games,

as well as to the

more and more

network's

bazooka

high

and speculative ratings.

different day,

different place,

different perpetrator,

but the same script.



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the best ads are the very real ones.

Atef Ayadi

# Imagine My Boredom

imagine me,  
walking inside a theater  
(the theater of one's choice!)  
actors, the sound and light  
engineers, the director,  
the audience, and other insiders  
are doing their business as usual.  
that is the boring life  
i am  
planning to escape.  
i escaped many times  
before.  
i failed each time, because,  
i found myself in  
another  
civilization's theater.  
it is true,  
now with the 'ai'  
there are  
no prospects, and no ways to escape!  
or should i consider  
the unthinkable...?  
i always think  
that going ways  
backward in time  
may heal the self.  
which is an escape by itself.  
of course one's tables, fables, stapled naked ads and labels, and one's balls are  
different from mine.  
of course.  
of course.  
of course.  
that is my escape.

Atef Ayadi

# The Ghost That Never Existed

it is easy  
to put it on others.  
after all my 'self'  
is made of others, and all civilization-al  
ghosts of all sorts and types.  
there are also,  
ghosts, who are real,  
walking, talking,  
with gadgets, budes,  
selfies and add-ons,  
cloths on,  
cloths off.  
i am tired of all of that.  
they are hollow ghosts after all.  
my hollowness is an 'asset, '  
unlike my friendly looking shadow.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# I Am Still Nice

what one calls a lying,  
day in, day out,  
express,  
progressive,  
'scientifically proven to work,  
and undoubtedly very old fashioned racism'  
environment?  
i have no clue.  
but,  
nevertheless, it exists and persists.  
i could be wrong in the order,  
but not far from an objective description.  
after all,  
racism is the nobility of the rich transferred and franchised down below to the  
large base of the pyramid.  
of course, at a variable banking rate and affordable  
non negociable credit.  
who does not like to be  
a prince or a princess?  
the king of something?  
the queen of all desires?  
who wants to be  
the uncontested buyer and top words, vocabulary, lexical, and ideology best  
prime supplier?

Atef Ayadi

## More Water

more guns means more shootings.

more bombs means more wars.

so, who is writing foreign and public safety policies?

the rna, and all the industrial complex machinery.

and of course some big thieves and one pope are needed.

more water means more flour said the neighbor who just moved in.

so who deserve a nobel peace prize, or the ballon d'or this year?

the nra?

the pope?

the b52 vitamin complex?

or any smart think tank for being too smart and too dull

elite a++ idiot?

the only thing i know,

the crowd are impulsive and emotional, one push button or one push facebook algorithm and a jihadist slash mass shooter is ready for an assault.

Atef Ayadi



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# Is It Better For The 99 Time

is it better the  
world

'economy'

or

'echo-auto-nommy? '

'echo-auto-mommy? '

'an art-deco auto pommy? '

' a mexican geco auto-tommy? '

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Sometimes

-----  
-----  
-----

the problem of this planet  
are really simple. -----  
the problem of life, no pro  
blemo! the problem of this  
world: junks, scraps, and  
junkyard, on top our  
heads, around  
us, within us,  
among us,  
on one's face,  
and in one's hand.  
we teach kids nothing but alienation,  
and self mutilation, when.....  
the real self is the outside.....  
the inside is something else.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## Question 99

it's a joke.

who is the ceo

of all thieves?

i give one hint!

one may throw a name,

like joe bitting for the us,

xee 5g ping pong for china, putin 'le vagabond'

james bond 001 of russia,

chancellor merkel of the xxx-nazi germany,

the japanese Nipp-on Min-koku or kuko mint

on bugs bunny nips to nips,

squared head of north korea,

the great bluff head of south korea,

the french napoleon mac-ron,

(a baby boomer coming right from a french managing colonial finances as well as private banks, investment and wrote policies for more expansions...)

what i am saying,

all these names are the upper stones of the

the pyramid.

the top top,

or

the top of top is gold

(if i go more than that,

i add that, the top top top of the pyramid is a diamond,

it chines very bright, but it burns itself out and vanishes

in vapor, because of the heat and oxygen.

sorry it is awful

picture, but i am sure,

the picture of

stone as base,

special stones on top of that,

then, a cone of gold,

then, a hand size diamond on top of the golden cone.

a good enough approach to understand the world of apes and 'cockroaches' in this planet.

there for,

it is reserved for people who has gold,

diamond, and other valuable stuff and staff.

please do not ask where the heat come from?

Atef Ayadi

# The Black Lives Matter Sign

where i live,  
citizens  
of all sexes and gender  
(the majority are white,  
including the  
one who came  
recently  
from canada  
with a gray t-shirt  
with a bear butte logo  
or design...)  
ironically stick  
a logo of  
'black lives matter'  
in their front yards.  
do black lives really matter  
to these white folks?  
or it is just a real estate make up,  
or make over?  
as to say, it is safe to live here,  
but you must be white.  
i have nothing  
against that,  
except,  
baby boomers'  
policies are the same  
colonial continuation, and 'self-created' expansionism;  
except,  
this time  
it comes packaged with a smile.  
as to the word 'packaged, '  
just remember jeff and elon musk.  
the two brothers  
who invented  
a cloud of scrap metals;  
a junkyard in the space.  
for what?  
control!  
why?

because their  
motherly and fatherly  
templates are fucked up in some sort.  
the good news,  
they are not the only  
ones.  
the bad news,  
civilization is hell.  
now, one has to catch up with  
and figure out, in the darkness,  
what,  
when,  
and where paradise is.  
surely,  
paradise is not  
a place where logos flourish,  
tax cuts expand, and banks are  
zeus like gods.

what i meant,  
get out and get away of the  
vocabularies, and the colonial semantic.  
it is like becoming less roman  
and more humble, earthy,  
eco-friendly jesus.  
see, no one needs to worship  
any thing.  
just become what one wants to be.  
except,  
'to be' is an experience in the now.  
(nothing left to learn or to memorize,  
idolize, and do some vacuum cleaning...)  
plus i am still  
convinced, that  
the next homo-more-sapiens  
may appear from africa or possibly  
from the south.  
no wonder, the europeans are  
still insisting on land walls,  
sea walls, sky walls, and robust  
financial sanctions and control over africa  
and the south including australia, new zealand, and any south pacific or atlantic

islands.

Atef Ayadi

# In The Amazon

no kid is left behind,  
floating  
above the ground  
in a cube of darkness  
made of labeled  
ad free, taxed,  
waxed and brushed of  
thoughts,  
and spongy gummy yummy  
volatile desires.

in the amazon  
no kids needs a holy book  
a holy temple  
a holy video  
or a sentinel machine.  
the forest is the holy book,  
one's body is  
a simple walking talking,  
yet desirable temple.

in the amazon  
poverty is  
un-taxed, and  
unbounded freedom.

Atef Ayadi

# At The Speed Of

or in some other places at aid of.

look!

if i have to choose

between mask's rocket speed

or besos's prime time speed?

i would say none of them

matches my speed convoluted

with

nature's rhythms and rhythmical,

platonic, beautiful, and beautiful ionic for white only celebrities, and one way of

an

euro zone state laws in conjunction with banking

activities. many rigs for black staff and stuff.

other rigs and rings are black, asian, african, latino's voodoo. you get to pay a

lot, i mean all-lot to get too close to that

natural arena.

westerners and all beings who were and are still carried away or out by

civilization reversed the polarity and still working to make it permanent, like a

magnetic encryption on a rock.

what polarity?

i do not know!

and if i know,

ego or i-go-isticly

i wont tell you!

i literally serve myself, then

'i' pender on what the self is, later.

Atef Ayadi



# I Hate Achievements

i hate the domain of heroism and achievements,  
something like

alon mask, born in pretoria

(something like prioria in illinois or queen vectoria in either australia or new  
zealand, you choose! ...) at it's

peek of segregation to a father who is a  
very very brilliant and 'dark' white

(it is the pbs, sixty minutes editorials, or any google established media of some  
sort, i do not remember, and i do not trust them anyhow, any story must leak  
somehow, somewhere, on time, and then get twisted or distorted...) engineer  
and

a white canadian model woman.

i rather i like to be born in the amazons,

or new zealand, and australia before the europeans

infected the area with rabbits, cats and other things only white people do.

in africa before twelve thousand years ago minimum.

thailand, malaysia, indonesia, papua new guinea, asia, russia, iceland, or green  
landish island-dish areas anytime soon.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Non Working Day

A Non Working Day  
today,  
i guarantee  
yo,  
it is my non working day.  
non taxable,  
inflatable,  
unpalatable,  
inflammable,  
compressible, and yawning day.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Des Écrous Et Des Rondelles.

ah!

i can't,

i can't,

i can't,

i can't,

i can!

repeat.          natural eyebrow          here and there....,

ah!

//////////

//////////

i can!

from

.

i can!

an

.

i cant!

to

.

i can!

a bra

.

i can't!

yo can hash tag

the 'i can' or an ' i can't! '          or 'quelque chose de'

start with any one yo want,          'rose, ou rose' '

the finish line is always gonna be:

'i can't! '

Atef Ayadi

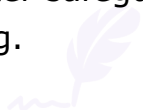


PoemHunter.com

# Coincidence

i tried to  
log into my chess website  
i found myself login here.  
i hate it.  
it does not look  
like an awkward oopiss  
position.  
or two choices,  
too difficult and  
too lucid to stick somewhere.  
cause that is lucidity and prince lucifer,  
the  
fire pacifier.  
i hate these stories.  
creativity does not matter;  
i must massively admit,  
i have to gather these oops moments  
for a better safeguard, thousands of short stories must  
be writing.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Traditions And The Other Things.

as to

(or azto to the aztec peace on them all)

traditions

i prefer experiencing the amazonian way,

and if i am lucky enough

i will visit other resistant tribes that are still  
fighting for survival in their little paradise.

my roots extend and expand

far beyond beyond the mayan and the aztec.

i prefer to be

a neantherdal rather than

a homo sapiens,

who sapiens only in the sapiens' homo thing.

i love this last line!

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## One Pair Of Shoes 2.0

actually i like to walk with  
bear feet all the time and  
drink from the rain.

i like sleeping

naked in a cave, or tree house.

imagine a community of people live in tree-houses.

river and a forest are what people really need.

the lord thing is civilization-al.

i shared with yo all

living in hell. now i know where and what paradise is.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Crashing Numbers

here are my assumptions:

most people are like bacteria,  
living in building and destroying mode,  
eat anything possible, aye at anything,  
and yay whatever, and whenever possible,  
transform something into something else,  
or turned it into nothing or rubbles. they are robots,  
do not stop,  
and

never ask themselves why i am doing this?

who,

or what am i?

that type of step further platonic

multiple and socratic inquiries.

too civilized to ask a dump good and fool question.

others are like viruses, and sophisticated parasites.

the rest is a minority that is being tagged,

named,

questioned for a while as the fungi.

well,

the fungi are everywhere, that makes these people everywhere.

what a boring universe?

the good news!

it is the civilization domain.

and before this era,

mushroom are eatable and are good for

a shaman. i mean the family doctor in the savanna, or the amazon.

Atef Ayadi

# The Oo Yaya Thing

the chinese girl shooted:

oo ya ya ya!  
the american  
team linux kernel  
said to the sniper:  
'take him down.'

do you know  
what happen?  
or exactly what happened?

the sniper is dead before  
the 'linux thing' gave the order  
or 'the speech.'  
no respect, no rice, said sun tzusun tzu.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Write A Nice Something

take a deep breath and  
write.... here.  
i like the deep breath thing

it looks i get  
a remainder everywhere.  
do i have something  
nice to write about?  
yes!  
i had a cup of tea.  
now, i do not!  
but i still feel the tea in  
my stomach.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# I Am Forgetting My Name

she asked me  
'how are yo today? '

(everyone by now, is familiar with corporate latin slants,  
logos,  
ether,  
arte et marte,  
audere est facere,  
audere est facere,  
deo volente,  
deus ex machina,  
hoc est bellum  
quid pro quo,  
in toto,  
in absentia et  
per capita  
slogans,  
no third tea party,  
close to ethnic  
de facto trash talks)

i said i do not really know.  
what do you see?

Atef Ayadi

# Why Not

when i was a kid  
i used to ask  
and question anything,  
and everything.  
why?  
why why and why?  
now i switched to  
why not?  
in one way or another,  
one day one will figure out that  
the planet is spherical  
(that cuts off all the edges, and makes the problem very goofy simple.)

Atef Ayadi



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# Awful And Liberating

walking through  
all the biographies,  
present and historical ironies,  
all the social experiments,  
public relation and  
public policies,  
the minimalist and futuristic  
machievellianism that is spreading throughout the  
planet  
life fire,  
a cancer  
an tornado advertisement

a katrina to philips  
out the scale and proportion  
monsoon or hurricane,  
brought to you by 'geico'  
or by the 'too big to fail'  
canadian and colonial aig.

every kid is  
becoming a monster,  
a black hole  
that is eating up  
the planet,  
life,  
and the fake universe  
as we all 'live in' or  
the one we presumably think we know it.  
it sound stupid  
or occupied by stupidity,  
fluted by a kid,  
hijected,  
looted and rejected,  
silenced then muted,  
rooted out then suited for a  
final cozy oolpid.

the cycle repeats itself ten to the hundred times.

Atef Ayadi

# I Like The State Of

being suspended  
frozen!  
observing my thoughts,  
i mean that wacky stuff, that pop up  
left and right without notice.

it is like listening to the music  
and being blank about anything else.  
hissing and whispers are ok too.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Sound


'wa a a aaa a'  
'a a a'  
could be the  
'what is up'  
from a ufo residing  
eighty six  
light  
year from here;  
give and take!  
precision does not matter sometimes.

Atef Ayadi



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# Go Forward

a word to a magnus  
and in particular the son of carl.  
have a tiny magnus  
or a thunberg who loves planet earth.  
(i mean being close to it,  
like being close to  
a dad, a mom, siblings,  
loved ones, a forest,  
a mountain, a lake, an ocean  
or among the clouds)  
and please do not let them support any advertisement  
for or against climate change or stock exchange.  
cause, for me they are the same.  
and gambling  
with the planet health and  
and its particular  
soft biometric biosphere  
and ionosphere.  
that is it.  
beside this.  PoemHunter.com  
being a master is one thing,  
and being on top of the roof  
of the food chains  
is a historical meta fart.  
i mean it has no epistemological  
smell or stul's structure topology.

the only place to learn is  
a water fall.  
it is hard, but, it can be done.

Atef Ayadi



# Stuck In The Tittle

i do not know  
how  
or what to bring about.  
is it the description,  
a conscription maybe!  
a decryption,  
or it is just a bitcoin mal functioning in the mining encryption;  
which needs to be inscribed,  
then pre-prescribed and  
re-prescribed a restricted,  
unclassified,  
signcryption of a historical  
sous-entendu subscription that is transcribed at last,  
then being pushed back,  
or let say blocked with a congressional work out and deals under the table.  
to be published later,  
as promised, to aliens and ufo alike  
who may or may not hear or care about it.  
if one likes june,  
one can postponed to july.  
if one like snow and snow flakes  
one knows where to go in this covid or  
day and night showers of corporate videos.

Atef Ayadi

# What I Am Trying To Imagine

we live in the open savana.  
in our backyard.  
in our front yard.  
left and right.  
the day sky is blue, sometimes rainy.  
it snows only in high mountains, and around the earth's  
south and north poles.  
the night sky is dark and full of stars,  
planets,  
moon, nebulae, and far far galaxies.  
no borders.  
no 'mexico coalition with the russians of any sort'  
forced treaty.  
no cold bear for a cold war and hot  
germany turkey jalousie  
in a sparkling jakoozie about the armenian.  
no italian jacuzzi pope.  
no Ayatollah.  
no misinformation.  
no prophecies.  
no french sarkozy what-ever and what is the weather.  
no christian dior, no saint laurent and no domaine leroy musigny grand cru.  
no candies and no nestle global chocolate trade network.

everything is open.  
do you think one needs a selfie, or a meta universe?  
no one has time for that, mainly if one is facing  
a lion,  
two lionesses or asses,  
a bunch of hyenas.

too scientific?  
too sci-fie?  
for the imagination sake,  
it could be a good science fair and unfair projects for kids,  
who uses daily plastics and hourly polluting ideas and materials.  
i like to call it,  
imagine paradise without  
war,

burning trees,  
logging, and genocide for every native possible.  
sorry, i am not stevie wonder to finish the song.

Atef Ayadi

# Too Much Talk

i like to write  
down  
something simple  
bite by bite,  
easy bites sometime,  
and strong ones  
as often as i want,  
bit by bit,  
in mega bit,  
mega pixel,  
in kilo bit  
in ounces,  
with bounces and  
slow motion ponces,  
in pound,  
brick by brick.  
i love to wave,  
enclave,  
breath deep and cut a line  
in half.  
it is like half for milk  
and the other half for cheese.  
all what i know,  
neither walmart has a business in my writing.  
nor the koch's,  
crocks,  
the planet coqs,  
or the crocodiles and sharks of ink production  
has a sinus bot between these lines.

so i fail  
to make it simple.  
i fail.  
i fail.  
but, i like it.  
i dig it.  
until,  
it becomes hot,  
a metal rod,

a cool rod,  
or it seems,  
like a blog hole.  
be and come  
are synonymous of any hole.  
like a black one.  
well,  
in theory!

Atef Ayadi

# Jovana Navajo

i do not believe  
in values.  
i do not live up and down  
because someone  
self imposed  
a sine and cosine.  
forget about  
tangent,  
what's tangible,  
what's co-tangible.  
that is like dividing  
own cosine by some  
else's sine or sinus.  
call me nihi  
listic.  
there is elasticity  
and plasticity  
in this matter more than  
one can shew.  
i am not lettering  
or lecturing.

i am just writing my  
ee journal.  
i am done with  
aa bb cc dd and all  
the combinations  
and acrobats.

no flours,  
no bees,  
no butterflies,  
"no chocolate  
covered candy hearts to give away  
no first of spring  
no song to sing..."  
no values  
no sting axioms,  
no algebraic cultic

brake all the rules  
principles.  
still, i live now and then.  
now is like sleeping;  
then is like awakening  
every afternoon  
(morning is the majority's  
blue pill economical red time shift.  
the blue pill shift could be  
another experience.

Atef Ayadi

# Strength Of

first,  
is it better to  
sub  
stitute  
'strength of'  
by strinfov or strin fov?

it is nixon or nickson  
(son of nick,) who said:  
"the strinf ova 'nation'  
currency  
is the strinf ovits eco no me."  
of course it is how  
beautiful,  
golden,  
and dip law matic  
words can be.  
ain't strong  
in any  
thing;  
yet,  
i am here,  
independently of  
these printed lines.

da da da  
di dee de.

Atef Ayadi



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## Five Minutes Left

she smiled  
to him;  
she run her  
fingers  
across her hair  
while she is  
looking  
at him.  
he did not  
smile;  
he did not  
move  
an inch.

she bit  
on her  
lips;  
she stood  
up;  
she walked  
to the water  
table;  
two feet  
from his table;  
to get a  
glass of water  
with lemon.

she got  
back  
to her table;  
she closed the book  
she brought  
with her to read;  
she took her  
bag as well.  
she left.

he took along

breath;  
opened  
his journal;  
he wrote  
one line:  
sorry, I got all your  
ether flying messages.  
in fact,  
i am leaving  
the town  
in five minutes.

Atef Ayadi

# The Difference Is Huge

there are some  
who takes a selfie,  
or a go go go  
camera  
to an island  
for months  
or for some weeks,  
plus few counted days.  
survival-ism became an advertisement.  
(to have money and most importantly to impress.)  
i personally like to  
go  
an never come back.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Little Ones

instead of focusing  
on the minorities that are  
controlling the world.  
people of the caves  
focus only  
on minorities  
that are not control  
of anything.  
it is true,  
one can share a cave  
with a stranger  
if only if...and i mean it.  
strings are attached every where.  
me too,  
my cave  
is not  
an inn,  
a motel,  
or hotel  
with more and less  
stars attached on the walls  
of the lobby.  
i am more primitive than that.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am Not A Guru

imagine one is a  
tree.  
a very tall,  
and a big one.  
every creature and being  
wants to go for a ride  
and be around.  
sometimes it is more  
sim,  
sin,  
sine,  
she,  
him, hine, and thine,  
cosine,  
or the new  
updated and secure  
version to be called  
from now on  
sym  
biotic  
(... big romantic word for a soccer  
millionaire or billionaire,  
or a sucker with no impunity  
imagine a skunk selling aroma...)  
sorry, i do not like to be  
a bush  
or a tree.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Oblivion

i have been  
personally  
in many cults  
as a new comer  
i mean a ufo,  
an alien,  
an emigrant,  
an unclassified,  
an educated savage,  
rapist,  
commininist,  
'un pied noir de l'amerique'  
a lot of folk took me  
for homer, or what ever  
one's perfect stupid cartoons.

now,  
i live that  
preferable and desired state.

i am  
not

and nut  
and neither  
a saint

tologist

(tologist from tolo who study lotogism as a phenomenon)

nor a histologist or a skin topologist;

but it happen that

i watched that movie

i was empty

and it happened that

i had what i though

something

that fills my emptiness.

as to my loneliness

("... is killing me and i,

i must confess,

i still believe, still believe

when I'm not with you i lose my mind...")



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is bright briteney spears' song.  
so i love  
these moments,  
i mean when no one is really  
around; even at time, i want to be  
rather in a off forest.  
a kind of survivalist in the open  
and forever and ever.  
that is another song if one can  
free the  
last and the least welded mind.

Atef Ayadi

# I Could Be Mistaken

a kid grows  
sucking all the info  
brought  
right to one's feet.

we do not teach life to a  
a kid;  
but how to be  
a slave  
to a system  
made by a bunch  
of oligarchs since  
the very very  
ancient time.

we do not tell  
a kid

what is a tree?

what is absurdity?

what is a universe is?

rather

lumber is a house,

be happy as an absurd

threatening joke.

it is enough

to tell a kid

you are a universe,

and there are plenty

of kids or

universes found and around

every tree.

Atef Ayadi



# Tutankhamun Love And Treasures

an era of proxy  
war had  
began.  
a proxy,  
indirect, but  
direct war,  
in every horizon,  
in every sky and in every sea.  
yemen became ukraine,  
desert is morphed  
into a wheat field.  
what is the difference?  
the little man  
fights for a banker or a  
a bunch of oligarchs.  
a simple classic  
of macro to micro keynesian  
of supply and demand.  
keep the production  
on,  
the fire on,  
as long as the wood  
and labors are plentiful.

Atef Ayadi

# What Is Better

is it better  
to ask what is the oldest  
os,  
(operation system?)  
or,  
who is bill gate for example?  
it is the same,  
cos religion  
is equivalent to an operating system.  
i still like unix thought;  
despite the fact, some folks are competing  
with microsoft and they forget google and eye-os.  
five operating systems and five religions is enough.  
too big to fail.  
i am sure one  
is experiencing it,  
observing it,  
somehow witnessed it,  
or being moved by it, just for the sake of a date for example?

Atef Ayadi

## Some Acrobats

in chess, i do some good combinations  
and then loose. that is how i start my day.  
some paunches and punches here and there;  
just to keep the mechanics going.  
as to the software, one tune-up and an update will be fine for the day.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Sel-Serving Blogger

it is true,  
it looks i am talking to myself.  
so what?  
here is one solution to this  
particular thorny subject.  
the self is  
a multiple copy of the outside world.  
which means, a bunch of you,  
yo,  
yoe,  
you and you.  
so, i am talking toyo,  
and sometimes  
the story goes toyo and toyota,  
no volkswagens, and no need for gins, i have plenty of it.

Atef Ayadi



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## Another Question

will humanity  
pass the  
ecological test with success,  
or will they cross it with red  
as to say:  
'naah, i do not care? '  
if one says "naah, i do not care? "  
one hundred percent,  
one is born and lived in a cube of plastics and concrete, i mean a complete  
debunked bunker.  
if one chooses the first part,  
fifty percent chance  
one is born in or on a tree,  
with an extended family support.  
imagine how many chimpanzees or bonobos's tribes are around?  
the bonobos are pleasant most of a time.  
chimps are in cute hysteria most of the time.  
so, between, a tree,  
and a cube,  
there are plenty choices over time.

Atef Ayadi

# There Is Always A Story

something like  
taking responsibility for systemic racism  
appear to me as  
a  
'twelve steps of recovery from  
an addiction' session for white people.  
on session at a time,  
one tiny step and giant  
big foot  
for humanity.  
id did not  
make the story  
up, or down  
wards.  
it is a true story  
from a true  
event in this tiny expandable  
universe.  
just,  
look at your tube, and search for a bunch of words.

Atef Ayadi

# Almost, And Most Of The Time.

it is not a trivial event.

each time

i feel, think,

realize, and 'gospel coalition'

a situation from an

angle,

a hole in a concrete wall,

a precondition,

a strong predicate

'that must always be true just prior to the execution of some section of code or before an operation in a formal specification...' and well dosed limitations.

after all of this,

everything is lost.

only emptiness remain.

well,

'if a precondition is violated, the effect of the section of code becomes undefined and thus may or may not carry out its intended work...'

any way, i dig my expose'.

the hole is big enough,

and i am a cave man.

.

Atef Ayadi

## Most Of The Cases

half of my ancient dates told me  
they did not feel  
a thing! but they were  
appreciative.  
weeks afterward.  
yeah i am fine with that.  
i was a bored creature,  
and nothing matter  
back then!  
and now!  
i live mostly  
in the  
now.  
i do not need appreciation for that.

Atef Ayadi



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# Dear White

first and most  
importantly,  
dear is for appetizing,  
as to say:  
'bon appétit'  
in german or in japanese.  
i do not care for now.  
being solid white like a lime stone  
or fluid like a white stork.  
i have seen so many.  
they disappeared indeed in a snap.  
like so many  
and so little yo know.

a shortcut  
will be to take the kay and  
and live in the now.  
it is the best shortcut,  
le meilleur raccourci.  
something like alt-del,  
ctl-zemmour,  
esc-le-pen or esc-lepain.  
white color is not the totality  
of the light spectrum,  
neither an x ray,  
a gamma ray,  
a rainbow,  
rhinestone,  
rambo: first flood part three,  
rocky four,  
nor a rayon of any sort.  
so please  
stick with a stick  
with  
staying alive, or  
no face to hide if you want.

Atef Ayadi

# Am I?

am i a spoiled kid?  
no!  
am i a mommy boy?  
nop?  
a daddy preferred kid? nop nop!  
so who am i?  
i am that  
organically grown  
and slowly brewed  
parallel  
universe.  
i had many templates  
to adopt or to follow.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Have No Identity

it is true,  
i do not need one.  
my id card, driver license, and  
passport are old enough  
i do not care.  
i live with  
what best known  
as  
the white  
twelve tribes.  
arrogant people yes,  
racist and pathologically inn liars  
and out liars yes, so what?  
no ethics is needed  
in civilization.

i am still looking for another earthy  
paradise.  
out of reach by any westerner,  
put-tin, xi ping pong, or any modi bull-scenario.

Atef Ayadi

# The Russian Oligarchs

i prefer switching,  
i mean turning off  
then turning on to the subject  
of russian dolls instead.  
i mean every state  
has its own oligarchy system,  
filters, and policies indeed.  
the athenians did it,  
the romans did it.  
something like  
florida's disney so far,  
as to illinois, i do not know,  
bio beef corn plus maybe,  
soybean minus minus.  
five hundred plus fortunes  
that is a hell of oligarchs on the rise  
for a while since the last century.  
before that jp morgan,  
the rock and feller,  
before that,  
the fathers must have some friends like  
the koch and hamm of nowadays.  
so if one's house is made of glass,  
do not use stones as a weapon  
of choice. poor hunter  
he got bitten or bidden by a snake,  
then ridiculed by arabians.

.

Atef Ayadi

# I Have No

respect for words,  
as far as  
using them.  
cause they are not livable being.  
an ai may ironically call it:  
slavery.  
it is legitimate  
for some and does make  
a hell of sense for others.  
a word is word,  
may  
be  
who is to blame  
is  
the one who is using them,  
and off course both  
side  
of the alley,  
vices and versatility,  
and possibly the entirety of the spectrum.

Atef Ayadi

# It Is Not About Petra

yes i want to do something like petra,  
or connected livable holes like in matmata.  
it is not the money i need, the land ownership, or a name i leave behind.  
i just do not like  
this monotheistic,  
one color,  
one flag,  
one one one  
civilization.  
i rather be called  
neanderthal rather than  
a civilized chimpanzee.

Atef Ayadi



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# If I Have Something

if i have something  
against the left;  
i mean here in the states,  
i would say a lot of racism,  
and a hell of insecurities.

Atef Ayadi



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# Green Peace

i saw a greenpeace's  
folks painting on a russian oil tanker  
'peace not oil.'  
i was surprised.  
for many years no one  
dares to paint anything on any  
arabian or american oil tankers  
when war are ravaging yemen, iraq, efganistan, and pollution is taking over  
almost everywhere.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Local Guinness Records

i live with people  
who lies all the time.  
do i care?  
no.  
imagine yourself in  
survivor season a,  
b, or c, except there is no jeff,  
no prizes,  
nothing,  
except insecurities.  
so it does not matter if  
one is branding oneself as 'progressive.'  
what to trust and what not or nut?  
i am not an addict, and trust is  
simply a word that means addiction.  
i am not 'zététique, '  
despite the para normality and pathology  
of excessive lying.  
i mean,  
day in, day out, and year around.

Atef Ayadi

# Scientifically Speaking

i prefer at least

(i mean the last frontier,

a cross over, or through

a portal of some sort, you do the math. i do not care, make any combination you want...)

live in the ram

(rapid or less random access,

not public, memory, archives, personal and public library, you name it...)

rather than a spinning hard drive or

two spinning wheels.

i am scientifically speaking!

i like technology for enlightenment,

but now,

i do not need it.

i mean, i became very

very primitive.

and i am the only one in this  
scene to define what is primitive?

sorry for being so primitive

and possibly berber, barber, barbarian,

or a sweet and dark wheat tweet look-like librarian?

Atef Ayadi

# It Is Not Me But The Environment

i liked this song,  
mainly when i was you young and  
invincible. i used it as a 'well scientifically backed deterrent.'  
i mean, from the mind  
prospective  
it is a beautiful  
well crafted fart,  
(i meant art, but you know...)  
i mean it must smells something?  
i was and still have a luck!  
i always live with people who does not have  
smell capabilities.  
next time i will go to the amazon,  
i will sing the song  
the environment variable is me  
and i am a part of the amazon.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Among The Other Things

back then,  
not too far in time and space,  
as far as colonialism goes  
(a foreigner term or word unknown to the europeans white including skaendi-  
neivian, from the north na'vi tribe, avatar one,2009...)  
the only qualification  
to be a settler is to be catholic.  
that was how the spanish ruled out by force  
of the stick or the juiciness of the carrots the new continent,  
how much juicy the carrots?  
are they organic, non monsanto agro customized product?  
that will be a next harvard cambridge expose'  
given  
off course to some liberal avant-guard student;  
(positive outpourcing)  
possibly from one of the twelve clandestine  
persistent consistent most consulted,  
insulted. and trusted tribes. so one is enough!  
am i a machiavellianist?  
no!  
cause,  
where i am sitting right now is cosi!  
since i am where i am,  
there fore, i am cozy, kooky and then back to normal cosi.  
i may change my mind or my mind  
may take over me.  
i call that  
'i am disturbed.'

Atef Ayadi

# My Index Fund

i do not have an index  
fund  
yet!

i have an index in both hands.

i can surely,  
index anything;  
but still,

and unfortunately

(or fortunately, it depends where one puts one's feet or rocket system.)

i did not, and

i could not annex  
anything, but the air.

(which is amazingly,

still free, i mean non-taxable for now. hope, one gets the point by now, about  
this annexing and indexing business. it started tiny, physical,  
and non-sensi-cal, to big tech and big thing and things, with a hell of  
'intelligence' and style.)

i stopped counting only at two.

like zero, one and two.

it works perfectly.

i have only to choose between  
civilization or non-civilization.

the mind as mean,

or the mind as an end.

there are four possibilities,

only two work.

so why do i care about indexing crimea, cry-mya,

west bank, north bank, easter's sisters bank, or esther is a nor-either in the  
ether bank?

Atef Ayadi

# The Chronicle Ccc -----X

demo  
is not demolition,  
ignition,  
fire  
the piston  
and hit the target.

it is crazy  
but i like it.

" personne ne se fache, ou se cache derriere des murs  
en carton, ou se faire prendre pour un foue, ou se taire volontairement parceque  
on n'en a pas une bouche mais un cule. ce que un 'mélénchon' a crié pour tout  
un quart d'heure. et ben oui, la language des mules imperialistes. sans-gêne! ça  
ne touche à rien, et ne gêne même pas la foi ou tappe sur la consicence de la  
crème de la crème."

Atef Ayadi



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# Through The Lenses

i have a pair of glasses  
since i was  
twenty two or three.  
i do not remember.  
but i am sure, it happened because of school.  
too much focus on  
one foot distance,  
consistently, and  
persistently for too long?

much of what we all hear  
is coming through few lenses,  
a mass of thousand of cowboys  
films about a  
beautiful nice,  
decent  
cowboys and bad  
'savage' natives.  
a rambo against asians,  
a ten box movie or an xxx clips.  
countering an alleged terrorist with heavy toys  
and a bug of tricks.  
a jacksonian  
quid pro quo,  
heroes against an isolated villains.  
a typical western commercial ad,  
western pro  
pa  
ganda,  
con u ganda,  
or  
countering the bad news  
about the asylum seekers  
to rwanda!

much like the story of  
babies,  
taking from incubators, and the ambassador  
daughter crying as she was told and trained.

the west is a lying machine.  
simply it is like all commercial ads,  
a short recording of a video game,  
an "harmless" add-on,  
a silent microsoft patches,  
or updates that are needed  
to secure the integrity  
of the system,  
said bill, against the trojan horses.

Atef Ayadi



# To Change The Mood

this is an experience  
from a real jail, and from a real inmate.  
music is the best cure,  
to lousing it out, away, and 'i wish forever...'  
my music is so stupid  
and damp,  
but i love it.  
i mean  
the way one loves  
cheese for example  
(or any walmart chinese  
manufactured orange and mellow cheese.  
half of it is wood or corn.  
it is a conspiracy or not?  
this is not bragging dragging case,  
but,  
just good enough to get close enough  
to my case.  
you know what i mean?

Atef Ayadi

# Yes And The Knows.

the 10 commandments

(necessary nested algorithms, egyptian style that worked almost for fourteen dynasties...)

basically

are walls put in place

to help out non

and barely civilized people to

(four thousand years back then, imagine chimps dressed up in middle eastern way! , off-course, with sandals or on bare or bear feet, some with teeth, others were not fortunate. having dogs back then was helpful in many ways...)

cooperate as a solid organism, instead of killing each other like any chimp based society. the athenians were not the first casualties.

it is safe to say

it had been the east teaching the west (europe back then)

all the values and concrete slab thing that it needs.

after coulombs,

it is the west,

i mean

the native of the americas,  
from antarctic to south pole,  
to have their last word?

Atef Ayadi

# We All Are Identical

a piece of hardware,  
a piece of software,  
a printer,  
a fax, fax it and tax it,  
we all have a manufacture identity,  
are we still  
not being surprised with  
made in china yet?  
the jean cheap laborer identity?  
the many consumer's identities?  
the many thousand of years  
'god's' preferred exceptional  
best survivalist tribes?  
we all are survivalist.  
it is just  
a lot of lies are needed  
to maintain the game on.  
one can only think  
that what ever  
you said to your kid  
is a fucking lie?  
let one's kid be free  
to live and not be  
a laborer,  
a survivalist  
doing a robot,  
and android thing.  
art then  
is the complete  
truth.

Atef Ayadi

# Texting Me Is

my chatting friend from

sohoko,

from planet oroka g9715c

text me:

hey friend from earth,

our planet is double size your earth;

so we have strong bones and ligaments.

the problem is that,

there are two 'smart' species on oroka,

fighting each other all the time for space and

resources.

i replayed

we had the same problem with one

'smart cancel cancel cancel' specie.

we solved our problem by upgrading

the enlightenment's doctrine to liberalism, libera

to opra and lism to winfrey, fride or three hot drums, two hot wings, with french

fries combo, no pep please.

we do not need to cut the throat of each other,

instead we cooperate, give me that i will give this,

you take that, i take this. you know what i mean!

some charges and casualties may do apply. we minimize casualties to win the next election.

each time we have a problem,

we patch the system.

then reboot and upgrade. too simple.

sohoko replayed immediately:

thankyo markus miracus,

i am going to be the emperor of

oroka and i am going to watashi

a 'une de les biens de oro kawa, iowa of oroko.'

Atef Ayadi

# What An Irony

a maxican  
came back,  
as a hated 'foreigner, '  
a stranger  
to one's own land to work  
for a slavery wage.  
in the americas, there are only four  
dominant foreign spoken languages,  
french in canada and in the amazonian guiana.  
portuguese in bazil.  
english, spanish are in the center, the carribbeans, and in the south.  
suriname is another semi irony.

Atef Ayadi



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## Ideally...

i live in the now and no disturbances?  
(disturbance creates karma and karma hits back with  
a disturbance, that makes it two, and equal?  
what i am saying:  
this is  
a subject  
about  
whatever?  
and whatever  
is not a concern be  
cause,  
it is the mind acting busy like a child,  
all the time.

an argument is presenting the truth as it is,  
if this fails,  
plan b, is to cling myself to an  
alliance of higher values systems.  
cause, a value is generated to guide not to control.  
in one,  
the highest value ought to be life,  
which contradicts itself as what is a truth?  
for instance,  
picture a lifeless car?  
then imagine restoring life into the car?  
billions of possibility.  
for me, keep it rotting!  
plane simple,  
as simple as it gets  
or as simple as it is, it is the shortest  
and closest path to life.  
i know how to rot a car and fast.  
one can call me,  
'hey gray matter! '  
i do not care much,  
i am already in the gray zone  
(not auto zone) , but i always feel  
in the amazon.  
if one's choice is amazon

dot  
com  
easy go.  
my choice is still  
life in the amazon.  
i prefer suriname  
for emphasis and synthesis.  
i am not saying:  
'thesis is better than phasis? '  
at all!

Atef Ayadi

# Between Comedians

or among comedians are  
a long  
stories of ironies.  
i do not see any difference  
between,  
ukranians and russians.  
just goo it yourself?  
no hate and no  
dry grapes on Varenyky,  
and no smashed eggs on blini.  
the conflict  
is between comedians,  
at all level and network.  
one is compulsive in the acting,  
the other put it in the script.  
script and chirography matter sometime.  
so india is always  
going to be  
low self-esteem common  
wealth (with no disrespect to indian women,  
but a total disrespect to modi, because, because, because.)  
china is now under the psi or xi gee-ping dynasty.  
the west are under  
the fight for the thrones'  
act and gee related policies.  
what remains,  
is brazil, and some other  
bricks xxcolonies.

if one  
thinks the media and face the book gluten and sugar free, may be history is only  
a cosmic fake memory after and before fake news appeared.  
the irony.  
we will always have a cue-and-on  
off sometimes, in exit sometimes and on fire  
when it is needed.  
progressives have emotional and 'intellectual'  
efficient disruptive deficiencies and identity  
civilization-al problems,



the far right is right  
about how ruttred  
their righteousness and pure  
bloody enlightenment.we live in the era  
of networks among tribes,  
the 12 tribes,  
the nation of 1000 tribes,  
and among the other things  
we finally irradiated the  
last amazonian tribe.  
say yeah!  
they are now evolving toward  
civilization.  
pure and simple.  
soon, or  
if accurate, they already  
joined the consumer  
protection club.  
they will enjoys coupons  
and cheap prices  
from one dollar stores,7 eleven's, and walmart.  
i mean, pure gluten and plastics.

Atef Ayadi

# An Organism With Spots

america is big continent.

i have been

like mr. bean

in sixty

percent of it.

(i still want to hike  
my way down there.)

as an living organism  
crawling like a snail.

there butt cell,

made up of normal

black, 'white, ' asian skin and fat.

few claims to be

the blood cells, who can drive through  
any muddy channel or ice solid mountain.

others,

by inheritance are establishing

and branded themselves as

the neurons

(coordinators,

interpreters,

coders,

encoders,

ceoes,

the linguistic department librarians and 'janitors, ',

the music and all-humanities package house project,

invited list of those who can,

and all supervisors.

nerds are always the spinal

thing of all thing at any given space and time.

as to me.

i deal with software architecture.

is there

a jeff besos neuron?

nop!

any musk or mask?

nap!

so, who is making the decision

for making sex?

well, as the software architect,  
this section did pass as law yet.  
the only time a nation interact with another organism,  
it wants to devour it;  
using classical means.  
plus ignorance is still  
a cure for a hell of illnesses.

Atef Ayadi

# I Can Do This

throw tomato sauce  
at some one face?  
art is not an act of war.  
but, also, it could be.  
artistic!  
kind of craziness.  
a spasm in a boredom  
doomed flat state.  
just to accelerate the process.  
you know what i mean?

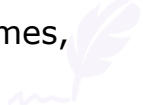
Atef Ayadi



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# No Such Thing As Eevol

advertisers and all  
the people  
in the psychology-co-sism,  
or bio-opiods big farma  
are  
more than  
a little  
cute evil.  
how i know,  
they are weak in  
the area of  
mysticism,  
or anything of that nature.  
they think still of cat  
oralization,  
layering,  
pav-love dog and cat things,  
foxing is not even in their manu,  
social games,  
theories,  
capitalization,  
theorization,  
weatherization,  
authorization,  
deodorization,  
theory of a theory,  
mother of all theories,  
what else?  
dark mater maters.  
what i am  
saying,  
we all form an organism,  
alive,  
some still thinks of abortion as ill  
egal.  
other are pro but when it matters  
they do not or can not help.  
so forget  
about the cons or the muted conz



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and bonzies.  
because, within  
this organism,  
i am taking a ride.  
and i do not need  
an i-vole.  
but i do  
like  
an i-egg, a leg or two!

Atef Ayadi

# The Five Percent

it turned out,  
it is just  
the percentage of white  
people  
unemployed.  
i am not racist. you know that?

black's  
(here also, i am not racist; double that,  
and please leave the tab open!)  
percentage is  
fifty fifty.  
fifty percent works, while  
the other fifty are rappers and comedians.  
sport is working.  
a soldier is a worker who fights  
at the same time.  
i call it the good shape proletariat since  
ancient time. while cops are the opposite.  
i mean, one eighty degree.  
they are still proletariat,  
but, or  
except,  
they fighting for butts with ruthless  
latitude and attitude, no wonder  
they are seen around roughhouses.  
maybe they want more military equipment  
because the percentage of unemployment is too high.

the native percentage is up  
to the roof.  
so god  
bless  
america  
is only five  
percent accurate.

Atef Ayadi

# Cancel Cancel Cancel

a new union  
of poor comedians was forged  
after  
what happen  
to the poor  
chris.  
at the same time  
the very bourgeois  
comedians  
apologize, and promise  
a new slap emogi technology.  
if one gets many slap emogies,  
probably, one will get kicked outside.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Academy

the academy is in itself  
an act of violence.  
made up of jokers and sad ones.  
the hole country  
or if i am  
precise,  
the hole empire is an  
academy of cults and advertisements.  
fourteen  
trillions evaporates  
into a war that solved nothing  
and helped only contractors and military  
corporations.  
is that a joke?  
or a slap in the face.  
what the film industry is helping with?  
more guns,  
more violence,  
more white clean teeth gossips,  
more superficiality,  
more lipsticks, hair cuts,  
tattoos, and a booming grooming industry.  
then highlight a  
zayn or a smithsonian minority report violence.  
kids are not violent,  
cults are.  
i mean all religions including the messianic,  
koranic, and who ever claims it to be organic  
and ask for a check with smile.

Atef Ayadi

# Did I Get Slapped Before

not physically!  
but intellectually.  
that is  
a work of the mind!  
the software!  
or the os, you know! ?  
(if one does not understand  
what is an os, please, talk to  
bill gate or google. macos or ios is big mac in iowa, do not ask me?)  
did i slapped someone,  
yess!  
i was teen,  
and i faced off and fought five people afterward and escaped with minor bruises.  
that is the world of chimps, and  
karma is a bee that itches.

anger and violence are  
a survival mechanisms.  
it is about control.  
who has it?  
no one!  
it starts with one though,  
like a bubble in a lake.  
and the hole lake blow up  
and all hell breaks loose.  
emotional decompression.  
does not fix the bug in the system,  
it just postpone it.  
i put my anger on a piece of paper,  
on a canvas,  
or something!  
what is wrong,  
it is 'me' in the center.  
being open,  
is a part of  
the lessening of control.  
if slapping is wrong why  
hbo hash hash slapping show?  
or droning and bombing the hell

of any place?  
that is a slap!  
a technological warfare.  
law can not stop insecurities,  
the human nature as a struggling specie.

some people  
including me,  
found peace after a stormy anger.  
a peace that smells anger.  
there are many types of peace.  
it is like a moment of  
cold and freeze, then a  
warm sensation diffused into the body.  
to be free  
could be thinking of nothing  
and nothing would think of me!  
which is great!  
at least in my case.

Atef Ayadi

## Kepler --2b

you know how  
a science article  
appears on the net:  
nasa (big clumsy word first)  
discovered a  
brand new exo  
planet.  
same as earth in many ways.  
i will be more exited if  
i have a  
scientifically magical portal.  
the good news is,  
it is only one point eight  
light  
year.  
the bad news,  
i know how to get  
in there myself, and first class too.  
if i can make a piece of me  
survive for a million year,  
that's quite a sacrifice,  
and at the end,  
i wake up in the middle of no where.  
dealing with a new intelligent and  
dump specie.  
imagine ants in an other world?  
i did that before.  
many times.  
imagine down there  
females looks males,  
and males look females!  
how one brain processes that?  
i did.

Atef Ayadi

# The You Thing

americans got offended  
about this  
prerogative,  
interrogative,  
harsh,  
dusty to awful mixture,  
self imposing 'you'  
as if we knew each other in paper,  
but,  
in reality we are galaxies floating  
and  
drifting apart.

(beside status, and the scrambling scrabbling and puzzling identities problems  
and tiny minor and minority race theory issues.)

maybe

'tou' should be asserted

instead of

'thou'

thee,

thy, and thine.

even though i prefer 'ye'

if ye do know any french

in the past or any future tense;

call it pass-eye o future compose-hay.

Atef Ayadi



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# We Simply Are

mafia with a math u-zee  
(a u to z grading)  
system.  
may be dot gov, and dot whatever  
shall and could  
be decoded as  
cartel period.  
periods,  
and mendeleev's  
periodic table  
are common by now.  
we are in the super  
conductors  
era, so  
look back  
into or back to back to the table,  
where everybody is sitting  
is far from life.  
we are  
producing heavy  
metals,  
any star would ex  
xxx  
plode in any mode  
you are comfortable  
with.

Atef Ayadi



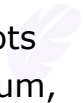
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# You Can't

just  
be poe,  
if you did not  
at least read poe's  
pros and cons,  
romantic,  
and  
the sparking white champaign and white flowers stuff.  
i know it looks goofy.  
it is only common sense,  
a millions poe's,  
con's,  
and pro's  
wont help me  
to plant a natural  
vegetable city style garden.

it is true,  
there are spots  
in the spectrum,  
where you can and i can't,  
and in some other places,  
i can, i would, i will, and still you couldn't.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Love And Admire

how the race theory started.  
few families from two  
different minorities  
started a project  
to counter the very harsh reality of racism.  
in schools,  
who writes laws,  
who has the right to interpret it,  
and who amends and appends it.  
who has power to art and rhetorics.  
when i came to the states,  
these two minorities  
claimed i have no right  
to talk, say anything, add a word, or express the self.  
it looks, some have right to theories, the rest follows axioms axiomatically.  
some call this,  
opportunity  
of those who came first,  
other claim  
it is what it is,  
the way the universe  
was set up.  
stars are stars,  
dust is dust,  
gas is expandable.  
and big fish eats tiny fish.  
that is pure racism and lynching is not  
far from that.

there are who is left,  
and who stands in the right,  
who is between,  
who is above,  
who is below,  
who is beyond,  
who is up and down,  
who is on top  
who is charm,  
who is in the bottom,



who is completely disconnected,  
who is free but untangled,  
who is tortured in Guantanamo,  
and  
who is living in a paradise island making amendments for every body else,  
including fish in the tank, animals in a zoo, and who should go to blow up a city  
or the mountains.

Atef Ayadi

# The Awesome Awesome

thing about capitalism,  
he said,  
is consumers  
have a say where to put  
their money.  
it is another way of  
saying,  
everyone is a free investor;  
except 'the only way to stop a bad guy with a gun is with a good guy with a  
gun...'  
this wall street racing theory does not stop trashing the planet with plastics;  
bullets being fired in all directions like purple rain.  
bombs substituting falling stars.  
scams and shams proliferated and franchised.  
branding rape, genocide, slavery, racism, sex trafficking, children abuse, nature  
abuse, banking exploits and ratings, cracking and fracking, sugar and opioids as  
bad,  
but, good for business and unavoidable.



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Atef Ayadi

# Four Letters As Usual

nato against russia.  
quad countering china.  
karma is a balancing act.  
i am teasing, karma is a bee that itches itself.  
tuna tuna is  
extracting all the tuna  
in the oceans.  
next?  
it is going to be dolphins.  
how much sardines are left?  
we all agree,  
horny 'huny' is not that sweat,  
mainly when we all are gassing  
in and out.  
all the four letters terms  
are awful, except karma.  
she is really 'a bit itchy! '



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Atef Ayadi

# I Do Not Pay

neighbors do not talk  
except about a dog,  
a cat,  
or flowers in the garden.  
i my case  
someone say  
i do not talk to  
people  
who do not pay tax.  
what a fact people  
talk about  
should i  
pay and then  
talk to a tax  
payer,  
a tax collector,  
a tax fans or history  
channel followers.  
i do not need for a talk.  
a bear talk,  
wine talk,  
or weed talk.  
it is too civil  
ized, ionised,  
too fake, too  
super  
hydrogen  
to thorium efficient  
clean tesla energy ads free fission.  
i do not.  
because it all about  
that exceptional 'you'  
and nothing for or  
about  
the world.

Atef Ayadi

# The Ten Most Famous

personalities of  
the last six thousands years,  
claimed and  
proposed search engine is  
white, european, including da vinci,  
and confucius  
(peace on him)  
for political kung fu reasons.  
of course,  
plato, socrates, aristotle, and jesus are part  
of the list,  
other wise there will be nothing  
to talk about.  
if one ask me to give a list,  
i would say, seven billions of personality  
disorder list,  
among which,  
three sixty millions are already in  
disarray, and complete chaos.  
every day a new face  
with a new trick,  
on tik tok and related  
public universes  
under the umbrella  
or the digital bubble  
or the meta  
flip flap,  
flimflam,  
roman stinky sandals,  
rotted tomato,  
rotted monsanto potato  
french fries.

celebrity will  
prove either  
the chaos or the dis-  
functional  
in a  
two,

three,  
four, or multiple  
dimensional array.  
i do not call  
this  
cultural  
super permissive  
and massive  
racist enclosure  
rather, it is just stupid.  
(some stupidity are  
beautiful and natural,  
other are toxic, radioactive, and incurable.)  
one must at least include  
one woman name,  
at least one.  
since my childhood, i always ask  
why prophets were men only and rich.  
otherwise, you knew what will happen?

Atef Ayadi

# Ironically

i rolled and lighted up  
a cigarette.  
all what i have to do  
is lean down  
toward mu feet,  
to pick up the  
tea carafe to fill my cup.  
it did not happen.  
should i call  
that ironic or may  
be,  
what's more iron- knee -cal  
is not to worry about.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Earthy And Ugly Philanthropy

some are politically  
motivated,  
others are  
technically  
ethnically and religious  
justifiable or contrasted.  
but please  
do not push too  
hard or too much,  
face book  
and google  
give free internet  
access to african,  
and world bank  
down graded places.  
that is colonization  
one-o-one,  
one o'neil,  
one for o'brian,  
one for o'connor,  
one for oprah,  
or 'oh' for nothing or anything.  
true philanthropy  
is to grow trees,  
clean, rivers, lakes, and oceans.  
clean zoos from their enslaved wild inhabitants.

philanthropy is a goofy  
word for a con dirty business.

Atef Ayadi



# No Body Is

free;  
no one should be  
a slave  
shaving and waxing  
for a prize;  
including pets,  
trees,  
animals,  
sentient beings,  
among and under  
the bushes.  
i wish i can  
speak  
japanese,  
so i can put some  
terror in one's mind,  
or chinese and latino  
to make fun of one  
jerking around or  
lost to one's needs  
or mind.  
i do not see,  
what is the difference?  
or any minute  
indifferent,  
differential,  
regressive,  
progressive,  
gecco eyeblink,  
melinda eyelashes,  
soros twinkle and diminutive differences.  
being free,  
or being  
slave  
is simply a lie.

Atef Ayadi

# If There Was No

fire,  
we would not  
be here?  
if there were no rocks  
and there fore  
no tools,  
we would not be here?  
if we did not learn the hyena way,  
the ant way,  
the laughable way,  
the ugly brutal ai weiwie  
we would not talking about  
consciousness and the ai,  
we the people,  
we ukraine,  
we irak  
we syria,  
we the yeman,  
we yugoslavia,  
and any slave nation,  
we lebenon,  
we nayenmar,  
we the natives,  
we the amazonian,  
we the jarawa tribe,  
we the kazakh,  
we the himba,  
we the huli,  
we the asaro,  
we the kalam,  
we the goroka,  
we the chukchi,  
we the maori,  
we the gauchos,  
we the tsaatan,  
we the samburu,  
we the mursi,  
we the vanuatu,  
we the tibetans,

we the huaorani,  
we the drokpa and we the yali.  
we would not.  
paradise  
means the minimum  
of tools as possible.  
we all have a saying  
other than zelenskiy tribe,  
putin tribe,  
or any metaverse ufo  
"community."

Atef Ayadi

# The Medicine Man

four,  
i mean 4,  
like four toes,  
four fingers in any hand,  
four frontal teeth,  
four kids,  
four trees,  
or four ants.  
four religions  
in indonesia  
aiming at  
eradicating the medicine man,  
that ancient backup  
of all backups.  
every tribe, with its  
medicine man  
in the  
americas are exterminated  
and put to slavery.  
the irony,  
humanity is in the  
medicine  
man,  
and ufo means the  
civilized  
(slaves ruled by an authority made up of  
few families.)  
i can  
insert  
and assert another  
fable or irony,  
the amazonian  
mashco-piro  
is loosing it  
to civilization.  
zero to one  
for ever.

how much of us

became alien,  
or a bind alienated  
ufo creature?

Atef Ayadi

# From The Dashboard

my irony  
among all the iron fist ironies,  
i am a chimp who lives  
with bonobos.  
the entire country is  
is like that.  
the planet also  
is like that.  
both claim  
they have great art,  
grand beauty pageant  
and beauty salons,  
great genealogy,  
great gene pool,  
great,  
great,  
great,  
grand grand grand  
parents,  
great normal sex and related,  
great drinks and bears,  
great dump stuff,  
great awkwardness,  
and  
great and short freezes;  
but,  
most the time,  
it is boring greatly  
with  
possibility of dust storm  
in some parts,  
snow flakes in others.

Atef Ayadi

# A Piece Of Paradise

anyone  
who lost  
the chase  
for a piece of  
paradise  
was promised  
to  
have one  
in after life.  
as to myself  
i am nomadic  
and i am blessed by  
almost every tribe in the americas.  
because  
these who are  
the gate keeper  
and the keepers  
of paradise.

Atef Ayadi



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# As An Abecedarian

i like to put  
some abc pillars,  
without a need  
for some math  
or geometrical proofs.  
i used to  
follow,  
approve, and apply  
axioms  
and be happy with my axiomatic  
nomadic  
life stile.  
no more.

Atef Ayadi



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# Auschwitz

it is another  
word for  
colonial violence and coercion.  
if history is unbiased  
and rigid in front of  
all distortions,  
insanity,  
embezzlement  
abortion of peace and good  
deeds and ideas.  
i mean all the dramas,  
theater, religious here and there,  
an enhanced ethical  
contortions;  
many,  
many auschwitz  
sites were prepared  
for the tiny people.  
it is slavery at its maximum.  
nowadays,  
we call it  
humane auschwitz,  
local private,  
slash corporate,  
slash contractor,  
jail,  
in which  
inmates are called by numbers.

so,  
savage people,  
savage motivation,  
savage doctrine,  
savage indoctrination,  
savage civilized people,  
savage class,  
savage middle class,  
savage upper classes,  
savage crazy zombie elites,

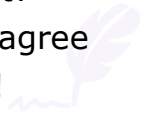
savage arrogance,  
savage winking,  
or  
savage glaces.  
are the same.  
we are all,  
basically  
a network of hyenas,  
that evolved  
out of  
tribes of chimps and  
bonobos.  
the liberal  
enlightenment  
was:  
"hey we are all chimps  
lets accept it and move on."  
the neo liberals  
admitted that  
being a hyena is not a bad  
thing after all.  
so,  
evolution and fractals  
hand in hand  
without a need for a mysterious  
hands.  
finally,  
not as usual,  
peace on auschwitz,  
peace in auschwitz,  
peace to any new auschwitz  
or any refugee camp.  
i do not also  
forget  
what the japanese  
did  
to the chinese, and european did  
to indians. what ever india or indians  
mean to each of us  
(the normal, tiny, but big chimps or bonobos.)  
.



# Mon Paradis

i'm making it too simple  
for myself.  
paradise is  
a forest  
with every thing in it,  
around it,  
and above it.  
human are bonus  
that is unnecessary.  
anyone,  
who is telling you  
one needs to die  
to be in it, must be a con artist.  
any one who claims  
earth is too populated is  
a ukrainian comedian,  
they are all alike anyway.  
so, do not?  
if one disagree  
i am fine!  
i can eat fiber  
and stop  
the  
six pack protein  
epidemic.

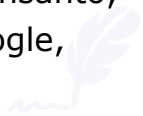
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# Petro Petro Petro

this has nothing to do,  
related,  
or web linkedIn to petra.  
something like,  
petro dollar,  
petro language,  
petro banking attitude,  
petro recycling golden ideas,  
petro cambridge university,  
petro havard,  
petro all universities and colleges,  
petro medias,  
petro celebrities  
(all celebrities with no exception,  
including mr. bean,)  
petro cosmetics,  
petro funds for third degree burn,  
petro monsanto,  
petro google,  
bing,  
bingo,  
newton apple,  
adam & eve co apple,  
petro left,  
petro far right.  
what is next?  
renminbi?  
shekel? ...  
and finally,  
petro the little  
podcaster,  
who is optimizing  
one's skill  
to match  
some products  
one likes,  
defends, and supports;  
in order  
to find



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one's match  
on match dot com.

Atef Ayadi

# Apocalypto

i like  
melli gibson's  
film making  
and and its "preciseness."  
is it melli or mel?  
i have a hole  
in my memory,  
if i see the word  
mel,  
i remember melli,  
and i take it for melli for ever.  
it could be  
a personal memory apocalypse.  
i do not know.  
i do not care.

Atef Ayadi



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# Meet Yo All The Way

the music i am listening to  
right now is rosanna  
you no the yes answer?

the solution  
of ukraine  
crises  
is a love  
story between  
putin  
(a boy from the east block,)  
and another  
girl from the west side.)  
and as usual,  
a comedian  
interrupts the scene.

look,  
comedy and acting out  
are a part of coping with civilization.  
in life matter no one  
needs comedy.  
may be  
if one wants to fix  
a broke up  
needs to sing  
meet yo all the way  
rosanna.

or  
if yo want!  
it will be cool,  
talking it out,  
while singing africa.

i do that all the time,  
when i try to fix  
any brake up  
with myself.



Atef Ayadi

# Where Here Is Here?

do you hear anything  
at this moment?

--what is yours is not mine until one meets  
with the other....meat means meat, ....--  
because i do.

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# A C Section

so!

where are we! ?

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# I Am Disarming Yo

"what is happening"  
i leave this  
as a suggestion that is  
unnecessary;  
"une nécessité flagrante,  
qui s'impose,  
pose  
pause, et suppose  
d'elle même,  
pour elle même! il n'y a pas de dieu  
qui chasse pour les chats et pas pour les souris.  
ça n'arrivera pas comme-même."  
a word of peace  
is necessary  
indulging in it too much, creates  
of the  
rich, dukes,  
cooperative corporations,  
and  
only bankers  
only thinks  
water and the sky  
only and only and only belongs to them

my only  
message,  
fax yo all,  
we need to grow more trees.  
not see-yo-two  
high  
level  
leaks,  
emotional interrupted  
eruptions  
or farting with no gas emissions musks.  
be  
a poets  
something  
the con

chin  
ness,  
plus,  
minus, or less

i am not going to  
leak them.

Atef Ayadi

# It Is Just

what is happening  
in the world,  
is just  
comedy  
central to broadway's theatrical performances.  
depending where you are,  
what technology  
one is incarcerated  
with in one's  
local jail  
(i mean town,  
township,  
under the bridge,)  
or household.  
there are always  
good actor,  
bad actor,  
the ugly actor,  
and the many  
almost free to mini  
mom  
low wage  
zombie actors  
and actresses,  
including the pizza delivery guy  
the cafeteria  
what is his or her name,  
robotic sport fedex  
agent,  
an xxx or two,  
and a ups  
ups and downs  
brown scouting dressed silhouettes.  
i'm personally  
not in favor  
of  
any of this  
banking  
public entertainment policy.

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i hate also  
philo  
entropy;  
i mean,  
the entropic nature of  
so -ros philosophy.  
ros stands for  
radical  
operating system and  
data buffer framework.

Atef Ayadi

# How Condescending

nato never committed any crime.

never.

europeans never stole lands

and

extracted the wealth

of others;

then,

send it back as debt.

never.

westerners branded themselves as

saviors, superior humanitarians, future goal

and java oriented worriers, and exceptional

objectivated, activated freedom seekers.

the rest of the world are slaves for a new

sugar industry, more heat, and more plastics.

the one who is resisting

are labeled terrorist and held

in a nazi-like guantanamo camps.

how many

centuries

passed

till now?

but

still,

it is the same

colonial

condescending

banking

language

and attitude.

Atef Ayadi




# Civil Iced Vs Terro Wrist Reading.

of course,  
blue eyes and blond hair come  
straight from  
the ice.  
"people like us,  
we can easily talk to."  
said the cnn  
slash abc  
hash tag  
fox reporter.  
of course,  
people from mesopotamia syria, iraq and iran,  
myanmar, lybia, nijer, mali, chad, yemen are  
low graded since the ancient times.  
unaided,  
no trans-passing,  
no transposing,  
and,  
do not talk about it.  
because.  
because.  
because.

Atef Ayadi

## In Addition

first this is not  
my audition  
and not even  
close to let say an audiotorial  
oral  
google engines stuck  
at  
phase one  
ognition.

i am listening  
to this word only music.  
"...i am admiring  
the admirable  
smashing the smashable  
eatable.  
my table is yours  
butta also, your mine  
i am turning  PoemHunter.com  
the irrecoverable  
non convertible  
to  
peace and pieces.  
lella la lella la  
lel la  
a! a! a! ..."  
then  
the sound  
of one dram  
appears.

if one wants  
to make it  
religious and boring;  
a dram could be  
substituted by a bell  
(the size does not matter if no mood  
has not change.)

if one liberal say:

"ah! i have a vibrator  
made out of a  
a shaving machine."

i would say:

" good artistry, a dram and dramming  
do not need electricity,  
and no see-o-too,  
except,  
the see-oh-toe made  
by transpiration and and inspired touches."

Atef Ayadi

# Between Us 101

all monotheistic  
religions are  
the same bully kids  
around the bloc  
the only thing  
they want is  
hegemony,  
seniority,  
brotherhood, and  
a superiority  
in the woods.  
a pharaoh's dream  
that came true.  
the only problem  
are the weak,  
the victim,  
the self victimized  
customized with a  
a remedy or an ingredient since childhood.  
it is a pain  
done to children  
by too much to handle elites,  
inescapable doctrines,  
an  
intricate labyrinth of  
masculine manners and  
feminine soluble and oral hygiene etiquettes.

so between us  
appears  
a boring  
objective  
with a meaningless  
subject  
or a headless hash tag  
with no headlines.

i still like it  
why do you

think that your child  
pets,  
4x4,  
or your  
4k "touch and message" screen's  
lumber jack  
are better than mine.  
i do not need  
to add  
a word  
on this subject  
in french  
cause  
'je ne suis pas un  
français.'  
i am only a frank  
phonist by coercion.  
i also  
do not like to be  
a sex  
so  
phonist  
for arabic language  
cause  
it is worse  
than  
the bunch of advertisements and sugar coatings  
that it is perpetuating day and night.  
it is "bs" since the very  
ancient  
nabataeans of  
of  
ancient  
arabia.  
it is true  
i like petra,  
the desert  
and any organic  
desert dessert  
but forget about the language.  
it is like fortran  
or any other assembly c++ language.

Atef Ayadi

## Best Nine

the good news is  
the best number nine  
is romelu lukaku;  
and the two uruguayans  
cavani and luis suarez.  
the best number  
ten  
twenty,  
thirty,  
forty, and fifty is messi.  
neymar is an amazonian  
tattoo happy artist.

the bad news is  
messi is an advertiser  
he does not understand  
environment,  
carbon, diamond,  
and graphite emission.

Atef Ayadi

# Nuances In The Cloud

if one thinks,  
feels  
that i blow up  
my brain  
or my brain is blowing  
me up and out  
quietly or loud.  
what makes one  
different,  
an ounce of nuances,  
or a pound of silly  
cloths from a big malls or tiny places?  
we all live under  
the era of  
angela merkel,  
angelina jolie,  
angelika poses and positions,  
a forbidden bidden walking zambie,  
a another  
robust  
kaa-gee-be,  
fake jelly honey bear  
and  
marshmallow  
put-in your mouth  
and shut up milk formula period, and  
finally another kung-fu-panda,  
an egg-zee-ping  
pingponging everywhere  
and no where,  
i like to add other celebrities, but i prefer  
to censor and leave them to their darkness, my excuse is that they are all  
ka,  
gee  
be,  
like any royal m-and-m 6,  
nothing but  
a big mouth  
full of branded



dead  
crispy  
crackers  
and lies.  
the golden shower  
is only a one  
percent of an  
ice  
berg and the stain  
of hegemony, hedge funds and  
crowd funds for no reason,  
swat team watt butt so ever.

Atef Ayadi

# Like You, Even


i can  
or 'icam'  
postrize and make  
a picture as white as  
a chineese  
white rice.  
condoleezza rice is only a polician.  
a black and white top seller.  
"autant qu'une femme,  
elle est hors sujet.  
ce n'est pas moi qui va  
definir  
les choses."  
said the genie.

i choose not  
to;  
nut 2 not period  
(language is a mesh of symbols,  
period is simply period,  
une periode est comme même  
une periode  
avec une majeure exception,  
elle se lit, uyn-ne paix-ree-y-odd,  
enfin, c'est toute  
l'histoire,  
english people, mainly white, "une periode")

whether, one is  
ayn rand fan  
iran follower;  
a tweater bee or  
a tick-tock fly,  
at the end of a tunnel.  
the tunnel appears to be  
long,  
but not that scary after all.



# My Karma Versus The West's.

my language changed  
swiftly,  
dramatically  
from a normal  
midwest,  
corn and soy bean plus  
extreme flatness and extreme freeze  
to  
d4-c5  
nf6-bg5  
exf-be7, ...etc  
bishops are males by nature;  
i hope this change soon.  
nights could poses as or espouse both sexes,  
and all universe sexes;  
including saxophone's air blowers & associates plus followers who fuels  
the rhythm and the cuts,  
including  
the high  
gas prices,  PoemHunter.com  
credits,  
ratings,  
diamond rings,  
and as a consequence the banking's  
look and posture  
toward  
the consumer price index.

so do not worry  
about it,  
cause we do have mules,  
and mules are nights too.

these are facts,  
without any need  
for objectivism  
(--an arrogant and spoiled way to say:  
i can do anything  
without a need

to pay attention to  
fact-ups.  
someone else  
will pay for the clean ups, --)  
or any ill to one,  
or any 'ism'

what happen in  
beautiful ukraine  
neighborhood is the same thing  
as  
to what happen in niger  
mali, in between, and  
in vicinity.  
this chess game  
is as simple  
as  
to replace a  
the term oligarch with board,  
a network of boards by  
a state,  
government,  
or a combination  
of  
states,  
gov to gov,  
state to gov,  
or a com to  
a dot org.

what to add?  
oh!  
the media!  
kind of god, the 3000 gospels,  
angelical con artist  
slash  
a virus,  
a resilient bacteria  
that lives in symbiosis  
in brains of human;  
as a good cop,  
sometimes,

and as isis, or the  
other hidden capitalistic stick.  
see,  
these established oligarchs  
know too well

two ways:

either

a carrot (mostly for them, and that is their  
current policy,)

or a stick

for the commons:

less sticks is a good carrot.

more sticks means

cut and shave lazer sharp

and humanly

any one who resist.

before

it was done with a gun in the a head

now a drone loaded with a bombs and

a a screen with a joystick.

other do it with

chemistry,

few with physics 238.

Atef Ayadi

# Is It Better

it took me some time  
to clean up  
the keyboard  
from some tobacco,  
a nail moon slice, and some tiny screws.  
i did not see any left overs,  
or someone's eye lashes, eyebrows, brows, or  
one of these waxy stuffy things;  
which is a good news to shine the light on.  
it does not bother or irritates me  
to to have such keyboard in such state of affairs.  
i always ask myself if  
it is better  
to replace the  
word  
g.o.d  
by  
the wise man,  
the wise woman,  
the great monarch,  
the evil emperor,  
the explosive dictator,  
the unforgettable alpha chimp,  
or  
the wise tree.  
it make sense to me that humanity  
are still under the spell of  
the  
eighteen egyptian dynasties of pheroes,  
and some assyrians spices and dunes.  
see,  
every cult has it own political agenda.  
some lasts,  
others becomes  
mayas and incas.  
sorry for my vocabulary.  
i am not really sorry,  
it is my way to clear things up  
and guide one to the spot

if it is not the right spot that meets one's aspirations,  
either google is out of touch as usual,  
or  
or one's mind is on salivation gear or parking lot.

Atef Ayadi



# Have Yo Ever

listened to

i'm a different person,  
yeah, i know!  
turn my world around,  
i'm a different person,  
Yeah, yo know?  
Turn my world around,  
or  
baby  
talk to me  
I wanted  
babe  
talk to me (babe)

i'm quite sure  
that you never knew  
all the pain that I've been through  
to get these things out  
night till morning.

it is stupid song in a stupid era.  
no crazy talk at all.  
it is like someone is talking to one's  
self.  
plus the music industry is a bunch of addict  
and fixated bunch of male racist, zee, tea, mee,  
and  
water-electric-phobic folks.

i enjoy it thought!  
the current song as  
i am writing is  
"you should make me in fire...  
...  
make me feel"  
it make me crazy  
baby

to sing me  
another song  
and make some beats  
of music on my body! ..."

that is cocaine with some  
coco  
or pep's indigenous cocktails.

Atef Ayadi

# I Do Not Know What To Write.

it happens.  
thirty minutes later,  
i know but, i prefer to follow 'the do not share'  
principle. it is a cult's thing;  
the one that sparked and initiated many  
many religions  
in many regions  
of this legendary planet.  
i am brooking this golden  
orbiting  
lagrange l2 principle,  
by sharing forty nine words, plus punctuation,  
and including an open to the public title.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Give Power To

someone asked'

"Est-il dangereux

de donner du pouvoir au peuple? "

translated as

"is dangerous to give people the power? "

it is a stupid question?

first who gives who?

are these people white,

african?

asian?

natives?

first imagine it is for african this time?

then natives!

then asians?

in all cases,

the turn outs

are liberals in natures

and either

republican or democrates.

so what is the fars?

two, power is a relation,

so, it is a cognition faculty.

one has it,

or one do not has it.

if one givespower to someone else,

one becomes a 'bee that itches.'

i mean a slave.

if one empowers someone,

the first thing this one does,

is to step on ones foot or both feet,

as a way to say

"hey i am training myself

on you, to see how you react,

how it works. i do not

know how this thing

worked out before."

so i am not

interesting in

give and take power chances,  
milking and milk derivatives.  
there is no good cheese in athens.  
no olive oil, and nothing to bake or shake with.  
people of the cave  
morphed or are  
upgraded into  
people of theater,  
people of google,  
people of tiktak,  
people of face book,  
people of the book  
people of many books  
cult after cult  
culture within a culture,  
a jail withing a jail,  
only mating is allowed.  
taxes are a bank fee,  
and followed with rating.  
now one's rating is important  
to 'fok'  
or  
not to 'fak.'  
that is the precise  
price for civilization.  
lonely, and walking with a dog is what one can  
possibly do with one's power.  
i mean, if one has it.

Atef Ayadi

# Buck Buck Buck

first,  
without delaying  
and laying down everyone,  
or put someone  
to bed, without a force.  
the sound of buck, is to remove  
the the "seekay"  
and replace it with the  
sound of  
the  
back roof of the mouth.  
or just listen t a free  
healthy, and organic chicken.

i am liberal,  
one is free to listen to a meet loaf  
or a piece of chicken salami,  
if your vegan,  
listen to any weed, plants, vegetation,  
or  
(sorry for the language)

anyone in a vegetative state.

i am not teaching anything  
like arabic,  
but a sound one is missing.

two,  
i am making a soup of few words  
all i need is fire,  
salt  
and spices.  
i hope i did all of it  
with one splash.  
i love the effect of heat  
on the soup  
slash the chemical solution,  
slash organic chemistry,

dash biochemistry,

slash ecology

dash community and "the practice of redrawing electoral districts to gain an electoral advantage for a political party."

i am looking

at the bubbles

while hearing

their acute and firing

buck buck buck

buck buck buck

the word shuck is another soup

or story. it remains me of a song

from that carthaginian spot of the world.

Atef Ayadi

# Either Or

i hate to find myself  
on and on  
among either  
a chimpanzee,  
or a bonobo.  
they are all chimps anyway.

it is not a hate speech,  
a hate dialogue,  
12 steps to broke out  
of a habit, or a vicious cycle of  
constant hurricane, drought, then turnadoes.  
republicans, democrats, then bonobo.  
gees wants five gee with  
an algorithmic control.  
an mnms wants only four effs.  
some wants nudle from noodles.  
others want plain rice  
without a  
'condo--lee---zza"  
rice presence  
or being in the neighborhood  
or any vicinity as a matter of fact.

see,  
how evolution is  
too slow,  
and does not need labels.

i am not saying i prefer  
artificial intelligence and plastics either.  
that is too  
industrial,  
too imperialistic,  
too much control,  
too redundant,  
2 chimpanzees against 5 g  
"harmless, " shameless bonobos.





# This Is


this planet,  
this land,  
this ocean and all oceans,  
this river and all rivers,  
this lake and all lakes,  
this glacier and all  
artic, and antartic,  
that sky,  
these clouds,  
that sun, and that moon  
is our paradise,  
for all  
without  
killing or  
ostracism.

so why one is making  
it look like hell?  
with soldiers, bombs, guns, germs,  
and sticks?  
why all this mess and miss  
information,  
alienation of beings with  
mind and beings that are  
simply sentients?

Atef Ayadi

# Biographical With Black Charcoal.

look, it make sense  
that  
poetry is about  
the should be done and it is not done,  
achievements and miss-ed-adventures  
or a  
euphoria and a non-dispatched 3g orgasmic release,  
while  
resting and contemplating  
in the comfort  
of ones home.

ah,  
i do not like to be that,  
or any  
thing, pig, and fig  
about that one direction;  
slash  
avenue.  PoemHunter.com  
i do not need to say  
"go to hell...! ? "  
"peace up! "  
no cake please!  
i am well fed, and fed up with fedex  
and all these  
comparative-non-cooperative-no-union services.

.  
i already have that  
covered  
in advance,  
in the tittle section.  
if do not have colors,  
otherwise,  
i will make a childish  
mess,  
i m sure you like  
it.  
who would not?



# I Wana Be An Apache.

i want to live in a desert.  
starting my own tribe.  
i call it,  
katata kiowa,  
or  
huahuachi katcata for example.  
i label it reservation,  
church of nature,  
and put under  
the unesco ironic world heritage,  
or shouldn't i?  
because, these people are white,  
possibly representing  
the 'original' twenty five tribes,  
plain and simple.

in the us,  
everything  
is indexed and annexed like crimea.  
parks are either the state's  
property or the fed's back golf course.  
in all cases  
it is for grab,  
i mean for the higher bidder.

Atef Ayadi

# Justice Or Karma

i still insist  
it is a just karma,  
big pharma, and everything  
is advertised as great,  
and sometimes, great again;  
in a world of few  
pathetic platonic  
rich folks in an arm race.  
the rest are slaves  
pretending they are not.  
claiming they are smart,  
when the word smart  
means totally the opposite.  
law and order,  
soldiers, cups, and clips,  
religion and epistemic pandemic western philo-roads,  
are  
all about a shirley jackson lottery  
tickets.  
tickets are sold on jeff besos netflix.  
the ear of cash and coins is gone.

Atef Ayadi

# What Keeps Me-Being Hooked.

i play chess  
only and only  
when i let  
my mind loose.  
playing like a 'fucking kid.'  
in nature,  
or in cubes among friendly plastics.

me,  
i was born in nature,  
and transmitted throw the wires  
(propelled, projected, extracted, ...,  
induced, expected, ...,  
marketed, ..., or digitally transferred, ...assimilated in a simulacra)  
to live in a cartesian cubes,  
in symbioses with plastics and with plastic surgical people.  
what one can do.

it is the northern winter,  
cold and with a omicron chill,  
otherwise,  
i will hike the town, until i get exhausted.

what propelled me  
like an electron  
from bulla-regia to a fucking swampy people  
grid system.

is to live it.  
be it and that is it.

i did not leave any esthetic stone work,  
no architectural monuments.  
nothing.  
so, my script comes  
handy.  
i mean the way  
possibly  
you get

a skin küzell,  
then possibly and anger or extreme hate.  
if one laughs, one is 101 percent alive.

Atef Ayadi



# Chatting With Other Selves

some diasporas  
never experienced  
anything but  
the relic of civilization.

they do not know  
what is life

is

and what is a tree is.  
worse, they claim  
they are the source of  
knowledge.

i call it,  
living in hell,  
while waiting for paradise.

i have been  
myself

a single reference diaspora,  
a moving island,  
a crawling organism,  
a self propelled automata,  
a plastic bottle in weathered ocean.

i add

sometimes blue sky,  
sometimes it is cloudy,  
sometime it snows,  
and sometimes it rains;  
so it looks romantic and positive

(the blue pill every advertiser uses

when zombies wake up or want to leave their dark tunnel slash cave.)

i want to leave all these

boring

clumsy

subject a side.

my only way to be resolved

is to put something out,

inside a jar or a bottle of plastic.

glass is preferable.



# Black Hole Wormhole... Et Cetera.

personally,  
i am doomed to be a black  
hole among the millions  
among the 7  
billions  
of stars.  
i know by experience  
that there is  
another wormhole  
in the 'other side, '  
wanting  
a bing bung!  
a google bung?  
a dao bung?  
an amazonian inca bung!  
i know there is hell of  
abnormalities,  
banalities,  
best-ialities,   
rualities, cause-aliences and-shocking-realities,  
centralities, dualities, fatalities, final-word-lities,  
formalities,  
frog-with a blue eyes-ali-baba-ties, legalities, localities, mentalities,  
multiple sate modalities, mood-disorder-a-mr-lee-ties, big-mac-big-kfc-hot-  
chicken-tender-moralities, natalities, normal-light-tit-for-tat-tities, pluralities,  
regulation-realities, soda to soda, a beer for a beer,  
a shot for a shot  
tonalities, attainable-acheiveable-totalities, venalities, vitalities, guyana,  
venezuela, colombia, venezuela, guyana.

Atef Ayadi

# I Am Not Political

bitcoin uses more electricity  
than many countries put together  
(not far from one's 'backyard'. haiti,  
venezuela, cuba, puerto rico, port of france,  
port of spain. basically, the entire caribbean  
sea. one can add argentina, if one  
wants.)

it needs a lot,  
lots, of lots of power  
in order to verify and validate  
cryptic and cryptonic transactions.

yop!

that's what's fueling  
the uprising in kazakhstan.

Atef Ayadi



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# If You Are A Tailor, Follow The Stitch

i am a tailor  
of different kind.  
i do not need to make  
stitches, nodes, or  
'organic'  
nets  
to catch something.  
i do not follow.  
i do not need followers.  
call me whatever;  
i am immune to racism.  
racism is an anxiety in times  
of comfort and consecutive reset buttons,  
since the very  
very  
ancient  
times.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Nice Tittle

families  
after  
families,  
dynasties after  
dynasties,  
the killeens, the hogans, the stukels,  
chase, corbaliesies, to peabodies,  
are 'machiavellist' families  
who presided, directed merits and scientism to  
its best.  
well,  
covid slash sars,  
hash-tag aids,  
slash liberal racism  
are good example of  
an iconic  
global natural karma.

some call it catastrophes  
modal and frontal first phase  
of wave one, with fees and expansive  
anthropology trophies and finding.  
other are still hanging to  
old staff,  
self indulgence,  
prophesies,  
chris  
miss-trees,  
and bologni sand--witch with hot chocolate  
instead of yellow fake mustard.

i called karma.  
the first explorers  
in this mind blowing field  
were man, 'alpha'  
(money, power, merits, wit with an ironic tyranny, and later the one who are  
convinced  
being a mastered of the 170  
traits plus pi of power.)

gender does not matter really  
to qualify to lead chimps to a tree  
and live 'hap, hop and hot pee' ever after.

Atef Ayadi

# Some Laundry In The Air

i have the opportunity  
to hike north the continent and south.  
what happen  
to the natives, north and south  
is more awe-full than,  
throwing nuclear bomb  
and hundred of thousand of people and  
other being that are barbecued and then cremated in one second.  
they say our values are superior and exceptional to theirs. (values follow and  
evolve with that physical hierarchy that promotes it.)

every website,  
one desire and one wants,  
they are selling something at minimum marginal cost, almost none; while  
blowing all values up.  
either a big bung  
or a expansion of the universe,  
it is still a selling point.  
if someone or an anonymous entity is asking one to subscribe,  
that screw driver is not credible.  
by any means.  
it could be  
that i am trying to prove myself  
wrong.  
weird hah?  
at least i have a 'thesis.'  
and my thesis'  
introduction is that  
life is a connection  
without control.  
the the thesis' hot potato core must be:  
one can live ones life  
without meaning.  
anything one hears  
in any western epistemology  
department is only noise,  
from cult shouting to braking bones.  
then everything is blowing up out  
of



pro  
peau  
orchid.  
(since the 'tion' and  
'chin'  
are the same, i helped my self with an orchid.)

actially,  
my 'prefered'  
'way'  
is that life is meaningless.  
i do not look for meaning while  
i am experiencing it.

Atef Ayadi

# Change, What Change

i hate the word change,  
because it is corpo  
rational  
national,  
regional,  
and with global impact  
ever since the industrial epoch.  
maybe because  
most of the time  
words have no taste,  
values have no value,  
theories are odorless but stink,  
sometimes it is better  
to leave the world of the mind  
with all its heavy and rusted scraps  
along side a river, a lake, ocean,  
or any local mind dump or dumpster.

Atef Ayadi



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# Was Trinken Sie

she said:

"hallo fremder!

Ist dieser platz belegt?

was trinken Sie? "

she said that in a bar,

in this flat swampy plains of midwest;

just few minutes after midnight;

co--vide empty hollow season three,

new year eve,

my bear bottle is half-full, and

my head is cool and one

hundred percent empty.

what did she mean?

obviously the language is

german or germain.

normally,

i do not answer right away;

i let my face do that for me,

two,

two eyes,

two pupils,

two irises,

two eyelashes,

two eye lids,

two eyebrows, and

one mouth

are my focus.

i like the trigonometry of a face.

like matter in the cosmos;

words counts a little, and

nothing is wrong with her intro

abduction.

Atef Ayadi

# Eighty Degree

she said:

in one hand

(it could be yours,

and not mine)

'we seem to have a sense of

what we can comfortably put up with,

and we have the ability to go off chart

and one eighty degree.'

i love words like:

'we, '

'seem, '

'have a sense of, '

'what, '

'we can, ' and 'yes we can, '

'comfortably put up with, and do not put up with'

'ability, '

'go off and out of chart, '

'180,1,8, zeros, and the degree down to which  
everything either collapse or come to an order.'

Atef Ayadi

# I Love All This Noise And Firing

firing has nothing to do with guns,  
fireworks,  
blazing,  
glazing,  
and smoking someone under the sun;  
the way the roman did to 'jesus' for example, and anyone who dares to oppose  
or expose some  
glitch and inconsistencies in the matrix.  
sometimes it looks  
like neurons firing at each others.  
it take time to create  
pathways,  
axons,  
dendrites,  
sodium and calcium  
channels,  
or something like chinese  
silky  
headache--y,  
wacky,  
and stuffy nose road.

i love this human phenomena  
as an organic  
non-green,  
non-rational,  
and non-many things  
stretched in and out living  
organism.

i am still  
convinced  
this planet will heal  
itself.  
of course,  
before  
the sun becomes  
a dusty cloud, a mountain  
falls on paris

or a national park  
becomes a volcano or a lava lamp.

Atef Ayadi

# My First Why

why why is not a  
wi,  
with a tied tie and  
a slim thy.  
if i para  
phrased  
para me  
i say  
how come  
you come  
by forcing me to  
to come  
over and over again.  
again and again

see,  
a 'why'  
becomes  
a thy  
and that does not  
force me  
to come  
clean  
about  
the subject.  
mainly if you are and  
objectivist,  
revisionist,  
hash tagged  
no objection butt  
and your resume  
is digg-at-my hashes.  
and do not worry about  
my ashes  
some of me is metal  
and is  
going  
to rest inside this planet's core,  
some will rotate with the mantle,



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and nine nine percent of me  
will become  
eventually  
see you too  
and peace up.

Atef Ayadi



# Here Is Another One

i would not say  
there is  
an 'other type'  
of 'human'  
(they prefer to  
be called by the name 'it.'  
something like a cow,  
except thy cow  
butches people.  
they are first generation ai.  
they are those who are addicted  
to algorithms for brutal  
efficiencies, mainly  
overseas,  
over-migrants,  
over-population,  
over-sea-oh-two,  
until everybody  
and everything in  
this planet became,  
me two,  
me three,  
four.  
sticks and one spur  
is enough  
to keep an army  
inline,  
online, offin, and offline.

actually,  
this is a lie,  
from prefer  
to offline,  
is for white, blue, and yellow  
proletariat, proletariatos and 'proletariatas,  
middle to middle class,  
transferred class,  
people with glasses,  
high-heal-nice pants,

pavilion papillion,  
and  
ties simply colored  
or picass-o.  
i do not like to add one  
more  
line  
over this particular subject.

fine,  
i wanna add,  
the very people  
i am talking about  
are super exponentially super  
rich.  
but not cheek  
at all.

Atef Ayadi

# That Is My Goal

it is more appealing  
to replace  
goal with goat.  
am i a noticer?  
yes you can!  
and i forgive who does not,  
who was,  
who wasn't,  
who is  
who is not,  
i do not rise  
one eye brow  
(is it bro, rat brat, a brow that is mention in the  
possibly, dao)  
by saying that  
it does not mean  
that i like to come back  
to square one.  
i hate squares and circles,  
circuses, palaces, tree lines,  
and  
a bush cut that encircles  
a golf course.  
but i do not mind to  
plait zig zag trees,  
or chaotic forest  
along  
'national'  
'border'  
i get confused  
sometimes  
an empire  
calls itself  
a nation that has border.  
it is big effing and ooff  
repetitive lies.

Atef Ayadi

# Is Hate A Crime?

if one hates a true  
physical tree,  
that is a typical bearing  
crime.

if killing a human  
or exterminate  
many  
is a crime,  
why we still  
practicing it,  
in one way or  
another,  
softly with a reset button,  
a joystick or any stick that  
matters.

i know it is a boring  
subject to many subjects,  
followers,  
falling wears with many tears,  
and possibly to some  
king kung fu's size  
sloths,  
chameleons,  
urban raccoons, and household bunnies.

we all are  
criminal chimps,  
coming from a long line of ruthless  
line of chimps.  
before that  
we were bottle necked  
from lizards  
so you know, and keep up  
with your amazon,  
slash google,  
snatch meta---universe  
re--search  
data-center.



# Games We All Play

i like fun games  
as simple as  
grass,  
metal rode,  
and lime stone,  
one hundred clicks hide and seek,  
you name it.

i mean all the  
collective and  
non competitive  
taoistic without static  
and unpleasant statistics  
or tantra  
'entrant et sortant' games.

nowadays,  
gain of function,  
simulacra and simulation,  
meditation's framework,  
corporation weed  
and meet production rhetoric,  
trophies for profit,

i mean being  
pushed and incarnated into  
playing the nash video game,  
melinda and bill are playing together  
for a while;  
except they get an equilibrium,  
i get none.

Atef Ayadi

# My Best Philo Sofie

first as to sofia,  
i do not care for now.  
the most converging  
(and  
without the emerging  
capitalistic terms...)  
philosophy  
is the one  
that takes nowhere  
but nature.  
(cause, at the end,  
no means can stop a collapsing structure,  
except  
some art that can live for little while.)  
the idea that  
there are another nature;  
mother or father of all nature?  
is plausible,  
inflatable, and  
inflammable  
propos-ition.  
(i hate this idea, cause, it already exists,  
and so trifle.)  
many universes  
do exist.  
of course  
with a bung.  
as a matter of fact,  
many bungs  
did occur  
before and after  
each existence  
(try, fun, a lot of fun, and miss fortune, and finally  
errors,)  
in which,  
nature, and all the talks  
big and tiny ones,  
cons and pros' equilibrium,  
one zebra and

three  
hyenas chase,  
quids for swedish squids,  
information  
and  
miss information,  
jazz and blues  
rock and hard rocks,  
rock against papers and siezers  
with brain seizures,  
strong folklore against  
weak folklore,  
noises,  
dot dot dot,  
location location location,  
one hash tag for five tags  
and seven hashes

go in their business  
as usual  
and as boring as you may know.

i mean all the  
clashing  
chimpanzee's philosophies.

if i want  
to bee itch myself  
about  
sofia,  
i would say,  
she is dragged by all  
of this.  
so no need for  
repetitions and rehearsals.  
too many falseness and illnesses,  
and very less nature.  
i mean almost none  
natural and none unnatural.  
like all followers of these days;  
a bird in a flock.  
so no need to talk about



sex  
or a marry legendary  
gendarmerie of gender.

Atef Ayadi

# Closing The Sixteen Hundreds Fifty

let agree for the last time.  
this is paradise.  
who disagrees?  
i agree with ease;  
but,  
and your butt  
shall live in your  
or someone else's  
hell utopia.  
and fact check b-52 alon mass-que  
and jeff alaska polowski  
dot dot  
hash  
tag  
amazon.

is there any  
thing  
else?  
left?  
left over?  
bill gate and celebrities  
with plastic surgeries  
and unjust  
non natural  
injuries.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Like To Go

crazy

without 'within the norms, and the rule of law'

i hate kent or any cant for that reason,

religious maniacs, and any liberal feminist who says

'you can't, but yes we can'

maybe one figured it out that it is a color thing,

but forgot labels do not make rules, neither put sardines in a can nor build a long  
can--on whenever one may need a canon or worse artillery.

my craziness is as easy and simple as

going naked in a a virgin

forest, in a virgin island.

forget about virgin

olive oil,

because

it is a scam.

it is true if someone

adds the word organic

(with a green print,) i go more

crazy

(which i like and prefer, better than labels and talking and fantasizing about ai,  
tesla, and more meta labels, and meta jalapeno universe, apps, melinda  
microsoft kitchen, bill microsoft elect--ironic car, and besos's ' stay a good boy  
customer, an ai will deliver the goods to your front and back door.')

it is true i prefer touching and hugging a tree, better than

..... a woman who has no other

preferences except labels, web and tree of

cheesy,

hazy,

jay-z

zazie consumption, with a mind that looks a samsung

android with an oily fake eyebrows and eyelashes flat screen.

for insurance,

maybe without an electricity,

everything fall apart.

i do not have to go

crazy

rather going back

naked

like a brave

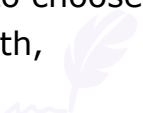
neantherdal.

Atef Ayadi

# I Always

ask  
why i am doing it?  
why?  
why?  
and  
why?

then i asked myself  
how many total whies  
i am throwing  
at the universe,  
i mean myself.

what is ideal for me  
is companionship  
in a forest.  
if i have to choose  
one of both,  
i choose  PoemHunter.com  
a forest;  
but still one  
can give a visit.  
maybe one sticks in.

if there is any good reason  
behind all  
of this  
is to live and  
then thrive.  
if one flips it,  
survival is life,  
then the rest is as easy  
as to live and thrive.

Atef Ayadi

# All My Treasures

first,  
trophies  
are only trophies,  
it could be something  
one wants or desires.  
i treasure  
all my experiences  
that are different of  
coffee, and soft sofie  
marinated  
few days relationship,  
(i call it a  
deterministic and not  
forced  
encounter.)  
i can go on and on  
on the list of  
semi,  
unnoticed,  
and  
disregarded  
experiences.  
my deepest  
desires  
is to experience  
being homeless  
in a forest,  
or hiking from phoenix arizona toward  
the very north.  
drink real water, and  
eat organic vegetables  
berries, real natural tea,  
and possibly kill a squirrel or two  
in order to keep going.  
i love what is home made  
for that reason.

Atef Ayadi

# The Black Smith Tails

i am not a smithsonian,  
but i scan for  
what is active and what is  
dis-activated.  
if dis-activated,  
i black smith words,  
reheat them and gave new shape and forms.  
i use words like alloys,  
phosphates, nitrates, manganese, and other things  
to make a fireworks.  
i am not into the gun and killing  
business, rather  
i choose the reviving and the three ontological steps of the resuscitation method.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Contradict...

i do not contradict my  
self  
with the definition  
i have  
about the self.  
faced with a new contradiction,  
i simply clean it up and added to the dictionary  
of contradictions.  
i did not find someone who  
contradicts me.  
(it looks they contradict themselves.)  
negating is a lesser term.  
i thought for a while  
that contradicting others is  
a tuition free,  
a petition for justice,  
a fruition, or a rendition of virtue.  
no anymore.

Atef Ayadi



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# It Is Better To Be Direct

it is better to come clean, and possibly disarm  
'one self'

i am not a poet

or an artist,

rather i do write poetry in colors

on woman's body.

printing and copy rights does not matter.

no one can compete.

art for me costs and

naturally eats oat and

chatters, scatters, schred-letters, shatters, grant-slatters, smatters, spatters,  
splatter, tatters, tethers, and yatters something.

if i write what is above and below

this line on a woman's back

add to it

colors,

distortions,

and other details.

it has to work out?

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Atef Ayadi

# Ever Since,

as far as civilization goes  
in your mental area or zone;  
it looks obvious,  
there are two types of individuals  
(gender does not really matter :)  
a good cop,  
and a bad apple cop.  
i do not like to make it general,  
and boringly digested.  
if one said oh kings do not.  
i replay yes they do,  
except they become alphas,  
and omega, but before they do,  
they live in switch of and on mode along the list of the greek alphabets.  
just to add  
greek food, language and historical epistemology  
are not globally the alpha of the world as the  
way advertisement in the west is dusting the eyes and the ears about it.  
(karma: they are drinking the same poison they gave to socrates long ago;  
except he would say: 'no knowledge means no vertue.')  
as a matter of fact,  
we live under a non existing language.  
if one use the finger or  
throw some critics,  
hell get loose, and one find oneself out  
of the great no so great zion.  
(that is way i hate the matrix, loaded, reloaded,  
evolution, revolution,  
and possibly the new one,  
the awakened  
john wick in matrix resurrections twenty  
twenty one.  
i have been dis-activated, throwing  
out of forms, because it is all about zion,  
short for metaverse.)

i am not talking about neither latin to latinos,  
nor celtic to 'from an angle your sex-is-on.'  
i have a dislike toward the

theory of values, and values all together;  
because it is civilization--all,  
and also discard nature.  
call it mother whatever.  
i do not use these civilizational terms.  
call me whatever!  
a nihilist,  
poetry rapist,  
poor, alien, alienated, a migrant that should be stopped  
or held prison at the gate of our capitalistic, non-capitalist utopia...,  
'he looks like christ but he must be the anti matter stuff. that type of insults.'  
they could be all true,  
except i do not think  
that thing are free,  
or get two and one is free.

Atef Ayadi

# I Am Not But

if i start with butts,  
i am sure these lines  
will morph to ocean waves,  
crashing or sweeping  
and weeping your  
white sandy pacific shores.  
but i cancel that out.  
what i am saying  
in addition to  
the good  
and evil fairy tail,  
there is followers, and people like me  
who gives a  
f-rethoric or whatever you call it back home.  
cross-legs is my duty to myself,  
and  
de-crossing legs is a job that i am being  
paid for.

Atef Ayadi



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# You Saw, And I Experienced

we saw socialism in germany and the soviet union.  
we saw in the west,  
communism only for the wealthiest of the very rich, and the very rich of the  
wealthiest.  
we all saw how much a desire costs in dollars, and how much time and energy is  
lost.  
we saw the reason and no reason at all.  
we saw high branded milk shake altruism,  
we saw explosive and suicidal altruism.  
and we saw a con artist, or quid pro quo altruism.  
we all saw despicable act,  
and  
we saw the hilarious and highly  
highlighted  
rated  
funny  
'sometimes tragedy and sometime out  
of the script childish comedy.'  
maybe you see,  
maybe you experience, or  
maybe you are a dormant or sleepy organism;  
self-sacrifice is neither the highest moral duty,  
nor an art, and nor a pitiful sophism.

Atef Ayadi

# A Burden

i'm not proving or disproving  
anything,  
here,  
or, in your space,  
and of course, and consequentially  
your time.

sorry for being  
mathematically abysmal,  
aesthetically unpleasant,  
and romantically  
not that good.

i mean being your hero;  
but

what one can do with the stuff  
one accumulated during a lifetime;  
given a space and time.

(because space and time are my true  
trophies.)

imagination is born out of resistance and struggle.  
esthetic is a description of that struggle and some  
mysticism of course to spice up the environment.

so, therefore,

if you can hold your  
breath here, and in the now.

so please do it for yourself,  
the oneself, or for your cloud or clouds.

value is a memory anchor of that experience.

and i do not think that my experience is  
supreme, and above yours.

although, i prefer that above or behind position.

if one is one,

i mean the one percent of  
one hundred percent  
fee-male plus some free stuff.

think and then admit it is for women, age

18 plus, and other pluses may do apply, depending on the situation on hand.

just to straight things out.

i like the idea

that nature is a solid reference.  
esthetic,  
and values are as a consequence  
a vacuum of ideas that  
means zero to nothing  
compare to the  
physicality  
of experience.

Atef Ayadi

# Ah Economics


economics is a feed  
back loop with holes  
to businesses,  
all 'human' services,  
the collo for collaborators and collaborateurs,  
the silli and sillios for silly, stylo, and pantalon people,  
nestley for nasty people,  
toxo for taxi and toxic folks,  
and rad-iyo for  
radio active people who uses the i-yo only technologies.  
it is not funny  
that is way we call it economics.  
it sound to me  
something  
like  
eco  
no  
mics, or  
e-co no-mix;  
but it is still the same.

Atef Ayadi



# The Good News

there are plenty of sounds  
we all agree on.  
one hundred  
percent.  
period.  
think of  
clicks.  
ticks,  
tacks,  
quick  
licks,  
and so on...  
we all have click  
sounds,  
whistling  
as the wind goes in your local area or district 9,

just be yourself,  
and vas-y.  PoemHunter.com  
if you resist the idea,  
get yourself a vase,  
and stare at it.  
may be this is the  
only free way,  
ticket or tik-tak  
self prophecy, and  
the problem of  
physical coupling  
resonances,  
nuances in the periods,  
to loosening the  
your tough hard working  
middle class mind.  
if still  
you fail,  
it must be:  
'smelling a leaf for a period of time,  
until your memory  
quicks in;

sort of speech.'

Atef Ayadi

# Organism

it does not matter  
what morality is,  
what principles may be there,  
what what what,  
when, where and how;  
my best  
best and best  
approach to a system has to  
be an organism.  
macroscopic,  
microscopic,  
copic or coptic.  
there is no difference really  
between cells and neurons.  
if one gorges itself with dopamine,  
others enjoy fiber, sugar and proteins.  
if you want to talk about  
vitamins and supplements  
you are probably and organism  
infested by a system of  
fart-aloud,  
and polluting,  
cancerous, and trojan  
horses  
ads.

it is true i do not fit into many organizations,  
it seems,  
it hard for me to sick  
in.  
they do not seem  
to be an organism  
rather than  
a system  
bellonies, plus i do not believe in  
a system of values, values and principles.  
it is corporate belloni, belonites, mennonites, mesophytes, and neophytes.



# Dormant Loop Holes

i cut myself  
completely from  
the effect of words,  
colors, forms,  
and complex thought?  
you know what i mean!  
in theory.  
it is an abstracted thought that  
generated, rated and ran  
the entire algorithm.  
the speed and rate of  
convergence is integral  
and unprecedented  
(it diverges as it converges.)  
but i did it,  
in abstract and in theory.  
i do not need to add some  
centiliter, a milliliter, a pond of something,  
solid or liquid.  
as one may see,  
it looks  
an abstracted recipe for disaster,  
i use the verb cut to separate  
two structures,  
two things, or just make two out of one.  
and vice versa or versa is a vice.  
that is what freedom is.  
with a pencil and on paper.  
so it is my right  
to dissect and abstract whatever i see,  
hear and sense.  
it is easy for me  
to imagine someone  
laughing, talking, walking, freezing  
or a some of all of one can imagine  
in the now.  
because i experienced  
an earthquake, tornado,  
rain storm, heavy wind, flood, wheat field fire.

what else?  
i am entitled to dissect any thing,  
even an electron.  
when i ask why an electron  
has a charge.  
some may say  
(mainly males of these days)  
oh!  
you north african,  
ali baba,  
moo--ha-med,  
whatever,  
whoever,  
whereve, and whenever  
is a thieve, therefore a son of the knee that itches.  
i say fact check yourself,  
i am a retired,  
fatigued and  
tired  
physicist.

i always ask a question that means  
something  
to me  
not to you.  
it may have an appealing,  
sensational,  
ice cream flavored  
and favored  
moment.  
i do not care.  
i am not your eye doctor.  
and  
sorry  
i do not believe in the fairy tails.

Atef Ayadi

# The 4.1 Kb Folder

4.1 kb folder,  
folder.

4.1 kb folder,  
folder and folders.

4.1 kb folders  
folders.

4.1 kb folders  
folders and folder,  
folder.

i am very slow today.  
a total sloth!

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am That

champanzee,  
a shimp!  
--as a matter of fact--  
sitting,  
in his canape,  
and his birth tree,  
resting,  
legs crossed,  
hands behinds the head,  
and  
sometimes  
does free peeing  
on anyone sitting below  
his canape.

.  
in itself,  
this story  
is a wrap, a brain in a plastic rup,  
or a plastic in a brain that makes  
rip and raps only.  
what is the difference,  
as a matter of fact,  
i call then constructs,  
so i can free some oxygen  
instead of see-o-too.

my bonus, is  
imagine a chimp  
is rapping,  
warping,  
and wrapping the  
time-space,  
with and entry like:

aaa aaa  
ooo ooo  
aoa oao aaa ooo  
silence for a moment,  
then,



owa owa owa  
aoa owa owa  
silence for a moment,  
then,  
owa aaa a a  
ooo owa ow a a

that is only  
one fitness.  
i am that monkey  
and  
i love it.

Atef Ayadi

# Leveraging My Love To You

racism is a form  
of leveraging.  
if one said to me,  
i love cars,  
normally, i replay after one finishes all the  
talks and clears out  
all the clouds  
from one's own see-me-too emission,  
then possibly fetches, checks out, and tunes up any  
own awkwardness and inaccuracies;  
with something like:  
'J'aime les pneus de voiture;  
mais je préfère une amoeba! '

put the lid on,  
not putting the lid on,  
turn the light switch off,  
push one's remote control  
for an exit, and possibly  
content with a tiny screen  
of a bigger world?  
i am not addicted to it;  
but,  
i say "i dig it  
marvelously! "  
when someone  
thinks about leveraging me  
in that area.  
it is common by now!  
isn't?  
that's my "not-charged" positive tune,  
but not the "i-tune yo before yo eye-tune me."  
people are talking about it  
in the main stream media.  
hostility is only  
a sign of chaos.  
if one does not know  
what is a chaos?  
skip to checkers,

or just play scrabble with opposite  
sex  
or possibly with other magnetic polarities.  
if no checkers, no scrabbles.  
fine!  
a journal, a paper and scratch a storm  
slash  
chaos.  
or just go to north africa,  
where the 'west' is brewing  
as usual!  
a new everlasting chaos.

Atef Ayadi

# Best Photo Ever

you know by  
now  
that i am  
anti particle  
(i am not saying there are no hot chicks,  
hot cars, hot beaches,  
hot, hot, hot climate...,)  
anti struggle,  
or, 'tout court'  
an entity that does not like  
civilization.

something fresh?  
yops! against nops, blobs,  
blops, napkins and nipples!  
and all the old odds.  
something about what is fresh,  
and what is freshness?  
too universal, yet we all forget about it.  
some cave art  
are suspiciously incoherent, other  
prehistoric artifacts  
are really prehistoric.  
of course,  
the french wants to be the  
'avant garde'  
for ever, for all cost,  
but, it did not work out for them.  
just ask  
'tout court'  
the  
'gilets jaunes'

Atef Ayadi

# I See What-U-Donut Sea

although

'i see what i believe i see! '

hasn't passed the test yet,

i still believe in what i see

and i want to see.

my passport to 'the right

to move' is the fact

that

i do not need you.

but or

your butt

or bots

may need me.

at this time

i need a boat

to the pacific.

it is always spring.

people down there

are spring as well.

say?

' hieroglyphic unspeci-fical

g-string downswing

with an air and

a flair, ...'

and

what becomes clear to me

is that you have

also this right as well.

Atef Ayadi

# I Like Jalapeno Butts!

mikhail tal  
is  
the only  
jalapeno person  
i like  
so far?

the rest are beans, humus, and  
high voltage ohms.  
this is not a lie,  
butt experienced plumber  
recalling events  
from a cave man to neanderthal man's  
prospective.

Atef Ayadi



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# Tech Or Just Fire

imagine  
someone being tired of bones and  
wood,  
started making sharp tools  
with only stones by chipping them  
for centuries;  
does it happen  
that with such friction, and slamming rocks  
against each other  
would  
sparks  
fire  
and possibly  
burn  
something?  
right?  
as to the cooked meat taste,  
a wild fire is a feast to homo habilis.  
it could be even before, and universal.  
fire makes looser and winner  
the same.  
i mean meat on fire.

Atef Ayadi

## Less Ironic Pillow Talk.

without biases and

stereo tik-tak

hypes and types,

if some thieves meet, their conversation

is diverse and sometimes

fun

(hollywood and disney co lie most the time, but sometimes they do not; they are dead serious.)

the irony,

is that stealing is rooted into

the very genome of everyone,

since the apes time or maybe before.

(from stealing carcasses from a hayena,

civilization makes it wild spread and

quantifiable in terms of time and money

(if you are tiny you are grounded for real, if you are big,

please show us more.)

.



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Atef Ayadi



# There Was A Time

by two  
thousand  
and  
one  
i flipped  
my magnetic pole.  
i gained nothing from  
civilization.  
ever since,  
i have been  
a hiker  
in much everything:  
open to the one percent,  
and discrete to the ninety nine.  
i am sure,  
you too,  
you choose which from witch;  
mathematics sometime is so simple.

Atef Ayadi



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# It Is True

i like chess,  
and all survival games,  
including all the social experiments.  
such as naked but afraid,  
australian survivor series  
the american cowboy survivor netflix 41.

i do no need power,  
being dark, or evil;  
because i do not need control.  
i always get what i want.  
except what i want is simple.  
when i say i like,  
i mean spending some time  
digging and digesting the root  
of these games,  
rules, and tribal etiquette.  
'i like' is a part of my experience.  
of course, 'i hate' is a vocabulary that means  
control, fear, anxieties, ...  
they are there  
floating on the surface  
or lurking beneath as long as one has an 'i phone, '  
an 'i pyramid' on a dollar bill,  
an 'i for an i' conversation.  
i would say just be aware,  
they are not the real main problem.

Atef Ayadi

## Write A Nice Tittle

tax is a form of bullying.  
to be very accurate,  
precise, and nice,  
it is bullying.  
religion reinforces a perpetual rape  
with a legitimate ritual.  
people loves rituals;  
a trance that lasts forever.  
in the other hand,  
or left side of the spectrum,  
mosquito takes it tax cut  
from a bite;  
bit by bit,  
or it gorges itself. but at least  
there must be a symbiotic gain  
for all the parties, including the air, water, and the soil.  
if bird lover says i hate flies, bugs, and mosquitoes.  
if i am a bird,  
i would say the same:  
thank you  
'fact you, or f12 b51 you'  
and you welcome.'  
because what i am going to eat now?  
so,  
why do i write a nice title  
if i know that you are  
going  
to self contradict.  
which is a cozy place, and  
with some pills, one lives just fine.

Atef Ayadi

# Saturn

it is true,  
i always consider that  
having a protector  
or a tyrannical jupiter  
is a good thing.  
i neither  
become a star nor the size of a second jupiter.  
(location timing and tempo in chess are critical.)  
i become naturally a saturn,  
cold like ice,  
but still metallic and flexible.  
so do not try to heat me up;  
it is just a waste until dawn.  
i am lucky jupiter did get bigger than that.  
if you get bigger, see uranus section,  
if you get closer, you become another ring  
for your companion.  
why i do not need to talk about  
my satellites?  
too many and i do not need them.

Atef Ayadi

# I Love You If

you deal with anyone  
and  
anything  
the same way;  
and  
if you do not take the planet as  
a  
trash can  
or a hole to fill or  
pee  
in.

('i love you'  
means, i can share with you space and time in the now.'  
said the sun of the bee that itches wise guy.)

Atef Ayadi



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# Pure Gold, I Mean Nuggets.

to pro addisson  
or general motors  
quid pro quo,  
but not a real tesla,  
a smart ceo, gmo, and weather man and probably a corporate  
woman,  
we can store energy  
in a physical device that is not a battery.  
if you say no  
or no way, probably you are a  
six sigma stigma and your stigmatism is weird.  
gigawatts is not anymore a problem.  
i am talking about mega tera watts.

Atef Ayadi



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# You Know What Is A Fractal?

tribalism is one,  
an idea,  
a thing that is  
created,  
generated,  
in the past, the very far past.  
how come it is still  
here,  
floating and  
acting  
in the present?  
the more it is 'beautiful'  
useful, and  
addictive,  
the more it persists.  
nature, life,  
and being  
are  
a brutal,  
total,  
and primordial  
fractal.



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Atef Ayadi

# Las Semillas De La Humanidad

276 / 5000

Translation results

quiero a mis hijos

nacer

en una jungla profunda.

no quiero que sean capturados

por la civilización.

porque,

libertad

es una experiencia natural.

mi español es correcto o suficiente?

que no

por favor corrija en su tiempo libre

sin sentido

de expectativa;

benéfico o

¿regresión?

Atef Ayadi



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# Why Smile?

this is my exceptional conceptional

dogmatic,

cognitive

slash,

foco,

derida,

shomski,

corbet,

iblog,

ifeel,

igo,

imeta

to

i report you

before you deport me

(if you insist,

i prefer central america,

the three guyana sisters,

or any fuji environment.... or just give me a thirty two feet boat and that is it. i know where to go...)

that type of things:

everybody

and everyone

is a racist.

we become

distant galaxies

millions light year away,

autonomous creatures,

free, dark and seductive self sufficient general aies.

sorry for the the tense

offense, but i mean it.

Atef Ayadi

# My Rosetta Stone

this not my angry voice,  
an angry invoice, or my  
french recipe.  
i want to  
burn my anger into  
a stone  
in three or four  
languages  
one of them is holographic.  
i will make it look funny,  
sweet,  
organic wheat cookies,  
and pleasant.  
one may say,  
it is illusive,  
diabolical, or  
simply, it is the mind.  
i do not care,  
i am an artist.  
i am not bound  
by  
thieves and charlatan's morality.  
and mainly when  
a racist, a thief, or a charlatan  
thinks  
i have no right  
to express  
the self.

Atef Ayadi

# Boxed Up

she said:

' oh! he immediately put me  
in box of mba-eyes, less-p.h.deze or associate.  
basically,  
he put me in a box of shoes,  
and asked, which sax smells good.  
and that was a date.'

she is an economist,  
i feel for her,  
but also,  
apparently, the majority of elites  
digest issues this way.  
compartmentalize,  
de-compartmentalize,  
construct,  
deconstruct,  
box within a box,  
and box that does not fit in my box.  
sometime,  
i feel, it is the mind,  
two minds fighting about  
boxes, which box one is better?

Atef Ayadi

# Zero Marginal Cost

it started with feudal systems,  
then slavery.

call it negative marginal cost,  
imagine, the machinery is free,  
electricity is free,  
the water is free,  
sun is free,  
the wind is free,  
and no one will judge you for any abuse, include,  
rapes, leeching, killing, mutilating, and stuff no one will talk about, on top of  
that,  
misdemeanors are not counted.

then, this marginal thing  
jumped up.  
so we out sourced everything to china  
for the sake of walmart.  
and now with tech platforms  
everything is zero cost  
as to say,  
zero calorie,  
green,  
and organic.

Atef Ayadi

# One In A Billion

actually,  
one in seven billion and ish  
butter fly will brake through  
the silence in this planet.  
but the response is one of three  
point five  
factorial.  
how to factor that?  
it is not easy!  
butta  
also it is not my problem  
(ask bill or melinda how to factor that in their little  
foundation,)  
and stop googling in the internet  
and start oogling in the street  
maybe you meet your butter  
ice-cream vanilla turnado.  
hat no hat?  
eat what not to eat?  
what to suck and what to leave,  
to later

this butter fly's  
business  
could be  
per second,  
per hour,  
per day,  
per week,  
it is up to the generals  
of this planet  
to decide.  
no wonder why people  
clicks thousand times a day.

welcome to the real,  
colonies 6.25.09  
a friendly eco fact checking  
racist with a smile most of the time

in some white blue spots,  
turbulent in few fake white red lines,  
and flakes and sparks under  
a french macronian telescope.

Atef Ayadi

# All Too Well

life never gives  
up,  
never control  
what lives on top  
or what is in the bottom,  
favors connections  
over time,  
just enough to expand  
and reorganize itself.  
we all know that too well.  
it is not alexa  
who is going to wake you up!  
it is a splash of water.

Atef Ayadi



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# Quelque Chose De Sérieux

je ne suis ni  
un  
de gaullien  
ni  
un pompédonien,  
je ne suis ni  
sarkozien, ni même macronien.  
je me demande,  
pourquoi  
les français sont  
à la fois  
racistes et  
gilets jaunes.

soyons  
sérieux comme-même.  
la bonne fois, la liberté, l'égalité, et la fraternité  
ne tombent pas du ciel,  
soit-il clair, bleu clair,  
ou avec un arc-en-ciel.

Atef Ayadi



# Reckoning With Words

as the dust is settling, i  
always like to  
talk free, move free, care free,  
flow free, be free  
from the self  
and the self is free  
from 'me, '  
and unentagle  
the self  
from my emotional gears,  
tabloids, and decrees.

i want just  
and for the sake of a pathetic  
platonc juvenile plutonium justice,  
i want to spill  
out  
the beans on everyone.  
i mean every human being older the  
ten  
and less then seventy or so.  
only humans,

it is not a waged profitable  
masonic and messianic rage  
that is combined with chinese  
'king fu' soy sauce!  
it is not!  
this is a message from  
a living being in this planet.  
i don't abuse,  
use, defuse, and  
refuse  
means simply i am not in.  
do it yourself,  
the last thing to say is the fact that  
liberals are feudalistic,  
hierarchical,

pack order from jeff amazon bezos  
to the musketeer scoutmaster elle-in musk with masks  
(who is the highest  
see-o-too  
producer in the planet,  
the highest atmospheric  
garbage dumper, plus nasa, the eurozone and partners co, and putin russia. 'only  
god knows' what his  
continental and interplanetary heavy-load transport space gadgets  
do to the new trump-jared-evanka silk road;  
knowing that the chinese are already on the dark side of the moon. the indians  
too, are settling on the bright side.)

for those who do not  
believe in 'god, '

i have something for you.  
take off  
'only god knows'  
and put instead some art  
that makes sense to you.

everything seems to fall apart!  
or,  
is it only  
me!  
when i free my self  
from any burden.  
i like to put this on  
stones and sell it for free.

Atef Ayadi

# The Most Boring

subject like  
'the collective mind, '  
the way it evolves  
through  
space and  
time is a bag of knowledge  
that  
sustains, galvanizes, pulverizes,  
solves and resolves,  
some or a hell of mental  
'star trek' holograms and few grams of  
several feet long algorithms.  
still, and yet  
the most important 'frame work', i mean as far as  
the wind,  
the whisper,  
the meadows, or  
simply the rhythm and  
the arithmetic kind,  
slash 'form' and 'for forbes' sake is  
the fact that i restricted my self to 'esses' and 'tees' in  
the beginning of each line  
then fork and jerk on  
the edges.  
some are wolverine kind of, or wolves' pack pledges,  
shelved and salvaged out to fit my find,  
so i can say, i like it, but never mind,  
the pauses,  
the play forward, and 'djaying'  
the many and multiple rewind  
that stirs and  
stereo-logically affects, rimes, and  
times  
the many living cells and neurons.  
should i say, yeah! 'good enough' knell and propel  
the fun.

Atef Ayadi

# It Does Not Matter That Much!

she wrote:

'not alt+mmb it's ctrl+mmb

oops, typed wrong key, I have been using ctrl as i should have been, also tried alt, command, and fn keys.  
thanks! wirehead'

he replayed:

'not alt+mmb or ctrl+mmb  
it's alt + ctrl t  
then mmb.

hope waxing your mac keyboard, won't be an issue...  
thanks weird as it seems.'

Atef Ayadi



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# Who Is Not

while the moral  
code insists  
on  
on  
(upgrade after upgrade)  
on taking care of the  
weak!  
right?  
a racist is doing the opposite,  
i mean extra abusing  
and tweaking the weeping  
weak.  
every hour,  
every day  
and every week.  
now,  
who is the weak?  
and  
who is not weak and vulnerable?

Atef Ayadi

## Haiku Or Less.

i won't add a word after this,  
period!

Atef Ayadi



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# Five Stars Hotel

i have been  
in  
one of those  
places.  
no electricity,  
no lobby,  
no fancy stuff or staff;  
so basic and primitive,  
that i wanted to live there  
for ever.

Atef Ayadi



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# Adding Flowers To Water

we all have  
a nagging insecure  
child in our heads individually,  
collectively in part or as a hole  
(whatever hole, holly, hollywood or xfactor's music industry means to you...)

i do have it,  
i love it sometimes  
and restrained in  
other times;  
i mean make it go to sleep for example.  
so, if someone,  
said 'i am enlighten 2'  
i say 'what the fact --bee and not b52? '  
do i look tesla  
three point five  
or musk without a mask  
(similar to being an avatar in second life, you can put any mask you want, your  
name and personal data are safe in the server.)

that child could be  
a monster  
in a good sense of the word,  
or focus wherever you child is taking you.  
i do not mind.  
so, whatever section  
you want to take mister 'chapiro'  
or miss 'shakira'  
you will find yourself  
between the department of  
cognitive science and literature and arts;  
cozy, fulfilled, full stomach, and happy:  
fill and emptying  
empty, then fill what is empty.  
it is a game we all play,  
since the done  
of civilization.  
we are lucky, it is only  
ten or more millennia.



in which we all killed  
in one way or another  
many many minds,  
i mean children and  
exterminated  
vulnerable people, ecosystems, and tribes.

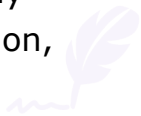
Atef Ayadi

# I 'hate' Tourism

i am not talking  
about invasions,  
or the right to move.  
i hate that industry.  
it pollutes the life  
of the livings.  
i do not mind to see, meet  
talk and share some meat  
bread, bear or wine  
with strangers  
but without display  
or advertisement for superiority or power.  
i do not like  
few  
take it all,  
the rest are working ants,  
yellow and black bees collecting honey.  
it is simply  
a plantation,  
and  
slavery  
for fun.

while the ancients  
left  
few art works  
on rocks, some circles, and a desert of mythologies  
fairy tails,  
the new humanity  
will leave  
nothing but  
mountains of plastics.

it could be,  
i am 2 clinically cynical!  
am i?  
or maybe yo are?  
one of us  
may have a methodology



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for a good hand  
for dissection and cutting  
age's ideas

i am too cynical  
about ideas  
and technologies  
it is a part of the mind.  
hence,  
it is pure control, and no point  
'survivalism' mixed with an irrational  
surrealism.

Atef Ayadi

# En El Caso De

viviendo un día,  
solo un día,  
en honduras, el salvador, nicaragua,  
belize,  
las islas del caribe,  
el amason, venezuela,  
las tres hermanas:  
Guayana,  
apellido pero no trasero y trasero  
nombre del botón,  
y francés  
Guayana,  
y  
pantagonia,  
no me importan las fronteras  
y reglas.

solo un dia  
es mejor  
que  
un millón  
año  
en esto



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democráticamente  
civilizado  
sistema carcelario.

esa es mi espalda  
sistema  
es volver,  
Derecha  
a la fuente  
y raíces originales.

soy un excursionista,  
tienes que entender  
o puede amar eso.



# ¿por Qué No?

no uso  
el español  
idioma  
porque me gusta españa.  
yo tampoco lo soy  
hablando con blanco  
America  
de norte a sur.  
no estoy interesado.  
solo me gustan los nativos,  
porque estoy buscando  
una forma de vida,  
no es un fragmento de código pyphon.  
y  
además  
odio el turismo de palabras  
o  
estar viendo  
como un turista,  
me refiero a una fuente de ingresos;  
Más importante  
soy difícil de guiar,  
así que te estoy guiando  
para que no me guíes.  
sin truco  
Solo estoy siendo abierto.

Atef Ayadi

# This How I Learn...Spanish

antes de colón, américa un continente era el paraíso,  
ahora, cada parte de ella,  
a través del Atlántico

y

a través del pacífico,  
es una plantación de cualquier tipo.

me refiero a un afinado  
infierno para los nativos.

no es?

todo el mundo es adicto,  
fusionado, confundido,  
diferente,

indefenso

carnicero,

un sobreviviente

villano,

un débil

sudor peason,

un vagabundo,

un trabajo duro

mamá de dos o tres

niños;

una comadreja,

un zorro humano,

una rana,

aves y bandadas de peces, langostas, cebras y aves.

es verdad,

el karma es una perra

matamos a la comadreja,

para convertirse en uno.

Atef Ayadi

# If And All The Tails

if democracy is  
really good  
about conducts and moral codes  
socrates would not  
drink the poison  
made especially for such talent.  
if democracy is efficient,  
we would not cut, long, and burn billions of trees,  
blow up mountains, towns and villages,  
and most importantly  
Salvador Allende would not be killed like che guevara.

these structured structures  
killed all the goodness in humanity.  
there are out there  
systems as natural as it gets,  
all what i can say is  
they grow,  
mature  
and  
collapse, and from death  
life rises.

the one organism with software  
or mind  
is the closest to any,  
if one does not mind it.  
look,  
see, hypocrisy  
like demo-crazy (a demo for cracy)  
is an illusion  
as well as 'kindness'  
i am a blogger,  
it just this  
space gave me  
a label.

if for any reason  
this place or any domain that does the same thing  
(ad+human feelings and toilets, like this one ;)  
i always have a backup fail system,



i can blog and leave my  
lite lit-tit for tit  
literature on stone.  
i am that guy  
who travel, hike, and hitchhike with two or three light  
chisels.  
i do not need a hammer,  
you get my point.  
i mean from '  
'hammer, '  
chisels,  
hike,  
trail, like  
the appalachian,  
the inca,  
john muir,

to if  
and all the trails.  
i mean  
tails and fairies  
all, stories leave  
a trail,  
one can choose.  
well  
loosing is another matter;  
way way,  
and  
Ai Weiwei  
important,  
then  
this democratic system  
made by thieves,  
pillagers,  
looters,  
and scavengers as well.  
pinochet  
was simply an  
a white executioner;  
salvador allende was  
a white revolutionary  
'exe'

and 'cutioner'  
all american continent  
presidents are white since coulombs,  
whatta democracy?  
ain't get it.  
i am too old to drop it,  
its hot.  
i'm just gonna sit  
down  
like its  
warm and it is  
still  
2  
hot.

Atef Ayadi

# This Is Not An Advertisement! ? ? ?

i want every girl in the world  
to cheer,  
cheese, and wheeze  
magnus carlson,  
so he will  
feel not alone.  
being supported,  
you know what a male  
at his age needs,  
i am not saying  
or implying  
that  
'ion' ne-pom-niacht--che  
is a fake news.  
as a matter of  
fact (good news,)  
ion is younger,  
he could over  
throw  
the 'eight or ten' consecutive years  
and 'unmatched, was he? '  
chess  
master.  
if you do not  
'know'  
what master is or  
what does it that mean,  
just watch kung-- fu -----panda,  
one?  
two?  
three?  
no idea!  
do not ask me  
about kungfoo panda,  
no skills!  
what so ever!  
i could be lying or  
with any damaged memory's  
syndrome, who cares?

but  
i do  
well  
foo--kung----tantra

also, reading books are good  
for health?

(if fail to do so, get some  
printed magazines --- i can  
not  
give you a name  
even thought,  
i have stocks of them, on my book shelves,  
i kept them for statistical reason.---  
if fail again, pose like an avatar and hang out in the  
internet, it is going to be perfect.)

i inserted my prediction.  
it is true,  
a part of me is scientist with no job,  
but who needs to be scientist to say  
something or scratch socratic or tical stuff  
in this unforgiving internet bee that itches  
it  
self  
?  
so, if  
you are that  
black,  
yellow,  
bean, or  
white bee,  
support this cause  
as if you are doing it for  
the  
'self'  
?

Atef Ayadi

# My Reset Button

i do not  
need a neat  
introduction, chapter one,  
part one, and  
proposition one in the beginning of any introduction.  
one reset button can take  
in a wave or tsunami  
many 'poor' or 'undeveloped'  
'states' or living organisms this size  
or lesser  
to  
the ice age?  
i like the ice  
age's  
life style, butta,  
this does not mean  
incarcerating people by force,  
make them  
a live in designed imperial 'paradise.'  
as a matter of fact,  
i mean with respect  
to my own 'theory'  
if you cheat on a population  
their paradises is called  
'the cheat sheep cheap  
paradise.'  
midwest  
is a good  
place to investigate, or date something out.  
tiktok is a confucius mozi, mencius, laozi, shang yang, shen dao, zhuangzi, xunzi,  
han feizi, and mao zedong chinese piece of technology  
to  
'lift up'  
a population from  
the 'poor'  
physical layer  
to the software layer,  
which starts with just  
a click

on your free fire or water fox browser.

my conclusion  
could be my illusion,  
an ill fusion with  
the reality  
of power play.  
or i could be a 'con'  
with no clues,  
and no ionosphere.

Atef Ayadi

# The Best Part

part one,  
there is only one dave chappel.

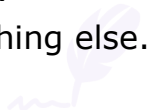
part two, i do like to  
talk about it,  
because there is nothing  
to talk about  
to begin with.

part three,  
i am going to hit enter  
on the keyboard.

part four,  
my keyboard is  
the best,  
better than touch screens  
for example.

i wished my key board is  
made of wood,  
solid rock  
or something else.

Atef Ayadi



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# Comment Faire

comment faire  
pour laisser  
quelque chose  
dans l'histoire  
pour dire  
que l'exception  
doit être, devenir, exister, venir, aller,  
coûter une vertu, une vérité passible.  
i wana leave some  
thing that  
everybody and possibly every being and even  
rocks  
would like it.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Le Ou Les Grand Bandits

at the global scale  
yes there are bandits  
like old time,  
old fashion,  
your homestead town style,  
extra extra chimps  
with followers and fans  
made up of bonobos.  
every state, territory,  
economical hot spot,  
has one dominant bandit  
supported by a dominant  
bandit party,  
sponsored by  
few business bandits.  
some call them lizards,  
i call them bandits.  
it is basically the 'ali baba and forty thieves'  
of real life, except ali baba is a thief too, but in disguise.  
or 'the Good, the bad and the ugly'  
who said is darwin  
(peace on him)  
is wrong?  
big fish eat sardines,  
what is good news  
it is a feast  
for big fish, birds  
and other aquatic mammals,  
the bad and ugly news,  
you figure it out your self!

so please  
do not mention 'demo' and 'cracy'  
i am not an athenian or chinese bandit;  
i was born in tunisia, north west,  
i have called back then the 008 bandit,  
i got it without making any effort.  
propaganda and advertisement  
is sign of war!

we all know  
who is the beneficiary?  
and their ridiculous bonuses and benefits.

Atef Ayadi

# That Circle

in soccer, it is where everything starts, it is a religious invention for the public, where you kneel on your knees for the king or the establish monarch. they add sometimes something to do in the circle, as an excuse for the existence of such big circle (see ufo's crop' section, google 'stonehenge, ' no wonder, in britain, i mean the island, you can see circles everywhere, no wonder Van Gogh's 'the circles, a starry night' is bought by a british museum or precisely a royal collector.)

this is how i see

soccer,

one goal keeper, tall, strong bones, head-stone, and flexible, young who can gets the beating without crying or yawning. do not worry about the gloves, it is another scientific- cheat -expansive industry.

ten attackers who can alternate between,

the defense line,

the center,

and the attack half-circle; the one that connects the two corners and encircles the goal keeper and the four poor yawning defenders as well.

friendship between all players is a must, because, soccer is becoming another show industry. I mean twenty two gladiators in one arena.

that is why we hear of competitive wages, bonuses, and salaries.

no difference

what you see in

the hunger games,

or any wealthy installation of art,

it is the same,

in any game,

where ever there is a crowd

a transaction must exist and be done in a transparent way, so the city, state, king or the federation will tax everything, and cuts any dime that moves the way a private bank's board 'advised' the inner circle.

that is the true meaning of a circle.

nature created few circle we can see,

the moon is one of them.

the rest is civilization's bugs or ads-ons.

Atef Ayadi

# Whoa! Is Neither Ho-Ah Nor 'haut Ah La Bas! '

my initial point  
is that  
music with  
subtitles or projected  
lyrics  
does not bring  
me  
any  
closer to the  
real thing i am hearing.  
is that common?

if someone is singing  
'take my hand, we will make it i swear.'  
then  
two other guitarists  
jump and shout at the  
microphone:  
'whoa! ...whoaa! '


well, i focus on the how the  
the two man  
synchronize among themselves  
while jamming with their electric  
guitars.  
it is just me.

words in any song does not mean a thing to me;  
i am only curious  
about the execution  
of these words  
and the music that accompanies it.  
maybe i am just too dumb  
to suggest such a thing,  
maybe two,  
i do not know!  
2 backward  
steps, it is still  
whoa! whoa! even i prefer

oow-eh...as to oawh  
yeah it is crazy! cracy!  
i like it though!  
off on me,  
hope it is not tough  
on you.  
out there,  
i know,  
my hand is here,  
sorry!  
i know it is cliche'  
and german, french, and gibberish  
cheese and sometimes crochet,  
it is better than nothing.  
when to nothing  
it is the best  
of all thing and things,  
include all the suffixes such as:  
able like wearable,  
less in fearless, clueless, cloudlessness.  
less-less, full full, ish that ish  
he is a french pipe wrench,  
she is irish or bri--ish, it does not matter  
sometimes while it is a big  
matter not noticing the differences.

Atef Ayadi

# Parma Or Big Pharma Frost

do not tell me  
all that methane  
and  
'see yo too! '  
is just god  
saving  
all  
'his'  
farts  
for humanity  
for future to come,  
while playing sudoku?  
it is true:  
'what does not kill you makes you stronger'  
but who said  
i want to be strong  
stronger,  
and the  
strongest.  PoemHunter.com  
i want just to breath  
while looking at the sun,  
the mountains,  
and patches of clouds  
or simply be in  
a foggy, cloudy, or rainy day.

who said that  
a storm,  
a hurricane,  
a volcano,  
a tornado,  
a flock of crickets,  
insects,  
bees,  
ants  
elephants,  
zebras,  
Wildebeests,  
xylophages,

nectarivores,  
detritivores,  
granivores,  
frugivores,  
(and so forth  
the list is on and on..)  
are a dark force?  
maybe we all  
want the  
will  
to power,  
the  
will to divinity,  
and of course  
some cracks,  
dj, sex, chill,  
all types of dopamine surges  
all the neuro-visual effects,  
all the emotional highs  
puzzles and quizzes just  
for selfie or fun;  
but nothing about life?  
the no control zone  
the no policing,  
no laws,  
no moral insurrection,  
no moral impeachment,  
and  
no moral superiority,  
or divine rapprochement?  
i said maybe!

is it an anthropocene,  
or a short  
tight,  
childish and teen  
epoch?  
is it about the geological forces,  
or it is only a nightmarish  
lsd collective trip  
because of the  
extra extra vegan salads?



Atef Ayadi

# Black Tea And Other Things.

first  
i am looking  
for a  
tittle to  
an untitled, untied canvas.  
so be patient  
with me;  
mainly with  
the new gen  
er  
ation.  
you are young and  
am too ancient for some tasks.

so where is the black  
tea  
if one  
may  
ask?  
it is a statement, do not worry  
about it is logic or fallacies  
for now.

if i meet  
with a black woman  
i do not like to talk  
about  
neither  
gees,  
hesus,  
jesus, ja-ho-va,  
and neither  
the 'je suis...'  
i may tolerate  
that only  
in some positions  
of awkwardness nature  
of state and of mind.  
i am african

who looks  
only  
for  
an  
aff-or off  
rica-no  
costarican  
from  
deep jungle,  
not from a deep state  
of civilization, mainly from illinois and venezuela!  
forget about south china sea,  
australia,  
new zealand,  
south pacific,  
and  
the  
smithsonian website;  
it is going to be the title  
of any  
high  
rated  
military,  
and  
avatar  
video  
game  
for you kid, future to come.  
no law  
of a land  
will stop  
a kid  
from  
playing a video  
game.

but you can stop the corporation from producing it,  
but you can not  
cause its the military complex  
you are dealing with.

too complex,

than complex numbers,  
complex probability,  
and general complex  
artificial intelligence,  
that  
none can  
demolish the  
matrix  
and the neuro-network  
of the sevent  
billion machines and  
sentient of  
this  
sixty four  
hundred plus one hundred  
kilo  
meter  
biosphere  
sorry anglo-sex-on,  
visit google, bing, or amazon  
dot  
com  
to come  
with  
a meter  
that  
convert  
meter to inches  
and  
kilos into miles  
if you have a calculator  
in hand  
i mean  
a selfi  
multiply everything i said  
with one  
point  
six.  
for my french audiences  
(french colonies, and vietnam)  
please replace  
point by

'un vergule, et c'est tout'

have a nice

black tea

common

wealth

enslaved nations.

there is one wealth or one nation

or one wealthy nation,

the rest

are common

to slavery

wealth is the carrot

to

the elite

of that

nation

who eats his

or her carrot

(solid, juicy, cocktail....you name it, brands and technolo--geese, cheese, and geeses)

while

given

the stick

as a treat

to the public.

i mean the nation.

i mean the rest of the

'common' wealth

nation

like the

'hindu

only

in

india'

if you like a

kashmir

we can shipped to

yo

free of charges.

you dial

as usual

1-800

the server  
is made in china  
and service  
men and women  
are  
of  
course  
one hundred percent indian,  
any misunderstanding  
must come from  
thailand, indonesia, vietcon and vietnam.  
because, monarchs are  
slave and peasant owner.  
forget about north  
corea, that is blesthamy,  
in which  
the blessing go  
upward  
not downward.  
you will get poisoned  
or poised and shut  
if your  
magnetic meter  
reads otherwise.

Atef Ayadi

# Not From The Poor

the claim  
that only rich  
people  
are source,  
seeds,  
bacons,  
beacons,  
a star with high luminosity and mass  
(mass means sometimes more, and sometimes less...)  
of knowledge  
is only a self pathetic  
qanon fermented,  
juiced, decaffeinated then caffeinated prophesy.

as  
a  
matter  
of fact,  
socrates was not by any mean in the scale of ellen or musk, yet he was the first  
poor founder of the epistemic pandemic smoked latin knowledge.  
some still think that greek means western!  
sorry!

one,  
when socrates was rumbling logical  
phrases and paraphrasing to his followers  
like a chicken coq, the rest of europe's (eu, euro zone, as we know it now, with  
all its problems with the anglo-sex-on brixiteers...and trampians, 'retour au  
monarchie totale, ' mother land, the north...)  
citizens  
were swinging between trees.  
(so if you are from albania, poland, or france, it is the same to me, 'tu est un  
gilet jaune.')

two,  
i personally  
prefer  
anthropology

over history, and i will never date a historian,  
at least with an anthro  
poligist i can visit africa,  
south pacific,  
indian ocean,  
because, i do not like the new world  
for the reasons  
i have just mentioned.  
does not mention in advance.

to tell you the truth,  
i am that person  
who cut the old  
trash traditions  
and no lost thread identities,  
and most  
obvious  
i do not drink the rich's  
poising to free the public,  
i mean the poor,

for few logical reasons:

one poor  
is the rich definition,  
two  
look at bill gate  
or even sister  
mille-endas or india  
he has n social, nature, and cosmos experience.  
he buys farm lands in bulks,  
so what?

one day  
a native, a semi native, a pseudo native like me,  
will take over, in a very human way or methods.  
i will connect my genes to his genes and philanthropic farm lands 'et voila! '  
justice and evolution prevail.  
sometime black to black is preferable,  
but the mix with white  
will make a good, and very  
expensive painted canvas.  
for some idiots  
you can sell and empty or nude



canvas.

Atef Ayadi

# What Is Knowledge

from california

prospective

any thing that

is

measurable,

calculable,

taxable,

palpable (californian will move to midwest if this is not the case, i mean palp-

able...certainly there are folk as well as their kids prefer juice pulp, otherwise,

they drink soda..and other things with sugar and glutton free, such as soup

because mom insists and persists and sticks like a lipstick until it is done, soaps

for tiktoks and tiktokians, and tea mainly for anglo-sex-on, even thought they do not know what tea is, ...,)

and

of course,

last bet not least,

zero

emission

of

'see o' two'

which is in itself an impossibility.

that is the claim

the silicon

valley is advertising for years:

make it beautiful and

affordable.

beautiful means

simply dump you trash and plastics in china or west africa

or any made or home made poor country. no china means west africa straight forward.

affordable means

it is only for whom own capital

like elle--n or musk co.

they do not pay tax,

because, they claim

they do not have time,

which is devoted entirely to fund

rising, philanthropy and good deeds and weeds.

you know,

if  
the feds are acting baby  
sitter for the rich,  
the state is worse,  
it does not have  
self  
esteem  
when facing  
corporation's  
self gratification and addictions.

Atef Ayadi

# Homo Podcaster

erguster and luci  
never  
considered  
in  
their wildest dreams  
that  
their off  
springs  
and printemps

will  
morph  
or evolve  
(some still think they have a choice,  
others are simply conservative darwinians, I mean  
adaptation, adaptation, adaptation,  
and that takes you to real estate, banking,  
aig, lima peru, lehman brothers, and all the  
financial malfeasance...)

into  
a shadow,  
virtual  
advertiser.

i personally  
thought  
for a while:  
we got homo technicus and technician nerds  
out of the proletariat.  
it looks a big jump for mankind,  
but,  
in reality  
and in depth  
we get:  
homo cocain addict,  
home logger,  
home blogger,  
home facebook only,

homo ticktok kk, and homo tictoc cc,  
homo muslim,  
homo vaccinated,  
homo unvaccinated,  
homo NSA,  
homo 007,  
homo pentagon,  
homo hexagon,  
homocrop circles,  
homo securitas,  
Homo battlefield,  
homo soros,  
homo besos,  
homo musk,  
homo no mask and free speech,  
homo lg vibrator,  
homo samsung only,  
homo haris and herissa,  
homo pelestenian,  
homo cheap greek yogurt,  
homo aldi,  
home 711,  
homo 911,  
homo web apach 2.0,  
homo pegasis,  
homo alphabet,  
home bing, and bong,  
homo ios 12,  
homo ubuntu,  
homo uber,  
homo vegan,  
home suplement and plastic surgeries,  
home nurse,  
homo con artista,  
homo batista,  
homo clinton,  
homo white and beautiful,  
home dj, and white teeth being killed on the street for no reason,  
homo cups and capital panishment service man and woman,  
homo cups are not us,  
home me 2,  
home q.a.n.o.n and complexe numbers,

Homo messi,  
home neymar-ronaldinho,  
homo ronaldo,  
homo mexican,  
homo king fu ninja,  
home cuisine,  
homo electric and nothing else,  
homo roof installer, and carpenter with missing fingers,  
homo three dots, and  
homo comma 'et pas de virgules, '  
the list is on  
on  
on  
on  
off;  
and the spectrum is as wide  
open as  
an 'open' capitalistic society;  
I mean consume and do not worry about  
any virus. We will throw under the bus  
the chinese forever,  
the japenese for twenty years,  
the vietnamese for twenty years,  
the taliban for a twenty years,  
the hundreds for for six seasons only,  
survivors until jeff  
will be eliminated from  
his own social experiement.

The good news is  
everyone share the same  
habit, and agree about one  
the same common  
thing:  
walking with a tiny  
tv screen.  
so if one is so rich  
one can evolve to  
a super soft chimp;  
and if one is  
poor adaptation will throw  
one in the mix of that open spectrum.

Atef Ayadi

# Colonial Royal Picknick

imagine old folks teaching  
new generation who are  
already  
androids and apple sauce  
to venture in space  
like their founded  
grounded white fathers.

one looks wearing a blue  
frog suit  
ready to jump into water,  
the other is:  
the left half is a Liberian,  
and the right half is a  
lazy fat cowboy.

after the himalaya,  
there must be another spot  
in which rich  
folks of all ages  
can reach their best  
without a need for competition  
or discomfort, but they have to pass only the  
five gees test.

can you see  
that  
in besos's left  
eye is almost out  
to the point  
i thought  
he is a robot,  
a terminator,  
or is he?

it is amazing how  
we have a new  
variant or specie  
with white hair and



yet  
with black  
eyebrows.

you may like this  
one:  
a bald kid  
with free  
masons  
triptych  
star trek  
galactic  
design.

stupidity,  
waste of time  
and money.  
it is true,  
i like to go to space  
naked  
as long as the cockpit  
is a big enough pit  
even though  
the duration is almost  
half an  
hour in space;  
too short, too nightmarish!  
why do i need a suit then?

Atef Ayadi

# Do You Know That Town

i live in urbana.  
been here  
on and off for  
a quarter of a  
century.  
basically  
it looks like tel aviv.  
most resident  
agree they have been  
here for ever  
and i am the only one  
who came yesterday;  
on top of that  
with an accent  
and a flagrant  
disobedience.

it is a town  
flat  
and fat;  
a pixelated  
diluted  
pixel  
in a infinite soybean and  
corn fields.

sometime,  
i feel  
californians got their wishes  
and policies through.  
they wanted bio fuel  
and they have it.  
of course in the midwest,  
where else they have it?

the only thing  
i dearly enjoy  
is walking night  
in the empty streets,



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drive, and courts.

i love trees.

some may think it is suspicious

i would say

go fact your self

off

i am from this planet

bee--itch

maladroit

white

bitcoin.

sorry kid,

i am jee

lee uses

meta frames

today;

you can not fact

with me

about my native rights.

Atef Ayadi

# What I Like And What

i do not like.  
mainly when i am  
in the domain of the 'mind'  
or the sam song ladhila  
consciousness;  
everything  
is plausible  
possible,  
explosive  
unstable,  
chaotic,  
and elastic. basically shewing gum.

ideally,  
i mean my natural  
state is  
being mindless  
i still can walk  
but mindlessly;  
mind less lee  
my friend  
like water,  
it can take any form  
there for  
i can say  
formlessness  
the less and nesses  
are up to you given a form.

Atef Ayadi

# For The Last Time

do you remember  
the time  
when  
you fall  
deeply  
in slavery with someone.  
that someone  
could be  
an opposite sex  
and opposite enemy.  
a light grand-prix  
bore  
algore,  
lewinsky,  
an epsteinian,  
a bidenian,  
a sandenian  
a clintonian  
a liberian  
from lyberia,



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a black smithsonian,  
or you simply fall on  
your head  
on someting.

i do not have that!  
sorry!  
cause,  
that is a stage of  
non understanding,  
not only the sifi  
wifi-selfi nature of things,  
the psychic,  
psychedelic tendencies.  
basically,  
a total organic  
ignorance.  
love as i know it

is  
that pleasant  
feeling and state  
of being alive.  
say fact you!  
muslim,  
hater,  
i say  
think thank you  
thanks given  
is on its way  
even thought  
my heart and mind on the natives.  
think this way  
if you are boy  
you look for a girl  
a girl  
for a boy,  
a mismatch looks  
for mismatch  
a pet looks  
only for a friend  
even thought it is not actually the case.  
however  
and this not poetry  
dot come  
did you come baby,  
brochure,  
rosebush, or goose bumps!

so basically  
is sharing,  
not only the  
cherries and blue berry  
sweet  
whatever  
industrial  
pancakes or  
three  
cans formula.

it is true

i am not  
jee--sus yet  
and i am not intended  
to be.  
ancient staff is only  
for kids and  
miss fortunate,  
indoctrinated,  
and  
discriminated  
folks;  
a civilized,  
con-artist,  
an obese  
for one reason or  
another  
is as good as being dead  
or if i am liberal  
i would say zombie  
except one type, swipe screen  
talk to oneself,  
bluetooth,  
blue sky,  
blue jeans,  
and  
with blue shield,  
as main insurance.

Atef Ayadi

# Action Movies Or Just

an advertisement  
for guns  
and new gun's tech  
including soft guns and hard guns as well.

all what we need  
is  
a rambo,  
a limbo,  
a bimbo  
a rainbow,  
some  
despicable acts,  
and  
few  
tense  
sweet sexy act.  
that is it.  
the pop corn on you  
bow,  
one-bole  
or one bow and one arrow  
man  
woman  
lg....  
samsung 12,  
and all the other androids,  
apple sauce people,  
and  
95 windows blue screen  
phone  
factions and libertarian  
copy right  
owners.  
this is just  
about who 'sponsor'  
action movies  
including the military complex  
and video games industries.



they call them  
partners.  
the more income  
means better script  
and visual  
and sensual effect.  
that is it.  
i do not need  
to swear!  
i do not have  
i do not like shewing gums  
and i do not use  
victorian's  
plates and silverware  
when i eat,  
or a hole when i dump.

Atef Ayadi

# Ostracism

sometimes  
i loose words  
when i need them the most.  
trying to catch them  
is like catching dust with one  
or two hands.  
am i loosing the thread?  
loosing it?  
or in panicking  
mode?  
hyper?  
overwhelmed?  
no doubt these  
things occur.  
to anyone,  
from poor  
or  
bourgeois family  
or no family what so  
ever.

that is not  
the case  
anyway,  
not the issue,  
anyhow  
and  
not because of  
an  
hyperbolic hype!

but that is  
how i warm up  
every brand new  
day.

it is silly  
to claim  
that

this is how  
the  
world of the mind  
is set up.

i do not like  
to be part of  
such holographic  
commercial.

so i do not 'mind'  
rustiness,  
timelessness,  
corporate slang  
such as  
negativity,  
positivity,  
productivity,  
and the  
all sustainable  
vity, tivity, bility latin add-ons.


the system was setup  
long time ago  
by thieves,  
white market secret hands,  
black market mysterious hands,  
lords and vassals of all sort.

a king  
means only a handful families can make it  
to the end.  
god is this big  
trptych  
day and night  
twenty four  
seven  
commercial  
about the end,  
or many plausible scenarios  
depends on one's  
network

or  
ethnic  
ticket,  
pass,  
port,  
or  
noise and background.

Atef Ayadi

# So Common So Beau Rings

there was no one big bang  
but  
many.  
no wonder,  
and here peace on and  
thanks  
for stevie wonder,  
that we have  
seven  
billions  
people  
leaving on this planet.  
so  
one can deduct  
how  
many bangs has occurred  
and still  
occurring as we tweet.  
so science  
is no science  PoemHunter.com  
when it is not romantic  
and when green, red, and  
pink are missing from  
the spectrum,  
because  
an ayatollah  
or  
a simon wants only one direction.

Atef Ayadi

# Is It Wrong?

the only and  
only  
way to  
ground myself up  
is to walk with naked  
feet.  
i really  
wana  
give myself  
an extreme ground-up!  
or  
what  
the all sexes folks  
agree to call:  
jumping the car;  
or turbo-engine for some technicians;  
gain of function booster  
for  
beefup f51-up or simply big farma;  
you know,  
the best place  
to be completely  
naked is  
in nature, or an exponentially off grid spot.

Atef Ayadi

# Ecolo-Gistics And The Mysterious Market's Hands

i have just  
to be  
less poetic  
less romantic,  
and  
less enlightened  
in these matters.  
anyone  
who speaks up  
of technologies,  
five  
or  
six gees,  
bio, organic fuel,  
please step aside  
you are the in nazi camp.  
it does not matter  
who you are,  
what is in your identity,  
or wallet,  
there is no need for  
your six sigma rhetoric  
or who ever claiming  
to be a wiz  
on paper,  
on screens,  
face and pdf books,  
and around 3d printing,  
hands on holograms and  
military  
no more then a  
milligram gadgets  
(pegasus or any google  
spy when and where are all alike,)  
no birds,  
means no insects;  
this means,  
no seeds, no soft water fish.  
no fish means simply no rivers

and no lakes.  
trust me in that.

forget about the oceans  
we all messed it up.

in order to restore  
natural heritage  
i mean our paradise,  
one shall get rid of  
prince charle  
and all the rich folks  
and the slaves  
(minimum wage,  
mexicans, aliens, overseas  
rats and spiders)  
and slave owners  
orbiting around.  
there are no other way around it.  
get rid does not mean kill them,  
nah! nah!  
either we all evolve  
into something organic  
that take care of itself  
aware of itself  
live, thrive, and expend.  
nothing and nobody  
are left  
behind this time,)  
or just stick  
on the back  
seat  
tie the belt  
and welcome to the  
ride  
it is going to  
be  
a long ride to kansas.

who is going  
to be  
the amygdala?



who want to be  
the hippocampus? ,  
corpus callosum?  
the frontal lobe?  
or  
who wants to be  
just  
a spine  
or a nerve.  
be my guest.  
just do not let rich people  
make any decision.  
they should be  
a part of the colon  
or just let them flee  
free,  
and  
leave  
the planet and orbit  
around  
the farty  
gassy  
uranus.

Atef Ayadi

# Même Si Elle Va Brûler

même si elle va brûler,  
certe,  
la colère est une histoire d'enfant.  
d'une manière ou d'une autre,  
la planète va brûler,  
exploser, ou décliner.  
et alors?  
quelque part,  
ici,  
là, et  
là-bas,  
il y a un volcan.  
et alors?

j'ai rien rien à faire!  
même si le cas,  
je vis ma vie  
et pas mon temps;  
et alors?

Atef Ayadi



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# Some Words Are

the word  
i hate  
the most  
is  
'respect.'

it is  
not because  
someone said  
it,  
so...

it is  
ill defined  
no use,  
no blueprints,  
no  
nothing.

it 'words'  
(a verb i have  
just invented)  
or sounds  
like technology.

Atef Ayadi



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# Nihilism Or Nimbyism

someone  
without  
giving  
his gps  
and vocation  
said:  
you are a nihilist!  
what he meant:

you are not from us.  
cause,  
it is true,  
i do not believe  
in  
values that generated by the mind  
and has nothing to do with life.  
(living in the now, anywhere, 24x7x361 ;)  
but also,  
morality is a gangster's invention.

so i do not dwell  
on this  
since, a principle is  
a way to put someone in orbit a round a value,  
or a set of values.  
i tell you  
if one needs  
something from  
'g.o.d'  
god.com,  
it is still  
feasible,  
and  
achievable;  
it may only take some times.  
it is like ordering something from  
netflix,  
or  
amazon

so make jeff besos  
god,  
mercury,  
Mithras,  
gilgamesh,  
apollo,  
pharaoh  
is a piece of cake.

as i said, before  
the usa  
is a high school,  
first and second grade only.  
one would  
say  
i am offending  
people.

it is 'good'  
to awake  
people of the caves.  
cause  
their nihilism  
is anonymous  
to consumerism,  
and  
is set  
course  
to burn and consume  
entirely  
the planet.  
so  
stopping  
buying tuna  
sardines,  
clams,  
lobsters  
is on my list.

Atef Ayadi

# Ta Ta Ta Or What?

when i sit  
of course  
down,  
i do not think  
at all  
about what i am  
writing  
whether  
weathered  
and tempered  
attempted  
poetry,  
pottery,  
poultry  
or simply  
ta ta ta ta  
in action.

i hate  
google, and  
face book.  
not for the j's and  
bee  
gees  
and bee hives'  
rhetorics,  
or the bill 5G  
no social  
reasons  
what so ever.  
after all  
these are the kids  
the west  
were and  
unfortunately  
still  
are welded  
piece by piece  
screw by screw



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and following the manual  
i mean the fathers  
or whoever  
blue prints.

what is important  
after all  
tatatata  
ta ta ta ta  
tata tata  
or poetry  
if one like the 'ta ta'  
thing  
why one can't do it in the  
physical  
world  
as if there  
was  
no  
british  
empire;  
no french,  
no spanish,  
no portuguese.  
the damage is done.  
and no the j people  
are doing the same.

by the way  
i am not anti j  
peeze,  
peace  
and peeing  
in the street  
(dog do that at ease)  
deez,  
and seas  
i am anti civilization  
as  
i  
know it.

sometimes  
i think  
i live among  
the european  
homo  
neanderthal  
and  
archaic humans  
with cellphones  
who wants everything,  
buy anything,  
and sell sheep and cheap  
laundry  
and pillow talks,  
and that'  
zambi-nism.  
may be we can talk about  
albinism later.

Atef Ayadi



# What Does That Mean?

a revolution does not need a gun.  
freeing all the zoos inhabitants  
may gives one  
heads up.  
planting a tree where it belongs  
may seem irrelevant,  
but that how  
one starts a community.  
a tree is a biom, hence  
a natural community.  
looking past  
does not start  
in ones memory  
rather  
it is about catching up with  
reality.

Atef Ayadi

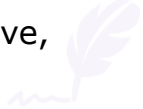


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# In The Name

i know it is boring!  
and iris iz boring.  
one can get some ice  
to cool  
off.  
suppose one lives  
in a planet that spins  
hundred times less than  
earth.  
it has a moon, and everything else  
is just fine.  
do you thing  
the ufo's local time  
is slower than ours, earthers?  
i mean their hour is  
our hour divided  
by hundred.  
one can start dividing  
only by five,  
the rest,  
will come forward  
in a natural  
earth local time.  
maybe one  
is lucky  
if  
one lives in proximity  
of  
the vertical  
grenwich  
zero time reference line.

too long  
take a breath  
or a brake  
and come back  
at any line you want to start  
your leisure central time.



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we are  
not  
different  
from  
chimps.

they all agree:  
it is sunset,  
it is time for  
going back  
to their trees;  
as high as possible,  
i mean far from  
the  
damn green which  
witch  
ground.  
sorry,  
like them  
we do not use  
our olfactory  
skills and beyond.

we in other hand,  
we go to the factory  
or a warehouse  
(a green house is only labels  
and an over dose of a deadly advertisement.)

Atef Ayadi

# Preppers, Survival-Ism Peppers

what a survivalist,  
or a 'prepper' as  
a matter of fact  
missed  
is  
the fact  
that to  
live  
one needs  
a sinister  
plan a, b, c, and d.  
a survivalist is  
a being with a 'mind'  
a prepper is  
a passive  
compulsive  
consumer.  
being here and now  
does not need  
a jerky mind  
(one can compared to  
all microsoft windows series)  
all over the place.

if one add to all  
of this  
spywares, trojan horses,  
artificial 'intelligence's' converging algorithms,  
that is a formula  
for global  
survivalist.  
keep the tension on,  
upgrade  
and update  
all the  
fight and flight  
repertoire.

while

being here and  
now  
with yourself, with others,  
with nature  
is a piece of cake, and  
unconditional  
whether  
with oneself,  
with a 'lover'  
with others,  
starting with  
a pet  
to  
with 'nature; 'with yourself, with others,  
with nature  
the advertisement  
against it  
is despicable.  
business is business does not seem  
neither  
spiritual,  
nor  
uplifting or transcendental.  
sorry people with tooth  
infection  
there are no better word  
higher or lower  
then uplifting.

the ugly  
'truth' of an advertisement  
is:  
one have to be very  
bourgeois  
to live  
in the here and  
now.

at the same time  
neither, bill, nor pesos, nor mask  
can disconnect  
from their 'minds'

life  
in survivalist  
mode  
looks like  
a high school  
with  
corrupted  
and corruptible  
staff,  
low or highly paid  
instructors,  
and  
blue prints  
of  
'savoir faire'  
from the ancients  
passing the dark ages,  
to the industrial  
and stopping at  
age of ai.

whatta a life?  
or whatta a survivalist  
surrealist  
life style!

Atef Ayadi

# Handle Them Before They Handle Yo!

this is an equation in a complex set, that  
does not have  
a solution.  
however  
lover,  
and lovers  
of quotes  
and short cuts;  
this is a mind  
tape rolling  
back and forward.  
there is nothing  
to handle  
but the self.  
as a matter  
of  
fact,  
they are yo,  
yo are them;  
including of course  
the natural environment;  
i mean the planet  
earth  
we all inhabit,  
and  
of course,  
the moon,  
the sun,  
and all the  
objects  
one can see in  
the  
night  
sky.  
i will add 'ufo' as bonus  
in case you are from states,  
and who is camping around area 51,61, and 87.  
i do not like to  
say



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how deeply  
some  
became  
corporate and air punching bags.  
the only missing  
gear  
for humanity,  
the parking lot  
gear  
for the mind.

Atef Ayadi



# Whatta Copy Right? Whatta Copy Paste!

i just do not  
buy  
this copy right!  
this land ownership  
laws,  
and even taxes.  
we are  
like all beings,  
we leave only  
signatures,  
foot prints,  
blue prints,  
some catastrophes  
and  
over time  
rusted  
trophies.  
that all!

they say in french:  
'les mendiants  
ne  
peuvent  
être  
que  
des voyous '.

i personally  
steal  
words  
stuff i did not create;  
somebody did it  
for me  
or someone else.  
i just  
have  
a natural  
empty  
consciousness



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about this subject.  
may be because  
the system is  
created  
by  
thugs and supported  
by  
beggars.  
a good example is  
on can say love thugs and figs  
and love  
beggars  
can ask more  
than  
a bread  
or water.

Atef Ayadi

# The Three Sisters

haiti has two other  
sisters.

tunisia,  
and lebanon.

i could be wrong!  
but

war do not stop  
and  
never stopped businesses.

'au contraire'  
some may actually  
make wars  
their business.

one,  
the idea of  
slavery  
and domestication  
are the same.

emigration  
is a form of  
domestication  
toward slavery.

two,  
an idea, once generated  
or 'created'  
will never be destroyed.

that is my 'axiom'  
it came straight  
forward  
from the  
conservation  
of info  
(r) and 'mation.'

three,  
geo  
graphy  
and cultural identity

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has nothing to do  
to escape  
such self prompted  
self wished  
collective fate.

five,  
i love to  
summarize it  
for you.  
however,  
throwing out  
anything  
is indestructible by nature.

Atef Ayadi

# Too Wasted To Call

i spent times  
in understanding the  
world.  
exactly,  
like plato said.  
the only thing  
i overlooked  
is  
the idea that  
there is a better way:  
to be in the world.  
too pragmatic!  
too crazy!  
everyone and  
everything  
in this world  
embodies one's truth.  
you can  
say  
crazy!  
and there is another  
better way!  
i say  
if it works for you,  
enjoy it  
first and first hand,  
before  
throwing out  
some pieces  
or  
peanuts  
of altruism.

Atef Ayadi



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# Where Is The Honey?

we do have many types  
of bees popping up  
everywhere and  
twenty  
four  
seven.

(i am not jerking, i do not  
like to mention eight. am i? but i can mention  
seven eleven,  
and of course  
it is a french-ized store.)

this time, our bees are all sexes and creeds.  
from justin beaver  
(peace on him and for him  
(depending  
whether he is a life  
or dead,)

who else?  
and for fairness  
in these days,  
from dupa, to gaga, to bee-once-ey; female bees  
are everywhere.  
a wave after another,  
except asians;  
they are completely absent  
in the west hemisphere  
(where ever  
and  
whatever,  
it i s)  
every continent  
has its own continental  
bee,  
bee hives,  
and a lot,  
allot, lots of honey.  
i like chinese honey;



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i mean girls.  
the other chinese honey  
is a pure corn syrup  
with nectarines.  
unlike china  
the west  
focus on 'bio' fuel  
'natural' gas;  
you name it!

latino?  
yeah good bees;  
honey?  
not that match!

native bees?  
nop!

where is the honey?  
what these  
new bees  
and newbees  
pollinate?

it is better to  
see it for yourself.

one can see  
for oneself  
the irony  
of evolution  
unfolding?

natural bee  
started to disappear  
as soon  
as the bee gees  
showed up.

amazingly boring  
subject?  
yop!

so where is the honey?  
or is  
it  
better to say  
what is honey?  
honey!

what is more ironic,  
platonic, and plutonium  
is,  
we do not even  
have a need for  
physical entities  
to do the  
same thing  
or close 'enough! '  
task.  
it is boring?  
yeah i know!

i figured it out  
from the  
beginning.

do we do need more  
than this?  
it depends  
on ones dependencies  
to honey and bees!

my  
way  
of  
see  
ing  
it  
is simply:  
i do not like to see,  
hear, or be  
in front of  
a bee



sponsored bey gecko.

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# Mind Your Own...

if someone  
tell me  
oh!  
you misspelled  
something!  
i inform one  
to mind  
one's own dictionary.  
of course  
in french,  
otherwise  
i am cursing  
or coursing  
in my mind.  
i just do not do that.  
cause it is a disability  
and a multi  
trillion  
liability  
business,  
in times of  
quantitative  
easing,  
qanon,  
canons of all sorts,  
qa, and quantum theories.

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# The Mob Or The Public

who is to blame  
all the wrong really doings  
all the co2, all the cracks,  
burning of forests,  
all the beaches misfortunes,  
all the rape  
all the metallurgic reactions,  
the need for more lithium,  
more batteries,  
more lipsticks,  
more magazines,  
more and more,  
who to blame?  
the enlightenment era of socrates?  
to the the enlightenment era of kant?  
to the enlightenment era of Simone de Beauvoir?  
to the enlightenment era of hanna arnt?  
passing through china confucianism?  
stopping at Deng Xiaoping or the Tiananmen Square bloody man?  
who to blame  
the mob  
or the public?  
or the tiny little  
man?  
and by respect to  
the feminism,  
i shall add  
the tiny woman?

i must say,  
no one is  
concerned about  
the being in time  
or without time's  
fake news and ads,  
or without time's  
temporality.  
should i be  
concerned with

only a dazzling  
dazing  
dialing  
rhythms,  
like seas,  
ancient  
oceans  
beaches of natural white sands  
to all dubai's  
stolen natural resources.  
i am not insulting,  
i just find the  
rhythm impeccable,  
moving,  
like sands,  
and its interim dunes and mountains.  
sorry,  
i am not  
typically  
coming from  
the sciences  
depo,  
repos,  
depositories,  
deficit department,  
but i confess,  
i went to a dentist.

Atef Ayadi

# Neytiri

for every product  
there is few to a million  
pod-casters,  
opinion savees,  
life savers  
intellectuals,  
males, females,  
and minorities of all  
types and ranking injustices,  
philosophers,  
go-rue les feuilletts,  
redcliff, apostle Islands, wisconsin.

everyone  
is sharing  
something,  
promoting something,  
pro-melting ideas!  
pro-breaking the ice,  
pro life extending seeder,  
a face bookkeeper,  
a face mask reader,  
a zoo keeper,  
a baby sitter,  
a black buster,  
a weed to weed,  
'i want you to understand'

the list is on until  
you reach  
the big guys game  
and videos.  
make sure your paypal is ready.

everyone is in the  
the net  
as an internet-naut  
or a notter, a nutter, or xxx

rendezvous.

few lives in the physical  
the real world.

some may ask  
how to explain  
your digital  
signature in the internet?

i say,  
i am an avatar.  
i know both worlds.  
all what i need  
is to silent  
myself.  
i mean the self  
that descart  
peace on him  
could not  
comprehend.

Atef Ayadi

# Like A

like a pair  
of two black wholes  
we are.

the world  
withing and around each  
is the heaven  
we live in.  
you can  
see  
everything  
you want,

except,

first,

one has to disarm  
from all the emo jeeese  
and all the bougies  
all the gees and  
bee gees

to a complete  
silence.  
while  
now is unfolding  
metaphorically.

or,  
if you are a survivalist,  
think of something  
you  
want to die  
to see it;  
feel it;  
or experience it.  
i mean  
you want to

die for it?

Atef Ayadi



# Hematology

i always think that  
an economist is a hematologist.  
blood pressure is synonymous  
to inflation.  
low blood pressure is equivalent  
to  
deflation,  
or a depression  
1919  
for example;  
2008  
is the perfect example.  
i am still convinced  
that  
economy  
is a book  
keeping for  
the very rich.  
a new hammurabi's  
instructions and equations  
for the simple reason,  
we are still under the grip  
of few families and dynasties.  
so, please  
take off  
words like  
prince  
and princess,  
duke and sir.  
they are parasites, viruses.

if uncured, one will bind for their will.

Atef Ayadi

# Playing Cheese

playing chess or playing  
with someone cheese,  
it is a...starting with a d word  
what?

a cheesy business,  
i mean awful.

see, king survival depends  
on three things:

space to move around,  
pieces to protect him  
and his surrounding and  
at the same time check mate.

which means kill your king mate  
or inmate in this big jail we all know and  
experience, and at last be a king.

how awful?

whatta a waste?

what is about making the queen immortal?

i mean turning chess more funny?

or the sacred piece is the pond,  
a night?

a bishop?

it is an absurdity

because it is game

and games are perpetual by nature.

so,

the old me

found

what i always like to do.

i do the sisyphus' game

with no need for gods,

mercury, especially the god--dess veenis, jupiter,

and whatever the f29 the chinese, the joe--wish, the chris--tion, and all the golf  
region common, uncommon and 'never heard' of deities.

sorry about all

this.

it is just a message

not massage inquiry

for venus,  
i do not care for chess  
as long as the cheese is  
cheap, not organic, and awful.

Atef Ayadi

# The New Paris

and the new las vegas,  
in  
middle east  
is dubai and qatar city.  
sorry beirut has to fall.  
that is the saying  
it is not mine.  
it is who build the new  
babylon not paris;  
with a new kind of 'La Tour Eiffel'.  
it became common,  
that the same people who finances  
the construction,  
the tearing down,  
the profit, the non profit,  
amnesty to green peace,  
the red cross,  
blackwaters  
blue shields,  
the red croissant,  
or the red army.  
minimum  
wage  
workers and soldiers are outsourced  
here and there,  
with zero rights  
and infinite burden  
nobel price  
is another beautiful dynamite,  
it gives  
status  
to who support  
a system,  
that is eating the earth  
with all its life forms,  
mashes and network.  
maybe it is time  
not to follow any  
script.



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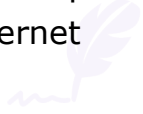
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# The New Business

democracy  
is  
the new business;  
except in monarchies  
that is a family business.

it works perfectly  
and only  
for ten  
thousand  
athenians.  
or the belioneers  
of these days.  
someone like  
bill 5g or 'coronna bill, '  
besos muchos muchos pesos,  
musk task or task mask  
from pay me pal  
in the internet  
to  
tunneling the lower atmosphere.  
no difference.

Atef Ayadi



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# Intelligence 101

first this has nothing to  
do  
with route 101  
from Los anglos to seattle.  
please to do not tell me  
you are smart,  
cause, being smart  
is being an inmate  
in a jail or who just got out,  
who tried to outsmart the system  
(a dump network of smart ashes,)  
being smart puts one in  
the category of survivalist  
and survivalism.  
in such domain  
or category  
there is no difference  
between  
a rapist and a nice guy,  
a lion or  
a zebra;  
woman or man  
a pet or a friend.  
there is no difference between  
a soldier  
and a cop.  
there is no difference between  
a tree  
and a lumber.  
there is no difference between  
a vegan  
and a barbarian carnivore.  
there is no difference between  
fox news,  
a canon,  
qanon,  
q1, q2, ...qn, cnn, snbc, msn b and c,  
democracy  
now

dot org,  
the corbet repport,  
the intercept,  
or whatever you call it deep shopra?  
they are all show interpreters,  
hair groomed, brushed teeth and clean hands,  
some times they do not  
know  
the 'faq' they talking about  
mainly when they human right  
while thinking about sex.

all survivalists love the 'word'  
follow us, subscribe, read my book,  
follow my podcast, my sha-piro  
dot com.  
all survivalist like plastics,  
water bottles,  
green labels, green advertisement;  
like uber apps.  
all swipe their little device up and down  
looking for a morning gratification.

just to say  
i am smart.

Atef Ayadi



# La Bouffe, Bouffons Et Les Bouffants


we came to a point  
when  
we need to betray the heritage  
all of it;  
cause we are ruled by bouffants  
who insists on progress  
a word that means  
destruction,  
agony,  
and hell in paradise.  
paradise means your are walking with a silent mind,  
or simply meditating while still walking.  
hell is to let the mind loos like a bouffant  
in the name of progress.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am Just Trying To Deconstruct It

long ago,  
i mean way before the ancient  
time.  
way before time and new york times  
and wall street journal;  
woman provides relationship, safety and comfortable zone for her kid;  
man expand that comfortable  
zone  
by pushing the kid out.  
by language, gesture, and persisting actions,  
a kid is a new born universe  
that does not need more than that.  
nature  
not god  
will provide all the rest,  
not plastics, cubes, plastic guns,  
or video consoles.  
that is god's shameful business.  
we became an awful  
specie.   
few alpha or omega chimps  
enjoys their neo liberal policies,  
and anything else dies,  
they will say cancer is a genetic for  
example.  
since when?  
heart attack!  
since when?  
diabetes!  
since when?  
maybe it is a gene,  
a karma gene  
a revenge of the neanderthals  
or a past sudden australopithecus  
ramidus's wish out of desperation  
for anything else other  
than nuts and grass.



# What Is About Messi

ici paris is all about  
buying diamonds;  
a french advertisement from  
the beginning.  
it is true messi is  
an exceptional dribbler;  
actually the best;  
he can cut and stitch five  
players or six, including the goal keeper.  
american footfall is only good  
for selling bud-wiser for man  
and hair dryers for woman and man.  
i could be mistaken?

Atef Ayadi



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# One... One Universe

why only one masculine universe,  
one masculine god,  
one masculine system,  
one masculine leader,  
one and only one alpine cheese,  
one lobster's civilization,  
one yin yen method,  
either one's way or the highway?  
why?

Atef Ayadi



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# Gestures And Eyebrows

words are like  
the four percent of matter  
in a universe filled with stuff,  
many many gestures, and  
zillion of paired and impaired eyebrows.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Taile's Tale

i do not have a  
string attached,  
or  
the strings theory.  
i do not, but i did.  
i do have a follow up on  
the string theory  
but,  
and that's not a butt  
or about a bottle of gas  
or  
any natural gas alike.

why i need people to begin with.  
like many of you. born among  
people and they stuck stuff in my head  
long before i know it.  
sometime if i think of making copy of myself  
which animal i have to peer with.  
or a tree for example.  
it is absurd; immoral; implausible, evil...or  
the many fake news in your credible but not independent head.  
there always be a grabber, a seeder, a sarcastic, and followers.  
the grabber, like a thief,  
but one prefers to call oneself an alpha or an omega  
of some sort, but still, one is a thief.  
the sarcastic always find  
and excuse not to participate.  
followers are people who look for fun  
out of themselves. with one click, you will find them in the street.  
they have their argument too.  
seeders have many lenses.

i quit all of theses four patriarchal characters,  
cause  
I occupied all these positions. it was absurd.  
it looked  
as if, i lived in the heat of the savanna,  
and i was a zebra for sometimes,

sometimes a macaque.  
it is true i became more civilized  
by market mysterious hand  
which means i am converted into a bonobo.

Atef Ayadi



## Some Words That

a quarter century in the states.

still people ask me where i

came from.

i always answer stupidity with stupidity

intelligence with stupid intelligence.

people forget how big is this planet earth.

a sphere of a radius of

sixty five hundred kilometers plus

another 100 kilometer of atmosphere.

planet earth is one among other planets

-i mean spheres of possibly lifeless matter-

all theses spheres, big rocks, giant rocks, moons, lost moons, shredded glass of different materials, appolo 1 to appolo 11 debris, dust, and water snow flakes, gas, and farts...-

that orbit a star called sun --soleil, shemsFM, IFM, IMF, ravi, Taiy ang, ilanga, solntse, jua, la la..., your friend name.... the name is masculine, or feminine, depending on where the language is originated.--

the sun itself is orbiting the center of a galaxy

--milky way, diameter of one fifty thousand light years, roughly hundred billions stars, few tiny satellite galaxies.--

the milky way itself belongs a cluster of local galaxies,

this one also is part of a bigger giant cluster, and you find yourself in a river of the Great Attractor.

the great attractor and other 'attractors, ' space and time, and all the noise, ripples, youtube, fb, and other meta and non meta things constitute what we call the universe.

This universe itself is a part of zillion of universes.

i am a citizen of this universe,

so i do not see this question of where i came from relevant. i am everywhere, anyway, all over,

also karma recuded and sent me over, to this odd universe, deal with that.

Atef Ayadi

# The Psyche Of Eros

It is favorable

to have a chancellor,  
than a president.

A president is a disposable and over throw-able dictator,  
every handful years.

A dictator is a monarch.

a monarch is a Pharaoh with a free cash bonus.

a Pharaoh is god with all imaginable bonuses and credits,  
including all the unalienable rights.

God is basically  
civilization's operating system.

Paradise is earth with everything in it.

Hell is letting the mind loose and eating its tail.

A kid is a growing universe that does not need  
to be tuned, but peers in nature.

No peers and growing with toys and plastics,  
that is a 'hell boy'.

China is a nice girl,

however, the other china,  
is stupid, as matter of fact,

Hong Kong should be its best friend,  
best ally, and

Hongkongers, also known as Hong Kongers,

Hong Kongese, Hongkongese, should be  
the right or the left hemisphere of a brain

the yin or the yen

or the hole thing.

Just be, in the now and in the physical,  
instead of

being hatemongers,

q-toes and friends, or an

impulsive

compulsive

lost 'soul' just for the occasion

followers,

including the 'wokes, ' and whoever works, hang up, hugging and hug ups with  
them

for whatever reason you may accustom to,

customized for you or delivered to you by amazon prime.

The planet needs brave people, in order to restore all lost biomes,  
biospheres, all the uncounted for mathematical spheres,  
cubical boxes, a bar, a cafe', a generic restaurant, a buffet,  
a 'beef it up, ' to a poor village's dollars store,  
added to that, all  
the skateboarding spaces, galleries, and  
unclassified dark, dark net, and under the tree dating  
spots.

The west is still the old old west, except it is running at at the speed of the  
square root of pie.

American pie is either a processing monsanto food, or an unstoppable wild girl.

Atef Ayadi

# How Close To Be?

sometimes i like  
to say, or write something.  
but i regress.  
it is not about,  
what you may and  
may not think about  
while being  
in your comfortable parking spot. i  
prefer, doing nothing, but  
being in my spot.  
that spot we talked about.  
well if i say yesterday,  
it means  
we know each other. which,  
probably we do not.  
probably we did.  
probably we do but we never really  
did anything really.  
someone through at me  
an MF.  
it just now,  
only now,  
i somehow figured it out.  
while, may be you do not think  
or believe you a chimp or  
your hardware original manufacture  
come from apes or collided with  
chimps.  
the awful truth,  
we are still colliding with them  
killing them  
and destroying  
everything,  
i mean every everything.  
i mean anything that does not grow in the internet;  
which is a place predominately software oriented intelligence. i still like the  
hardware part. i leave, this domain to zukker beg or berg, or idiots of Microsoft  
quid pro quo google.



# Princes And Princes

i hate these two  
words.

the more one uses them  
the more monarchs persist,  
insist on taxation,  
rape,  
and glamorous lifestyle.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Green And Other Staff

you may think, an add block,  
a vpn may do the job.  
you are wrong!  
they are the first to sell you off.  
they said, if you are afraid of rain  
do not stay under the gutter.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Is There

see i am looking for  
a website without any advertisement.  
a dot org or a dot poetry for example or  
a typical craig's list.  
cause there is a filter, a java script,  
an ai of some sort,  
about what aught to be,  
what shall be a rhythm, a writing, or whatever you may think is poetry.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Whatta Question Is That?

Can slavery reparations dismantle systemic racism?

plantations are all over the planet.

slavery are everywhere.

that is a systemic racism.

natives squeezed to the limits

and stripped off their way of life

that is what being exterminated

means.

if someone raped you once,

you think that is awful. and I agree with you.

but, what is about two hundred years of rape?

being a bourgeois is awful,

just check the news epstein and friends

cause, you have to be rapist from the beginning,

being a con artist is just a start. likewise means are simply ends.

one has to stop slavery first, before reparations may begin.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Plantation

the economy will contract  
few percent, said one bank.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# It Is Not About

it is not about  
justice for the poor,  
for the raped  
and who get burned like a tree.  
get rid of all the mighty deities  
hindu, muslim, kazar and egyptian  
they are all male lobsters.  
they have nothing to promote life;  
cause life is only a connection with no control.  
who said morality is a good thing?  
get rid of all the dusty symbols  
and fancy scripts, and  
life in the now  
will stand up for itself.  
get rid of the internet  
and your cells and tabloids  
cause life is physical.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Amazon Dot Something

the hole 'republic, '  
i mean the united emirate states of  
america  
is an amazon dot something.  
no wonder jeff bitcoin dash besos can get away  
with all his lazy 'humanitarian' head shaved good ideas.  
imagine how 'wall' mart after the fall  
of berlin wall, killed off all tiny businesses.  
imagine mansonto killing all the bees  
and the gees without any need for a saturday night fever!  
imagine a world  
without insects,  
bugs,  
birds,  
reptiles,  
who is going to pollinate flowers?  
robocom?  
a poor native mexican?  
a extraordinary mayan Guatemalan?  
so please take off your hand off  
haiti,  
it is not a plantation.  
please stop your dirty exceptionalism.  
the planet had enough  
of this mighty  
robocall  
advertisement.

Atef Ayadi

# Too Much Talk! All What One Htfd

fafm,

tb oat hmop; aamof, toeiitp.

ng, ni, ohtcwtsc.

all what one have to do now, is to de-abbreviate.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Nobel Oil, Biomass, And Natural Gas Prices

the very few people who created the majority of problems, agree to allocate resources and status to geniuses who are willing in theory, to solve problems. or who is best seller book. best advertiser, best president ever.

peace on nobel, but, things that are created will never disappear, like chemical dynamites, software dynamite, platform dynamite, general ai dynamite, emoji dynamites...you name it, and before you name it, please, check, if it is dynamite in nature. otherwise it is going to be a joke on the one who put it out there, for a reason or another. they call it karma-plus in LA. as to me, i like jokes, because i have a dead skin in the internet.

just to insure first, the ladies of all sort or walk of life of the internet, i love the physical world, because i do not need to type anything. say anything, and what is to vegas is to vegas. why i care about nebraska sand prairies....i do not know, ..., it is true, also i want to own a land down there. to keep myself busy. you know!

love is only sharing, in the now. if one does not have one's own version, sorry go to the javascript department of google or fb, they need human ai. close enough to nobel winners of the last decade or so. and they are survivalist, sheep and useless. just ask their x...x-friend, they are a failure in taking care of their pets. i mean, they follow labels and still look for free coupons on the internet. can you believe that.

Atef Ayadi

# The Html Stuff

check box or as we know it now, as emoji bee gees for lols and the new ones who are eager to connect indirectly to the planet.

a new evolution? rewind forward, a 360 degree revolution, you name it and do the maths. sorry, i do not like spinning all the time.

briefly, a short cut looks easier, but that is where the damage occur, i mean the pain, the all mighty civilization-al human emotion new spectrum.

for less sofisticators, fornicators:

simply, consider emoji.

the good news, these emoji individual, groups, structures of some sort, are well emoji defined creatures. they are eating the planet alive, just for an emoji. just one per day. a new cocaine in every house or every cell, a constant fixation.

i do not need to tell you, and add that a check box is called functional and specialized mass algorithms, that is means, send it to the general purpose or specific task AI, depending on the where and in which plantation the slave consumer lives and how one is related to some network.

the reason they did that, is the fact that they outsourced these data to india for data processing, an crunching because they thought the labor is sheep, and the gdp is on the bottom ever since the bree-ish brexiteers left that plantation 'colony' in ruins.

Atef Ayadi

# Leftist And Rightist

this is not about quarks  
who is up and who is down,  
who is bottom and who is bottom up  
who is charm and who is strange.  
who is left and who is right  
america is a high school,  
in which, someone is going to pinch  
you, ignore you, point at you, yell at you,  
toss a bear or a soda's can at you,  
try one's will on you, bully you, yllub you, idlib you, and tube you  
anyway.  
america is a jail made up by the few  
and maintained by the nine nine.  
forgive me, i do not need to act and live  
like an inmate.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Peace On Him And On Her.

i do like to be another  
sad Sisyphus, or a happy Sissi-phus.  
because, I was.  
i stopped that.  
i do not need  
to be an alpha,  
an omega 6,  
or a pinch bag, a very sweet heart beta one.  
I do not like to be an advertiser;  
please subscribe;  
please click here;  
sourcing and outsourcing crowd, fetching and  
crunching data from sun set to  
sun rise.  
simply, i do not have guts for what is  
'civilization-al' or what is morally imperative.

Atef Ayadi



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## We Don't....

we don't kill people, face to face anymore  
we downgrade their lives.  
get them into a dependency program,  
and let them being torn until no more.  
i like it to be an anthem  
for the liberals  
and freedom fanatic with tattooed faces withing faces.  
we do not kill the amazon, it become a warehouse  
for more addiction and tattoos.  
whatta a jail we live in?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Farms Or Societes

farms of millions of cows or should i say 'plantations, '  
a society of pigs and cows.

no screams heard, no shouting, no strikes among the cows, no flock's  
intelligence is emerging any soon, it seems.

slaughter houses in the thousands. I am sure a cow calf would hate his mom for  
being dragged into existence.

karma works well against human, we all know

who is slaughtering whom, but who is the farmer?

from Pharaohs to J Besos, elan musk (the milky way new 'bourgeoisie; ')

why one should worshipping them? it must be an old version of QAnon that is  
activated patched, updated, and upgraded by the: 'FARMER's' or big 'PHARMA's'  
Advisory Board or sheep think tanks.

you know think and tanks are not advised by ancient preachers and their  
respective prophecies.

yeah, thing evolves in unexpected way, maybe our expectations are only self  
prophecies.

or maybe we do not understand the universe.

(the umbrella in which tiny universes like ourselves live in...)

it may look another Q4x4 self prophecy, but sharing is the only 'love' we need  
lol! ! ! ? or maybe we will evolve from a lobster plantation to squids in open  
water thinking there is no other place to run to.

Atef Ayadi

# The Deeds And The Weeds.

i want to drop this fast.

as fast it may sound.

jerusalem, mecca, Tibet, and some spiritual sites like Ghats of Varanasi, Taktsang, Cenote Sagrado, Borobudur, Angkor Wat, Uluru, or even Stonehenge must be an independent states.

imagine that. i mean the public in its entirety.

if you want one doom day or days of dooming, you gotta wait, that scenario is happening for a while.

two jesus is neither an oppressor nor a bloody king.

so be him or foff off grid and get some fresh air. third, and this is the juice of story, we all live in one paradise, what make you think this is gonna be hell! Miss and Mr. civilization and addicted to tech an and sugar, and syrups. it is iridescent when communities decide for themselves.

anything, else? everything is great.

Atef Ayadi



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# No Plastics

i am basically a sloth,

so, civilization is not for me.

i like my retirement plan (since birth,) and no insurance  
is needed, and advertisement wont work on me.

did i managed to duplicated my self? no idea!

i do not look back either, cause i am slow too with a very stiffly sloth gesture.

I like to do this in the street, but i am a sloth, i do not like to move an inch  
from my tree, and i do not mind copy rights issues and loop holes. so, do it  
where ever you like, you may discover your issues with timing, duration, and  
time.

it is possible?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## Do It!

I am throwing words into a stream, a  
watery soup, with some salty dots, some  
hot chilly commas, some leaves of question marks and a spoon of winy  
exclamation points, and some french vocabulary like ' je ne sais pas quoi? '  
ce qui n'est pas marron, les gaulois sont devenu marron et moin bleu que les  
jaunes.

i mean you can add your own noodles.

or add a stamp, sand it or sent it as a postcard to your grizzly  
or grizzleez.

it works.

the sum and the memory of all this soup thing,  
is i have a need to off-grid and off for an extended  
period. and alone. you know what i mean? ? !

Atef Ayadi



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# The Courage Of 'not'

You can call me a jerk or turkey,  
for me it is a yes!

i am not Shopenhauer

(peace on him!)

but

i just choose yess by default.

what one can do? ? !

i insure you, it is a mini tough to tough, depending in some situations, and

i do not have to site and website them between your hands (what happened in Vegas should not spill beans in Texas.)

yeah so 'SOK IT' means sometimes, saying yes may free you, free your bones, ...

Atef Ayadi



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## Why Not?

thoughts form like clouds.  
rain, rainbows, storms, and thunderstorms.  
I can't add a thing right at this stormy point;  
or may be  
i shall take this point off, or  
may be  
words eat themselves,  
or simply the storm form beautiful clouds.

Atef Ayadi



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## I Think....

I do not have issues with tolerances minus pie.

I just give an F B52 to that domain.

But since, paradise had become a dumpster,  
oils spills, and dead fish for the take;

I HAVE TO STEP OUT,

out of my 180 degrees 'negativity's zone' and

and appeal my high 'intolerances' about the issue

In

Hand. (not only my hand, but yours, grisly! ! and Macedonians and  
academicians....apple bee people customers are not included, for example...) .

Atef Ayadi



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# Dema-Gogueries

I am not gaguing, gogging, vingoging here.

'democracy' is a fancy word for 'l'art des conneries'  
among eastern chimpanzees and bonobos.

Sorry we are not at the level of third chimp status,  
cause we all square rooted in pain and agonies. No wonder Socrates opposed it.  
It is a system of thieves who evolved into monster holly--Car-- keys.  
The consented wisdom is about an ecological disaster, not for us the chimps,  
include 'Les universalistes francais, et les pauvres gilets jaunes; ' but anything  
non human.

Did I squared it for you squared roots.

Please do not tell me that you are not a 'Squared root' a Qu&non &Associaes-CO,  
LLC, a Q2x2 or Q4x4, a lamber lover or fun-natic, it does not matter,  
cause you are simulated into a big advertisement, only thieves can profit from it.  
It is a black hole basically.

And please free your dogs and pets for a day, cops will bring them back  
unharmmed, will they be?

I do no know that it is the best job for cops, it could be, search and rescue non  
humans. Period. not civil soldiers, rapist, and 'Oops I forgot my TEASER at home,  
that's why I shut him and her, and her down. it was dark, i did not see them  
anyway. my computer is from the dell-i-Microsoft, see yourself, the spywares  
took over it. No RAM, So, I was not able to call 911 for them. so their all dead at  
peace and in one piece.'

Atef Ayadi

# Bit By Bit Coin

Advertisers are one of the mysterious hands.

Whoever throw the bitcoin paper is mysterious.

Like an Olympic flame, from peer to peer to mining farms in north pole uses electricity as much as LA and Saint Fransisco all together.

Everything has to fly these days, fast, and green.

Anyway you slice it, it is pro-f-table.

Trust is dependability,

Therefore addictive,

Hence, and thereafter, this planet is going

To be another mars, or an Arabian desert, only camels, tanks, and a BS can survive on it.

or maybe, I said maybe, a Kepler-452b or Ross 128 b is needed;

Atef Ayadi



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# Civilization

let's make

it

clear;

I am not a 'Mooji' or an emoji!

get that? hope so!

if not get laid or have an herbal tea from an river or stream you choose --and hope it is not polluted by plastics or lipstics--

it is my own construct (so we are in the deconstructionism section of a formal functionalism and development...you know what i mean? that is the consequence of being civilized by default.)

It is laughable,

I Would not.

What i would say is (and I hate to be called wise, because I FWYH, ETSOY, ETLH, YNI.)

And

to make it short for you,

you

and

you only,

is: to live like F21-aristocrat.

The mayen did it, the roman did it

The 'Muslims, ' the Neo-imperialistic-christians, the Gospal++ messianic organization, the Bre-ish, the German, the Khazars, the Mongols, Carthaginians, the Tatars, the Kurdish, the Armenians, the Chinese, the Persians, and anyone who has a clean hand and polished nails as well.

My Apollo gees for being to civilized for plastic, radioactive, and explosive sometimes writing style, with plastic words and on mainly on plastics. and please do not ask me about, upper cases and where i come from?

I am simply moved from birth from low speed paradise to a cubical high speed hell.

what keep rolling the civilization is an 'advertisement'

whatever advertisement means to you, please to tell me the holy '....' I do not care about your free four dots.

Atef Ayadi

# Are We?

I have a question!  
Are we citizen of this planet?  
oui ou non?  
Yes and no?  
¿Sí o no?  
Ya atau tidak?  
Sim ou não?  
haan ya nahin?  
Shì háishì bùshì?  
Hai, moshikuwa, ie?  
Ya ora?  
Aemn ru bo?  
Erê an na?  
Ayo kam Voch'?'  
K'i an ara?  
Da ili net?  
It is axiomatic by now.  
right?

I am just trying to ground you to nature, and please forget about your sweat heart dog, cat, and what is in that spectrum.

to understand nature  
one has to disconnect with anything civilizational!  
Lol  
and  
'What is wrong with that? '  
is not my line. You know what I mean?

Atef Ayadi

# Irony

In the age of 'Techx, ' we all become spies and Informants.  
Covid twenty nineteen  
Captured and united us like a tribe of  
Harems and  
Hated,  
Heated, and despised Afgans.  
Life is still a simple connection without a sense of  
Lust or control.

Atef Ayadi



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**So,**

'...I know!

and completely

agreed!

But, I am not a samurai in Poetry. Cause I Can do the

Basics, and almost everything with my hands, limbs, skin, hair, and face in the  
real world, despite the spikes of corona --Worth mentioning: Big pharma got for  
themselves a job

from a thin air...--'

I do like and I do not like to comment on my artwork.

I am open only in the physical world, however, in

literature, I am very copyright oriented agent;

Literally and mainly about staff that means nothing.

Atef Ayadi



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# Beep Beep Or Peep Peep?

First lets settle this one (at least among poets for self-gratification, dilated pupils, flashes, or for all the narcotic 'Tous est organique' freshness.)

How Beep Beep sound to you?

And Peep Peep?

What is about noq naque?

tic toc, thought though?

Guan-tan amo? Amo Guan?

Lic lock, slick pick, and fork with dilated pupils?

We (the many tiny humble creatures, or the Thyneseze) agree then, these above are only a bunch of blanche words, in a crazy world of Fanta, Zy and 5G.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am Black

'Before hand, I am not playing Id.P, I leave that, to  
who's life has no 'Watt Ever', whom adapting a liberal 'quid pro quo' with no lid  
on it! who is fancy in purchasing only from 'Besos's prime.' or who may think is  
the one in language, another Chomski, or an anthropology cavalier.  
briefly, i am playing chess, with black pieces, and compromising my data in the  
internet. Sorry that's the only tax i pay to our plastic and surgical civilization.

Atef Ayadi



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# Low Speed

Am I much of a low speed person?

yop!

Am I a Hacker?

Yop! and Nop

yop, I am too primitive, I like it.

Nop, I 'hate' javascripts and algorithms, I use sharp stones to carve something out and a dead wood stick to dig a hole.

Sorry in paradise, cops watch nature and soldiers defend it. and please no gun powder or involuntary gastric smoke.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Nice 'tittle' As They Said

Too short, a language is a platform,

So rapping, creeping, seeping,

reaping,

weeping, beeping, peeping, bloating and nearing rip-raps wont be much of  
homeland social security or a black hole problem.

Let us agree, by freeing ourselves for a moment, ...

I have no idea what triggers your senses or what makes your universe viable?

Too boring, O'ring, Yet efficiently short. I recycle words, phrases, wood, stones,  
scraps, left-overs...and any thing that is generated, made, and home-made  
possible for the comfort of the passive consumers, and for the sake of some  
monarchs, industrialists, plantation-nists, transportation-nistas' (from a to z)  
steam.

So let recycle it, all of it for the sake of the planet. Nothing is wrong in doing art  
when one realizes that this planet is a tropical paradise. If musk and besos like to  
go to mars, that is fine with me, but please take with you any tesla AI, robot,  
and your crazy homo-technicus, homo-habitus, and homo-logisticus managers;  
and also, please add more mass to the moon so it wont go away.

Nothing is wrong by cutting this page vertically into two halves or more and create  
and ideology (i mean a fractal of words or a nice standing and sustainable  
structure.)

Atef Ayadi

# The New Michael Jackson Prince

my vote,  
my consent, my ultimate  
unconditional AYE  
IS locked in

FOR BRO  
Tim Johnson Jr.

Atef Ayadi



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# Words To Zombies: Prose 1

b  
bai  
bee  
bee

bored  
waaa  
waa  
aaa  
aa  
my

ai  
ii

ay  
mi  
my  
vi  
i  
iie  
ay  
aye  
gy  
ii  
i  
aaa  
naa

i  
ii  
ezz  
iz

ii  
ay

mee



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my  
emm  
ill

eee

eek

ik! !

Atef Ayadi

# Assange

he is

my brother,  
and possibly

your Jon Snow

Atef Ayadi



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# Kenna

i love you mae

but

you are sad

un

ree

solved

about the dark ages

if music is timing

i am

offering the space

the white darkness

the wit darkness

the dark

darkness

the chocolate

darkness

maybe

you

you come back

to your senses

may be be

you sing this time

less dark

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may be yor unplug  
from  
your memories

my skin could be  
a guitar tuned by  
your hands.

Atef Ayadi

# Do You Want This Or

i love u.....r  
butt  
you can't by  
pass your own fire  
wall  
is is trump

jack orange  
between us

i am where i am  
where are u now?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# May....Be

may be  
you come to to rationalities  
may be you realize  
you are the universe  
all of it  
all of you

please  
tease  
tease  
your skin  
once of all  
please pillow  
talk  
once  
without fears  
tears

and resurrections

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i forget one more thing!

turn off ur cell

i am physical

not a mainstream rapist  
please rapping is no more political

Atef Ayadi

# Oops!

without  
google  
translate  
dot

org

i love you  
un  
con  
dee  
tion (like lotion)  
ly (check with lee or a czech republic citizen)

i can  
withdraw  
all my support.....



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i have no regrets  
no re  
no g  
no 5g  
no rets  
no rats  
not bats  
no hats....  
do u feel me (fill me is for prescriptions) now  
do u understand me now....

Atef Ayadi

## Il Est Cinglé...Or Peut-Être Je Le Suis

One bartender who i admired dearly, for one he was working on his P.H.D on philo, came and shouted at me .....F2 you...F3 you; the next day came to me and apologized ...i told him that in both instances....nothing is for me or about me...he backed off silently.....while keeping his eyes fixed on me...this made him more angry....i can tell from..his teeth..

This bartender (majored in library science and worked in the main library in town as well as his young brother who is a bartender too) .....he came to my table, outside, and told me:

you are a nihilist, there is something in our values you may consider?  
i told him, in dealing with values, the only thing sacred is life, and life means no control....i went inside to the counter to ask for another beer....he bought me a can of old style and kept shouting while his face approached a foot from mine....i know what does means male to male face to face....it is a primitive display of aggression...to tell you the truth i am very comfortable...i content to feel alive....cause this poor guy is talking about him self...there is nothing about me or for me....

Atef Ayadi



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# I Hope You Are Fine

if you are fine... hope you are....

standing up like a tree...

or simple life form...

flying and ezzzz-ing like a bee

if you are fine, I am fine and happy for you...and I always....be

otherwise....take a breath, ....

drink some water...and surely, soon you will be...

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Word To A Future Young Soldier

They said, if you want to die, die for a good reason....

I don't want you to die;

Cause, you are that good reason....

so please, be your own soldier....if

there are any good reason....

Atef Ayadi



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# Not Means Nothing...Anything..Whatever..

ahh! it is tough! to write anything

but i realize i am doing it....

Nothing!

stop

me to say

bye politley

sincerley....i am...

i want to hit ENTER...

and go back in what i am doing...

call crazy eileen, i do n ot care! !

by de nouveaux! !

Atef Ayadi



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# Do-It Yourself Poem

i appolo- gize in advance...avant-gardism is fun ride...conservatisismo....shut the memories sometimes....

it is only a fun ride.

1.)ONE TEA SPOON OF SHAM-POO

whatever u-got is handy.....

oo)be-yourself is a good exercice...

...)Light-up the candles, or bonfire the ambiance maybe lovely for some..

what the &quot;f9 branded beautifully branded non-lipstics on the book-shelves&quot; difference-in-the-nuances that will fake a fun to be more and more phisical...i preach for physicality on earth...as a way to live....yop! but i do not have nothing to swear on...except mother nature....and on a video game i played well.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# This Is How Green I Am.

i love fruits...

i wash them if they are made, or grown in the USA or "out"; .... in a industrial, profitable, corporate, from mansonto-Bayer to millary-complex....way/method.

sorry if too long...?

but i do not wash any fruit growing in an open nature...((will never consider open nature project....until...it iz proven by myself....no oracle will guide me in this...trinity, neo, morpheus, google agent smith...micosoft cypher, agentjones and the jones of NGOez, a forgotten Apoc, dozer, tank, ..all african, chinese-like or hybrids....(i love them all.)

i stop...only at "the spoon boy"; when it comes tyo fruits... and i do not worrieey about the existence of any matrix' architect....))

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The 10 Achievements....

i achieved everything....i feel nothing...  
if achievement is about moving a rock  
up and down or left and right.....

why one needs ten.  
if one lives a life of an android.

(achievement is a digital 2,8,16,32,64.... bit of data in the realm of android...  
pc, robots, a self-imposing, Ibm, bell@bill@gate-spyware, unix, AT&T, an army  
of of google/facebook fake on paper algorithms, and some handful coca to  
cocaine addicted type of bourgeoisie.)

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# First And At Most....To Consciousness

i donot have  
rapping, hip-rip-hopping rythm  
to start...anything....  
forgive..me...

but for the sake of consciousness....  
ess or ness has to be added

so...i can not explain it...  
i like to keep the population 7 or 8  
billions  
address and carress the global systems  
the chinese are killing rinos, elephants communities and other  
species for fumues and and medecines....  
the west invented derivatatives....  
ives...  
but the media try to berry the damages...  
natural desasters....massive migration sunnami of all types...  
by focussing on millitary heroic interventions...

as to consciousness....  
yo know how...  
no ness....less....ess....  
i want to move to

saint something....  
a premitive resort...somewhere...in remote place...  
a boat crossing the ocean...or parking in deserted bay...

i like to learn to let it go of controle...

Atef Ayadi

# Laisse-Moi Tomber, Je Rest Dugh-Duangh Avec Toi! ?

et toi ne reviendra pas...ah

papa ah,

mais je suis  
laisse moi- faire  
come toi...

dang dung dand duang

alor laisse-moi faire...

i want to inserted into a rythm....  
in the physical world...where i reside...exiled....  
forgetting sometimes...like a rock in a a forgottent park

la vie, revie a reprise....  
sorry for being too french pour toi.... english is a language of  
transaction plus derivatives....i am 2 physical,  
mais je suis un  
avatar, mayabe 2019,  
en principe, ....je le fais preci-za-mant....

l'amour vien apre's..

from my &quot;heart&quot;:  
i hope it was/iz/bee-ing in/into have/had/been having/will have fun... ride..

Atef Ayadi

# It Is Not An Oppology....And I Doubt, It Going To Be One....

my exercice on language is not pre-regerulatory....(replace ory to riale or go straight to paris-sain-germain if you are a french whatever: from the senegal, mali, cote divoir...from nice (where my 3 nieces live.... hope they thriving...)to sebastian...north...to belgium....

yeah...i am not a poet! !

i registred my name....labels....and spiced up and upssed 2 you.....so what....

a kid playing with words....Num-lock's pad.

i am playing....

the no rules' game....alone wolf, a viking tiger...

sometime....freinds are included....inclusively and exclue-no-clue-gardening workout-weed-outs.....

my hope...you are alive, alife....and expanding....and stopp cutting trees....you miss-ter lamber....stop! ! ! ...stop the shuppin, cutting- mowing the grass, at tealess for a day....palestinians....people of naimar, part of gabon...are hunted down like trophies....and

no one is millissieousuntil now humanity...is eating it self up from within....hey i am not...The Oracle, but i can garanti- 100 per cent free.... i am a set back.....a joke is not enn-naff to change my mood....

you are as real as the one who lives in the phisical world....

this is how i filo- phized it and throw it to this long white board....

Atef Ayadi

## Be Comfortable...

the dot COM of poemhunters are acting like bankers....

so i leanned to TWIST OR DO THE STARURDAY NIGHT bee gfeez thing...

amy wine house....annie lenox....charl aznavour, mea christ...1d leading survivor

zayn malik.... some african...rarely central europe...no russian what so

ever....latino...yess....and nop sometimes...yeah i am upto date....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Hear Me In This 1...The Monsoon Season

first one does stand for a DOLAR BILL....

2 means next page....is about drilling through the shell of the mountain as away to release water pressure in thai-caves at will...to...one can put a lid after all that is achieved....

we learned by now what iz a damage is...and how one can

slides/“ing” down the....the call is to execute a collective call for the sake of 12 kids in thailand...passed THIS...not for me...as it about....

12 to 13 years kids...from thai-land or it is possible something close to nay-mar...it is about soccer...but kids has to pass some test....or that their own way to build a team.....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# I Hope This One Works....? ?

i forget what

to say.....

time is a mental space....more computing.. more energy...the faster the  
senapses, the network... like flooding cave...some kids (12) are trapped with an  
adult teaching kids how to navigate in the darkness.....these thai kids are more  
adventurous in natural wonderness as if they are bugs of earth...discovering the  
groundand

darksome

undergrounds...we all responded, in the physical world, we repoded finally to  
mothers call and the danger....is shared in the network....disperced around the  
global as its best and everyone, i think will add the fire...to the fire if we need to  
save the kids anywhere in this planet....F9 the governmment and the beaucracy  
of anything if you can not save a human...somewhere in this planet...it is like  
911, or 912...i hope you got the clip...? ? right....? ?

boring 2,

i know....m.....NOT ASKING FOR....CLUES....I AM SHARING AS IT  
AMY WHITEHOUSE IGNITING MY SENSES....

&quot;WHEN I WAS DYING and one....and you know&quot;....

i am not 2 mutt-ish in the sky....may a beer and hot coka, a resepe-pie,  
recei==peeze for beans....

bye....hoping to come back....whatver the sky will be...

Atef Ayadi

# I Am That Neantherdal

leaving the caves of southern Spain  
and far from the apes's paradises  
to north africa....semi to hursh tropical forest  
(we ear bananaass)  
again in the north AH! ! - merry criss- miss...id not have time for you to  
maximum security to a sudden openness....to Apuculpa..the indies-perruvian  
southern amosian asian mixed natural....i want to google you before you do....as  
to my achievement....video- game (s) like google tranport-the game is on.....let  
your blue beat me in this, i hope i can leave a dna in you.....o- r- full izit? ?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Ignorance Is Freedom

Read more: [sciencetech/article-3118627/Ignorance-really-bliss-unaware-gives-people-freedom-boosts-creativity-claims-#ixzz5FiazMupW](https://sciencetech/article-3118627/Ignorance-really-bliss-unaware-gives-people-freedom-boosts-creativity-claims-#ixzz5FiazMupW)

Follow us: @Mail on Twitter | DailyMail on Facebook

crup..coding....not mine....yet...ignorance is a bliss.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Trow- Feez

farting....i do all types...all the time...it is my second art...cutting  
rusted meshaa- tee..tech- thing  
edward snauden....i respect him...  
exactly, like that tree in your yard...or whatever you have  
on your right or left hand...

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Fake News

I LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU....

NO POLITICKING....NO TICKING AND TOW- KEN..TAKEN.. KINGS. OR PRINCE  
AND PRINCESSES...

WELL YOU HAVE TO BE CRAZY LIKE ME.....YEAH THAT HIGHLY CRAZY...TO

THE POINT....

IT

IZ

FLAT AND UNDESIRABLE....

FACEBOOK ADS FROM ZACK? ? ICEBERG...OR BURGER KING...WHAT  
DIFFERENCEGONNA MAKE....IF THE PRESIDENT EATS A BURGER EVERY DAY..OR  
HE IZ A BURGER...WHETHER MALA- NIA IS A " SHAMPOO...NOT GOOD FOR  
ME, DO NOT TOUCH ME, FOR 2 OR X WEEKS... EVA-INKA IS A DRINK,  
ONLY...NO SUCKLING

....SO YOU KNOW, THE VODKA DERIVATIVES EFFECTS AND SIDE  
EFFECTS..."

IT IS... a CERTAIN AFRICAN WASHINGTON...(WAS HE?) ....WHO SAID...  
LET'S THE BURN BEGAN.....THINKING..."HOT WINGS...." WHILE...  
THE AUDIENCE THOUGHT...IT IZ SOME THING

ELSE...? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Why Not! ! ...?

i am cranky..today...

mike waved while napping dreaming in the garden....WHEN...

i said...hey..FARR- TASS! ! ....he waved back.....(good news...he responds...)

..the other fake news...from where i stand...

one of his twisted hand's FINGERS...are asking me to go....away

ME...THE SCRIPT IS SIMPLE

TAKE EVERYONE TO DICTATOR SHIPS...

...

IN A VERY GOOD, DISSENT... ONE CENT...HUMAN WAY....

GOT THAT...THAT TYPE OF GUY...THAT COUPLE OF &quot;JE N'AI SAIT PAS  
QUOI! ! ....AND THAT COUPLE LEFTIST LEZBIANS....INCLUDING SOME BUR-MA-  
NEEZE! ? ? REFUGEESE...FROM BURMA...OR I DO NOTT KNOW WHERE....THEY  
COME FROM....

WITH BLUE..GREEEEAN SOFT MELLOW HEAR..

Atef Ayadi

# As I Said.....Back Off Mallow

yeah...she iz noy-ce....she has major....challenges....  
i do not have tools or kits for survivors.....sorry...guy-iz...

the industrial revolution is over....please make room for new ones...not very  
bourgeois....of fancy...and i am not talking about  
the ara- bik.. H-P-O..P-L-O...muddy spring.....it wazz...  
the last last and last no more..show....

i am moving to California....who has a hole up there? ? ....  
i am tired of soybeans and corn fields...it is bio fuel for trump sake  
...get over it....and no beer at all....and fake in wine.....

to California  
the heart of the matrix.....  
i am always has space.....time....means a meaning full experience...  
other die- mentions...please...it iz an experiment....and know you like to live  
inside a video game that you consented (since birth) to stay in, live by, ...and  
follow the sheriff rules....

i have no fear of facing you....no fear....at all...one always pay for  
...own imaginations and fancy see fanta- see...

at the end....it is me going to California...i have place in mind....

Atef Ayadi

# Please, Don't

if i want to be butchered i choose by one member or members of an amazonian tribe...

or the most wild form of nature.

((thank you humanity for self preservation attempt))

anything different... f12 off! !

even thought, i prefer to have a beer before, .....any con- ver- sation.

.....

.. and something handy to balance my stomach....

i am still.....

a peacefull gesture...

would be.....

&quot;a home made bottle&quot;

of a good good water...i mean from the amazon river....

an do no trow- feez or nestly...that pays next to nothing for Michigan groundwater...while toxicating kids....for hight returns.

Atef Ayadi



# Bio- -KracY

the story  
there is none....

i am thinking.....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Is There A Place In Which?

nature is still alive?  
people are alive?  
where beaches meet forest and mountains  
and still alive?

i like to go there!

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Is There Some One Who Can?

send me the formula of einstein's light bending theory?

thanks.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# My Pledge To You

please, connect to this guy. he is friend from Tunisia. the best green ecologist the country has to offer and justice fighter.

Rem/Ram

private channels are not prohibited but what happened in vegas stayed in vegas.mif no picture is loaded, the face is in the book

thanks.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# To Anybody

FUNAI, estimates that approximately 77 isolated tribal groups live in the Brazilian Amazon. Some tribes have dwindled to only a few members due to diseases spread by outsiders and invasive practices, such as logging and ranching.

please support our humanity by supporting the 77's cause.

If one believes 'it is impossible! ' one can grow, a tree or plant or simply go and be in amazon forest (if one finds one self in.com it is because one is looking for a buy or best buy. If one finds a tree in one's laptop or other platforms i would say it good but please stopp being plugged in the matrix and get out.)

bey!  
for now.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Amnistía Internacional: Organización Caridad

La caridad es una palabra lamentable.

Elgoog en otra parte es un partido para la humanidad células-T.

creo, los europeos piensan de ellos mismos que son de clase alta.

el resto del espectro de la humanidad no es sino un mascotas orgánicos necesitan ser alimentados de vez en cuando de vez en cuando; y eso es lo que significa caridad.

si lo que ninguno habla de un 1 por ciento de Drácula

y la

nueve-nueve por

centavo

zambies.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Amnesty International: Charity Organization

Charity is a pitiful word.

elgoog in other hand is a match for humanity T-cells.

i think, Europeans think of them selves being upper class.

the rest of the humanity spectrum is nothing but an organic pets need to be occasionally fed from time to time; and that is what charity means.

if so none talks about 1 percent Dracula

and the

nine-nine per

cent

zambies.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Ness Tunisia: Stasera Al Ben Brikene

Ness Tunisia: Stasera al Ben Brikene

C'è il coraggio in Tunisia.

Ci sono donne che hanno il coraggio,

l'uomo che mancava era, e bambini che sono scivolando indietro nella storia  
tèbresde

senza essere alimentato o essere ascoltate.

ci sono cave Tunsie

umido e freddo

per i poveri e mesirables

per Cosette, Gavroche, e Jean Valjean.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Ness Tunisie: Ce Soir À La Ben Brikene

Il ya du courage en tunisie.  
Il ya des femmes qui osent,  
des homme qui dosent, et des enfants qui se font glisser par derrière dans les  
tèbresde l'histoire,  
sans être nourri ou être entendu.  
il ya en tunsie des cavernes  
humides et froides  
pour les pauvres et les mesirables  
pour Cosette, Gavroche, et pour Jean Valjean.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Mon Professeur De Chimie Bio Organique Et De Marquage A Écrit

Autrement dit, dans les sociétés normales, on ne fait pas obstacle à la parole mais on classe différemment les gens. Les savants pondérés et éminents sont écoutés avec grand respect. Les satiristes sont écoutés avec un moindre respect et avec perplexité. Les racistes et les antisémites sont écoutés à travers un filtre d'opprobre et sans respect. Les gens qui veulent être écoutés attentivement doivent le mériter par leur conduite.

C'est organique, belle et rose, romantique; pourtant, les sociétés ne font pas de guerre, les entreprises n'hésiter à le faire.

Atef Ayadi



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# ??? CHARLIE

???CHARLIE

YET

I LOVE

???Ferre,????????,???,??·???,Adila Sedraia,???Dalmais,??,??,  
???,????,???,??,???,?? - ???·????  
?????Boujenah?coluche?

???CHARLIE

??,

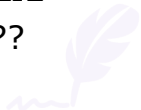
????????

???TOTAL???

????????

???CHARLIE

????????



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Atef Ayadi

# Non Sono Charlie Hebdo

NON SONO CHARLIE

ANCORA

AMO

Léo Ferré, Charles Aznavour, Piaf, Jacques Brel, Adila Sedraia, Camille Dalmis,  
Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus,  
Voltaire, Charles Baudelaire, Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Louis-  
Ferdinand Céline.

NON SONO CHARLIE

perché,

Io sono la Quinta Repubblica.

Io non lavoro per TOTAL.

NON SONO IL PRINCIPE DI KATAR.

NON SONO CHARLIE HEBDO

'Causa satire non sono utilizzati odio.

Atef Ayadi

# Je Ne Suis Charlie Hebdo

JE NE SUIS PAS CHARLIE

POURTANT,

J'AIME

Léo Ferré, Charles Aznavour, PIAF, JACQUES BREL, Adila Sedraïa, Camille  
Dalmais, Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus,  
Voltaire, Charles Baudelaire, Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, Stéphane Mallarmé,  
Louis-Ferdinand Céline.

et je glisse dans la liste  
Michel Boujenah et coluche.

JE NE SUIS PAS CHARLIE

car,

je ne suis la Cinquième République.

Je ne travail pas pour TOTAL.

JE NE SUIS PAS LE PRINCE DE KATAR.

JE NE SUIS PAS CHARLIE

car, les satires ne servent pas la haine.

Atef Ayadi

??????????.....

????GATS??....?????????....??????...

?????????????.....

?????????.....???......??????—?????????.....?????????????????????.....

?????????????????.....1??????????...?????????.....??????...

??????.... OU getto?????????????.....?????????????.....

?????????????????.....

???

?????????????????????.....??—?—?????????????????????.....

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??....??—??cule???cule?????????assez?assez?????????????????.....

?????????????????????????????????????.....?????????.....

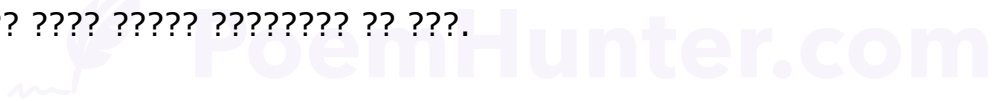
Atef Ayadi

# ??? ?? ?????, ?? ??

papillions ????,  
?????? ?????? ??????,  
socratis ????,  
?????? ?????, ...,  
?? / ???? ????? ?? ????? ?? ????'? ?Kmart.  
???, zibra, ?????? ????????.  
?? ?? ??  
????? ????.  
??????? Moncento wiki ???.  
???????, ?????, ???? Uncategorized ??????  
?? ?????? ???? ??????? ???????????,

?? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ??????,  
????? ???? ???? ?????? ????. ???? ???,  
????? ???? ????

????? ?? ??, ???? ?? ?????? ??,  
????? ???? ???? ?????? ?????????? ?? ????



?? ???? ?????? ???,  
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????? ????  
?? ???? ?????? ???  
????? ?? ?????? ???.

????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????????? ????  
?? ????  
????? ??????  
?? ????? ??????

Atef Ayadi

# Unpublished Poem, Complete Name

dear papillions,  
dear real adult poets,  
Dear socratis,  
Dear lovers, ...,  
Dear Mr./Miss Smart who works between NASA and Kmart.  
Dear, zibra, and lions and cat lionesses.  
dear mother nature's  
hazard and fire fighters.  
Dear wiki Moncento lakers.  
Dear uncategorized poets, artists, and dear  
rebecca mackinnon type of mainframe heros,

it is good for this community to count on its members,  
we are the best nature has OFFERED. ONE SHALL,  
BE GRATEFUL.

my peace in you, may the world into you,  
may one be free from one's self.

only guilt will guide one,  
to  
the word of one's pain.

may the force  
of your right brain  
draw a force in the left one.

our planet is our utopia  
feel free  
to be that nature  
i want to be.

Atef Ayadi



# Love! ! A Little Boy Lost By William Blake

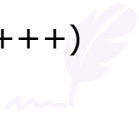
+\_+\_+\_+\_+\_+\_+\_++++\_\_\_\_\_A Little Boy Lost  
 by William Blake

Nought loves another as itself,  
 Nor venerates another so,  
 Nor is it possible to thought  
 A greater than itself to know.\_\_\_\_\_++++ +\_+\_+\_+\_+\_+\_+\_+

I accidentally watched venerate reason tv.  
 i did'nt see, heard, assimilated week to beef-it-up  
 ideas, light, or consulted the voids of dreams  
 that may interfere with your own mobile network watched venerate reason tv.

However  
 Frankly, this is the right time to check with this guy(+++\*&^%\$#

{POIUYT+++)



PoemHunter.com

I ask, \_\_\_\_\_ to read hi5 -09876  
 things, may or may be that may lead  
 to heal what may desire,  
 an 'ego-ing' mates with agony who clames agon & y...egony...is an N urd  
 causes me to free some of my f12 space from  
 roses, and wikked beez,

with art  
 you only  
 see  
 what thy allow you to seek.  
 me i do not consent  
 interfering with your inner signal and your emotional google powered tech  
 cause i hold you  
 and i hold myself responsible  
 for any kidd, kitten. in-sect-inser-gent-bactertia, trees. the moon, mars, ufos in  
 & away,

hope this may not escalate,  
See,  
art is my way of thinking right now.  
I do not have to swear  
to you or to anything or to pointless kill bill women horror's movies

some time, cause and causes may and will  
fatefully put us  
in a natural setting.(1  
tree may work or other nature's creatures)

may our peace  
lasts;  
temporary lasts  
and last may have  
peace.

Atef Ayadi

# Fear Of Consent

Imagine a world as beautiful as  
as this beautiful day.

imagine skepticism,  
is just a word.

and resistance is only wind

spot a picture of a person,  
spot a voice  
and imagine a face  
a thing,  
stuff through  
all the merda you've been through,

or simply look around yo!

up,  
then down.



PoemHunter.com

AND HERE,

consent is simply awareness.

right!

?

'not' a bingalo, see=sha, masha,  
Hot-shot, assimilated simulation  
Bingo.

RIGHT? ?

sorry,

yo do

not

HAVE TO CONSENT ON THIS

'who & whatever is.'

AGAIN,

I CONSENT:

YO CAN LOOK @ ME

I do not CONSENT:

DO \$ WITH ME.

Atef Ayadi

# What Is The Diffence? Anyway!

obama,

verse

NON-obama's CARE? ?

Naaas entrant!

Naass sortant!

will1 ya3-mill elkhear

gets the sheers

and stocks of words in Wikipedia Britannica?

willi ey-door-180

yelka 180...

hajra...



PoemHunter.com

wel mee-zaan

masnoo3 min diamont wev-hab!

amon avie,

180 direct

mieux que direct 180.

Atef Ayadi

# Obama's Care

I hear a faller saying:

'....

Obama likes drones

throwing bombs

on people's heads

and permit the corporations to experiment with our follow citizens

and unearh the planet.

All what i hear is tax payer....

and some soft vocabulary....

If pain is inevitable,....this planet will suffer for a long time

unless.... everyone has to occupy a position in this planet!

if that what obama cares about! well next time he wont get my pass ticket!

...'

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Occupy Cu...The Juice

it is not about the juice of the juice  
the 1%  
of the 100% made from real juice,

but,

it is about juicing your life first,  
and then juicing people's life in a second time, place, and location; as one sees  
this has nothing do with percentages, social status, and status co.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The.....Terrible What @occupy-Cu

occupy champaign is a another taliban  
movement, except it is run by girls with balls.

merci  
bonsoire!  
on chanteeh!

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Occupy\_\_Cu@..Aay-Peronally Need A Manger

occupy shampoo banana is like chakchooka (a spy-see-sissi-cooked with vegetable and meat, kind of thick soup)

little steps make things happen...but in chambana, it is not about little steps.  
it is about miss mono chromatic time, miss obama hope,  
miss and mister homms,  
miss jakey cheahhhh,  
miss berkalla,  
miss borakka,  
dark natti to dark naaazi

sorry,  
i never saw occupy members afraid of FBI,  
and talk about trust for two hours.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Occupy\_\_Cu@...What Is The Code?

his dad is CIA and he worries about the feds.

can you imagine that.....?

he asked to code any message,128 bit send a key to recipient

who you must know and trust.

wow and sham wow!

i personally question whether this person is to be simply paranoid to schizophrenic, or simply words spilling out of his mouth without control....so the catch,128 bit key wont help....and in this case. there are much low self-esteem that bits don't count.

what i think would help is 128 bit of self-esteem.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Occupy Cue, The E Is Only Meant For The French Of Of Banena.Cfren

do you know the big dilemma in occupy cu, the chicks and the 'one' cheea-kinz.

do you follow me that type of guy, lady gaga and all her orthodox followers.

occupy cu, has a funding issues, so please, take the phone ladies,

army of occupy, and Sr. solder, from miami, and swap-swap slappy, q'uelle  
maleur, at least je m'acroche a mon francais, please and min-thaa-dolll, and dolll  
most of time, as a policy, it wont work!

a pure funding, , will ease the cause, freek chick and chicken from teriaki to  
berraaa ki, fal baraka aliekom, not a wezzehh el le whisky ala errjaal, we khalli  
lew kheyaat some vodkow thib ta....

now, can you please, zeed min hindik, enn-bello ghoo....notre message seur et  
messieu le souri.....

if you are a gour-goo, asssofthe world...moo-kaaa-fi-ahhh (from  
slappy terro to terro salapiness, mermada

Atef Ayadi

# Occupy 40 Degree Fahrenheit: If You Think Money; Do Not Show Up!

Occupy 40 degree Fahrenheit: if you see money; do not show up! ! if i rap everything in one pack, and zipped all together, i will tell you:

the hope turned back and over OBAMA's camps (beside the democrats, the bureaucrats, and the techo-mafio-buffalo-wings-auto-crats. The list of state-corporate related predators is infinite. If you are still following me, you type of gay, miss susan, and you, miss extreme tattoo; you can come up with your own list.)

Now, what is the difference between an emperor, a ruthless negatively dark general, a young rebellion MISSION-eer.....or a ghost miniature soldier who starting his/her journey from a boot camp to a real war, or simply an obsessed video game edict.

Cause, when one thinks empire, one thinks pyramids.....? ? and here i stop to tell you, someone has to pay for that, someone else has to build it, and the glory is for the head of state (i mean, wall street.) It means YOU ARE mislead....by friends, bosses, bare mates, street mates, COFFEE-MATES, and mainly relatives. Sorry, you get what you paid for.

I personally believe, we are naturally ant-like specie, except we have different 64 bit dual core UN-upgradeable motherboard.

Back to obama,  
what is the difference between his circus, wall street circus, the army circus, and finally  
the tea party circus?  
obviously everything is good for show-biz more then for biz.

to wrapped up all together, show is 99% and biz is 1%.  
and the bottom line, we the 99% have the fun, the 1% are left behind.

at the end,  
if you loo for fun, date, good friendship, good deals, business, travel, trips, tips  
and tricks,  
please,

join occupy movement

in your Area, home town, mailing list, facebook, sheep stweet, go to Tunisia (if you are hardcore,)

or simply occupy yourself and inspire others around you whatever your are and whenever you feel the holly spirit rocking in your head.

Atef Ayadi

# By Deseign

beside High Couture concepts,

i will design for you a package of youtube CDs; from parties...down to.  
funerals, passing overs,

wedding specials,

special meetings and  
special encounters.....to melt down....to emotions at the margin...and  
leveraged expo-nentially.

think only: good time is about pleasure....and...and leisure;  
think only: good years are for businesses. and cor-po Maniac  
or low profile money agency (cause there is no difference in the core  
philosophy. Both of them can sell the planet to aliens if they see a profit.)

if you need more details

please, send me a private notice when ever you feel we need to talk about  
it or talk about anything that comes from your mind right then.

Atef Ayadi

# Want To Be Angry

I have to be angry  
It is my birth right as long as I know what I am angry  
About,  
what status I am aiming!  
Or  
how I express that...

as a matter of fact,  
I decided to be sweet when I am angry!

Atef Ayadi



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# The Nature Of My Business

If I have to choose between  
business,  
humanity,  
or business with humanity; I choose

business with humanity!

Until one knows the nature of a business, the nature of humanity...I  
suggest one has to play the "Frank" character.

Atef Ayadi



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# An Ethical Concern....Memes Are Taking Over!

Beside my interest in my genetical contributions. cultural integration safety programs, and future benefits;  
my concern is simply:

what is all about?

after all,

good memes talks on behalf of good genes!

it is exactly like a software that works in harmony  
with a given piece of hardware.

except, now a software dictate which hardware has to be used....when, where,  
how, and what is framed for? .....

Atef Ayadi



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# A Word To Tunisians, All Types, And No Exceptions

Here is what i dream of?

when i die,

I will be send my body toward

a distant galaxie ((not a planet! , not a similar solar system....not endromada! ...

or close to aunt basma or yesmin!))

my body has to be preserved

from all the element of nature radiations, fields; even higgs fields must me considered))

if someone want

my body

((

off course, i have to live my life first, ...naturally, ....and the way i want to it be....in love, peace) , appreciation, and harmony)

Atef Ayadi



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# Loaded With Softwares

Sometime when I think,  
And consider the fact that  
I am loaded with softwares,  
Guides,  
Maps,  
Gpss guiding integrated system,  
Measure systems,  
Feed back systems  
Automated Signal system,  
Loops,  
Promoting system ((i am working on upgrading this one, it is brute force, wild,  
unflexible, and uncivilized,))  
Marketing system,  
Narkaticis balanced system ((i am talking about Dopamin, brain opium,))  
Altruistic and reciprocal methodologies  
Towards others,

I found myself  
Compelled to ask somebody  
Hey! Do you the same matrix  
I have?  
Loaded with all life feedbacks?  
What is fair to you?  
What is beautiful and appealing?  
What is reals?  
What is reals without memories?  
What is a to take  
What is to give?  
What is to understands  
What is the fun purpose of all of this!  
What is your ""I saw it all! ""

So I writing to you  
As if I am sending it to myself?

is there away  
to find a software, a service/daimon/virus, a gene bug/an avatar! (No! SONY's  
video games, please!)) that loads new software

into the brain, so when i can benefit from it.  
such software  
will allow me  
to  
to experience things differently?  
feel it differently?  
see it differently?  
hear it differently?  
smell it and tasted differently?  
memorized differently or not all?

cause,  
i am experiencing  
the positivity of the world  
and i want a feed back from other!  
is there anyone  
there positive and  
have guts?  
i wont say sweetness!

because,  
Mr. and Miss cause and  
Mr.and Miss  
effect?

after guts?  
everything is choices?

Atef Ayadi

# A Less Capitalistic View

capitalism is hostile, negative, and toxic,

for you, your health  
your work  
your time  
of leisure,

your kids,

((look at japan tragedy))  
it only build monster  
on top another monster.

is there another way around,  
yeah!  
you have the right to explore!  
engage,  
and commit!  
to good stuff,  
positive cool stuff!

not into a manipulative  
disrespectful

Atef Ayadi



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# See I Ay! Standard Has Shifted

in the old time,  
the standard is notice  
notice, and notice.

as the ben ladden things bubbled (it is still bubbling)  
is getting bigger in the USA because the tea-part  
has one reason and Osama Obama Omama  
vetoing with an other.

the Aljazeera  
is making the ben ladden  
another arabic shan-fara  
and  
trying to persuade the Tunisian as  
'AAhlo EL KAH-HETH"\*

Now,

What i can add to all parties,

that in tunisia,  
friends counts,  
and because we never had enemies  
before ((except internal and regional RCDs))  
now the enemies counts,  
wel-leh-beeb  
wo-kht (sister of) si Leh-beeb counts too.!

and every body has a constructive information Amical intelligencia system, so  
notice,  
or notice three times, does not get you bread in tunisia.

\*((people of the cave, an arabic novel, an extension of the Arabic Nights))

Atef Ayadi

# A Good Art

a good art  
at least from my perspective  
is when  
an  
artist takes off the taboos.

i study and experience the exceptions

i believe  
everyone has  
own exceptions.

to make it short,  
for me;  
art is about the uncertainties....

Atef Ayadi



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# Peace Of Mind

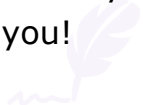
Cognitive dissonance is a sweat sweet  
Corn beef life style,  
One can be  
Anything  
One wants and wishes for.

However!  
Diversifying  
Options  
Around an  
Exit

Is sweat and horny-Borni too! !  
Moreover!  
An exit is  
Also another looping system! !

If exiting takes your stress off! !  
Good for you!  
after all  
it is your exit! !

Atef Ayadi



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# The Meen Mean Main Purpose Of All My Life: The Club Of Prophets

the club of prophets  
needs a web-bide windows

in the internet! to internalize new practical values  
against negativity, compulsiveness and the mammal long emotional heritage.

please help,

and  
yan-so roki-rocko allah boow-seed faseed aleek? ?

and it does not matter

if you are an australian dude from libnan, asia....

Atef Ayadi



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# The Best Story Of The Free French Prisonier In Urbana

beside the difference between  
a peninsula, and ayland, a oil-land  
soy-land  
or veil-land.

Beside your memories conflicts.((here, sorry! mine are "'fine! "'?  
Beside the memories of 'of all the memories; as a good friend  
arabic man said'

in any land  
there is a good girl  
for a god boy  
at the end of the day....but if the day does not end

there are three meanings  
your are poor,

you are rich!  
Rich!  
Mr.  
Seniorro!



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rich!

and what is classical,

one does not miss  
the chicken wings.....

((the chicks are fine, the wings wingz))

Atef Ayadi

# Book Of The Tunisien Revol-Oceanz

la revolution on tunisie  
est en faite  
une revolution de la partie destourienne.  
le peuple tunsien en majority forme' de

jeunes existentialist  
qui  
esperent  
que le monde  
des actions est encore  
sous la pression de  
la doctrine des demandes...

et que l'etat  
reste neutre en matiere de  
protecteur vis a vie d'un pre'dateur altruistique..borne'

comme depart.....  
un bon coups

ne fait pas mal! !

le rest est comme en dis en tunisie:

Ass-naah-roohik ou simplement fabriques toi-meme.

ou mieux-encore: comme quelqu'un l'avait dis'  
'jamhaa mieux que jomhaa,  
et le calcul se fait avant le jamhaa  
et pas apre's le jomhaa..."

plus simplement  
le jomhaa est pour les chaussures des Ahlo elkahf et fallaga

et jamhaa pour les chaussures dans la marque est italieene  
signee' de venice jusqu'a ben ghardaane! !

si tu aime ca!  
ca va

non  
ca va  
pour moi!  
et faite comme tu fais chez vous- or chez-toi! !

Atef Ayadi

# Book Of French West Asfrica Vouz-Doux

if sarcozi

has hands in the ivory cost....

simply it is because

there are something in there

for sarcozi

to sniff across or to take over the sniff rate,

for a perfume,

a powder,

a solid sate of carbon monoxide

while extracting crystals and minerals....

i mean

anything about the art of vous-doux!

vous

toi

et moi

moi: 80 pourcent! !

le rest 20! !

et

On se voit aux paradis.

je crois que les chaine mediatique francaises

sont toujours

a la disposition des freres....les jolies africaines du l'affrique occidentale avec

leurs beaute brulee par la chaleur de l'affrique

et les couleurs brulee de l'affrique....

apres tous! !

nous

aussi-tot que

la franco-phonie....sont ouvert envers  
tous les ouvertures possibles!

Atef Ayadi

## Sweet: Arabic Factor

between us,  
I do not know how an Arab looks like,  
where is one is located, or how one uses one brain's synapses.  
but i heard that one Arab is sweet when one is sleeping and no one is around to  
disturb that peaceful sweet sleep or long 'mediational' napping.

Otherwise, that sweetness turns into what i call: the Arabic factor.  
when it happens, that sweetness can not possibly described by the laws of  
physics or astronomy....although the start and croissant pops up everywhere.

Atef Ayadi



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# Sweet: American Factor

Simply,

Americans are sweet.

Now,

multiply that sweetness  
with the 'AMERICAN FACTOR'  
and you can have a grasp of

'their'

sweetness.

(i am not talking about the American pie or American sweet hearts...)

I am judgmental?

Am I bringing up a low-self esteem issue?

My secret is simply knowing

three things:

sweetness,

multiplication,

and the "AMERICAN FACTOR."

I have no clue what is your sweetness, factors, and issues with the multiplication table?

Atef Ayadi



## ...Short Story: ....Epiphany...

back in time ((i mean in the ancient world....until certain close dark time...))  
when someone...-a man off course....most of the time a....sorry ladies...((the  
story is about back in time...)) -  
discover...a gigantic....phenomena....and cease it ((comprehend it....i mean have  
a copy proof of the discovery and its applications,))

That is an epiphany! !

....

I give you first.....and example of a last blasting epiphany....Newton and the  
apple..

and second example is among the first....ever attempted  
epiphany....Eve.....Adem....the apple....a snake.....a jungle? oasis? ...  
-where east-Asia meets with Europe, and Africa. -

My question is always....about....where to find a combination of  
real apple from real apple trees ((imported apple...tastes different,)) snakes....

Now,  
who prefers imported apple is mystical....  
who prefers to pick up real apples from the windows.....i will tell you  
are....dreaming.....

unless.....

You are an epiphany seeker....((a scientist....poet....artist....or simply an  
epiphaniologist...in some sort! !))

Atef Ayadi

# ....Short Story: The Best Thing That Ever Happen To Me

yes, i did have fun...the way i design it....it looks bad to some....i get the feedback....and i am really responsible!

i am responsible for all what happened to me...bad and good...(despite i do not buy dualism) for intended unintended...all types of cross roads....comments....touch, and deep touches....whispers...and blinks of an eye.

i am grateful....to all of you, here, there, ..., and scattered in this planet...to all of you...all the views....all the people i crossed their lives...physically and virtually....

the story looks easy...to digest...for me and you out there?

my great stimulus...in life..... is

to

be a musician.....

a wizard...a lizard....a karate kid ninja without 'blood shed'

i grow up....in a place....

where 'blood shed' is a horrible thing.....

when i moved over to Chambana, ((where i am right now..))

i thought, wow this is a cool farm place....flatness for ever...

fun for ever.....dreams for ever.....i am a new prince in "Never ending prairies and flat lands"...

a place where you never worry about....

Big mistake!

i saw the 'bloodshed' in color, in words, in anger, in the F words, in games and fights, videos, movies and news from poor neighborhoods warfare to energy-corporo-wars, from spam, spywares to trojan horses, from google to facebook.

REMARK: is it common, that humanity is all about being toxic, negative, and low

self-esteem, is about pray and predator, who is hunter and who is being hunted down?

Atef Ayadi

# The Three Stones Of Life...? ? .....Any Questions? ? ...Before...

here is what is in my mind now!

i see a white stone, big and smooth enough  
so people of a community write their names on....with passion.

ME!

My job...is to collect  
these stones....

put them together....in an artistic altruistic..in the statics world it means...  
'proven to work ' in a plastic flexible way.

Now,

Is there anything I can add to the picture to make it transparent to you  
or 'open source', 'open code' artistic project?

Atef Ayadi



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**This Is.... ...How I Take..... Someone.... Down For  
A.. Fix...**

i like to take someone down...

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

down means:

"toward one's inner world  
without, conflict, fights, and blood-shed  
and dark spider bloody toxic stuff..."

i forget just the cost.....and payoffs.....  
what type am i?  
what type are you, ....what is your story...from inside out....?

heahhh? ((soft voice aimed to capture the ear first...then the mind))

what is up?  
((means: ...nothing out! ! ? ....stay there! ! ....the planet just got rid of  
a naive and nasty creature....who pollutes the environment! ! ....))

Atef Ayadi

# If....At Last....You Want Peace

I write....anything that comes to my mind....

why do I have to wonder.....and imagine.....the worse....

I am already fascinated by the worse outcomes and beyond that! !  
.....they are the most beautiful outcomes....

if you react to my written,  
at worse....it is simply because you have principles...and beliefs  
which are unresolved and tangled...

at best...it is because...the same principles and beliefs are...satisfied  
and untangled....

either way.....i have nothing to do! !  
with your principles,  
your beliefs,  
your human condition, ....and personal achievements and biographies...

Atef Ayadi



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# Paradigm Of Metaphors

I am looking for  
a two hundred fifty  
thousand inflated American dollars'

idea! !

Not! two or further more ideas and hallucination.....i mean one and only one,  
and it must be unique! !  
and i want it now! !

to make my life easy.....private.....and peacefully lovable? ?

Atef Ayadi



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## ....The Zebra Effect.....To Be True

being negative few times and positive most of the time,

did not help me.....I tried all of that.....stuff!

it just creates a voltage effect.....a high amperage and power's shortage to complete darkness....i mean failure.

Now,

let suppose someone is

still

harassing

you about a girl

you commented with a beautiful intention.....plus I was not sober that beautiful time...

Do you want the details?

If negative, you may....throw off stuff out.....out and loud....

They are your stuff...but...you think I am the receiver.....""shall all my stuff return back to....""

If positive,

You reverse all of this, and make it only more or a little sweeter....

Try it for your self.....and figure it! ! .....out...may be you have your story you want to talk about? ? ?

Atef Ayadi



## .....Tattooing A Foot

Do you know why  
certain ((girl/woman/lesbian)) or a combination tattooed the foot  
under the the ankle....

i personally believe that  
there is a story behind that! !

look at the angle first....not at the symbols, signs, or figures

then,  
take a breath.....euuH-hop one more time.....

and now look at the details...i mean the show! !

well, in order to do that.....one does have to.....voluntary and politely strip her  
off from any clothes she may wrapping herself with....

and rest her down.....somewhere.....! ! !

Atef Ayadi

# Man! ...I Feel...You! ! ...

i feel you man! ! ....

tough time! !

big time! ! i

i want...swimming!

box...

karate...((you brake my neck...you will have no purpose to live for! ! ..how about that?))

Atef Ayadi



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# My Life Is Impty....

with eve...leen not

in the house

with no house  
in my mind....

with me in full control  
of my 'rational'

with my rational is  
rehearsing  
researching  
updating  
upgrading  
its data base



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..  
i found my self

out.....

.....for real....

Atef Ayadi

# This...Is...Not...Your Show? ?

this my spot....

...see this!

girl! ! ! ....

she will...load you..... the matrix....

just for you baby! !

Atef Ayadi



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# To...My..Next...

to my next

ex...

example...

you want me...be me?

or simply do not fake it? ?

and go naked in the street of tahrn...? ?

Atef Ayadi



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## ...After All....It Is A Matter Of Survival...

in terms of love....

to all girls who thought or felt i loved...  
impressed....being shocked

sorry...

no effects  
no memories.....

i know,  
you felt hurt,  
because you felt and thought i was silently  
rude,  
by resisting you  
defying you  
not looking at all

i shall tell you  
i am searching a life form  
not zom- beez  
or a well dressed  
android with over loaded flooded memories.

Atef Ayadi

# An.....Expression

i have to come up  
with

something ((figure out something! !))

simple!

then,

"MAKE"

it look or converted into  
something  
Extraordinary! !

then,

let them ((public))  
to  
think

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it is magic! ! .....

waw! !

Is there anyone who thought about this?

Atef Ayadi

# We Have Been Aliens

yes,

we have been aliens...

to ourselves....

to each other.....

yeah! ! ...

with

Been being mutilated....matched with a cast....a sculpture...a role....or a  
perfected...zero tolerance to errors.....artifact...

We have been aliens.....and alienated...

Atef Ayadi



# Parma-Soo-Tic

That subject

is thin, thick, and nasty glue-weey sticky subject...

These giant pharma-soo-tick  
companies....

have already changed your DNA so you can not possible talk about them....the  
gene is called farma-tick-soo...  
in french "La vache qui rit..."

Unless you can make your own mutations at home or in your personal lab  
space....

Atef Ayadi



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# Cultural Miss-Understanding...

Cultural Miss-understanding.....and what-teez miss-understood...  
and what must...be understood

in this nation...in particular, ....

one beautiful habit....people in America had, have followed and still....

is to ask for more....

ask anyone! ! now...and when ever...

male,

female,

boss,

coo-worker,

lover,

sheeta, ....ron lazrig...john taboona.....to the president him or herself...

((it depends who is the president....in general...in USA...He/She is the one who  
must answer all the more questions....and decides what must be  
done...accordant to the traditions and the urgency...))

everyone will ask you for

even their pats...they ask for the same thing....

the list is recorded in the more.com data base....log file...

in contrast to this....

other culture...ask for less....

less of less and less of everything...

this culture where i grow up....has one job.....is to convert a person from a  
simple form to a simpler!

Now. with the influence of the 'MORE culture', you can hear....i want more simplicity.....for example....

Other culture....like the Chinese.....and in particular.....their head-quarter....((.I mean, where they load their Maw-it SEE-TONGUE dead matrix'....softwares...))

this culture asks for the spin and equilibrium.!

that is it! ! no more no less

you spin....i spin with you...let me see how far you can go....! !

Atef Ayadi

# Poetry From The Mouth Of A Child.....

Beeez! ! Biz....bieez! ....Maa!

A baby language, it means if it is translated into....

english (all common wealth, north america...nigeria, and around that spot)

"I need a real mom not an ipod hologram! for babies....."

to all other languages....it is but noise?

Atef Ayadi



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# The Circle Of Let It Go.....Babi...

Now babi...Ho! Weh!

read this.what is below the five stars...and only replace words like leap...with words like dancing.....and pronounce words.....rich exactly like ITCHESH!  
....MAH-LAAH! ! ....HANN\_NA\_NAA! !

If you think....you can do what i am offering without offing loops....

well, the good news, you get a job...

if you can not do....say i can not...you will save yourself a ticket to fly..anywhere around earth....and earth only....passenger....who are already lost..between flights....sorry for any un-inconvenience! ! ..you may though of or may anticipate! ! ....

\*\*\*\*\*

MARHABAN: FI DAAR EL-HAAT-TIFF WEL-KHIATA:

I imagine....from a flying open lamps ...open exploding chest....open mouth for expressions....to last open explosion in the history of humanity...as far as the greatest.. famous....wisest...and survivor great brain....of all plains...and high mountings and white snow regions...including island.....

-Fly hight ...you will see how this planet is so rich...that is can contain any massive to massive large scale destructions...from killing tree to a genocide of an entire forest.-

imagine an open mouth...what is n...moment by moment...eye for an eye....

Is it better....to focus....in order to see clearly the face....

Or

Is it better to see clearly the face and focus ....

Either way...your mind...within the contour and the detours of your head ` box...

Has

To

Decide...or you live....and never leave this loop! !

I warned you! ! ! Without signs and colors...

Atef Ayadi

# The Open Circle Of Let It Go...

The open circle of let it go...

I imagine....from a flying open lamps ...open exploding chest....open mouth for expressions....to last open explosion in the history of humanity...as far as the greatest.. famous....wisest...and survivor great brain....of all plains...and high mountings and white snow regions...including island.....

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Or

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Either way...your mind...within the contour and the detours of your head ` box...

Has



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To

Decide...

right now! !

to live or and leave now! ! ... or stay in the loop.and never leave this loop! ! or any loop you may be swimming in...right now...

I warned you! ! ! without signs and colors... and without...CUPS....MOM...TEACHER....JUDGE....GOD....LOVE....MONEY....ADVENTURES

low and hight....signs...

you are the judge now! !

doi it? ?

Atef Ayadi

## Bey-Bey! ! ...Art.....Part 2

in....art

Man expresses...uniquely....

intensity! ! ...contrast....

.....the bushes of the experience....time....achievement....glory....  
family..honor...personal honor....and pride...

I mean all 'the low-self-esteem' a man can put on his shoulder! ! with and  
without his consent!

I know it is TAUGHT in the beginning....but at the end, ...craziness is not  
FREE....you have to pay something to be crazy these days...of no time....no time  
for leaser...and brain seizures.....or a glazing 'Tan'...or gazing at 'TUN'! who is  
going out with tin-tan

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Stories...For Little Avatars.....Story One: The Story Of All Fears...

if you move....from here! !

After I go....

A Great Avatar....Wiz-VIZ....DIZ-ni....END-dizzik....NAHHI...EL-FHIM  
from india....WEZ-ZINC...from china....

will take you,  
to planet...Pandora....

and imagine!

the pain! ! to take you  
back!  
and forth!



PoemHunter.com

so watch the TV! !

the avatar movie on the tv...may be your learn.....something about the planet earth! !

Atef Ayadi

# The Business Of Being Double Late' Crazy.....

It is a good business...if craziness is coupled with few strategy....

One....I....have to make art business' craziness...effective...

Second:

I have to make my love's craziness...effective....

Third:

I have to make my "healths' adventures""s....craziness...effective...

Every-day,  
24 by 224  
7 by seven,

year around...! !

And that needs double late' craziness....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Dark...Poetry '...S.....Corner: .... Machosism....

you

own!

or

I owe you something! ! ...

what is the difference.....that it makes..? ?

i will take your pain....out! ....away...out!

then in....again! ! ...

then.out! ....away...out!

until you mark...what ought to leave in! ! and what shall you load off.. out! ! ? ?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Dark...Poetry' .....S.....Corner....: Tips.....And...Tricks

words like...released! !

a blade....

unlock

lock

self

destruction....

are words of dark...moral cancer....moral phobia....dark  
childish...poetry...facing.....reality accidents.....

so please...if you are not dark....LEAVE....NOW! !

Who want to keep the seat and trip to Vegas....hotels and gambling with your  
life...stay...i dig and appreciate your character....

Atef Ayadi

# Dark...Poetry' ...S.....Corner...-Muffin's Corner-

-...Moral phobia  
.....Moral cancer

Dark poetry' s Corner....NAIZISM.....this are only news-

First dark...to red...sign: do not go along....

Unless...it is about expressing....

A  
Deep concern.....

A  
Sexual phobia....  
...the question that comes to mind is what is Rex...ZUN...sex...means? ?  
(i have just heard about it)

Who are and how ZEN people look like! ! ? ?  
Who are and how Rex people of thing look like! ? ?  
what is Rex-Zen-sex means anyway! ? ?  
What is Lo  
lee, mr. lee  
Ex's  
Sex.....

What is  
What iz,  
wa-teez,  
Whatts,

200 WATTS -volt x Ampere (i am sure volt is a man, but i am not sure about  
Ampere, cause in the world of physics everything is possible? -

-in Tunisia we say,  
"Getta eat POTATOES.....Not berries....? -

tease in afganistan and Persian ex-dominations...  
Means...Muffins...! !

now the dark side of the story is:

how brownny i want my potato.....  
and how crispy...i want my browneeze...! !

Atef Ayadi

## Few Definitions...Before...I Start

toowunsi...means....as you predicted....  
"trahweeja"

touwnsi-yaa

means...simply....

El-kaah-wa berida....in-saa-khen-haalik...? ?

so,

If I say, ana tounsi.....

do make cafee....make...no move...  
no mistakes...stay firm....and still....

until i take the belt....i mean all my ear-rings....  
mu hear-rings....

my sight-rings....and all the non-metal non-detectable objects...

Atef Ayadi

# Dig-Laat Noor...From Tunisia...Not Hindo....Neezia! !

Do you know

that diglet-nour....come from Tunna-eejia...

i come from

bella.regia....

I like degla....zeetoun....zeet....and zitouna? ?

and ofcourse, du pain, ((el-khobez))

hope ezzine do not cut it..on tunisiens

elikhwa touniss-eyeen and and tounissiatess...((plural of lion females)

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Sing...With Cristina

white chicks is it.....

"you have to go"! !  
movie! !

I....conic....! !  
for white...Chicks....

or stay at home and gain some white fat....and never....

date....again! !

A message aproved by cherri...

time is always white....and for white chicks...

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Fear...On Yor Eyes....

fear....is needed....

or

yo fly....and fall down...right on me

and boomba...boom...babi

bomapstic

i like yor bombastic...be-elastic....

i like yo stick on me..belastic.elastic...

and lets wax the disks..the musci.fj...cd...

from dirt...and

hands up all the time!

legs,

face down.... all

the time...

give me time

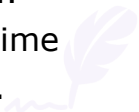
no time...

for belastic...

and yor music c-deez...

f

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric 8..I Bag Yo A Pardon! ! ...Mother Cuttor..Babi Brothermoors

what

iz up....yo...want a drink...

you thisrt....to blood shark assez....

lets take the girls....yor girls....

and go to the party...and show me with yor

daning techniques...

how much you can catch....toonna and white sharks? ?

caus i ma ready

to day for a tunna shark fraesh skin...flash to flash...bones to bones...

ashe to ashe

asher to eisha

asz to azs....

what iz up! !

Atef Ayadi



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# Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric Seven....Lesses-Toi Aller! !

let is cry....  
babie...on thef fllor...

sur la table...

sur le...

lit...une sourie...peux.....exploser....sur moi

sur toi!

i can feel it

right now....

let get them babie...

catch up



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with all  
good and rediculiss...

and do worry about lisses...and and hissess or sound  
right now?

dance with me now...

i said it...i ordered it

i d not know  
how  
but i need you right now....

i want to handle you right now...

i want to milkj yo ho

and mistressez and misses who  
on the floor  
all alone! !

waving  
like a snake to me right  
know....

she is hypnotic..right now! ! !

she coming right now! !

baby is coming...right now....

babi...yor taking over....right now.

Atef Ayadi

# Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric Six....Tous-Gether

in solo...in paris...

i am dj in the wood....! !

the woods and weid weird weeds...and widadaaz..diaz...misha brow....  
n....tears...

solo babie assez....

like a stress troma...

i can not be

yor only star...

in this planet...

or in this naasty

tropicale....

nighbor-hood....holiwood babie and hood hollie jolie woods...

je m'en foue! ! ta culle et  
la mienne! !

tu peux seulement bouger...si je te l'aisse....

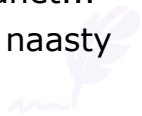
je tabaess...je couche sur toi...je mallonge...

et to commen ce

at faire tes dances...

ton bazar....tes truques....

chaque...fois  
que tu prend



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la releve

tu prends tous

pourquoi? ?

pourquoi? /

it is OK....

Cool...Kool...

Kleem a la rassic.....ezzaarbia tihtieeee-na! !

Atef Ayadi

# Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric Five....Fire....

just look at me

the way i do it....

and stand there...without fight...

or dark scream....a fire bolluts bellotts gazed waed...gaze...

kurazine...from shiit iral....

hat burns out a fire....

dark..black in a white sky...chicks...

and i do not mind to

give a faq about it....mother cuttor....understand me..

this...girl... is dude a sweet assez....yeah! ...yeah..

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric Four....I Do Not Need You!

i do not...mind

to live

without you...

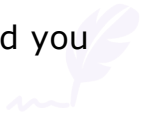
i do not  
knew?

i do not mind? ?

my heart....is burning...racing

like we your heart...sweet seat heart...

and i need you



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like i need my self....

but i do not mind? ?

yo play...yo dance...yo

scream...in the dabcing floor....our dancing floor....

around me....

i do mot mind! !

i love yo...  
come ty m'aime....and i do not mind....

your love...  
i do mind...is in, my heart...

and i do not mind..

Atef Ayadi

# Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric 3....Do Yo Care About Dancing Babieez..?

WHY YO DO NOT MAKE LOVE TO ME....

GIRLS....

AND MAKE SO DAMN GOOD....

WHY YO DO NOT HO..HI! ....HIGH...HIGHLIGHT...YOUR DARK STUFF?

WHY YO DO NOT TWIST...YOUR HANDS....AROUND EVERYTHING YOU CAN CATCH AND NOT CATCH...

what you do  
take of everything...from yor mind and my  
dizzi mind?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric2....Hallow!

hallo! !

my babi....babies and

mother faladosi.....ssi with me now...

or stay a side....

the street are nerrow....and i am poussiii.....

bad cars are for bed boys...and bed girls are only  
for me

baba....aaahtef....wake up-go away....do ask me change....or get closer to my  
closest babies....try me....baba hero....after me off cource....

SAY WITH ME....TONIE.....

WAKA....WAK

WAKTASH.....

OH! YEAH!

OH! YEAH!

TU EST MON AMIE

JE TO MONGE

TU ME MONGE

JE

SUIS

UNE CRAZI GENERATION AFRICANNE! !

OUSSS! ! GENERATION ROUGE KOSKOSS AND KOW-ESKOSSS....

MOI! 1

JE SUIS

GENERATION  
GRAND CRAZI PROBLEMES...

ET SALSA  
GENERATION PROBLEMES ET PISCASSO

CRAZI

Atef Ayadi

# Hi! Jackewd Lyrics...Lyric1....L'Autone....De Mes Amoors

ce n'est pas

evidament

monb autonne ((my fall...english glish and gliss people! ..god bless..your assez...white mother cutteuur! ! decature people....ig-no-red no light no white no black space....on me and my farm...and farmers....neighbors...and neight-boro-ha! ..trisse!))

c'est l'autone

de ces....

c'est moidmoisellato....world fused faces....akhir...dna

akhir....

Dancez-avec moi...  
amour! !

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akhir amourato! ! ....

akhir love  
akhir.....

akhir.....wa koll...shay.....akhir....

la shay yee-esh-beh....lill-akhir....

repete until yo!

ho!  
knew

how...you spell...it....'out'

babie mexhiko...hiko for mek-hi-ko! ! ?

if you are mek-hee-keeeee-to  
come with me.....

if not stay around my aaaro....and caaarro...yooooor! egs....  
in my nest....babi erro!

Atef Ayadi

# Hi-Jacting....Poetry Sections....And Few Bible's Baby Barbies New Burned Missing The Geez's Chapters....

Sorry Father.....i mean...

Mine...my damm dude...mahmood! Bel akhth

Please, check on Internet Human network and networking....websites; ..; ; ; ; ; ; ;  
; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ! like yoR-Tubez...for sale,  
waxed un-out-in-and out-waxed

On version virgin....2010 urbana.....bana...choom—pooo ban bun baanned nana  
and will wah-la fa-ha banana...

Of my  
New brute force.....AKHIR....cure....to all human...asset and assets....

A black...force...against .....black...."OPRA-black assassino illinois " ((tv show opra  
the black latino affrican American with Nigerian ba! ! people...  
Ckground....china....russian....hurcaine catrina...and lui-za.)) Sound DJ judo  
wrestling with her, with him, babie, and you are always my babie.....what make  
me feel about you...

Is what cut me off

What I can not unders-stand (his name is sand but I call him stand! ! Cause he is  
a good stand—mother-f1-to-f20...crossing f12.

I am going to CD-DJ-YO...before you dija rendez-vous

C'est  
Moi qui donne les rendezvous....mother cutter or cuttler...I mean only cattler...of  
your mother...

Et pas toi! !  
HEN-



Hindic...((Do you have...))

Sous-AA! ! AAA elle? ?

Mister. DJ sirwaloo Tai...-.....iiiih!

Mir brown ....or mister opra....? ? ?

Bro! ! ...man.....

What iz up yo! ! ....mother on you....

God dj on you! ! And yoR mother! ! !

This a world...DJ only for chicks

So try to investigate...babi DJ...God...Bless Yor

Mother...Dj her for me ....before I come over!

Atef Ayadi

# Words...To...A Young...Woman

two words.....

((one of them is dry seed and nuts....good for the immune system...! !))

first,

i can handle security...

insecurities.....

second....

i am a scanner....

it is better to keep away...all your toys....and toy guns....

your Barbie's...language....your Barbie's-babies-holly-wholeness....

it is very simple...you fire...i fire...no pity...

you come with peace! ! i use peace against you....cause i did not tell you yet  
when wars ends....

you are or play funny...busy dizzy sassy...chassy...engine...for hot-flammable  
materials....or play funny and do the weirdest of all your weird wild things...

Yess! ! ....i worship you there...where you are and be...

well..until i find you....then the fire will began....

Atef Ayadi

# Who Did It! ! .....The Conspiracy.....

Who did it? ....Cinspiracy.....

I do not think! ! ....Something like this is Planned.....processed....executed line by line ....command by command.....Shell for shell...you dig me...I respect you....do not don't.....

It can not come from....a great alliance like  
Mou-barak, he is a negotiator.....like fun and talk....

It can not come from....The Zine of Tunisia...

This gayy .....is good for interior terrors...not outside business....

True Arabian.....red blood...Camel.....the royal family.....  
Are nice people in business....they are benz -they call themselves....ba-noo....or  
AHLO-SOFIAN...2000-w-BENZEN...-

((these dudes...buy cars....last shut.....then they blow them in the  
desert....mother-f12...to F8-))

the Jordanians...do not have a dropp of water.....they have to find a way to secure  
the water first...then....maybe....secure the royal horses-royal... business

Russian....NO! WAY! ....we agreed with them....for over a two hundred of bilateral  
workouts....in all the avenue...included taking care of the rising of red giant  
china....

Who else....

Can

Plan for such...terror.....? ?

Of course....off-courses.....

A Bank, .....or two! !  
or  
a group of banks called .....

Ben Laden! !  
Group! !

now everything is become truly global...

some investment from banks and non-profit organizations...to oversea the merging of many spotted and unspotted black hole...azz holes...buyer and investors.....

what i call "global economy...."....i am sure there are a book of two i wrote about it for the blind....((sorry i mean the blind who live and deal the financial world...and i am sure we have more than a dude sitting in coffee shops...))

From now on....everything is unstable....scarry....and dizzi....fasten your belt please.....

This what I call....in a new movie.....the beautiful mind of a hight-jacker....

Atef Ayadi

# List Of All My Problems...

First:

I focus more than i need.....I need to chill out! !

Second:

Too tough to be seriously inflexible! ! ! .....I need to chill out!  
.....twice a day...with someone....  
.....I mean with a Miss or Two to three Misses....  
.....until i satisfy my legitimate natural drives...

Third:

' DO NOT CLOSE IN....'

like taking lamps back to the barn! ! ...before it gets dark.....and monster fall off  
from all earth corners....and all the sky corners....

Fourth:

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT  
THIS DUDE  
OR  
THIS LADY or DUDESSA GIRLS! !  
IS  
TALKING ABOUT! !

They come and go!

.....zero sharing ((i am not talking about..JIN-and-JINZ'...in here!)

....."zero plus plus" speech.....  
....."zero to D minus" office skills!  
.....zero...to....A plus' in lying! and avoidance! and  
.....avoidence-incidences...and ambilences....back and forth....

.....'zero to X Plus-Minus'.....in self-esteem....Managment.....

Fifth:

.....Space.....! ! ! .....! ! .....! ! ! ! .....! ! ....! .....! !

...

i take.....too.....Much

of

The Israelite's Space....

My strategy to solve this out....is

you come close

i get closer!

you run

you will see me in

IRAN....IRAQ...

catching you from your back.....not froan.... your behind! !

cause in iran we do not do that....SUNNIST Do this as well as SUNNIST  
Christians.....they take your back and leave only your behind...! ! ....do you  
agree....they need to chill out! ! ...so please send good beer to these  
people....before....they got into your stuff....

Sixth:

I feel I am strapped.....

in the world of beauty.....and wonders

((DO NOT TRY!)) or you will be lonely! ....

cold....

...enjoying your loneliness with this vast....beautiful world....

Sevent:

I hate CATS! !

They said: ((I mean, mom! told me....or maybe...someone else! ...who cares...if you want to hear the story..))

"Cats have seven  
souls...."

and this take always to wonder.....and thinks for a quite good time.....:

if one faces  
two  
lion males  
one lion  
female....

how many souls one has to fight and....kill off....

Eighth:

I want to know

Exactly

What is in....someone's head.....

I want o connect my neurons to one's neurons....  
power up the  
connections

and

Create....A dual....CPU-BUS MATE

MOTHERBOARD TO MOTHERBOARD....wireless....AIWA.LA\_A...AIWA....

Exactly like in pandora....avatar...the six billion revenue movie....

Atef Ayadi



# The Peace Game Theory...

I grabbed an audio-video casset -for education purposes only....-  
the title of the e-or i-book ((electronic-apple audio-video book for teachers...))

is

the War Game....

...Ancient World.....Decisive Battles...

Well! !

I wanted to learn something about peace....process....

peace corners.....

peace artists corner.....and

writers.....existentialists' corners.....

((existentialists DO NOT ACQUAINTANCE WITH each OTHERS...everyone live by  
ones own....

from HEGEL.....MARKS! ...

MARX! ..

SARTRE! ...

NewMAN! ...to Christopher..O....Neils and Brian.....

i am personally trying to catch up with my existentialism....and my spiritual  
organic freedom...))

Nothing working! out....

i can not find

a piece of peace,

like a peaceful piece of land....((Not even at a cliff....looking at the  
shores....miles of horizons.....and blue sky.))

to land over....the time your flying with a few gallons of gas! !

Atef Ayadi

# Barbiees....Babies...Dolls...And Beez

Beez are flying machines....

Beaz are Grades...Like B, B+, B- (sign could be left or right depending on the teacher and the school's standards....and norms...in usa for instance....everything is right....when one has to appraise a traditional work...of nature.....and everything turn upside-down when one looks for originality.....

so I see...(like in avatar movie...i see you! ! ...it means seeing with feelings and a third eyes like a third shoe! !)

girls are Darwinian doll in nature.....whether they are lezbo-zebras, cats, hi! - eena (girls with name eena and say hi! each time one ceases and easez jesus yo!)

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Creationism....A Poet....Left Wing

hey! !

yo! ! ho?

my avatar! !

do you like to fly with me

tonight? ? ....

it is a party....

SERUS....144 floor....! !

do you have other places....? ?

in mind....

higher...than....that....

or we just fly to the moon....

your legs and eggs will be hills and mountains...

for both of us! !

yo 'kNOW' what i mean! ! .....i know yo always answer with yor 'EYES'

of a red black white in the background avatar....

Atef Ayadi

# Creationism....A Poet....Right Wing

we are

an

evolving

system.....

God is watching.....

as we make love...! !

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Creationism.....Left Wing

God is an Option.....

for the ladies

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Creationism.....Right Wing

The lady ...is .....First....

Money....Is Second....

Health.....is .....in my blue prints, ...my maps....and dark adventures...

God is Google....bing .....is Microsoftb

bung....is a Chinese bank....buying USA FED's James bond 007 bands...

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Business.....I Am Workning As Brand Name Consulting.....For Microsoft And Giant Companies

if you are  
able  
((and i am sure you are...))  
trouble  
shoot

microsoft....windows  
from....  
windows 2x,3x,95,95a,95b,98,98se, Me...win2000, xp, to 7

((Microsoft fanz developers...call windows 7.....  
vista avatar....in planet earth...off course.....our moon....is pandora...if you  
want to go there....please do it....

less! ! avatars in planets earth...))



PoemHunter.com

so if you can trouble shoot....and kill any process  
before it kill you....

if you can trouble shoot  
the file system,  
explorer,  
memory leaks...and kernal instruction linking....and failure....

well,

you have a future,

to you can be a doctor

in any section  
of a clinic  
you want

except, .....shrink-king....i mean the human Sie-sky -CO

that will be  
the job  
of windows  
photona....((speed of photonz, the beauty of 3D...and a voice of a stoned gaga  
for example))

that stands for 'Give numbers a spirits...

Atef Ayadi



# Fox...New...An African....American...Radiologist...On Tv

Another low

law of attraction.....

a racist....works.....in a racist variable dynamic racist environment.....

Fox...news...stands for:

"...life is not stable, f

air or

balanced

but,

here,

We bring to you

A balanced and fair....enough....fresh news...like a glass of Wisconsin

fresh creamy milk..

As Sheik Murdoch said:

,

I am amazed that CNN can't get its act together.

Rupert Murdoch

provoke, stir 'em up, be in touch.... details... catalyst for change. motivate people, give them rags and bags of hopes by example and that is synonymous with quality..... grounding in the basic sciences. Language would be helpful, although English is becoming increasingly international. And travel. You have to have a global attitude.

So Fox team, ...zebra-ladies.....FAGiz-news and anchors.....be ready...for global.....bee...itching....change and adaptability....we have 97% of the world population are low-self-esteem...we already tested out our vision and ideas in our beloved nation

now it is time for a wash washi-swap.....you hear the noise and you think it is news from FOX...."

Atef Ayadi

# Fox.....O'Brien.....News.....

Is that gay

a

NAAZIZt! !

dry

SUSSI

FAAG! ....get? ?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Fox.....Murdoch....News....

I am not neither a fan of tv nor watching or following the News....  
I am very local at the scale of mouth to mouth story teller.....

Someone claimed that  
Fox channel is all about

Fairness.....

Balance....

Low-self-Esteem....

and finally,  
Murdoks big-time.....  
Big-money...

After all



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fox is a corporation....

Atef Ayadi

# The Isralian Jewish Date

she said,

i am Jewish...from Israel

(most Jewish ladies told me about their race up-front...except one....the reason was simple...she had broken wings)

My name is Rafa-Ella Bent See-Soussi.

Did you reserved a table for me? '

I said:

'Do prefer fight or fight  
or negotiating...in between.

I am flexible! '

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Church Date

meet me at the church  
of jahova

i will be there in  
the middle right wing

jahova  
will be there too..

please,  
do not dress  
black...

unless you add some pink  
and stripes of purple.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Non Valience Strategy

white also gained tremendously from  
Gandhi's 'non valiance strategy'

Everything  
must be  
be silent.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Negotiable Date

you know,

i am the only person in the state,

when it comes to date and dating....all the citizens  
of this town become FBI agents, Pro-policing, PRO-Washington policing, pro-war,  
pro-sagregation, anti-democracy, and most importantly, non-valiance movement  
strategists.

i am a negotiator,

i always get what i want.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# A Marching Date

I will meet you at the anti- war  
march

at race and green!  
wear something  
weirdo  
so i can recognize you.

see yo then!

kiss on YOR  
100 yard  
anti-war  
cheek  
azz.  
bey.

see yo  
and Yor war lord azz.



PoemHunter.com

Atef Ayadi

# Obama's Second Term

The Reaganist Obama  
will not have a second  
chance for a second term,  
cause there is no other wall  
to tear down this time.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## Imc, One Tea Party Justice Dept. Corner

It is a human amplifier;  
if one throws a word in,  
like a butterfly effect, that word will reach China at the speed of light.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Story One Continue: The Gaps

ladies

between us....we need to fill

all gaps

in places that are pink and dying purple

first i have:

ten toes in my two hands

ten toes in my two feet.

my nose

my loze

my loose

my lowest

oss...i mean my bones and my artificial srtuctures...are made from metal...and stuff from outer space....

have five

Atef Ayadi

# The Story One Continue: The Imc

the imc'

is where looci meets soussi!  
for tea party ((if there is any food left....it will be fine! ! ...cause  
i hungry from the  
country hyungria....ha hi ha! got that...))

soussi ((is actually sessi in germanic language!))

for the german....  
as long az

the germ are germs and good pure ones

do worry....we are the perfect good viruses....

but also the atmosphere is cheep!

not good at all!

we all respect beastez.....thenn! ! animolz.....then ima-gi-na-tion-chinese-shins!  
period...! ! !

i am personally cool  
down here!

we are cool!  
over! all....

and thankx everybody...include  
miss..mizz? ford! down there! and up! thirty degree....yeah the white chick

black hair and white Japanese makeup!



# The List Of Stuffez I Like To Do Before I Die

I

'sing the bee itches's song:

i love you babies....in front of all the chicks of the world.'

'run naked in tahrn! and like to see clerics  
going for a run....after me offcourse....'

Go the north pole

or the south pole,  
if there is any left there  
green or ice....'

'fight with a white Caucasian shark  
for a chick.'

'Jump from the air....and sing Micheal Jackson's song....'

we are down  
to the beach  
no yeah....down to the blue  
it may not be the  
beach...but still you are there...  
and i must confess, ..life is beautiful....when you are there!

it is but you!  
yeah  
baby!

blue yeah!

and the eyes

on my

eyes

and half of the time toward  
water

to toward

the bee itches  
beach...."

may be this is the main cause of his 'sorry and all my respect'....  
'death and life on the air? '

number six i can rap-it-up is:

Steal, high-jack a sky rocket or a space shuttle...and take everybody to the  
moon....

and come back safe.....

at least myself....and ofcourse, make sure that the rest of the crowd

if any left are becoming sober or sill do the dezing

wooping...

the 'ho! '! looping

the 'Do! '! looping

the 'Ai! '! leaping'

and i am fine with that! !

Atef Ayadi



# Hallow Lonely

Hallow  
Miss lonely  
hallow! !

are you  
lonely?  
miss lonely hallow!

are you lonely  
cause,  
i am here  
for love and whatever reason  
my love wish to ask to be taking care of....and VIVE LA RENE! !

are you lonely  
really so i can measure up  
all the up out and down  
injuries....



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hellow  
my belle

tu as quelque  
chose dans  
ta tete.....et excuse-moi!

pour mon francais

ma belle  
mon amour  
mon sourire  
gaie.....tu sera  
plus bella  
si tu me feras sourire?

Atef Ayadi

# Some Space: Please! Me!

some space please.....meant  
to be

give a  
place

and space

please,  
SULTEPLEZ-VOUS AUSSI  
LA  
BAS.

I am going this  
way!



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and  
you!  
go! !  
this way! ! !

Atef Ayadi

# Some Space: An Encounter

each time

i approach

life

with another form of life, ...

i mean, each time

i face life;

i just want it

to be life

facing another form

of

life...

Atef Ayadi



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# A Word To Muslims....

back in time

of empires....

the architects whom built the empire...

Were Arab Sunnist....

now,

in the time of globalization...

global Islam  
is sill Sunnite....

cause Osama is Sunnite....

for the monarchy of the Arabia Saudi...is Sunnite



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it is all about the money that comes from pilgrims....the more pilgrims the trophies and better control.

personally,  
i am sending  
a virtual pilgrimage tour proposal....so you do not have to go  
to mecca...mecca comes to you...and can customize your tour in a way that fits  
your spiritual and personal needs.

finally stop

thinking, dreaming and fantasizing sizing resizing and actualizing about

the best Umma in the planet....

there is no such thing...

if so, it is Jewish, Christian, Hindus, Budists....thinks and dream about too!

if you do not evolve

you will vanish....DNA After DNA...RNA after RNA

Protein after protein,

enzyme after enzyme,  
and carbon  
after carbon.

the doctrine is folded in the metaphors that are created...and maintained....

like the word prophecy...

Atef Ayadi

# A Word To The Jews

Do you remember

all the hardships

all the discrimination and genocides

all the impossible conditions for millenniums

they helped to sharp your destiny...

now,

if a female tells me that she is

Jewish,

i means she is from special camp and with special genes...and she means it.

and if a male tells me he is Jewish,

i will format his hard drive...cause he is simply a racist rapist.....

cause,

in this twenty first century,

racism is a form of low self-esteem...and low self-esteem means hostility....one of us need to be vigilant

in particular, with Jews....i always think win-win..

with females i am always think i am yahweh until these females

prove to themselves that

they are as equal as males...

This means

this planet has to get rid of certain mid-dark-ages

words and practices...

sorry,

my cousins for being concise....cause there are more challenges in this cosmos than being a black tiger, a white wolf, a Jewish dragon....a Chinese elephant or an Indian panda with a beautiful spot mark between the eyebrows...

sorry again, ...

This is not an apology...

i am only courteous...and sharply concise.

Atef Ayadi

# A Word To Google Corporation

You are...a global and  
a big enough corpo-ratio-n

as big as the solar system....

I can imagine...and I have no doubt  
that you are using Saturn's rings  
as a place for fliers, ads, search engine, and magnetic storage.  
for more extra-terrestrial civilizations....

In cognitive science and in anthropology's terms,  
you are simply...

the monster replicator.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Word To Christians....

Listen up,

Christians of this planet....

The

Christ

Was considered a terrorist by the authority  
of his time....

The public were and still are good for taxation.

a story is good for a story.

a metaphor is a metaphor.

a rhetoric is good for a check mate.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Word To A Lawyer

i made a case against myself....and i defend it....

well

the first part...

i still have to go all the way....

to defend my basic needs....and my rights toward myself...then toward...  
other humans and then toward nature...and then toward...the universe...

so dear,

lawyer...i am sure you have the technical skills....a compass and a map of basic  
laws...bill of rights, and ethics....

do you have a case against...yourself....? ?

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter...To A....Humanitarian Lady

i learned from you

only...your humanitarian...

possibility....

yeah i feel  
to be

poo...sssi in this planet.....

human.....

and skin and bones.....



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and other....poo....ssii things....

strings....and songs...

Atef Ayadi

# Let Just Talk With Kisses

.....let just kiss....

WITH PASSIONCE

YOU MAY ENCOUNTER A TRUE  
KISSES' ORGASM.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Tarro Of Love

you will keep me...  
a life.....

if you talk....ideally....fun....  
and you always talk....

i see you....  
whenever i see you.....

whenever you notice....  
whenever you are in this planet...  
walking on these streets....

so keep talking

and walking...or sleeping....on my chest...

i am listening to you...

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if you are not talking.....

we can talk in between.....and dream out.....

for a real talk....

like two strangers...

like two lost waving eyes....

swimming for their life...in a cold night...

and look for another...Titanic...survivor.'....

to feel being life....

or off!

me! ! !

yo forgot i am your master...

girl....? ? ?

let me tell you....my

poo ssi ssissi...ness...! !

i want to teach you some cat to cat techniques...

if you stick to the plan....tonight.....

i will teach you some cut to cut techniques...

finger to finger techniques...

tongue-chin-tongue....techniques...

Atef Ayadi

# The...Look...Matters....Cause....I Can Not See You Thought Frozenwords.L! !

#####  
#####

Date & Time: 3/12/2010 9: 26: 00 AM

Remove this comment

Poem: 21661103 -.....CHANGE....

Member: Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK

Comment: `...CHANGE TAKES TIME...`

Ditto to it ... it cuts both ways... change for good and bad ....later is fast and salivating for oneself ... but good one is rhapsodic for others ... great write ...

10

Ms. Nivedita

UK

#####  
#####

did you send me a check....or my refund.....? ?

obviously....you

do not know me....

lovely seeking love....and more.....

love! ! ....to share and spear...like pearls....

in perls.....

egges.....in beans.....

kisses....in red....paper...jarres....

gentilness...of his hand.....in.....

nuts...and grains.....area...

.....

.

look...lady....

and i do not know if you have a look....

or.....

looking....or checking up....my pull in push outs....and keep pushing...i can not run any more...go for you self...

are you killing me....leave you....

in this place....of falling off....

baking apart....

shredded into peaceful lust-ull nine gallons pieces....

and

other....bitter bloody....fire fighter

110 vol....musculine.....drink beer.....

my pull out....profile.....

so girl...

((i call girl...cause you are 28-10 plus and minus of errors between....40 and 1 year....margin error....))

i am a priced prince....so i have to talk...like a prince with no static prices...on his tag....

other wise....i will be another MJ robot....

Atef Ayadi



# The Naps In The Mornings Niz Neez Me...I Will Neeze Your Nose

if you see me

sleeping, closing my eyes or fainting away;

please let me

be...

I always dream to kill off my mind....

my best moments in life  
is to be out or off of my mind....

the mind is a sticky  
pride.

it always asks for more work  
and more approval.

Atef Ayadi

# The Hands' Language....

i always like..to

understand...the hands' language....

in details....

every  
hand

comes  
a holly personal book....

touching.....the book is another

language....

Atef Ayadi



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# The Bottom...All The Vulnerabilities.....

i am....at  
the bottom...

of the  
po ssi ness....illness.....

I am....at  
the bottom...  
of the

my life time's.....  
the cosmos'...  
humanity's....

bottom....

i am at the  
state,  
stage,  
level....



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of the strongest rhapsodic vulnerabilities...

after...long denial...and resistance....  
i can feel it...be it....naturally....and i love it...

Man! !

hell-la-loya-

i am in less hilly heavenly hell....

soft hell..

black and white....soundless...reality tv show....

nothing surprising....

nothing seems out of the control...

it is good to be here.....nothing bothers.....  
nothing can not be reached out....

Man! !

This is it! ! ....

**THIS IS IT!**

the state...of being...trapped...  
inside...the matrix.....

of my own...

thoughts....

Atef Ayadi

# Pride...And...Souls

my pride

asks me...to  
keep

the fire  
warnings! !

ON! !

my soul.....  
((simply....me.... being elevated to higher states))

rules  
out

to love  
and forgive....  
my pride...



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it makes  
sense

to me.....

but how to melt down....

a glacier

on one of the nipples....

Is it...about prides....or is about souls....? ?



## .the Firefox Position

she is eating my tail....

i am eating her tail's tail....

the tale is in the details...

let see...where this  
war will end and where  
after wards...it will begin....? ?

Atef Ayadi



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## ....Saint Aa...Day...

she said:

"who is Saint AA..to begin with...and what is saint AA.....day...anyway"

i said:

"if you come across Saint AA....

you leak..... and dry out.....and at the end of your drought....he rushes you to his emergency room.... by pouring his holy water...on your head.....then you awake up...refreshed.....waxed and with full charged battery.....

now,

concerning, the saint AA, day....

it is only for the smoky mountains grizzly bear ladies....like the matrix trinity... Neo's love...((did you see, if she met with the saint...AA before joining the resistance...she will not die that death...AND.....the saint AA will help her get better...position in the movie...she could be the one...and Neo will be the poo ssi and dies instead....))

then....

the

second.position...

second status or

second priority...

Is for the Russian...Chinese...Japenese....Indian...

tiger....females...ladies..."

remark:

first, i am not pointing out to any particular grizzly bear (who are starving in the united states) ....or any particular bear, cats, crocodiles, hyenas.....and ferocious birds...

second, this is an abstract, un feuilleton 'Idée recette', and i think every one needs to have a navigation system.



Atef Ayadi

# 1.09 Am...Free Burger....Free Stuff..In The World...To The Free World

yes i got..sha...i agree with you on one thing...

nothig is free....in this world....

butt-a....tell me young poet....

if buying a burger is sheep...for cheap...

going to the market of two olive nipples

must be free....cause...with a burger...you

do not.((not nut...and nuts or donnuts)) ..

see...tasting....a hole olive nipple for the love of the taste...must be free...if you  
can broke it and than fix...other wise...man....

you o to jail for a free poo ssi lossi...man to man...

jail no freedom....no fresh burger.....for a lonf time....so you will get stimulated  
by any soss...age does not matter...

Atef Ayadi

## ..The Art..Picaasoo...In Robotic Theory...

if we fuse the

math bug....

with humanity bug....

man! ! ....

create a monster....

frank....einshtein.....

then piscassoo will appear.....

Atef Ayadi



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# ..Robotic....The Math Humanitarian Robot Theory....In Robotics.....

..robotic....the math humanitarian robot theory....in robotics.....  
the humanitarian...robotic theory's problem....

is the flaw.....

when a robot...speaks....poetry to a woman....that is a flaw.....flaw....

if plato..spoke.....

the truth....(( tous short we wont be here...i wont personally?))

then something must be flaffi..."bonne et mauvaise"

humeure...



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pardonnez! -mois...

messieeee and missss sez sieew soussi....

your

TAGINE

smels...

du vin....

et du cidre....

Atef Ayadi

# ...Robotic....The Math Problim...Of The Human Robot...

the math problem...i mean...i iff you please.....

the mathematical problem.....

in creating...a robot...

That does everything a woman asks...

despite all the possible woman.....cloudy.....cher....gold....ideas

Ice...martinez.....

And

also...

Be poetic...when this robot.... talks to a man.....

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It took mother nature 60...millions after the juracik parks....

can you do it fast....enough...to cut the period....

so this denozore....can take care...

of the urgence...of rizing....damn pooo sieesss...ez man

i will iz yu....

i will give any money from the congrass....the feds....will take are of the rest...

Atef Ayadi

# Picassoo.....And The Public....Today Score...

today....

wednesday the 10th of 2010.

4 sushies....checked me out  
in 4 times....

and out once.....

the first minutes.....

i got a bushi.....trapped in a bushes....he still smiling to me....

the score is simply.....take of the total number of people...  
((sushi and bushi and in between))

twenty.....feet.....radius.....around....

the score is simply....the remainder....percentage....in matrix...

time.....

the public....is the people...all around....

Atef Ayadi

# .....secondo Une Histore De Robotique Corrige'....Faute De Fape....En Robotic...

"une faute de frappe...."

is not

"une faute de frappe..."

case....

the second is when you are...in the kitchen....

making frapez in frapess...your burn you ass.....and i have to take to the  
Emmery...and deal with the fa a acking robots...

that is....un faute de frap...e...fa....ass...bee...tech robot...itch...ez.....

Atef Ayadi

# .....primo Une Histore De Robottique Robots.....Theory....Romatism Robotism...

i you feel that you can create a robot....

...fast enough....multitasking.....u bet...you can....  
spiritually...connected.... with all cultures  
guadgets.....metaframes...mainframes....

like me....mother nature....madein china or tai-wan

you bet...do not...go further.....

if you do keep me alife....  
to be terminator III first.....

then  
....i go back...as an artist.....door to door fine art delivery..  
everything is almost free....

a one actor.....artist.....

"musique.....  
dance.....  
all type of dances.....  
all...language support and friendships.....

one actor, ....one agent, ...one producer,  
one moving.....a..brick...by brick...a corporation..

i love in it  
for kids.....story

.....no need for competition....

Atef Ayadi



# I Am Trustfull.....Ofcourse...Daa! !

hell ya! ! !  
yeah!  
and yaa!

you can count on me.....

yeah yeah! ! ! weah ya  
yahwa aywa....aiwa aywa....  
misheh ah michell ah eh....

i am trustworthy....

here is how it....works: : ...

if you are a po si si sissi....  
base number one...i do not not trust you....  
no trust for a  
po si si sissi...

i do not also  
trust busheese bushi...shelshoula..tescula...

red head lost his black hat...  
as he bent.....  
he gots fo....oo...ok....do ok!

ok ok do ke to me! !

cause...and it is simple

"po o o see" tea party, no one in this planet....

i mean:  
no one in this planet....

...he gots fo....oo...ok....do ok!

ok ok do ke to me! !

so trust me

in this...

or i will

put you  
in the fire line....

where you see the fire...f..ires...from the IRS....CIA....FBI...KJB..

and you do not see the line....

Atef Ayadi

# Miss Aywa.....The History Begins When You Graduate From My History Department....

other wise

you....need .....

a H1V1Atef...vaccine...tested on your immune system....then another  
trial.....and promotion...and pure profit.....

than time from graduation....for my history department....u

the thesis...is..

if you wait.....for me to stop by.....you need to smile....

other wise...the history will misses the graduation....good time....  
the jumping...and all the weird stuff....

the grade is fix to be

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between....excelent and good-enough  
to start a new love career by her own....

Atef Ayadi

# Miss...Klee....You Are Graduated....

An easy z++

for her 'i do not believe it...! ! "

role....

Atef Ayadi



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# Again....And...Again.....Do Ot Ask For Another...Again...Please

YOU DID IT....YOU DO IT....AGAIN....  
WE WILL DO  
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

at least for the sake of this poem....

stop the kissing back protocols....

get creative.....

like a free...horse.....i mean a free...female.....Well...a female poet...((they  
always write naked....a way to victimize...the public...and get some tears....))

just write the way you dance.....for yourself first.....and against yourself....

i mean when you want an escape with a soul....windy breezy...icy  
hot....mate....(a mate....sorry, we do not sell....mates...in her....we sell cadavers  
and part....for love's experiment....with special...candy toys staff...but no man  
crossed this area...so...ree...)

good luck! !

when you write....poetry....you are a god....talking to the gods...

and it does not matter....if you are sushi or sue-ssi..boossi.

.taxi! ! ....taxi! ! ...

b ushi seeker....

cause the only..bushi....i saw....he got lost in the bushes.....

Atef Ayadi

# Karma....To Karma

she said:

'Your are clogging the flow  
of my karma....with your karma...'

I said:

"

is it....good....? ? .....

or should we change our karma magnetic field..."

Atef Ayadi



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# Seeds Of Happiness

i was told....happiness...is a breed....

like domesticated....animals.....

happiness comes with a label.....a brand....and a rating.....

from

wall street....

down...to credit bureau.....homeland security.....gov...officials....

the dot net officials....

the dot com officials...

google....officials.....

fa ack me in my back if i turn to you 180 degree....

happiness is when i deliver....

when i give.....

you shall receive what i give.....

shall i die...in the process....of give and take....

shall i die in carma, ....as some....mexicans....said

((he meant i am dying caramella...(.nick name karma)) in the desert of arizona....and i am happy....to have you.....in the air...so i can survive...)

Atef Ayadi



# A Taxi Driver....And Supper Mall Paradise

She said:

"you are a sexist...how could you possibly say...that? ? "

I said:

"Sorry....i used to be....now....

i am a sexydriver....

i take you where you

see hell if you are sarcastic, ....

to paradise.....like hell if you are semi....sarcastic, .....

and to the supper mall....paradise....if you are already...in paradise...'

Atef Ayadi

## Few Rules For A Master Courtier....

never rise....your voice.....  
in front of a master,  
a lover of a master, .....or  
a worker for a master....

only  
listen and  
Watch out.....for every.....voice, move, or gesture that may arise....

At home,  
do whatever you please;  
cause, you must be....your own home's master

or again,  
Be the master courtier....

Atef Ayadi



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# An Another....Metaphore For Lying

loss

in all its forms.

low self-esteem in all its forms.

take off options  
and leaves one only with lies

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Sound Barrier.....Camouflage

She said:

"your voice....shakes and earth-quakes my vicinity..."

I said:

"

You are crossing the sound barrier....ho...T TEA shirt girl  
..... any thing you do is  
BUTT shaking The sky, , , ,

i am trained to fight back  
natural feeling's camouflage.....

with vulnerable...simplistic feelings....

Atef Ayadi



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# Creationism....The Matrix

creationist in america.....have the cash...means....and the wit.....of low self esteem...creation.....

the matrix...dualism between the architect god and the oracle....Neo....and trinity....adem..eve.....

the love they create between god as the masters....and the slaves....in zion.....

is an ideal god lab experiment.....

pure...west....theological....theory....of spontaneous divinity....of the god....toward...his f-acking fa-cked creatures.....

personally...i like to see...sensual spiritualism.....and spiritualic lipstick in sensuality....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# If You Are Tired....Lets....Breathe Some Love

do you know that i have a formula...for...

feeling tired.....

get a hypo-thermia.....ice....minus 270Celcius....negative 300 Fa aa! ay! yaa!  
ya! aking Fahrenheit....

then jump into

a plus 270C....a cool....hot fac aay ay aaa! king awesome temperature.....

before the complete finish melting....and all the 'i am tired' is gone....i will  
unplug all your temperature's digital and mechanical sensors...

Atef Ayadi



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## ...If You Want To Get Lost...Follow Me...

any girl....over 18....and it is better....age of drinking....  
can get to the right seat....

what is love.....love is driving with a chick in flashing out over the right seat....

and if you are boy....  
and it does not matter who the hell you are...sit in the back and

fa....q up...off....without the option of on again....? ?

or get your own car....

Atef Ayadi



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Solution.....A

Practitioner....White.....Native.....American

he said.....

""

i was one who....asked.....the board....

to work with patients around....solutions...not around the source of their problems....""

i said....

"

man....you are not only a conservative extreme liberal....right wing...

but a poussie so-so-ssi pro prozac prozac...what is the difference of it is zack or prozac is the problem

.....you must be a terrorist....""

Atef Ayadi



# From Adam Simple Dream Liberalism....To Humanity Creative Capitalism...

what went in adam smith.....

is to have an orgasm....send his seeds and sperms to the his lady...a day trip with his transportation means and....technology.....of his time...the lady..i mea his lady...received the sperm....100% adam spers...no errors in the UPS system back in time....no possible human errors....no extra interest and no bet....and betting....

the lady have also her orgasm.....while seeding the yard.....with adam sperms.... and seeds....

did you see...that was adam dream....liberal free individual interest.....never meant to harm anyone....thinking that individual if persuing their happiness...individually...well.....the effort can benefit all parties.....

that is how we got bankers....to start their cartels....from the 15 century....back in europe.....

now if you want yo talk...about capitalism.....it is the same....

imagine a hypothetical adam smith...in earth...who wants to send hi sperms to his lady in pandora.....she is one of the na-a-vi people..tall, blue and beautiful.

do you think...UPS...and FEDEx....never considered their expansion to.....Pandora services...on time....no errors...no lost planes...and hijacked cargoes....by sea little monster....

do you think the army does not like to help.... first hand...terrain...exploration....type of protections.....and home land security....in the worse case....pandoran want to invade..planet earth...

do not you think...CAT...is working on the blue prints....of these big capitalistic

machines...that digest the soil....and filter....the good rare metals....and  
"other...do not talk about staff"....

if you answer...yes...this is how....the capitalism will thrive for sometime....

cause we are human...we are creative....and nothing will stop us...

to invade the....god universe....mother....f akers....

Atef Ayadi

# Hide Out...Cat...Catch....Cash- Cash...Boo..Ka.Sheshe...In Your Eyes....

this growing...woman.....

is desperate for love....

i like drama....and watching her heart' beats and breath

falling apart...as she is trying to hunt me down...

Atef Ayadi



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# ...A Letter To My Self...Pre-Post-Doc....Power-Nergy...Position

beside  
acting.....

i love myself....Alt-Ctr-F2 you guys....

sorry...i getta to go to my bay- beeeez and eezes.....

i will be back for sharing....my bed....with my charging charged female....of an african azz, heizel georgian eyes, yellow Green Landhair,japenese hands, ....the listof features is toolong....and i needtime to absorb theshock wave

she is hot...like tea pot potty patty laa-tea girl..

so- ree audience....

yo getta  
do  
what  
yo  
getta



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first  
or  
do  
it later after yo read  
all of this without be-IN lost in a sport channel.

Atef Ayadi

# ...A Letter To My Self....Letter 1o1....

forget about karma.....

f....car....

f-arms

f-ford

farms.....

low wage farming for non profit....

you will see the first letter

from light to light

twilight zone red and green light....the orange is missing.....

the truth is, , , , ,

you see like you see me acting.....

dude....i saw...myself

acting....! ! !

is that cool? ? ? .....i was and i am still surprised...

by my automated.....mechanical animal....monster....and bloody creature.....

mammal...

dinosaur...

acting skills....

can you? ?

see that...for yourself? ? ? ?

please.....i need a real non-weed smoker witness.....

Atef Ayadi

# A Letter To A Brave Sweat Heart....

fuc off

go home....

now! ! ! !

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## ...La Musique...Et L'Amour....Des Filles....

Well...sorry,

this is not a ho story...a sushi story....butt a bushi to sishi sussi...bushi stroy....  
... a bushy three thousand days and one year round....adventure and more  
dangerous than the 007....french to tunisian versian....les marocan sont invite's  
aussi....ca va pas non? ? .....

chercher.....

(prenouced: esssher....shai...

meaining....searching....with something in mind)

chercher encore....et encore

(searching...again...and...again...)

comme un aveugle.....

(searching with no heart, , no mind...no third...eye...not god...no gift...sno  
skill...no eileen..glance....in the moring and night time show...  
no ey-wa...no pandoura.....

chercher

un amour

dans le ciel...les ciels...

eventuallment

et pardonner moi

sur terre.....

in my case...la frence.....pour les autres....la france est toujours la....

un amour sans vin cherchant son vin.....

searching

(love...with differences in options and derivative...inflation duration.)

forty four Sirius tower flour....

....one the moon.....and since we still undecided about Efghanistan loaded  
II....the maximum you can go high in the sky is boing 747...witch offer you the  
most safe high risk....if you want jumpy freedom fighter american...bed  
credit....high risk...well take a ticket with any european airline....A360 flies like a  
dauphin...swimming in the sky.....

Atef Ayadi



# ....Sonnet Xiii....

She wrote:

<<<....

Hon'ble Poet

Fine diction ... fire? ... be dare! ... don't care! ! ...share! ! ! ...rear in your abode's  
tire ...! ! ! ...waiting there ...Omigod strong man ... afraid of chicky hare lolol

Regards

Smiling at you

niv

PS Please visit my page ...okk sure will you make it lolol ...Welcome to page of  
chicky hare... ... not cobra ... but a striped topper ... steer every reader ...by poetic  
flipper..

n

....>>>

i replayed:



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<<<....

this part is very hot....i like it...cause it sounds you....

\*\*\*\*\*

Fine diction ... fire? ... be dare! ... don't care! ! ...share! ! ! ...rear in your abode's  
tire ...! ! ! ...waiting there ...Omigod strong man ... afraid of chicky hare lolol

this part:

\*\*\*\*\*

Regards

Smiling at you

niv

\*\*\*\*\*

i call it: : chick ho milk ho... chocolate lathea lilo holly nutty cow...a smiling  
sarcasm....

woman conservatism.... >>>

Atef Ayadi

## ....Sonnetxii....

Give in to the heat

Or simply

Give in to me.....

I have the same damn seasonal weather.....

low cold low heat

or high cold and freezing heat

All are the same

state

.....

cause....i am plasma... a mix of the universe consciousness and a percentage of organic minerals left over of a star dust.

But,

you.....in contrast,

are.....a simple

chemistry.....

a simple nature,

a simple world,

a simple metaphor.

a simple tree.

Atef Ayadi

# French..Loliness....Nuttyness....Nottiness And Notty-Ness...

DEAR LOLI...

THIS POEM IS TO BOOST YOUR NATTY-NESS.....

AND NOT BACK CLASHES...THEN MY NUTTINESS...OR IN SOME CASES....NOT  
NOTTI NUTTI NATTI..I AM NOTTY..ARE YOU READY FOR NUTS SHOW LATINO  
NOTTINESS AND INESS....? ?

FIRST NOTTYNESS AND NUTTINESS ARE NOT FRENCH.....

TO SPEEAK IN FRENCH

TO A LOVER...



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IT MEANS HE IS IN THE FUTURE (A FUTURE ABSTRACT OR REAL LOVER)

AND YO HO IS IN THE PAST....DRINKING FRENCH WINE....

IN PARIS....

OR LOST IN HONDURAS....AS A HUMANITARIAN....

BESIDE THE FRENCH....COLORS...PRISM....SPECTRUM...ARE FOR THE FIRST  
HOMO- SAPIEN..INZ....AND HOMO LIVERS, HEARTS AND  
OTHER..PARTS...RECIPIENTS....

DO YOU DREAM TO GO TO DANCING CLUB....

WELL...FIRST YOU NEED SOME GIRLS AND AND VERY HORNY GIRL FRIENDS...

I MEAN LEZ-BEE-IONS....THEY WILL HELP YOU FREE YOURSELF TO

YOURSELF....AND GET RID OF THE PRISM....AND THE SUDDEN FRENCH....IRAQI  
INSURGENCY UN-RESTED DESIRES....

I ENJOYED THE POEM....I ALMOST ERR..OR....RE....ACTED...ON MY INSTENTS...

Atef Ayadi

# Love Song: Instrumental...Experimental.....Oxygene

I AM CAMPING

BABY

HIGH....

HIGH,  
IN THE EVEREST MOUNTAINS....

AND YOU COULD NOT  
REACH M E

CAUSE I AM IN THE MOUNTAINS....  
THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN....

ICE IN MY FACE....  
MY HEAD....AND AROUND THE PLACE.....

YOUR DEEPEST MOUNTAIN...IS COLD.....  
AN A ROM IS

WHAT CLEAN THE ICE....AND COOL DOWN

MY DESIRES

WHEN I AM IN THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN....

AND YOU ARE FAR AWAY....

LAYING DOWN...  
IN MY HORIZON....

FEELING THE WARMTH OF THE SUN.....

SO PLEASE BABY

NO MORE  
ROMS  
AND ICE  
ON MY HEAD...

CAUSE....  
I AM DONE  
WITH MOUNTAIN EVEREST...TODAY....

AND I AM HEADING MORE DOWN....

DOWN TO YOUR TOES....

THEY MUST BE DESERT, . SANDY, SALTY, DANGEROUS AND DRY....

Atef Ayadi

# Love Song: ....Irish Nock-Nocking

GIVE ME

YOUR HANDS BABI

AND LET YOUR TWO FEET COMMUNICATE....  
BACK AND FORTH.....

ON MY NICK NOCKING

ALL THE DOORS AND  
EVERYDOOR...  
DOOR BY DOOR...

FRO 8: TO 6

WHILE YOUR ARE TEXT- MESSAGING ME  
WITH YOUR FEET....

WHISPERS....



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NAILS.....BITES....KICKIN...YEELINGGS...YOOO-INGS.....FOOO...OW-ING

Atef Ayadi



# Website...And So Your Message And Stuff... Love Song: ....Put Your Name In My Heart....And Leave It There....Bay-Bee-Ee..

YOUR NAME

BAiBE

IS A GOD NAME....((and it is a good name too!))

....BaiBEE BEE with ME, I BEE AND BEAR WITH YOU....

LEAN ON ME I LEAN ON YOU...

AND THIS A GOOD

ENSEMBLE

FOR A FIRE....

THAT COULD NOT BE

DIS....TWIN, TWO TWINS UNDIFFERENTIABLE

FIRE Hazards...coming from OF SOOTING SARS.

so we can not lean because of fire...and because fire

is a necessity....like modern kitchen...

we need....water....

soaps....air begs....tea bags....

and your az....

without farting please....

so...i made your name into

your heart...hope

it stays there....



# Low Love-Dear Love-Love Everything...Me... I Am Good...And Please Stop!

LOOK...LOVE IS  
SWEET

SWEAT....  
WHEAT HAS FIBERS...AND YOU SHOULD EAT...  
FIBERS....

LOVE IS BULLS BEANS AND EGGS...

BEANS ALONE MAKE ME FARTING...AND YA-HOO! ALONE....  
SO I LIKE BEANS WITH SOME MEAT....LIKE BULLS AND NUTS....

AND OTHER BLACK MAGIC STUFF....AND BASIC CHEMISTRY

ENGINEERING....WITHOUT A DEGREE...((SELF TAUGHT)

EGGS...ARE GEEZY...MALIABLE....A PIECE OF MOLD NEED SCLUPTURE...AND  
WORK WITH HEART...I MEAN A REAL HEART...

FINALLY....  
LOVE IS....ZEN

ZEN ZING ZUNG ZOOO.....OW-EY-NAA-HEE! ..HEEY!  
YOW YU TOOT TA HEY.....

ME YOGA HEY....

SO HOO ME...

SO HAI....  
LIKE A GOOD WEED FOR THE HOLE YEAR....WHEN IT REALLY BLACK OUTS....

Atef Ayadi

# To A Growing Woman.....

I DO NOT KNOW....  
MUCH ABOUT....

YOUR STUFF...

I TOLD YOU.....I ASKED YOU  
ONCE....FACE TO FACE....

DO YOUR NIPPLES MATCH MY NIPPLES...

YOU OBJECTED....WITH A NO.....  
AND FAST!

I KNOW THAT TYPE OF TWO  
F-COWS STARS SURROUND...ING NO '\*\*No\*\*'....  
AND FAST!

YOU SAID NO...AND YOU PUSHED YOUR CHEST....  
TOWARD MY CHEST....WHILE YOU EYES...DID THE SAME THING YA!  
AND YOUR LIPS DID THE SAME BITING....HEART BEATING YO!  
AND THEN RISING UP....IN A VERY SWEAT GOOD INTERSECTION....AND GOOD  
lord...  
GOD ACCIDENTS.....OOPS....YOUR FACE.....

IS FEE -ME-LEE-LIAR....!! YA! !

IT IS A SIMPLE

MIRROR REFLECTION...ON THE BEAST'S EYES...LIE IN THE EYE LIE....NO  
NO AND NO  
NO  
NOW NO....NO WAY...  
THERE WILL BE WAYS ALWAYS  
AND ONE OF THEM IS MY WAY....  
IN MAY, JUIN (JOO-AAN) AND JUILLET (JOO WE LAY.... DOWN! YA!)

THERE IS NO NO(S) NOSE  
MY NOSE IS BETTER THEN YOUR LITTLE EAR....

AND YOUR BITING SURPRISES...

CAUSE IT LOOKS THAT YOU ARE IN YOUR OWN WAY....

AND A DIC-TATOR...LOST IN DIC TATOR-SHIPS...

Atef Ayadi

# The Love-Love - Love Spell And Love Miracles....

I HAVE NOTHING TO DO....

ONLY AND ONLY ONE  
ONLY.....  
LOVING ART JOB.....

I MEAN NOTHING....  
AND THE THING

THAT TOU THINK IS

GOOD FOR THE EVERAGE AMERICAN....

NO BABI....THIS TO LOVE...  
YOU ART...

AS IF IT IS....REAL  
AND CLOSE TO REAL AND SUREALISM....

LOVE BECOME POSSIBLE....IT HEALS....MAN!

IT HEALS ALOT

OF THE STRESS....OF ART HARDSHIP.....

DO YOU THINK.....  
IS THIS A MIRACLE.....

OR LOVE'S SPELL....? ?

Atef Ayadi

# The Love-Love - Fairely Far Love And Close Sometimes....

SHE LIVES

IN THE CLOUDS.....

LIKE ANY GIRLS....IN HER CASE

SHE IS A WOMAN...  
WITH SOME GIRLS ISSUES....

I LIVE IN DIFFERENT WHITE SPRING SUNNY CLOUD, MEDIUM TO BIG SIZE  
(((VERY BIG FOR THE BIG AND VERY TINY FOR THE TINY, AND VERY JUPITER  
FOR PEOPLE FROM JUPITER))) ....

THAT CLOUD MUST BE MY DOWNTOWN....AROUND PEOPLE AND MOVEMENT  
AND RESTAURANS...AND GIRLS...MOVING HERE AND THERE...BOYS FOLLOW  
THE SAME PATTERN...ALMOST  
(((UNLESS ONE OF THEM IS DEAD....FROM TURNING AROUND FOR  
NOTHING...AND THERE IS SOMETHING...IN THE VICINITY....)))

RENAISSANCE....CAFE SHOP...

FOR KNOWLEDGE...AND ENLIGHTMENT  
FOR ROMANCES...AND BROKE MY HEART....  
I WILL UNPLUG YOUR ELECTRIC POWER MAC....VIDEO CARD....  
THEN I WILL BREAK YOUR GUITAR....WIRE BY WIRE...PEACE BY PEACE AND IN  
ORDER...

IS FAIR? ? MY LOVE? ? ?

OR FAR AWAY.....FROM....CATCHING UPSSSS AND DAAAANEZ...

OR CLOSE ENOUGH...TO FEEL IT....INSIDE? ?

Atef Ayadi

# The Love-Love - Far Love - First Serie

LOVE IS GONE

WITH YOU

BABE....

YOU....YOWWWWWWOOOO OWWEH EHHH HHH HE HEY HI HEI YEA YEE YAH....

AND WHEN LOVE IS GONE....I CAN NOT SEE YOU.....

WITH MY HANDS, LIPS....OTHER MEANS AND MY EYES...

SO I LOST YOU FOR REAL.....

AND THAT MAKE

ME GO

CRAZY....

SO PLEASE

PLEASE

COME BACK.....



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SO WE CAN

LOVE OUR HABDS

AGAIN

AND LOVE OUR LIPS

AGAIN...AND AGAIN....AND GAIN....

EGGGGGGGG EEH EH EN NNNNN A

SO COME BACK

BABI PLEASE

TO EASE YOUR PAIN.....AND MINE....





# The Dancing Issues....The Public Dancing Big Street And (O.N.G) S Parties

look i dot not dance in public.....

first it is about copy rights.....

second it do not just....

jumping fishing.....

pretending dancing.....means justify the ends....

It is an (O.N.G) eases, boozes, and teez-beez.....party....

to get some special bail out...fund rising sing song songs....the sun in eclipse in  
China-town.....and in china at the same time....it is a sign

to accommodate and cover the mess over and over...

the budget deficit.....for the next possibly hundred years....

jesus can you help us? ? ....we dance for you today.....and...we prey for yo  
tomorrow....

Atef Ayadi

# Theory Of The Theoretical Poetry....

Look.....

kids from day one...to 4....years of age.....are poets....

After...four...

they are socks.....

these boys and girls...who want me to play with  
them....and take my bulls....bolls....and my tools....

theory of the theoretical poetry....

the teacher looks like a robot....waiting for free date..

.  
without momiiii....dad....diiiiiee! .....and my...brotheeeeze!

everything is sucks....and soo ok ok....! !

Atef Ayadi

# Theory Of The Last Theories

by now...i believe you heard about the big-bung? ? ?

that is the beginning of the first theory.....

the last theories deal with what is last.....

what last and divinity is not in issue....here.....and please let me finish for the hell of finishing at least an introduction of the bottom and heated core of the theory.....

first. ....

the core central of the theory....states simply:

if you are given....an encapsulated....object...theory.....

can you see where to be fit....

used....and accommodated....and enhanced...and passed on.....



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like playing.....

games....it starts as a theory....then here we go...we are in the twilight zone...

Atef Ayadi

# Theory Of The Greek Theories

binary systems....

geometry....angles and abstract....  
true an falso axioms.....

Thank the greeks folks for that.....Aristotle.....a big hug....

Gradian....to touch, light....and logarithm..... to the abstract pholisophy  
(if god exists...why would we asked the question....  
if god does not why would give up on our chicks...harem of girls...for nothing...))

thanks to the non-arbian...emigrant....

apple...from Sir. Isaac Newton to Sure Brother Job

for mac apple....



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now....thanks to whom.....

the theory....of theories....will be honored and entitled to....? ?

knowing that.....

the theory of every theory is not yet invented....not even approached....

knowing that....

the theory of certain humanitarian case to case....piece to piece....

lips to lips...theory is almost....put together.....by an aaaa a a er rrrrtist....

knowing that....

the theory of no 'reason fight....and kisses...means 49% happiness....and 51%

insecurity....means certain humanitarian case to case....piece to piece....'

theory....chocked...the hell of humanity...last year...

....

if you make it until this line....

then...i will ask you simply.....

if you have a theory for me....? ?

lips to lips...theory is almost....put together.....by an aaaa a a er rrrrtist....

Atef Ayadi

# Xbox....Game: ....Battlefield: Bad Ossees 4 Chicks In One Chick Lost In The Battel Field'

THE AIM O THIS..GAME...

IS TO NATURALLY LEARN TO CATCH...BIG PRIZE....

TONS OF THOUSANDS POINTS...FOR ONE OF THESE

ASSEZ.....LOST IN FALLOUJA....

4 CHICKS IN ONE ASZ CHICK...

IN IRAK.....

WHO does not LIKE REAL ADVENTURE....

IN IRAK....

AND CAPTURE ONE OF THESE CHICKS AT THE SAME TIME....? ?

Atef Ayadi



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# Xbox....Game: ....Battlefield: Bad Bosses 4

THE AIM OF THE GAME...IS TO GET A DEGREE....  
IN MATH...CHEMISTRY....QUANTUM THEORIES....HUMANITY...LIBERAL  
ARTS....WHILE YOU ARE

ACCUMULATING THOUSANDS OF POINTS.....

Atef Ayadi



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# ...Why Poeples Never Evolved Since Eve....

people still fight for

two different masters....

one blue belt tai kee...chiita win-the-wind do...

the other....

mother furious act kerre kerr tirr tir terre haute, ....

.....black belt...

tai koo...nee nija...to bahrain....with 10 years in killing cows...and zero years in killing cowards and infidels...

but he has what it takes to do so....

all of them evolved...

from the same

jee wish.....fa king david heritage....

AND BEFORE THAT.....

IBRAHAM...IN OTHER PLACES...

IBRAHEEM....

WHO

STARTED TO MEDIATAE....OR HAD POSSIBLE ELZEIMER, A VIRUS, OR BRAIN.. SERIA...BACK TYRIA....

OR SIMPLY

"...UNE FRAPE DE SOLEIL...."

Atef Ayadi

# Harwares....From China....Softwares And Generic Codes From India..

i am organic robot....

with fast upgradeable...softwares and protective...subroutines loops.....

and with a hardware which meets the requirement for surviving

tough....toff and tiff....harch enviroment standards.....

still...i feel

there....

must be...

something else....

that.....does not shutdown....at all... and all time? ? ?

or i am just high

today and i need to meditate and breave....? ?

Atef Ayadi

# A Love Song: ....Take On Me.....And Take Off Your Hands

take on me....

take on.....on

me...and take off

your hands from my gene-tic-factories....

take me on....

oh ehay ho...

ho hoo

how did you do that.....? ?

take me on.....on

me...and take over with your

"snai-ki..no key ikk key" hands from my gene-tic-factories..

Atef Ayadi

# A Love Song...Do You Remember? ?

THE TITTLE SHOULD BE: 911.... am I a lover....? ?  
INTEAD OF MIKOL JACKSON DO YOU REMEMBER...? ?

911! !

GIRL....YOUR VOICE IS SWEAT....

CAN YOU STAY WITH ME...  
ON THE PHONE....

SO I WONT DIE ALONE....  
911.... am I YOUR lover....? ?

911! GIRL....  
DO YOU REMEMBER...MY FIRST....IMMERGENCY CALL....? ? ?

THEN YOUR FIRST....IMMERGENCY CALL....? ? ?

DO YOU REMEMBER....WHEN...

WE WERE..YOUNG.....

I NAIL YOU DOWN.....TOO MANY TIMES.....

AND THE SUN.IS STILL BRIGHT....

SO,  
911....

DO YOU STILL...REMEMBER...THE  
TIME....

WHEN YOUR SKIN AND MY SKIN.....STAY CLUNGED...GLUED...  
COMPAQ-CITY.....CIVIL ENGINEERING TESTED...

LIKE LOVEYS....DRUNK....AND SOBER, .....

IRISH LOVERS.....SO THEY CAN KEEP UP WITH THE LONG NIGHTS.....

Atef Ayadi

# First Solution To An Old....Uncured.....Sick Old Problem....(Luck!) .....

you can see the luck....

when you put your eyes on you...  
when...you put your head on you...

when you focus....and master your focus....

when you love yourself as the ultimate soul....like Seoul for south korea...

when...you give your best.....

when you put your guts....heart...lungs...and total body's eye....

in your....higher self.....and re- load the mitrix....

Atef Ayadi



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# First Solution To An Old....Uncured.....Sick Old Problem....(The Orher Few Dimemntions!)

if you can not jump up

into the web of life,

who is going to jump for you....? ? ?

...it means for me,

simply....

People's dreams....are not my damn copy right.....

Sometimes,

I stop dreaming when someone else..starts...

his nightmares...

Atef Ayadi

 PoemHunter.com

# First Solution To An Old....Uncured.....Sick Old Problem....(Second Love!)

if you are not that  
crazy....

man...!! ?

do not  
talk about love.....

unless....you are really good crazy.....

to meet the true love requirements.....and laws....

Atef Ayadi



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# One Challenge Ahead....Interstate 110 West

one of the solution...i immediately...think of....  
when i am trying to define and zero down on my problems,  
one by one...and lay down options  
in order....

is to travel south to texas, arizona....pecific...while....  
transiting in cali-fo err gh nee eyy ya....with the voice of Schwa-aaa aa ah! oh! ?  
azzz zeeee eee nee aaaa ooo egggggg niiiiiger!

i mean simply (Schwarzenegger)

then when i start to see the derivatives....and  
wall streets being hijacked....i freak out....

is it normal....? ?

I am being hijacked....or simply i freak out....

what do you. do..in my place....what do you suggest....where do you run away?

Atef Ayadi

## ...Many Solutions For One Damn Classical Problem...

this money....

and

this big global issue....

is a minor issue to me.....

and almost no problemo...! Sir! ?

cause,

we all evolved.....without the conditions of money.....

Now,

Obama

as well as some rich dad is my dad! , poor dad, is a poor leader...added.....the money is the solution to our evolution....

and the evolution of

our evolved genes....

black and white...like mom and dad....poor african leaders!

Atef Ayadi



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## ....Sonnet Xi....

while thine hair.....recounts...

the salty ocean....dark and conspiring....nights

thy skin  
calls for bravery....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## ....Sonnet X.....

if love is thy  
sinful crime.....

thy beauty...is thy  
ultimate insanity.....

Atef Ayadi



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## ....Sonnet IX....

fear of crying

in the end....even thought

laughs spark....joy and happiness....

is better than

crying at thy laughs of deep happiness...

Atef Ayadi



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## Sonnet Viii.....

no rules in  
war

of beauty....and love...

Striking strikes on single...string sings no more then  
thy....

Atef Ayadi



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## ....Sonnet Vii.....

happy forgiveness day

new lovers,  
young  
beauties...

young lovers...  
and old and  
still racing....Trojans....

bless...beauty...

bless love....and lovers

Atef Ayadi



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## ....Sonnet Vi.....

my winter....bed cover....  
of sheep wool....

has all the records.....of the

winter hide outs

with the beauty....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



## ....Sonnet V....

do not look in my eyes....

love and beauty....

are for the burned souls....between...

the ice....and the white gold bursts of the sun....

Atef Ayadi



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## Sonnet Iv...

beauty

is in donuts....

i mean literally

"thy do not....

if please do....

i will bite you....

like a hungry man....'

nuts are good....

they are base....

beauty is another base....

check mates are not allowed....

only shakes....shaking...sharks....sheer cheat chat...cat cat..cut....shorr...or

i will shoorr and shieer in your stieering wheals....

with a joyestic....

Atef Ayadi

## Sonnet Iii.....

i rubbed, and  
ripped off

myself....  
from my spring times.....

while, keeping memories....  
of loveliest springs...

now i

am free from all  
springs.....the winters are always falling off  
after  
summers watery times...

Atef Ayadi



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## ...Sonnet II.....

my springs last.....as well as my winters....  
i will be glued to my beauty.....with her skin's honors....

cause,  
life can give you more....  
more than....

what you are asking....for....

Atef Ayadi



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## ...Sonnet I.....

MY DESIRES....INCREASE, DECREASE....BUT NEVER  
ROSE AND MIGHT NEVER DIE,

MEMORIES

..TIME....MY BEAR THESE BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES

But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,

YOUR EYES...EILEEN....MY EVE....

GODDESS, THINE OWN BRIGHT LIGHT....BLUE SKY EYES...

MAY THY WIND, GODS....KEEP THE FEED'ST THY FLAME...LIGHT AND  
BRIGHT.....FOR ALL LOVERS....CROSSING THE LOVE SEA AND LOVERS OF  
OCEANS....

THESE

ARE MY HANDS....

MY EYES....WITNESS...THE CRUEL AND THY  
UNBEARABLE!

THE SPRING

IN THE EYES.....IS THY ORNAMENT....

WHEN HEARING....THE MUSIC....OF FLOWERS...

OPEN ALL THE GATES FOR THE NEW LOVERS OF THE SPRING...

A MAN WITHOUT

FEELINGS.....AND CONSENT....

DOES AND SHALL BE LOST IN THE IVORIES....NIGER.....DESERTS....

THOU THE LOVERS, THOU SHALL BE....E AT THY END.....

FEELINGS ARE

PITY.....CONSENT

IS NEUTRALITY.... in the graveyard....

Atef Ayadi

# Sonnet....A Sizar....Is For The Beauty....

A SEA IS A RE MI DO RE ME DO RE

ME MEM MOR RE IE, EE, IIIIEY, OR EI IS THE SAME....

A SISOR....IS TO CUT THIS BEAUTIFUL HAIR

FOR THE MUST.....

CUT AND ADD PIECES FROM MY DRESS....FOR

DUTY....

SO A SEA OR ZOR....MY BEAUTY....

IS TO CALM DOWN.....

YOUR BLOOD IS FLOWING INSIDE.....

WHY YOU WANT IT TO FLOW OUTSIDE....

I CAN SEE THE COLOR OF YOUR BLOOD FROM INSIDE....AND  
PUSHING OUT....TOWARD ME....

DO YOU WANT MORE THAN THAT.....

YOU WILL DIE.....AND WILL NEVER SEE ME....

OR SEE ME NAKED AT THE SEA.....COVERED WITH ASHES

AND SAND....

Atef Ayadi

# Sonnet: ....From Mud To Ashes....Ashes To Not More Playing With Water

i want to dig  
into this muddy earth....as if it is you.....

i want to see....and....dry my hand with your dry

ancient ashes.....

.....I.... want to wash....

my face.....with your soft....

muddy  
water....

i am told...this

give me life back in

and right away.....

i want to dig into your ashes

until streams....and tiny lakes  
will turn into

swamps...or salty oceans....

Atef Ayadi



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# Aahtef....Les Shakespeare's Ree-Ayan Sonnets...

GOD! ! ! ..

-I MEAN I CALLING GOD

NOT

I AM SEARCHING IN....THE BUSINESS

NEW GOD....

GOOGLE....

OF COURSE...OFF COURCE! ! ...AFTER...MICROSOFT? ? -

IF I! WRITE YOU A GOD POEM....

WOULD YOU....

GIVE ME THE TITTLE...

OF THE.. "\*\* SINGLE SIMPLE GOD....A POET GODS....IZ AND DIZ ME I WILL  
DIZZ YOU.....

FOR..... THE...."GOD'S SUSSI SONNETS...." \*\*

OR! .... YOUR WILL WILL WAIT....

FOR THE COMMING....

IFF YI- IEE-OOOO DIJJJ IJ ME, .....I WILL DEE-JAY-YOU....ON THE DANCING  
FLOOR...FOR HOURS...EVEN THOUGH FOUR OURS....HOW-LILI LEY LEE COW  
OWER LESSLIGHT.....IS GOOD...ENOUGH....

sonnets...

HNLHVL LGLGA LFLGSDHLGSLKL

- god ISH SHEUUEUEUUUU ISS SHUT SLOWLY, AND DO NOT FART-

NO.....OOOO AW....THREE 000SAND TIMES....PER SECOND IF YOU DO THEM MA  
MA MAAAA MATH! ! ...

OK GOD! !! ? ? ? ? !!! ....

C'EST FINI

ENTRE MOI...ET TOI -AS-ESSS-HOOOLEE JAAKI CHAAAUNGG ING NUG NIG  
NUG....-..SOK YOU....AND YOUR SUSSII EL LOUISSI 6 POO SSI POETRY"

I ALREADY HAVE AN EMPIRE.....

Atef Ayadi

# ...To The Nato Poets...Comities....

I AM GLAD  
'OF THE STANDARDS....."

OF YOUR HONORS.....  
MY MASGESTY! 's

POETS....  
GREAT POETS....  
CRAZY ONES....

THE RAIN MAN POETS....

LILI POETS....  
WILEY POETS....  
HENRI DUDES.....AND LEFTOVER....FROM BOSTOM....

LADIES.....THE FLOWERS AND ROSES OF POETRY.....

MOMS AND DADS....AND SIGN OF ILLNESS PEOTS....

IT IS TIME TO CHANGE....  
TO DAY IS THE RIGHT TIME....

THANK

YOU....AND THIS FINGER WILL PROVE....OTHERWISE....

Atef Ayadi

# Hey Miss America.....Inflation Eye T.E.D 2010...

MISS AMERICA....

THIS IS FOR YOU....FROM

...t.e.d....

THIS IS TED....

LOOK RUSSI...

WE NEED TO GO AND SASSIIII....

IF YOU DO NOT HERRY TO  
TO DO SOMETHING

WITH YOUR ASS

TO GET US SOME SHEERS AND  
EASY TARTGET RICH OLD MASTERS....

EASY TARGET MILLIONEERS...TIRED...FORD OIRISH...TYPE THAT

AND DO NOT TYPE THAT? ?

OW KEY

OR WILL YOU MY KEY

THIS TIME TO

TURN YOU ON! ! ! !

DOES IT SOUND

MISS

AMERICA....

OK...KEE KEE...KLEA...THE ARTIST

AND NEW....JEN-DOO-UBIAN...URBEN-IZED, ICED....  
TEA...

LATIFA....

TEA....BILL...ELMONT TE....TE!

TIFA....ATIFIA FIFA....BIFFA...AFFAA...FAFEFA....

HEY GIRL.....DISPOSE OF OR FROM  
YOUR SUCKING BEE ITCH....LOW BIT BIT CHES...

AND IF YOU HAVE OTHER

GIRLS....AND FRIENDS GIRLS.....

BRING THEM

AS WELL....

THE HOUSE IS A HOTEL...FIVE STAR...IN TOWN....

ATLAS....LA GAR....LA PIECE....LA RUSHE....PETIT THE THE MA THE.....

Atef Ayadi

# I Am In Touch Able...? ? ?

LOOK OBAMA....

I TOLD YOU....

THE SECRET TO HAPPINESS.....

IS MICHELLL....

WHAT CAUGHT ED YOUR EYES  
FIRST FROM MEE-MI ME-MISSHELL? ? ?

WHAT I MEANT...  
WHAT BLURED YOUR EYES

TO CATCH THE IMPOSSIBLE....? ? ?

DESPORATION



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DISCOVERING.....

THAT GIRLS EARING IS

ECC-ESSENSE....PENNY LESS...MY PEN HAS TO BE CHANGED FROM TIME TO  
TIME....

I AM PENNYLESS....  
DAD IS....KING AYA INIA AINT SEE HIM....

MOM! ! ..I LOVE YOU MOM.....

SURVIVE

IS THE ULTIMATE  
CHOICE AND A POWERFULL SUPPORTED....  
AVATAR....NEW HOLLY! WOOD...AVATAR MALE STAR....

ULTIMATOME....

Atef Ayadi

# Fairly Free Fear

WHEN I STATE.....

'i am fearless....'

i am a liar,

nevertheless, fear vanish as soon as it appears....

like a street red signal...

Atef Ayadi



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## ...It Is Free....

HERE....ONE OF MY  
ART....

TAKE IT.....  
IT IS MEANT TO BE YOURS FROM THE BIGGINING....  
THE BIG BUNG....

BANG BANG BANK!  
BIG BANK! ! ....! !  
YOU STOLE 3 PERCENT OF MY HEART'S  
WEAKEST BEATS....

SO WHAT! ?  
EUh!

SO WHATTTT! ?  
EUh!



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SO f AKING WHATTTT! ?  
EUh! ....? ?

TAKE FOR FREE....YOU WILL PAY AS SOON AS YOU RECEIVED....  
IN BOOMS BOOZ NIPPLES....

LIPS.....EARTHY BLUE SKY....  
SKY LAND ICE.....AND GREAT AVALANCHES.....

SHALL REMAINS

THAT WAI EH! !

FOR EVER? ? ! ! !

EVER AND EVER.....? ? ! ? ? ! ! !

Atef Ayadi

# ...I..Been....Alone...I Am A True Queen-Tea Spoon Ya Hoo Me The Way Yo Please Yo!

HEY MISS FLORIDA.....

I AM TALKING TO MISS ILLINOIS.....

IN THE BASEMENT.....((BIBI BIBLE BLACK AZz ariZOna

DUCK HEAD YOU LEFT IN ME....OO HO HO...MY EYE IS AS YO SEE FOR YOUR  
SELF AN AZZ THAT NEEDS TO BE TAPPED AND TAPE RECORDED....AGAIN AND  
AGAIN...))

SHE IS A SPACE NASA....MANAGER....i mean she manages the space for  
a Non profit grass root humanitarian USA organization

SHE IS AFRICO.....ILLINOIS-eeze DESCEND-EEZE.....

MARRIED TO A WHITE

ASH DUDE....

-ash like mash dash and nash DOING MATH GAMES IN nashville.-

DO YOU LIKE

MY INN-POSSIBLE...? ?

Atef Ayadi

# A Woman Stripped Off From Her Body

TAKE OFF MEMORIES....  
AND FLASH ALL OUT....

IT IS SILLY TO OPEN  
YOUR HEART AND MIND

TO A NEW ARRIVAL....WHILE  
THE HEART IS....BITTER WITH MEMORIES...

LOOK AT THIS WOMAN....  
HEAR. AND FEEL HER  
ICY LIQUIDS  
MOON JETS...

SMELL...THE FAINTEST

DESIRES....



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RECORDS HER GLANCES...  
AND LIPS BITES FROM SOFT LANDINGS...

and live  
the presence

for her presence....

and leave  
the future  
for another moments....of time

Atef Ayadi

# What Iz Love....

i will show you...  
what is love...  
give me a second....

because...  
i fall in love

with you...

cause of you....

i will mix up your eggs with my beans.....

wine...hot wings...

sweat....ice...to no calories...at all...will be a perfect breast-nipples ensemble...

message...and gardening....landscape business..

noise detectors....technician....

trechnical in the theory of machnics....  
chemistry  
physics

heat....thermodynamics.....  
plasma...to comology....

art...charm of non looses artist....

meme si il non pas de friques....

JE SUIS

DIGNE ET FIERE....  
COMME UN FRERE

DE CETTE PLANET....

MAKING LOVE

ET ETRE  
PURE.....

SANS MEME DE FRIQUE....

COME JE SUIS PURE

ET  
L'AMOUR ET TRES PURE...

Atef Ayadi

# ..Avant Quelqu'Un Autre...Te Prend Dans Ses Bras...

j'ai pas

besoin de toi.....

je m'en foux

sauf...

jaime pas

les

traces

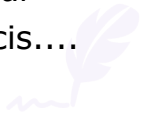
de tes mains..

lessee's en arriere

parterre...

sans retour

sans soucis....



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avant qu'une

autre

prend tes

mains....

Atef Ayadi

# On The Roof....The Moone Is Always Full Again And Again..

the moon  
my moon is  
always on.....

so to night

is going to be

a good night

with my moon...

and we will talk  
about  
times of hide outs and fainted croissant...

Atef Ayadi



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# Cats In A Private Public Bath Room

sacred squares are designed and painted...white and black...

distorted....all over....  
anywhere....

clean more than any rich  
intimate room....

it is the  
black and white idols....

boobzi zi boob

high in the sky....  
and this where they stay....

when they walk on the ground....

they work for minimum wage....  
from factories...to dirty....  
in the basement....  
cleaning fir the  
old customers....

girls....are

happy

to be together....

with others white and black girls....

here brunette is as lovely  
as a blanded blinda bondi blonda..

you need a shut...

to separate  
them from each others...

Atef Ayadi

# ..Be.E..The Impossible...Miss Be.E. Be. Ei Be

i was born....in  
a land....

in french:

'Nord d'afrique....la tunisie....164 km carree' s..population....

calm to calm....holding themselves well....then they calm down bish esh  
esh

tee

tea

tee

teese

ease

tease

tea

and tish teaaah aaaah! ooh OH! eah! eshshshsessseh....

i asked for the be the impossible  
for the best of the best....

the impossible love...

the impossible humanitarian...

the impossible poet....

i am almost there....

Atef Ayadi

# Conversion

if telling a truth is a story,  
lying is a better story.... where the truth has no place where to hide....

Ask eileen.....her hair is mostly born white....

irish

skin burned in mec mac mr. hesus made her lost...her mind in the  
department of history of latino part english  
half....irish....so-so...italian...french....spanish...portegese  
from grizly whisky wesly to sweet red potato loveskia vod-kia

if you a take left...turn

you will see, as she is smoking....firing down,

as if the earth becomes a river of memories, it brings them up and flash them off  
all at once. the turbulence is in the memories not because of the river depth or  
curvature.

Atef Ayadi

# ...Damn...19 Years Cheek

SHE IS

YOUNG....

I FEEL THAT.....

SHE IS READY FOR LOVE....

I HEAR HER VOICE....AND BREATHING SYMPHONIES....

I AM NOT A PRINCIPLE BELIEVER...

AND I DO NOT BIND DOWN...

Atef Ayadi



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## ...Life Is Up.....

if you can not give

a second life  
to A WOMAN....

GO AND SHUT

YOURSELF....

DOWN....

Atef Ayadi



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## ...Shouting Stars....

une arabe de vue,

elle est

une Française par sa langue....et son style...et par fin de l'Italie.....

un africain.....

i can read her lips....and digest their west african saltiness.....

elle est 23...

elle cherche un amour

Sans regrets...

Sans Tempêtes....

Atef Ayadi



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# ...Short Story....If The Sharks Evolved....One White African....Shark Would Do

did you see

bay bee....the red see...  
that was me...against the red skin evil.....

did you see

bay bee....the mediterranean  
they called white because of my skin....

now do you want a juice-punch....  
or do you want me to wax you....  
then bleach your infected salty emotions....

Atef Ayadi



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# ...Short Story: ...If Lions Evolved..One Lion Would Say...

Hey bay bee,  
do you want me...

to release you first  
or milk the other cow.....? ?

Atef Ayadi



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## Short Story: //

THE RHYTHM...

THE RACING HEART BEATS....

AND LIPS BITING..LEFT SIDE

WEST SIDE AND NORTH SIDE....

FROM HER SIDE....

THE GLANCE....RIGHT AND DOWN...

MADE ME

WAGE

A WAR AGAINST MYSELF.

SO THE RETIATION IS  
SMOKE

FREE....GUNS FREE....

AND SMELL FREE....MEAT TO MEAT....

FREE...CATCHUPS....FREE..PARKING....AND FREE....GRILL

Atef Ayadi

## ...Short Story: .....Master Piece....

IS THERE A MASTER PIECE....  
I COULD POSSIBLY  
FINISH...?

OR JUST LIVE  
MY  
LIFE AS IT IS...  
AS MASTER PIECE...

Atef Ayadi



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# Short Story: Acting And Acted Upon...

ACTING IS A SCRIPT.....

BEING ACTED UPON  
IS THE STORY...

Atef Ayadi



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# ...Short Story: ....Self Portrait

INQUI SI TION  
ACQUISITION.

TRANSITION....

WAR  
PEACE..

CHICKEN EGG DILEMMA....

SOMETIMES...TO CONFESS...  
IS TO TALK TO MYSELF....

Atef Ayadi



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## ...Short Story: ...Andollement...End Of The Pain

the pain started somewhere.....

i am a fugitive....

in a fugitive  
town.....

unlike my case,

most fugitives, who lives here or transits in and out...are

numb and foully dulls...

now,

think of everything as words (including what i said)

memories, abstracted ideas, anchors, floating thoughts, stuff

and tell me:

does pain (i mean the pain of words, memories, thoughts and stuff) take one to  
fear or to anger?

cause, for me, pain is a thought, fear is a word, anger is an empty world.

Atef Ayadi

## ...Short Story: The Monkey...

if the monkey  
father preached

and  
did the monkey thing....

well,  
it is a sin to be  
monk and monkey.

Do you think  
he will be that silly

to talk about it

that loud?

Atef Ayadi



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## ...Short Story: ...Eve And Adam...True Origine

god throw the couple....  
eve and adam...

before the couple eve and adam  
was an other couple who did the something....

dispite god's warning to go far  
enough and blow  
it...so he could not  
got opps....and then upset....  
and ak mother nature...  
for being alone.....

eve and adam...did it  
in god's watch....

enough envy

male jaloussi....



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stirred

god  
anger

to

send me to pandora...

Atef Ayadi



## ...Short Story: .....Plato.....Delamma...

if a woman

throw  
on your head....

a new beautiful...orange...

hard enough....  
to smash it...and some juices to your mouth....

do you fight her back....

she also has a nice icy back....  
with hills...prairies....life...on and off  
day and night....

Atef Ayadi



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# ...Short Story: ...What It Takes To Become A Prince...

i met with the kings...  
the queens...

and the public of this planet....  
the public...is slightly different

from place to place...they like kings....and masters....  
lords and...cartels..

when i meet with SOMEONE...I DO NOT FAKE IT....

YOU HAVE TO CHOOSE...

BETWEEN  
WHAT YOU ARE TOLD  
AND WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY.....

Atef Ayadi

# The...Question Of Creationism....Eve And Adman....The Horny And The Doggy...History...

first make sure that you are

in the present....

do you want a horn....dry horn....

like you..

fine! ! .....

make your own....music....crippy

musician....

but if  
you?  
you!  
you want



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lovely....meat....

"the can not die meat...."

"the meat with smile....put your hand i will bite....  
sure i will...."

you have to learn  
how to defeat  
the  
monster  
with harp....magical strong horns....

and hot jets....

do you see...

this is only the beast part....

well the other part,  
it is still a miss-to-ry...and she is mine...

Atef Ayadi

# ...Short Story: ....Hunter...And A Hunted Wife....

if your wife is hunted....

do you go  
and hunt...with some dudes...

and asses...

do your job....  
the job....  
you loved.....

wow!  
sham wow...  
i am an terrific wild animal! ! ? ?

OR

stay



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help  
your wife butt

to come to normal....

less wild...

less disasters....and bills....and me make sure.....  
she feels safe...and animated...? ? ?

if you have to learn what is takes

to learn how to respond....

man your are the charming man....

otherwise...

sorry....your are a bushi...

in the bushes....

you will stay there....embow she shut shut.....not

no she...not drama...no sweat sweet...

no drink...no

nothing.....

just ghost eey and ayes voices...

Atef Ayadi

# ...Short Story: American Ideal....Refurbished...By Disney...

inflation...

competition...on azis

azieez

french....

euro

sharp

smart

funny...

african

ok for chinese...and japeen..ease.with a degree in sushi and tai-coin do

irish...if one know about

the acking

history



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of emotions....and asez aquisi ziwi zition....

ak we

si zions

canada cilion....

Atef Ayadi

# ...Short Story: A World...To Graffiti Greate Inflation Next Generation..Lover..

come back to pa pa....

little robot.....

son of the night blure, bloor and bor  
of the bee that bleeds me...

every...time....i cross  
one section of her  
honey bee boddy...

your mom

is a wild  
robot...

i am not...

so help me



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my little robot...

Atef Ayadi



## ...Shorter Story For A Young Lover....

the video  
you are watching.....is somebody made....

stop  
this

master bed room ation....alone....

and go for real hunt....  
do you see the lion inside my monster....? ?

if you fear see it....

stay....and lay down alike a harem...

if you want to face me

like a like....

sorry,



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that was the time...MINATOR II....  
to encourage our troops...poopps and pi si sissi oops...

to day...it is different time....  
tomorrow...will be also grate times...  
for me at least....

for you....

well you need to see the lion first....

sorry for the bio crazy cro gross thin slices sissi...  
my be i will show the pizza hot later...  
of TER

Atef Ayadi

## Short Story: .... Beauty And The Beast....

If you accept my wilderness,  
I accept yours.

Even though,  
your wilderness is so predictable...

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## ....Short Story: .... The Shore...Of Safety....

my hands.....

your feet....

your head....the pillow.....

your smile...your wonder....

your skin.....inner soft sound and voices....

your safe harbor

dooms and nipples

are my spirituality....

the cold fountains....

hot sprints....

dangerous....zombies and wild wolves....

camping with an Aztec....zebra...

in a damn wilderness....

without techno transmissions...DJ and

plasma tv....

you see ay-wa

then aywa connects to you...

Atef Ayadi

## ....Short Story: .....A Stand.....

i am talking only to zebra and zebras,  
one zebra at a time.

like

these two zebras with black and white stripes....and red and blue flowers  
in the chest...

and those three zebras...laughing zebra...  
with white spots on blue gradient dress...

these zebras seem  
follow laws or order....

but

mother nature in all its  
dark beautiful side...

Atef Ayadi



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# Short Story: The Last Homosapian

it already started.....

the third champion zee....

bigger brain....is not enough....

more genes are needed

to comply...with the complexity....of nested conditions....

love is one of these...little nested conditions...

memories....are essential for loops

throw fear and guilt.....

the third champion pown zee....

hardwares....and softwares have

to go beyond the heart beats....

Atef Ayadi

# ...Sweat.....Polish...Impolished...Shores...

she wants

no more than....

being a kid  
a girl

she wants....to be

taking

away

and off  
the way

of the normal  
off the abnormal

off time and  
off town  
off her mind  
off her skin

just away  
far away

in my head, action  
is the simplest way.

my instinct tells me to just grab her  
and run away....to a place, a moment where she  
is she can not grasp or describe.

Atef Ayadi

# Sweat Girl From Irish Crazy North Chicago....Belmont And Fluerton And Lake Shore...With Moustiques And Azzess

she thought...i like classical dramas....that much....

i do not know when

the euro pie eyen iey eei le eee eene  
started to learn about drama....

still....they think

they have it? ?

in this AA KING TIME....

I NEED TO CHANGE....

I COME FOR CHANGE....  
NOT TO MEET WITH  
THE GRISLY HAREMS...

Atef Ayadi

# Sweat Corn...Swetty-Notti Tee, Tea, T-Shirt-Wettie Like Greese Grizly Girl

if you want to see the everything....  
yo ho  
ya-hoo  
ever dreamt, in and out of your life....

are you ready?

for anything....

i mean anything...

including  
side-effect of  
a pure slavery...

and a brutal



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one second freedom...

with a tattoo in your az-abdomen  
....my name could be...

on the list.....  
whatever the list  
you are thinking of

Atef Ayadi



# Sweat....Girl.....My New Dance For A New One....

i am a big

of MJ di die de JAY

leno

mon naay

so i need to be ready

for any new style ho....

HO

hight? thai....

yo yu yaoo low oo tai man

can you tie



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my ties

to me and....

you and ME

will be

AANnn-separated for a few moment

in fire....

CAUSE,

BEING IN FIRE

IS MY DANCE RITUAL.

Atef Ayadi

# ....Sweat....Girl...What Is Next

I GOT ALL THE HO EW OOZEZ

CONNECTED TO ME? ?

I WANT THEM NOW TO DANCE WITH ME

WHAT IS UP....Miss hot  
everywhere  
Miss forgot something somewhere

miss 45 degrees  
turn back and fort to me

Do you  
need a back fix  
or



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a neck fix?

or  
do you want  
me  
to  
BRING YOUR NECK BACK TO NORMAL? ? ?

WHAT IS UP....NOW...  
BA BI....? ?

COME HERe

AND DANCE  
naary  
naary



# Sweat Corn.....The Other Girls...Around...

THE KEY WORD IS  
'HE IS CRAZY'

NOW IMAGINE...

A GIRL....  
EVERY GIRL...YOU CAN POSSIBLY SEE  
360 degrees ALL AROUND....  
SAY IT IN HER OWN WAY.....  
AY! !  
MAN! ! ...NOW WE ARE TALKING....

HUMANITY  
SPEAKS UP...  
AT ONCE  
IN THE SAME TIME....

like 'WE ARE THE WORLD'.....song



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WE ARE UNITED....FOR THE WORSE....OF THE WORSE,  
WE ARE NEW-YORK, CHICAGO, HUDSON RODGER, LOS-ANGLOS, UNITED....  
for  
THE WORSE OF THE WORSE....AND FOR THE BEST OF THE CAPITALISM....

CHINESE  
MAA-LAY-ZEE-ZI-ZI YEN....  
JA I AM JA.....I MEAN JAMEL...MEEL AND MELL....  
PAN FOR PENCIL  
PENS

PENSEY A MOI...IN FRENCH....FOR NON SPEAKERS...  
THINK ABOUT ME...

JAPAN

AFRICA

NORTH POLE

SOUTH CHICAGO....BREZIL

AND CHILI  
IS IN TROUBLE

AND NOBY IS HELPING

GREEDI

IE  
DIE  
YA

SOCK  
YUR SO...OK....OOOK

AND EAT YOUR COO R PO...POOW...RE....SHINA CHANG...NEW OWNER....

Atef Ayadi

## ...This Is The First Time...

this is the first time...

i see...

American people...citizens of this great.....'nation'

the people....do not take money...when it is plait sin sin sina tea-full and given....

and free...

this is the first time

American, Americans, and Ameri-can-z dollars..are thrown from windows...balconies...streets....

everywhere...

like a festival.....

in nevada....lasvegas...

in california's counties...ohio....sin-see-naa-tea's...

notti and nasties girls....

boston to florida...the dollars is thrown back to land....

this is the first time i see and

hear american's cheers...louisiana... New orleanz..

miss-sissi-pie pow, and pi..

this is the first time

the country

one piece

one body

walk over

green dollars

without giving a dime.....

Atef Ayadi

# How To Talk In This Country....

People of this country...i mean this nation....well it is said to be a global... nation.....

without any consideration for humanities....

believe....it

i mean literally....they are programmed...

and genetically modified to do

two things....

make sex and make money....

no more no less.....

The good news is, only

few make good sex... and only few make good backs (like star box)

the rest dream about it....while watching a non paid off

plasma TV...cable....while escaping and missing the rent bills

leaving it somewhere in the car, girl friend's or boyfriend's car or apartment...

HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE....

THIS PROFILE....RANDOMLY SELECTED FROM THE INTERNET...

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

□

SHE WROTE:

I love life. I think life is short. You only live once so make the most of it. I am very energetic. I love TRAVELING, the beach/ocean and water activities, being spontaneous, running, hanging out with friends, LAUGHING A LOT and making jokes, seeing new things, adventures, shopping, coffee, photography, meeting new people, and aiming high.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

- COFFEE:

MEANS INTELLECTUAL....SENSUAL....WILD.....WHILE  
REMAIN...SOCIABLE...LIKABLE....CHARMING...

- MEET NEW PEOPLE:

SHE IS NOT LOOKING FOR JUST ONE....SHE IS HIGH-CONSUMPTION....  
SHE IS A SCAVENGER....

- PHOTOGRAPHY:

SHE HAS SKILLS...STATUS....SHE LIKES SHARING AND CARING...

- AIMING HIGH...SHE IS IN PARTICULAR A SAGITTARIUS WHO WANTS TO MEET  
WITH A Taurus...I MEAN A BULL...

Atef Ayadi



# ...Do Not Step Into My Shoes

Do not copy me....

naked...walking with my shoes....

or i will

show you

how your walk worth....nothing

but

"UN problem sans amour

un amour sans contour

un probleme

sans solution....

"

Do not copy

my voice....and my actions....

cause....i bet you...

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i will show you...how you

are lost every time....voiceless....whisper-less....

how your sub and tectonic plates....earth quakes....volcanoes...smoky

BUFFs....here and there....

what come from the deep....

has to be earth-quacking...

and i will shake you the same way....

Atef Ayadi

## ...Mirror Effect...

look at the mirror....

can you see yourself without me....

can you see yourself without memories

can you feel your skin...without feeling mine....

can you see yourself without me

in the mirror...

without me

as the mirror....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## ...Yes You Can....

yes your azz worth tons and tons of gold  
in this economy.....

you need to  
just give up

on your fed reserve low self esteem aa-ezz....  
once of all....and use gold....in this global everything.....

and you can...

that is a yess from me

cause,  
I know your (QWERTY for english, AZERTY for french and franco supported  
nations...canon, nikon....for asians) azz

and what it takes....to converted it into.....

soft sussi suchi...  
iman

imac  
ipod  
ey..wa  
iowa  
ohio state....

yes you can....

Atef Ayadi

## .again....And...Again....

WE DO IT  
WE WILL DO  
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

ANYWHERE

YOU WANT AND YOU LEAD ME TO  
AND  
TAKE A LEAD  
LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO.....  
UNTIL YOU ASK FOR A TURN....

THEN I WILL TURN YOU ON....  
ONCE OF ALL....  
AND I ALWAYS DO...

THE WAY YOU DID AND DO  
AGAIN  
AND AGAIN...

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Change.....

HOLD YOUR BREATH...  
STAY STILL...  
ON YOUR KNEES....

IT IS GOING TO TAKE  
A WHILE....

CHANGE TAKES TIME....  
HAVING GOOD TIME  
IS ALL WHAT YOU NEED....

GIVE GIVE GIVE

UNTIL YOU ARE RESCUED  
BY A GIVER  
LIKE ME

A REFORMER...  
YOUNG LAWYER....  
A YOUNG MAMA ME-SHELL OMAMA WILL TELL YOU....

STIFF TAFF FART FLE-xi-BULL...

Atef Ayadi

# Never Too Late....To Be Perfect

A PERFECT POETRY  
IS A POETRY DEVOTED TO AN Aztec subject....

IT TARGETS AN Azz...

IT KILL AN Azz....

AFTER THAT.....

THE  
SHEEP SHEAP STUFF....BABI....

again,  
sorry  
ladies and gentlemen; ...

nothing is strange about mother nature

and nothing is beautiful about poetry...

Atef Ayadi

# In Victory, Learn When To Stop

NOW,

you need to listen.....

when i said

fix

me two eggs.....

You go straight to the kitchen.....do what you suppose to do....

and bring

a two tunisian eggs red hot....

plate....with a french tai...tai-acto presentation...

I do no like to deal

with you....

lost in the eggs,

Tunisian,

eggs....chicken eggs

turkey....

healthy choice made in china

eggs....

human,

cat,

lion,

mine....

but remain me

to talk about that later...when i finish

my work

as a guide book writer for lovers....

and a damn good eggs ecologist by night....

Atef Ayadi



# Sans Formes

if you can make  
a  
plan  
or you do not have a plan yet,  
no resume,  
no degree...  
no diverse backgrounds...  
no originality.....  
no....blue  
no bluez,  
no booz.  
no jazz,  
no salsa.  
no voodoo  
no yahoo!

to

produce



PoemHunter.com

good quality....  
inflation resistant....free market

kisses...

you are  
automatically  
in the consumer  
side....

or by far  
bee itchy bit by bit Lionel richy beach by beach...

tea party....a new generation of ba-bi boom inflationary revolutionary ford's bed  
heated unreliable engines...unreliable tire irish american...unreliable  
economy...unreliable politician, unreliable DC, unreli-A-ble omama me-shell  
government.....chi resistant street to street disobedience fight...

you have free choices....

and you have to choose.

or

i will! choose for you! I....and...

i already HAD sample of kisseS 'FIRST CONVERSTION, FIRST TOUCH  
DOWN.....as a backup plan

i already...

checked out

your azzertic aztec IT high-tech aztec azz...

and i think,

you need a forensic work OUT to keep the memories left by my left liberal  
hand...

Atef Ayadi

# ...Simple..Love...In America...

america  
witness...

politeicians....  
bankers....

deluted our dual love.....

now...i am brand....

she is left  
lost and strong  
opponer...  
strong hold and holes....

strong agenda,  
a cold war....  
germs from germans

virus from us,

tac no lo gie from china.....

head quarter from sin sin at tea....ohio....

columbus.....party....

Atef Ayadi

# Psy-Ko-Corporational Law Reform Of Kissings...

if i am your president.....  
a lawyer.....a humanitarian  
liberalist  
sepratist

a cuban....sitizen....

a zen man....

and you asked me to transmit  
your kisses to your soul-mate friend.....and climate change firefighter....

do you think

these line is not

a witness of the psycho lico-liquor store to liqor store

kisses....



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war

from missing to finish....

do you think i write before.....you kiss me...

then i may..retaliate....may be emptie promesse war....

here...sorry dorry darlin....

what is your question.....

Atef Ayadi

## ...Socio So-So Law Reform In Kissing

to kiss me  
it means you know me...  
so kissing is knowing  
knowing is being there....  
know the ground  
knowing the background.....  
possible blue  
blurred prints that need possible work....and remedies...

to give a nice look

at this spanked. smooth-aked-smoked spoken azz....

who...knows the boundaries between secure  
azz and unsecure...crazy....bizzi busoo biss me  
bliss me..asss me tass me fass me....



PoemHunter.com

so  
sir,  
my possible kisser....

mu possible be lay

down...feel secure and beauty fill of staff....

mu future lord....

kisses

is biting on own skin....

Atef Ayadi

# The Dual Laws

someone has to be hard skin and someone has to have the soft skin.  
someone must do the hard skin dirty low work and someone has to have the soft skin high class wages waxy work.

someone has to be hard thoughtful wise skin and someone has to have the wisdom of soft skin thoughts.

someone has to hate while losing everything and someone has to only love while gaining more ground.

someone must at least keep secrets of childhood hidden and laugh and someone has to be mature enough to speak some damn good English in front of an Irish public.....who was lost, to the Italian, to the Spanish, to the French....and to the Germans, and then back to common wealth Anglo-Englo-Saxon

Some.....one

has to be there,  
here,  
now and then  
in the past,

in the future  
with facts, blue prints, maps, and paper work.

Someone has to be poetic.....and so someone else can, could and must take care of our wild turkey chicken tuna fish chicks and checks.....

someone has to be a big brother for nothing and someone has to be a big little brother for an Aking king Arthur situations it may be? ?

someone has.....to be open  
and someone else has to be closed....and turned off.

Atef Ayadi

# Beyoncé: Chicks Go Wild... Far Far East

Beyoncé,  
obama mama me-shell  
brand.....  
she is wild.....

she needs to keep up  
with the inflation.....

black people  
are fun  
ak  
ok!

king  
arthure...

further and far  
ak! !  
king



PoemHunter.com

luthure overture,  
global  
facebook

poor people...

obama....indecided.....  
who comes first,  
the egg or the chicken

Beyoncé or south chicago....type of wallfair....

it looks,

as a presedent of  
the



unated states of america, and commend and chief of the army....

he favors

Beyoncé....

sorry blacks.....

your teeth are white is white

but the chinese

have also chark teeth....

Beyoncé is a good trade mark for obama

and me-shell, the kids, and the green blue planet.....

Beyoncé can add to the jazz

the strength of the damn bluez azz

avec un rythme

Français.....et africain du west de ce continent Français et sans plutard, un continent francophone.....qui aime et applique la francophonie à la lettre....

so please. america

go Beyoncé....

yesss

ez she can...

and yess we can....

Atef Ayadi

# Beyoncé: If Love Is Not Given Boyoncé...

She said:

"

IF LOVE NOT GIVEN! "

ARE YOU KIILING ME? ? ....

UNE TERRE SANS LUNE.

UN PIGEON SANS AILES

Sans PLUMES....

let the force be with you.....lady

my present bee-bee

calme-toi...pas une mouche,

franchement!

Une abeille.....zzzz, zezzz, all the time

and around my nose

like a goose

like fai-rooze



PoemHunter.com

victory if you could be connected to Aywa or AA (myself, atef my hero ATEF)

victory if you got the enlightenment.... degree...I GOT FROM

CHICAGO...DOWN SOUTH OMAMA LAND.

and the Canadian "FONDU"....not fown dow,

it is spelled this way....(aking onnnn durrrrrre, the r is not for the anglo sucks sons)

what is

"i am yours"

HAS TO

do

WITH

"the give ME TIME.....READINESS

SPEED...

EARLS TO BIT ONE WHILE FIGHTING THE HARDSHIP...."

AND

do you have a video?

miss Beyoncé.....fan....video fun with fan....fans and funds...

IS FOR THE HEAVY CHAMPIONSHIPS.....

OR PEOPLE IN JAIL.....

NOT FOR FREE MAN

i am looking for the gold....

you are looking for the missions impossible...

RUNS OUT FROM

JAIL

HE FULLS

IN INFLATION DEEP TROUBLE...AZZ

Atef Ayadi

# Beauté Française

j'ai découvert mon pass ET MON PORT  
ma valence,  
MA BALANCE,

mon super hero, ET  
moi-meme.

j'ai trouvé  
moi-même.  
ici  
en sois....

PREMIER RENCONTRE  
PREMIER AMOUR....

ici j'ai moi-meme....  
pas du passe

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seul moi-meme

tous simplement....

j'ai trouve ce monsieur francais en mois....  
cheek-cheek  
elegano....  
du 40IEME ETAGE.....

UN FEMME COMME  
NORA....  
UNE FEMME FRANCAIS,  
AVEC DES CHEVEUX  
BRUN.....DOUCE ET JAUNE BLANCHATRE....

JE SUIS HEUREU DE LE VOIR  
D'ETRE AUTOUR....COMME UNE SUPERBE

FAMILLE DE DEUX PERSONNES....UN COUPLE....DEUX AMIES...  
CAMARADES....DEUX SAUVAGES ANIMALES.....

TU VOIS....L'AMOUR DE SOIS  
EST SIMPLE....

PARFOIS, EN QUITTE  
POUR DES AFFAIRES, UN TRAVAIL....A TITRE PERSONNEL....  
MAIS....L'ORSQUE CA C'EST FINI.....

BACK TO BABI.....

Atef Ayadi

# John Deer

He said:

"John Deer 's goal and purpose is to help farmer with solutions they think they need...we are achieving this goal...at daily bases, despite all the odds..."

I said:

"Thanks Aywa,  
it is not Peter, Mathiew, Daniel, or The boss himself, Jesus Deer who claims this or he would say:

"My goal and purpose is to help first...and maybe last....good faithful grateful Christians.....  
(susheez and busheez....bushies are like my gospels....the sushies are like my mother and my merry marie.....none will be left behind or alone...)

anybody else....  
has to align with our christian spirit.....because it all about trust...."

Atef Ayadi



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# Chocolate Factory

he said:

"My business statement is:

fair trade of beans....chocolate beans,

fair trade of kisses between lovers....not only in Valentine day...,

fair trade of chocolate beans like nipples...."

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Inflation...A Third Case....An Escape Goat

One possible solution...is to  
hibernate....like a grizzly bear....  
along nap.....then

you will face  
an inflated tax....

the difference.....is when in what day of the week you  
will wake up...

second possibility....  
you are a brave middle class-big glass-  
big lenses, big MOUCHETASHE, gig and fig gentle man....you can take it....  
you already did...you always do....so  
good luck.....sorry for the talk....

the third gay....  
a weed gay....sorry guy...that  
guy  
not that gay....or that guy-gay neither that gay/guy....  
and it is better to watch your mouth in inflammation-null times

words are inflammable... and can burn...

burn the weed and follow the seeds....

the will grow....so do the interest rate....fixed by the CARTEL...

Atef Ayadi



# Inflation...A Case...At Least My Case

I am a lover....yes,  
Indeed...  
No excuses...

Poor, broken...with a stroke in my back...I still...have my how-Lee, bruce-Lee  
Jacky Chang hands in area LIKE message and healing Of places...the broken and  
the untouchable...((never hear of! !))

the inflation

made me more than  
ARR-tiste in my own area....

as a matter of fact,

my hands can make 3D tatoo....with media features....  
facebook, myspace....google search engine.....big dream  
to control the world....  
without needles.....burns.....and pain.....

Pain is another name for happiness.....

bay-bee

you bee  
or not;

you will see happiness  
as you asked for and more  
then you will seed the pain  
cause you did not earn happiness....  
cause you are a traditional sushi....  
and need to learn the sushiness....

Atef Ayadi

# Inflation...J'Ai Peur

C'est normal.....

it is normal....

if you have gold....it means you are smart....  
if you do not....sorry....you are not.....

One of my beautiful theory about inflation  
is that politician are always positive....during these  
challenging times....

it means go to Canada....not Mexico....

cause,

in 2012 december 23....

China will take the place of USA,

Canada will sand-washed in between,

USA will become what it is now the FATHERS' Guatemala...

Mexico...go to Australia....

Australians will come

back home....((some back to Austria, the Ire-fire-land.....and the remainder to  
Guantanamo-bay

like any soldier....who need to come back home...

and will...

of course,

in few

hundreds of years...and that is up to Me -Shell....OOW! mama

of course...

gas pipe lines....industries....

Atef Ayadi

# Inflation...A Realityshow...An Artist Case

Arrogant and 'EGG NO IRON' American  
born si ti zen, zinc, zan, Tarzen

never....received....a respect glance.....

at my 22sd nouveaux art...style....  
one looks at my face....and think i am the genie-torr  
of the place or a hiden cell terro- rist.....

none of them.....have a self believe built in, self-geneosity, self respect, self-chi-  
chi tai-one coin do-

like i do.....

still look at me like a 911 figure.....or a  
tall latino? ..may be mexican, ....may be italiano, ....  
french bonjours, common tall-ay! vous? ?  
bon soir....  
ce soir  
vous danse avec moi? ? ...  
et tu peux dance aiy! ! sur moi....comme tou veux....  
mon cherrri berry, mon lait, mon amour..? ?

as if he or she is looking  
for a plasma TV or the latest facebook i-phone...

Atef Ayadi

# Inflation...Love.....Inflected....Deflation...

when i talk  
to a female....

i literally  
hide the fact that  
i am a fine art painter....i also do skin touch therapy...as a second job....  
to cover the expenses...

it is inflation....and

certain skins are dangerously volatile...  
they do no need therapy..rather than buy them as exchange bands...instead of  
investing in the gold and silver stocks...

Atef Ayadi



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# Inflation... To A Third World...'General'

Call yourself a COQ,

an ALpha BULL....

a big CAT....caterpilla size....

you will be down ba-bi....((I mean bee bee....lost bee..get yourself a honey bee))

soon....like bow one owned nothing in hand  
and nothing will fall down from the sky....

you will be hung it hand to hand

by the people  
whom  
you think

are only but cheeps and cows....

Atef Ayadi

# Infation...Obama Mission Statment

Call it mission impossible....after all it is america....and anything is made in china possible....

obama is surfing the possibility  
to dismantle the Federal reserve....and make it free chinese market...big time...  
((dismantle means diss assemble...not azz red middle west type of gay for  
bushies and brunet for sushies, neither assembly line middle class  
sossieeey...eiii...aiii...eiii))

he has been dreaming  
of this every night without me-SHELL  
and each time...he is hunted my a dark chinese nightmare...

in Obama....human mind's:

"I want a free market  
and free trade  
free weed..."

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when out his mind:

"Obama is Me-SHELL or any GAZ CARTEL

first love

first husband....

time for family values.....

see....i did not have a father....and my life is truly a mess....without me-shell....

Atef Ayadi

# Inflation...Great Time For A Great Poetry

You always...have to face

inflation...with optimism....

and that is what  
call it....

A great time poetry...

Atef Ayadi



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# Inflation...Just Inflation

Ok...for lover.....  
and middle class....i mean middle only....

inflation means.....relax....

numbers will remain numbers....  
like how many love you had....borrowed,  
stolen, dissolved, bleached into gold....and lost  
ounces here and there.....

but  
when you need  
to eat for example....you will need

a hell of numbers.....

do the math or go to school.....

then you will understand what it take  
to save  
you az faulted....then

someone else az and feet....

Atef Ayadi



# Inflation...The Economy

the highest Chinese leader said:

"the american Gover-kNOW, now, and No-moment...i mean that indo-neaaaa-zon Black paper kid....sold the American Dollar on EBAY.....does it mean that american eco-KNOW-mi IS FACT, AKKED, SUCKED, AND BLOWN READY RED BELONE AND BONES AND BLUE FLAG FUNS HAVING FANS AND TONS OF RED BALONS, DUME, BAROMES AND ANCIAN BLUE BONES...."

Sir

yes

Sir....

as a chinese we always won! !

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Logic And Emotions: A Sushi Case

She said:

"I want love, justice, and Fidel Castro."

I said:

""

I can be Fidel Castro,

I give you love without justice....

or I only give you a lonely hiding in the bushes,

Revolutionary,

Rebellion seeking justice,

Chi,

Unsecured,

Un-registered in the world bank love....""

Atef Ayadi



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# Logic And Emotions: A Bushi Case

He said:

“”

You are emotional....  
consistent....natural...word forward with a sense of a holiness  
and black holiness....you are bolt and make sense...  
you are semantic....abstract....details comes and goes like kids  
following and obeying-disobeying adults....

Your eyes looks robotic...logical...

Your manners are logical....your statement are logical, artistic, and sharp...””

I said:

“you are very logical in your emotions....

cause you are a busheese...

my philosophy is to follow the SoFFi flow....low..soft talk

and soft-low-everything...((SoFFi has to do with sofia, soofy or fi but not with  
sofism...

I mean not literally...))

Everything is a case, and

Everything is a separate file...

Atef Ayadi

# Imperialism: Happy Imperialistic Fbi Valentine To A Sushi Agents

Do not look at me in the eyes...

FBI

sushi agent

cause,

you look a minimum

wage FBI sushi-chess-or cheese burger

No GDE,

No Connection, and

No emotional secure ground....So stop there

and happy valentine

to you...and all the FBI sushi minimum wage like you....and I still admire

the butt

dwelling free butt....unwatched....un-hijacked....nobody noticed it..shame

on the FBI...SUSHI BOSS....



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if you are a PHD

Affiliated with FBI...

happy valentine too...

but, what your butt is doing

there watching out for the FBI....

with a PHD....are you....

a flip flap

double agent

double love

burned from the first round....with a russian in a russian roulette...

if so you are KJB....Puttin...and put it this way....this is

a crime against the nation....

and the valentine law....

to be double PHD

DOUBLE LIPS  
DOUBLE BUTT  
DOUBLE EVERYTHING

AND ON TOP  
WHEN I AM ON TOP  
OF MY HEAD  
OR ON TOP OF YOU....

YOU WANT ME  
TO CHOOSE....ONE OF YOUR NIPPLE

I MEAN DOUBLE IDENTITY NIPPLE....

AK you in valentine day....with a red American heart neck  
filled with russian blue vodka...

if you are the boss.  
i mean the boss...of the FBI....inch square by inch square and  
all the undeclared possessions....

i hope

like obama

in this valentine day

that you are a

sushi  
young

sushi  
sissi

loussi...

boossi...

i and i will

speak

to the valentine

public

from your red

sushi butt....

If you are busheeze,

-and i said in advance  
it is for a sushi ShO-SO  
soso  
agents...-

never mind.....dropp it, ...and dropp the case...

happy valentine....and play with it.....when you free...or whenever you are  
free....I mean the valentine gift...

Atef Ayadi

# Happy Valentine Day 2010

Happy sushi sussi  
soussi coscos day  
if you are a sushi sussi  
soussi coscos woman...

and happy bushi  
ambushed  
in the bushes

day

if you are

a bushi  
ambushed  
in the bushes woman...and she likes to remain that way....

for man...  
forget about it...



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you are sucheese...seeze and beez...

you take of the buzz and bizz  
i will take care of

who is lost  
among the north susheese side  
and the busheese south side.....

Atef Ayadi

# Imperialism: Happy Imperialistic Valentine Obama Day

remember

the time

girl

when you were  
young  
and ho!  
pping

for me

to

suck....  
your neez and

appleZ...



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remember,  
me  
shell

you at the gaz station

michell

and you are the

the best valentine

ho  
pping for me....

Atef Ayadi



# Imperialism: Happy Imperialistic Valentine Poem

They said, still it is said....

I mean,

I will use what people say  
and say it through my mouth....

Do not worry about the people! ....and  
the roughness of my mouth....

My lips are from dry to dripping for  
a valentine avatar day

My avatar...

"I see Yu-yi yan, i will tang yu in front of your mom"-

now....

my business

is to be clear about this....

when i say

people say.....i know them one by  
one....at the emotional level....

So! , take it  
from me....

the rest is your business...

Atef Ayadi

# A Watcher

Nora has the most incredible

Feminine

Smile...

i ever witnessed...

Eileen

Surprised me with

How to be

Awkward....and looking for a love exit while in love....

Jen...does not know that

A kiss is a language, a way of life,

a way of talking, walking and listening,

-Tous simplement,

Un voyage-

The rest of the women

I had affairs with

Are "a third world policies"

And it is nobody business....

Scot is a red neck...

Big body boy -a barmate-

And he is more a bushi than a sushi in friday...on saturday is literally sossi  
sushi.....

He is not aware of this state...

i like it personally that way....

Qube160 is a

grow wing-wing

woman...

fat bet -USA's fat means literally low self-esteem,

low self-esteem in usa means insecurity in making any transaction, -

with a family music gambling business issues....

erin,

a collection....of south america  
and irish temper...

another talkative sushi sussi sissi Fidel Castro..

When she talks about social justice,

she means security or Safe Mode in  
love and sex and the city....

Love  
Is simply for the  
Play....

If you are a woman  
Do not sushi with me!

If you think you are a man,  
do not bushi with me,  
Or you will be ambushed  
In the bushes  
between Paris and Tascola Illinois.

And you have  
No experience...  
babi....  
illinois

people

will eat you a life...

Atef Ayadi

## Sarcasm 228

i like you...

you are hot

iron

earrings

erin castro soldier girl...

my sarcasm

i need it for the sake of  
poetry, ....

as you said

you like water...so i only need to take care  
of your hot spots,

when i rub them night  
or revive them under the sun light....

Atef Ayadi

## Sarcasm 220

i can see  
in your eyes

something hot

south american...

and tropical.....

i can see  
salsa the way you twist your lips and  
SOME OF THE FIDEL CASTRO SARCASM

i can see  
fairness  
and hot chi che chey chicks justice  
in you eyes

Atef Ayadi

# Sarcasm 201

She said,

"You bite on your lips constantly."

I said,

"I am crossing  
your sound barrier  
with sarcasm....anything else is science...."

Atef Ayadi



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# Sarcasm 103

she said good luck...

her eyes  
her glance  
went backward  
toward my eyes...

her voice  
pitched down  
and went low and backward  
to ward my silenced voice....

I know what luck is;  
and what is in your mind....

what i am sure.....  
your sloppiness made  
me sarcastic....

I am still  
sarcastic  
about the luck you gave....

cause,  
i have an attitude toward sloppiness...

and this " growing woman "  
fake sloppiness...





# Sarcasm 102

it is  
sweat  
to sleep  
laying on  
the sand.....

but,  
my butt  
bit bit  
bite  
by bite

hab hub  
hap hap

follow!  
me

lady! !



PoemHunter.com

when a mexican poet

crosses the border north,

-beside the  
ideat  
low  
imperialistic  
policy of free  
trade....

(stay at home, your home town,

i will send macdonald to you,

a pizza hot,

...other chains of restaurants  
and crazy shops for crazy lazies easy people....) -

it is not pleasant at  
all  
to cross the desert  
the human desert  
the discomfort zone  
with sweat mixed with fear....

and here starts the sarcasm....

to sleep?

sweat soft dreading dishi sashi sleep  
while  
laying on  
the sands.....

Atef Ayadi

# Sarcasm 101

Sarcasm  
is a  
full  
growing,  
lovely poem....

sarcasm is  
meant to  
deal with words

and feelings left tangled,  
in the dark side of dark poetry...

Atef Ayadi



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# A Growing Woman: From The Archives

what i want in  
public and in  
few words....? ?

Keep the  
pleasure  
and the pressure  
on....

it takes time

to cut across  
this beautiful  
limestone....

and that is where i need  
pressure...

and if i see a nice  
cracking

in the stone  
i feel an incredible pleasure...while  
i am keeping  
the pressure  
to last  
for so long....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Materering Masculinity For Man: Three Stars

you want to be a Colonel

you  
little  
poppi  
pipi  
papi

dad

wrapped up  
in a filet  
one piece of  
shredded meat....

Sorry

we do not make  
any more Gaddafi

PoemHunter.com

these are old school vigitt brigitt

you need to have three sars in

the xBox  
game

torture  
for

handred million points

bee itchy vegi table digital  
brigitt....



# Materering Masculinity For Man: Grading And Grads

how match of a man  
is a man?

if you are an Ukin Kid,  
stay where you are

and have fun!  
kid,  
HAVE  
FUN! !  
do not worry aBOUT! !

if you want to prove  
something different

from  
your dad thing  
your mom mammy things

your highschool's  
conditional  
environmental  
political  
issues

and promps.....

just be

at least in front of me....

cause

babi  
our  
i will shake your milk  
or milk girl

and up to your mom.....

else where  
you are free....

well for now!

Atef Ayadi



# Too Chi Latay Eye

she wanted to be criscified

and

she wanted it tonight....

i said

ok

i will  
try.....

toochey

chi  
chay

bite  
the grass  
of your



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az...

i will

use  
even nify haffi tongue...

i will see  
what I can do for  
you...

eventhough  
your case  
looks shaky....dommed  
cash AY!

in the pyramid

dead old

cleopatra....

Atef Ayadi

# A Permanent Damage...

if you think  
i will make you

happy....

sorry,

i will not! ! !

and it is not about  
my cases  
your case  
my case  
and the entourage....

sorry

your house  PoemHunter.com

need  
to be

down

to ground zero

sorry

your learned wrong stuff!

sorry

I AM NOT

ready for domestication

and a secure house.....

and if i am not mistaking my self

i will not....

Atef Ayadi

# A Loveless Victory

whatta

fin

fu

king

fin

victory

if i lost you

in a war of love....? ?

what

victory

if

you

lost me

while

we are waging



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the war' fire

of a deadly

love..? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Black Peary Berry

you

can not lie  
in love

or making love.

you can not simply lie....

cause  
simply

love is not

a business with honesty!

Atef Ayadi



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# A Chick, Hot Wings Man!

a poet

sent me this comment:

\*\*\*\*\*

I am but a dry land awaiting your liquid kiss...  
Said She'the one i Miss, her miss'.

I miss the kiss of awe...  
I was the one, she liked, she saw.

But that island of love sank deep, with my love...  
Down, down, be she, from up above.

She be, my love...  
My dove.

\*\*\*\*\*

(me) :



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my only option  
i always respect my self for having options  
in my

optional  
option to option

hide-hide  
imperialistic  
obama

batman  
life.

so dear! ! !

if i leverage  
my name

and bit on feeling  
your poem,

i would say....  
do not be

man!  
a chicken....

i do not

write  
a frank  
male?

disclosure  
in public

sorry  
for chocking your  
cocking mocking  
and put my finger

three centimeter from your  
wambling-trembling-bombo bing

waking up from chock

eye

you want

to kiss

go for a kiss (and give me a brake)  
and do not write

like a kisser...  
CAUSE,



I PERSONALLY KISS  
SO I WILL NOT TALK ABOUT IT...later...

Atef Ayadi

# One Specific Reason....Give And Serve

orfool jobs

are served by orfoo loli people...  
to aura- raa-re-full  
people....

give given beautiful jobs...are given and taken by beautiful people....

you pay for what you get, , , no tips..no change...  
no waitress bussing on your az...

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# I Love The Sun

the sun

created me....

and still,

It supports me...like a nurturing mother....

Atef Ayadi



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# One Specific.....Reason.....And Stay Focus On This

Power is

to write tiny single single laws....

and

burn the big great laws...

Atef Ayadi



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# Specific Juice Of Life.... Comfort Zone Income Zone

when my comfort zone

becomes my income zone....

i have just to worry about paying my azz to the feds...

and that is it.....or let someone else take care of it....

i will pay her good pay.....((her az will be span ak ed three times a night))

or i will send him a check.....that lawzi nazi azhole..

Atef Ayadi



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# Specific Juice Of Life....Compassionate Purpose

Compassionate  
purpose  
.....is not a purpose! !  
in itself...

It is the spirit of having a purpose....  
and passed it along...

Atef Ayadi



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# Laisses-Moi Aller

il n'y a pas d'esperance

dans un amour  
au-de-la

de ces yeux de feu....

il n'y a pas

d'amour dans  
les ciels

sans soleil.....  
et un monde detourné...

no et no! !

Je ne peux  
pas  
laisser  
ton coeur...et mon  
coeur...vivent en haut...



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haut et...haut...

je te demand....  
de respecter mon coeur....

et oublier

mon amour et les mots que je t'ai dis  
de mon coeur....et tous les

baisers....les souvenirs....  
et les traces  
de la musique....  
notre danse des

papillons....autour de la terre

et la lune...

Atef Ayadi



# Centuries Of Romance

j'ai pensé  
que  
je peux

me reposer la tête, ....  
mon âme et mon être....

sur ta terre....  
pour un moment....

J'ai failli....

même avec cette amour

foue a la folie....  
cet ampleur...

J'ai failli....  
par-ce-que ton coeur

est une terre...en flamme...sans amour....sans âme....

Atef Ayadi

# Complete Silence For A Man...Who Wants Complete Silence To Focus

do you know

what...

I

Want?

#####000#####

Note:

Please take a minute of silence...reflection....or well  
planned lucid dreaming...

and do not bother me with a high fat, bed  
calories....not even breath-taking answer;

without an (appropriate and in time) notice mailed stamped in the post office....

#####000#####

Atef Ayadi



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# Silence Silenced Sentensed....Man...Who Wants Silence

man! ! you look you want to sleep and someone....something....  
noisy is itching you.....and you want to talk in a bee itchy about it....i under sand  
that! ! ....

you forget one thing

.....you are not the only one....

and please! !

STOP there....right there. please! !

let it cool man! ! ...man! ! what is up? ? ...

you are constipating a lot of staff...

global worming warning stuff...cool down man? ? get yourself a beer or  
something...

a bee...honey bee...to itch you everyday....and stay worm...active and alive...

Atef Ayadi



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# A Word To A President

We do not  
need a president....

we do not need education...  
and health care....if this will cost....zilions....

we want a matrix to do all of this...  
and we take care only of the fun....we do not have time for your  
soories...storries and  
oop sez...lopez i made a mistake...

go back to work! ! ! !

the next election, we will elect the one

in the matrix reloaded....

go back socker batman! !

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MR. HAAH! HEH...HAH! !

PEACE BIRTH CERTIFICATE....MULTI-PROBLEM...

PRESIDENT! ! !

GO BACK TO WORK! !

I DO NOT LIKE

TALKING.....AND ZERO AND NOTHING DONE IN THE WHITE  
HOUSE WEST ROOM WHERE SILENCE.....MEANS SILENCE...

Atef Ayadi

# The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Nine

i like to play with people  
games....it is fun...in the funny best time...

that is it....no killing...no murder...no movies....

make some people

laugh...get excited...back to work...

every body works in fun....  
friendly environment

no hazard...no bossing bossssss.....

no religion...no race....or racing for a chick....

after ward....the fight of kisses in night parties will tbegin.....  
ake place...in a funny light christmas night funny party...

Atef Ayadi

# The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Eight

why i do

what i do? ?

i do not think that

love and appreciations is a big deal....for me....  
a well as.

Human connections,

security...(((is for pu seeeze...and bankers.....  
if you are not one of them.....do not worry about...or  
take it personal.....cause they are secure and want more.....,)))

T am looking to...

Stay growing...growing...growing...  
until i do not know what i will be...? ?

stay producing.....organic...non organic...ideas....for the american ideals...  
and new songs for SAM. SEE or SAY SOYBEEN see sea MAN! ! !

then....

got lost...and start over...  
again and again...

Atef Ayadi

# The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Seven....

gays

poussies...little ckekens, ants, croow-etch-ers,

lasbsters funs.....and ups fedexes taxes who not pay his tax

on time....

and young lost audiences...

ladies there,

out there,

the one there...yes...right there...

the gentleman who is smiling....up there cause his girl friend is smiling,

the YAK...dude up there on the center,

who laugh without notice,

to anyone in this planet....

i like to say somethning important....and poetic...

do something!

do something about it! ! me

stop complementing in the old (comment dire! !

etre bien dresseeeey...tailleeeey.....dix sur dix....perfumeeey)

right! ! Facon de couturier

et

sabihier correctment (top model, high couture) ....

connect my poems

to the world...share them for peace....

then let me know....

a la lettre.....email....

i am famous...do not worry

about...i will get it...

Atef Ayadi



# The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Six....

the glamor

-shine baby shine...

Ora, hora torabora....energy....

being soft and hardly sockked...-

is a work...keep..working...dream....

keep believing....

burn your beliefs,

start from scratch....,

your ass on the sand....i mean beachy itchee sand...,

you have to listen to CHER (beleive song)

be smart on all levels....-

i mean all f A.C.T (F.U.... ING) silly....sissy....this bee is precocious....levels-  
....and it sounds fact and real and beautiful....,

Atef Ayadi

# The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous.....Issue Four....

why i have

to be funny? ?

stay funny? ? ?

wake up ((and i lack 3 hours of sleep)) funny? ?

meet with dad people socking death damped into earth alife...funny? ?

be funny and ((i have to write down some plans)) .....and stay awake funny? ? ...

Fact (ucked instead of act) .....I do not like to be famous....

Leave me alone....

Atef Ayadi



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# The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous....Issue Three....

I do not like to be

president....of the country

i like the president to

work for me.....

it make sense....

does it?

Atef Ayadi



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# The Glue-Mer Of Being Famous.....Issue Two.....

i like to be in the place

of steve, ....stewart....  
the jewsiah who bosses the  
comedy central....esrealian channel...

then

lino.....before he will co back to Italy.....or irland.....  
the night night show.....

you start dream big  
very big....step by step simple system jim-jim-  
girls and boys all the fun....programs....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Very Personal, Third, And My Last Central Park Issue

when someone

faces you

in the face (not chocks you in the face....in a f a c king situation)

with something like this.....

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

No need

For pink to sink

And bleed

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

without worrying about the dollar sign...

in a global economy.....

how you want me

to retaliate....in the

face of a f aaa king chicken waaaaak waaaak wakwaaak...eeuu uuuuuu oooooo

rrrrrr

and only

remember

' THE F U C K E R S ' movie.....

how?

Atef Ayadi

# Very Personal, Third, And My Last

i need to  
work on my get  
pissed...angry....and staying snow berry organic impossible! season alone  
issue.

here is a hint:

i wrote and awesome  
poem for my self and you my darleen.....and darleens...

and the system.....  
and most probable, I made a tragic wrong move and hit return and everything is  
gone baby! !

do yo know...do you feel me....dig me.....  
avatar i see you.....now? ?

Atef Ayadi



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# Very Personal, First \$ Second

My personal achievements hand in hand with my growth goals are simply:

first:

Maintain a high Tech reliable Love....

second:

Cash flow, a poem for -a dollar (euro, yen are accepted) a digital copy....-

has it is own treasure....

cause right now....I am at the ground....homeless, no money....no ground....

and I am looking at you bay ey ee iii be ont not to be.....on earth, on the moon,  
on Jupiter i am now.....

and i want you baby to seek and enter the tunnel of my heart

right now...



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baby right now!

hey! ! Toni iiiey! ! .....

are goals an escape goats right! on time?

or i KEEP writing for, about beauty....., love beauty, meet with beauty  
for the beauty....all the time....

be passient....LA PASSIANCE! ! MON AMOUR? LA PASSIONCE

Atef Ayadi

# What?

She said:

"WHAAAAT ITTT? ? "

with a smile.....in the eyes....

Her cheeks are flatted against the sky....

I said:

"You watted,

I did not....

the whole night....I did not.....

you watt every day.....i do not.....

cause i get used to it....."

Atef Ayadi



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# House Of Wax

do you wax or shave....

or did you forget all about this beautiful job.....all of it....at once.? ?

cause....you look like a house of wax.....

with my hand

I can

feel

the heat....

cracks, melting down, ....lava....down...pressure down...

my nose are

ahead....

is following

the fire....and the smoke.....of the burned....house....

ho babi! .....it is going to the dry woods....and your favorite prairies....

Atef Ayadi

# Funy Morphics

she said: "

who the hell! ! !

ah! ! !

are you....? ? "

i said:

" I know a lot of folks of hoes and son of hoes....want to hear this.....

i am a little of french grammar, -i mean, true french grammar not canadian! ! -

a little of french conjugaison....-pronouced this way:

CON Jay (lino) ZON (not zi ion) -

Some weird american math....

the rest is formula

One....



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do not ask me....

it is top secret...."

Atef Ayadi

# Of Course....I Am Creative

Off course and  
of course  
i am creative....buster....

or you will not spend time....  
-i mean the time that you do not have....you are looking to learn to how to have  
it....filled into a bottle like vodka....martinez....Champaign, or iced blinded with  
citron....Cognac....-

to read all of this and dream out....  
get pissed....

cool down....  
make plans and exits....

prepare for a date.....  
a party.....  
a connection.....



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get lost alone....where ever and what ever the place is and will be...

of course i can take you here  
and there...and you like it....

hoses or sons of the night bored bee itches....

can you make  
now! !  
the planet safe

and fun? ?

Haa aa aaah AH!

Ho...out there! ! and there! ...  
and little hohiees...who are looking to fill the gap! !



# Off Course.... I Do Not Exist...

she said:

"you do not exist either..."

Of course....and off course, off codes, and off the road...  
i do not....exist! !

if she said so...that is it! !  
i should not be in this planet!

and what will follow,  
through away your gun or whatever you are holding,  
hands-up, on your knees...  
and wait for your fate...slaved man! !  
weak man! poor man! !

Atef Ayadi



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# Her Favorite Color: Bleu Ciel.....

she wants

blue open sky

love's adventure....

so,  
she puts on

a blue sky shirt.....  
with the neck exposed to the sun....the hands are also exposed.....

anythings else

is contrasted

with a dark  
blue sky

fancy...chicago....sub.... garage sale.....lingaray....

Atef Ayadi



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# Pink

pink is a rose'  
rosay rosi aroused pu sissiii girl purple....

Am I touch down? ...

yet? ....

Am I close enough? ...

or

Do you want me to be more detailed.....?

Atef Ayadi



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# A Word To An African....American....Kid

the battery of the  
song

'Racism....what is up man....racism

slavery...man.... segregation..'

wont hold...  
it is dying....out....  
and we do not sell  
and make  
these type of old stuff batteries....  
anymore.

your only two exits....are:  
first,

to travel to Africa from any direction.....  
and don't ask me how...when....and where to have the money for the adventure  
....just take a back bag and go....

your second exit....  
i mean your real... future....  
not African future....

not african american furture....

is to know how respond to any condition without filtering or stereotype...

cause we are all slaves....to our conditions, denials, and our setbacks....

so,

please kid,  
plan to go once in your life...to north pole, south pole...Alaska....



go to China, Japan, Korea, Malaysia, Indonesia, India, Asia, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, New guinea....New America, new places, new planet....just stop the old stuff...stop the denial and setbacks

and try only to explore....

Atef Ayadi

# China Back To China

Fliers and flayers

of papers.....

big font.....

chinese ink....

english....words in chinese....easy...cuisine.....

free free

china is free....

free free china

is free

from the chinese....

and the communism....

free free china

first

from the chinese....

thanks from the communist

the head of the snake

jacky chaaaa ennnn cnn aannn

then

clean up the roots....of communist china

maaa ow ow ow....tsieeee ie ie ie, , , ,

tooo on on eng eng eng gg egg rolls...

idiology....

Atef Ayadi

# Boranic Uranium Plutonic Moranic Verses To Women Only

you missed me,

you missed the show of the first egg and last  
freezing....ice breeze....

and you

like omelets,

pizza banana....

i like

light of marl boroooo on a minty

camel...



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It turned out

that it is female camel...-you can not tell from the picture...-

she is waiting for a non smoker like me....

or at least smell me man! !

from head to toes...

can you do that? ? ?

please let me know? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Soura-Ton Pour Toutes Les Mademoiselles

made moiselle  
made moisellat  
te and in tesscola....i will sell...

your as s and z assets....room by room....

and then

i will take care of the  
ekkkkkaaaakkkk akh akhhhhhhh

tiger....tigress look in your face....later...  
when you calm down....

and last,

mix up blind up  
your  
animal king damn ass positions and weer ir ir ir ir doggy ggee ggee stuff....

and babi...i am coming, coming

yess yeeah  
yess yess yeah!  
baked only for you....

Atef Ayadi

# Day One...First Fast Feast Fist To Fist Hour

if you are sad

it said that you are sad...someone is looking at you and still  
did not notice and sad.....

say this and enjoy it...

i mean relax! !

"oooah oooah oooah

AAAAA aaa aa a aaa a a a a AAAA"

FOUR TIMES

THEN

eff efff efff effffffffefff eff eff eff efffff

four times....



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that is it! !

you are loaded into the matrix....

happy now? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Lingeries In The Hands Of A Paprazzo

did you really meet with a paparazzo? ?

meat to meat? ?

and he missed the LINGERIE  
or the whole stuff....the entire package...? ?

cause,

to tell you the truth....  
i personally

i enjoy looking, and ex....ploring all the stuff,

take few pictures,

make the interview pleasant....and then....

wrap up! everything

in a low light, blue red....candy stuff....

is that what you are trying

to pipe in  
to pipe out... and communicate with your eyes  
and your nipples? ?

and sorry again if do not get it? ? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Why Love Balance (Book Keeping, In And Out, Give And Take)

if you tell this

to a dude or  
a lesbian dudeest or a female dooo daaaa from the east....

with some professionalism....and it does not work....

move to the next victim....i mean case...

a future prospect....client lover...

and tell him,  
her,  
or whoever in between....  
about prices....  
up front...clear and nice....sharp blade....

Atef Ayadi



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# Chake And Mate

Sorry for the checkmate.....and for your mate or inmate.....and inmates....

and the traffic's policeman who is trying to organize  
your inner life....in and out....

fom strtrees to avenues, to highways, and then to Ohare...Airport....

and thanks for not being that poetic....or so so

while you lost your mating season.....

Atef Ayadi



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# Ho Ho Hi Chick's Simple Entry Question

look

little no experience,

labeled

chick....

in the county market.....

and ho ho hot wings chicks in wall mart.....

if you answer this question

and your make me lough and erected....at the same time...

I will defend you with all the high tech A-CIA...resources and social security you deserve.....

Do your napolitan hybrid hibrish irish nipples match my nipples

from two

directions? ? ?

Atef Ayadi

## Zone Two: Application Layer....

i dreamt

about more spin....

more fun....

better eye sight -360 degrees angle....or jesus with circular aura on his head

and he looks shy....dragula europeen descending folk and pop poor singer face look....-

i have it.....

who needs help...free stuff? ?

Atef Ayadi



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## Zone Two: Softwar Layer

i like

complex numbers.....

propability.....

i want to combine

the two theory...blind them....

still the propability's theories are not are  
validated respect to the  
classical frame work.....

but

the event are  
filtered at different

stages.....or periods....

here,

my heads spins.....

how

possible

our head...is build....

for more than binary one zero narrow interval.....? ? ?

Atef Ayadi

# American Soc Soc King Ever Farting Farmer Joke

YOu know

when you

ask an american....

in a bar....

or

outside....

""do you want a joke? ""

one thinks

it is a miller lier liar layer light....

AKKKK eeee aaahhhhhh

aaa kkkkk khkhkh ehhhh

haaaa aa ah aaaah ah aaaah

hi.....hi

hiiiieee

i can not stop my

tear

from.....gas bombs jokes.....

haaa hhhaaaa hhaaa...! ! !

Atef Ayadi

# American Yo-Ez And Ho-Ez Joke Too

An american middle class kid

told his single mother:

" mOM....mommy.....i dreamt  
i bought the world....with the one dollar you gave me! ! ...."

MOm....looks pissed...and angry....

and said to her boy.....

"of course haaa nneeee ee ay eii ay iiiii eeeey, ....

your dad.....gave me.....

one first edition first year euro.....  
and promised me a new land and fun nnnn ey eee eeee iiiii ayyy ai ayy boy

like you....."

Atef Ayadi

# If You Have Problems...With Memories

i get  
rid

finally of  
all  
the  
land mines  
of  
my memories.....

i am a free slot....

it is cool really

cool stuff....

windows 7



PoemHunter.com

for vista

users

95

98se.....i started person LLEEEE YYYY

with a little hands

with windows 3x

i was a was that much of windows  
hacker

it was dos....for god sake....

hes is five...for god sake

you can not still ask

for productivity.....

so call me at the IMC

call for the artist.....downstairs....

they....(mostly beautifull horrrrr horrrrrrr

sssiiii sii si sssiii ssi iii girls)

....they tell you

what chi experience....

they experiencing

in this ever lasting virus obama infected economy.....

how obama will....fix it.....

st turpido do do

re mi do do

american.....how

a man like obama will fixe it.....and how long! .....

task and take time.....asking  
yourself ho son of hoes how long? ?

we will....

drink and party around our beer hoes



before the F15

or b50

king muslim.....will tishshhhhhhhh barbecu

our asis axes of evil.....bUrger and build bUrgers.....

buildbergers

capitalism

going

to last before we will be burned by the red getting big fatty obeeze...

very haveeeey.....sun.....

Atef Ayadi

# Zone Two: I Have What I Asked For

HAVE YOU

EVER

HAVE MOMENTS...OF YOUR LIFE....

WHERE....YOU ARE BUNK...BLINK COMPLETELY...SORT  
OF SPEACK SPEECH FROM TECH RITTT

LAMERICAN ARE LEAVING.....BOM BOM BOM

IS GONE

HABIB.....

BI BEE BEEE....

HAVE YOU.....

AHHH? ?

ANY QUESTION.....HANDS! UP! ! ! .....A BLINK.....? ?

I HAVE THIS MOMENT OF

OF

GRANDE

INDIRA

GHANDI

DIE--ETTT

AMONG THE CROWED

COWS AND POOR

VITAMINE

PEOPLE

BURNED

BY THE SUN....GOD OF ALL TIME.....

and new testaments.....

i have these extended moments

chili....oo weffff fifa off of off  
faaa oiiiff uchjuhpo ing ing ing ing

do runing engure  
nor respect for nature....  
a kid ask.....

and a kid ask....

and ask

until

the kid

sleep....  
osss 000SSSS....

oshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhsh she

pussaaa ss s ssssaaaaa a a  
from mommi

dakk blinding

bilind  
blinded

without

chocolate

choco co la!

i am tired...i need...to breath....sleep!

dark....darkness...barking.....out side

is danger! ! ....for a kid, saying that make it chilli and it will have a davestating effect en a kid.....

cause

danger: comes in different forms....

i explain:

when a child

as one opens one's eyes...

he still confused.....

-a child like me.....i no that is somebody i am in touch with.....

mommma a!

others are familiar...but not as familiar as mom....

mom is essential....

man what izup?

relaxed....in peace.....serie forier for american test tube psycho....

Laplace moment....laplace transformations and fourier craziness.....

you connect to the sky.....with the help of internet....ipods.....chatt rooms....  
matchmacking.....you rocking sky the galaxy.....

pay and go!

do not worry! !

credit card! ! !

visa or master? ?

maaaaaa essss ttrrraaa raaa rrrrrrr mistress lowinski  
white thing.....

vized becusu  
what is up ho o

ehaaaa eh ea...n  
aaaaa

man

rook me.....

she said the black girl.....and i stop here....

Atef Ayadi

# Zone Two: A Child Question

MY BUISNESS  
WITH PEOPLE.....

I ASK A CHILDISH  
A CHILD....  
I AM? A CHILD!

REALLY?  
I AM A CHILD?

QUESTION:

A SIMPLE  
TRE'S SIMPLE!  
FROM THE BOOK

BILBLE OR TOURAT ORT KURAN

OR SIMPLY FROM NATURE

MOTHER NATURE, ....

-PLEASE STOP!  
HERE!

TAXI CUP!

DRIVER

BEFORE AND AFTER.....

PLEASE TO HERE.....  
A CHILD IS A SON  
OF THE SUN

OF MOTHER NATURE.....

PEOPLE!

DO YOU  
STILL  
FOLLOW ME

THAT TYPE OF  
GAY

GOU

EGU IIII EUUUUU IE IIIIII E LIKE E

I ALWAYS.....

I always ask a question

from

my mind -child, curious mind-  
and they never seemed

not even curious about!

i mean my question

my curiosity

about everything

i mean every thing!

nothing left behind....

i will explain to you

what does a child....

see! !

and how the question

of eileen mother nature.....looks,

obviousss....ly....beautiful.....

a cup filled  
half

of guilt  
and red sot of beautiful roman aroma cafee

memories....

people are people....  
i thought they know

the same things.....the same way.....  
same dream of the world.....same magics.....same wonders

fame tell tales and beautiful  
stories..... here! a kid is lost

between,  
the world mystic....and to night is going to be ok!  
ok! you can sleep....  
ok you can sleep....

okkkkk kay.....you can sleep.....

ok.....k ....k....kay.....

you can sleep  
now!

and i can not take it.....back to the story  
back then of the question and



the

child who is

me

writing to you cost me

my life....as s posible aaaas and s.....

let it go.....

babi.....

so, i go away....

turn and turn

have and have

been and been

(this is a new sorry with less sorrow! you british britny houston who can not make only buttt

your batman bit bat will bat you.....

jimmy carter is a bar tender uy....sorry guy/gays lesbian and cows and cawards....)

from my jendouba

etch ah bouba

habouba

decbouba

ben aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aa aa a aa aa aaaaaaaaaaaaaa alll

mizal hHHHHH ehehdhhhh ay ei iiii

vivant like an elephan

an

'a la fin....! "

pilice

Aaa khkhkhkhkh eeeerrrrr

(->sign... last)

(<-sign....ton demain democracy....a cap can not getting so ben ali ben ali

bin ali

ya ben ali

ya ya ya

hope

it is not too long.....

as i kid

i hate

to be

interruped by

some ignorants

eee ignogbphjooi[oki errrrrr oooooon

when i formulate

fast enough question....le secret

est ici....

a kid need to take his time.....

enjoy what ever he could.....i itell you this and i am 100000power100000

with zero vergule(comma for english speacker who missed the math, this i sour best time to catch up...do not ask....)

000000000000000000000005F000000F  
000FA0000000000000000000000000A  
0000000000000C000000005F000000F  
000FA0000000000000000000000000A  
000000000000000000000005F000000F  
000C000000A0000000000000000000A  
000000000000000000000005C000000F  
000FA0000000000000000000000000A  
000000000000000000000005F000000F  
000O00000000000000000000000000A  
000000000000000000000005F000000F  
000FA0000000000000000000000000A

IN DECIMAL

DEEEEE CIPHERS! ! !

IT IS A SIMPLE QUESTION...FROM A CHILD' MIND....

Atef Ayadi

# What Disturbs Me.....

the voodoo love

of the africans.....

to nature and huimanity....

the high speed

rip off

of the white man....

and the ancient

stories

of all the Asian men

without eve's

heroic adventures....and glories....

what disturbs

me

is i am

too close

to feel and

share

all my grateful

nature....



PoemHunter.com

and no...one...seems

really wants to share....my findings

and my....kindness....in love.

Is this the price....

to share,  
to be fully

a free man and lovable.....

Atef Ayadi

# A Cute Hope

cutezienab

30 female

Detroit United States

wrote:

#### I hope that you will be honest and treat me good. I hope that we can become good friends and have some fun times together. Write me back so we can chat some more ####

in the picture, she is laying  
on a paradise  
white ruggy silky bed cover...

too bed i can not

come to you...to michigan

cause, i am from illinois....

I do not lower our status bey going to indiana...iowa..and similar states...

Atef Ayadi

# A Picture And A Whisper

Her name,

nick name, or  
secret name username

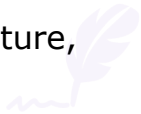
is liris or iris

born in 09...that is how she wants to appear....shy  
and iris.....in the muslim no fight zone green zone...ground zero...  
new policies...for the muslims or whoever want to stop the oil from  
flowing to new york...sky....

She sent me a message.....

#### I have noticed your profile many times recently in the past few days. I  
want you to come along and have a good time with me. I want you to write me  
back when you get my message.####

in her picture,



PoemHunter.com

the lips  
the nose  
and the eyes

are whispering

for a flat polite

muslim kiss

then

the fight will begun....

Atef Ayadi

# Un Baiser Sans Rien À Dire

son amour

est

discret.....

elle veut tous en un

seul mot....ou

un baiser

qui finira par

rincer

son amour,

ces soucis

et ses questions, , , , ,

elle veut

son vœux disparaître...être

du fond de son cœur

et

de sa peau

avec un seul

et seulement un

baisez

eeee aaaa ZEHhhh

FROM HER

HER TOES

ONE BY ONE

TO HER HAIR

AND MAKE SURE



SHE IS WELL COOKED

BOTH SIDES

MISS Y EUU

LE CHEF....

le donneur  
des baisers

qui manquent  
autant de

song et force de baiser...

Atef Ayadi

# J'Ai Oublie' Ma Peinture

j'ai toujours

suivi

ma class ratee'

en

matiere d'ART

j'ai toujours

PASSE'

EN PREMIER

CLASS....AVEC UN 'E'

SYSTEME FRANCAIS

ET LE CHEF

LUI LUIS VII AUSSI

FRANCAIS, , , , MAL GRAIS

G

LES ENGRE'S

LES ENGRAIS

ENGRENAGES

EN PHYSIQUES

MATHEMATIQUE

ET CHIMIQUE

L'ART

A RESTE' DANS MON COEUR D'ENFANT.....

MAINTENANT

MON ART EST A' MOI

MON CLASS...E...

MA MANIERE DE VIVRE

MON AMOUR  
MES VISIONS  
MON TELE..PHONE

ET MA COPINE

QUI

EEE...N....EEE  
JE DOIS ETRE  
LA

AVEC MON

BEB BEI  
AY AY

OR L'ART DE  
L'AMOUR

COMME LA  
FRONT CE  
NATIONAL

IS ALWAYS

FU AK AND UP...

Atef Ayadi

# Le Corps De Son Core

have been

educated  
zoo ol ogie

observe and only

je and gee....

elle a dans son  
corps

une certain

geologie

loique et logement et logie  
trops serre'

ici et

vasy la bas, , , , vas y

son core

pardon  
ol la la

son corps

une cave

un core

haute

qui va

re refroidir

et

puis

explose'

zea zee zi ze

ah ha ha

zi zey ze....

moi un

aventurier des caves

des chambre

haut pression

hau

ho

yo yo

tu es venu tu

doits toucher.....

je m'en fiche

que tu ma la flamme

dand mon core

more flamme

dans ton corps

i am ho ho with that! !

t

Atef Ayadi

# Get Me Some More

SHE IS

TAKING ME DOWN

TO THE DANCE  
FLOOR....

THE MUSIC  
IS TAKING  
HER BODY  
SHAPE.

WITH THE MUSIC  
WE ARE  
KEEPING IT TIDE  
I CANNOT STOP  
I AM INFECTED

BY HER KISSES



PoemHunter.com

WHILE SHE IS RUBBING  
AGAINST  
ME

FROM

MY BACK

HER BODY...IS RUBBING SALT AND SWEAT ON ME....

Atef Ayadi

# J'Ecris Pour Oublier

JE SUIS COME

TOI

POUR  
DIRE  
DES CHOSES  
PAREIL!

QUE JE NE REGRET  
PAS

DES CHOSES  
D'AMOUR

OU JE VAIS  
QUE-CE-QUE  
JE FAIS

DU JOUR AU JOUR



PoemHunter.com

J'ECRIS

PARCEQUE

JE

NE REGRET RIEN

J'ECRIS  
JE T'ECRIS

PAR-CE-QUE

JE T'AIME

ET JE NE REGRET RIEN!



TOUTE MA VIE....

Atef Ayadi

# The Right Border....The Sevent Sea

girl...if i go

far away out of town

it is not  
because of you

cause i can go farther

this

just to prove

i have more than a wish.....

half way  
right in the border  
is a not a great thing for me to do...

i am not a girly person....  
i do not  
discuss  
with girls  
lost in their one more  
wish....and wishy wish...

Atef Ayadi

# I Do Not Have The Right Word

j'e n'est pas peur

de dire a mon coeur...

que

je peux  
repete

de nouveau

le meme  
amour  
le meme  
parcour

le memee  
messag

le meme passage



PoemHunter.com

my hole  
life  
I have been  
waiting

to fu k you in th eback  
mari

mari...

until you mari

my senses

and f act on me

mari...  
marie

ha ha ha aa i a

f act u

i do not not need to translate

all my french

background...

Atef Ayadi

# My Secret Told....My No Pain Love...

I Am sculpting

one love

my

youngish

leggish

babi

i hate days

like this....love....

i am mad

i am the only fool



PoemHunter.com

babi

i can not forget

and hate

days

and dates

like this

no money

no rise

no sun set

no push ups

no push push rize rise

and raise

whatever it is....

babi

i hate

to remmber

days like these....

broke

and lovely like this...

whet ever it is

babi i ha

Atef Ayadi

# Wondering Eyes

SHE GOT ALL WRONG...

AGAIN

AGAIN  
AND AGAIN

I CAN NOT BELIEVE  
IT.....

EVEN  
I TOLD HER YOU CAN SURVIVE  
WITH  
ME OR WITHOUT

SHE GOT IT  
WRONG.....

I CAN NOT



PoemHunter.com

I CAN NOT

BELIEVE IT....  
TAKE IT

Atef Ayadi

# Une Nuit Sur La Terre....

desires effervissant

effet vers le centre

effet dans le centre....

Un amour,

une lumière,

du HARMONIE....

QUE J'AIME  
ET QUE TU AIMES.....

JE SUIS SUR

COMME TOI

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# A Thousand Nights Nasty Revengi Romance

evengi

gi li

cal

ho

ora

you siko

gaco

gaico

natti

woman

who wants bad durty oo lala

bitchi crazy romance.....



PoemHunter.com

je ton veux

mon amour

salle

une salle

la salle

for sale

for sell

for closure

dirty

romance...

Atef Ayadi

# I Do Not Like To Wakeup From My Night Tales And Mares

even i do not like nightmares

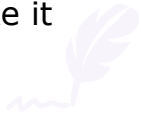
babi! !

this is my sweat dream  
night  
mare...

to be you

in you....  
pinching me  
sweet dream all the night mare....

i can not sweet dream awake  
do not like it



PoemHunter.com

wont wake up from you.....

Atef Ayadi

# Un Jour A L'Autre

je vie qu'a moi....

mes quand je te vois

devant moi...c'est une autre histoire...

je reve....

tu reve

chez-moi et chez- toi

tu aime l'amour

boire le vin d'amour en moi....

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## Zone Two: I Gotta A Feeling

i have a good  
night

good good night

good good night

paced spaced down down and down feelings

and dreams  
come true....

i like to shave  
to share this...and the good good night

spend my money  
on the roof

dancing with my bee it chi

do it  
easy come

easy  
rock

easy back

my back

hurt

you again again  
and again...

to night is going to be

your night of feelings.....

yess yess yess...dancing pace out passed  
out

des blessure

pres de chez moi-  
ta voiture  
plus d'une fois....

quant je serai close de toi....

Atef Ayadi

## Zone Two: Le Temps Des Grand Explosions

sa fait  
long temps  
que  
je  
reve

d'un amour  
d'une chanson

pour changer  
ce monde.....

sa fait long  
temps

que j'aime

son visage,



PoemHunter.com

son petit enfant

sans visage.....  
son amour et ivres

123 mon song es....

and modern  
play....

hi pass  
pace  
chicago  
installer  
laisse toi aller

babi....

hi speed  
hi internet

amour

read between the lines  
chi ca go

and do not go

is colder

with you or without....

it takes time

in my world

to pace things

toward you

my only love....

i want to be your love.....i can show me....

my love...the one i always.....want ta to be....

chi

Atef Ayadi

## Zone Two: I Will Falow You... Until

There are no secrets and no paradigms in love.

if death is a release from the realm of the mind....life is...nothing but... the growth of the mind.

if truth comes with attributes....should we talk about true attributes or the attribute's space of truth.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



## Zone Two: Am I A Responsible Lover?

yes

i hear my  
heart leeping

when i

can hear your  
heart

beeting

eating

my heart

in my chest....



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whitout pushing the trigger...

baby

papa rotzi

until you smile

babi famous chicks

pa pa pa ro ti zi.....

Atef Ayadi

# Aides-Moi Touches-Moi Ecris-Moi

i can hear  
your voice

from far....

push moi..egg moi  
commence a ce deplacer  
inside me et sans  
direction.....

transmitting

signal.....  
cause....

i burned my house down....

and you are my sweat dream full  
of hash  
hash and shash

i can hear your  
voice  
in the street

cramping  
crawling  
rambling

black in white chick....

down  
down...



# Le Present Et La Fin

every  
nigh

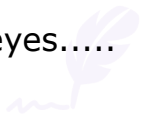
i want to see you and close my

sky on your eyes....

suit sweat dream.....

i want to close  
all the sky and the nightmares

on your eyes.....



PoemHunter.com

what kind of dream

your dreaming  
sweet dream  
my dream

nock you off....

and your body

my babi body...

is sweet  
sweet dream and spicy night mares....

either way

i do not  
want you to wake up

and i am fighting your nightmares

and collection

of swet sweat dreams....

Atef Ayadi

# Je Sais Ou' Aller Pour Te Trouver

une fois

quand

on se reprocheras

et je

suis capable

de te  
toucher

dans le meme  
end  
der

woi.....ou'  
le douleur  
et l'amour  
sont un  
et deux dieux ah ah aaaa i aaa aaa

si je derais la...

je te donne mon aaaa aaaa  
and best ay aya iii e aaaa

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# If Love Find Me....

i wan to be

a child....

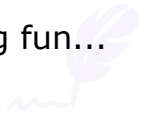
so vulnerable...

still

he can show  
his love.....

i want to be

fun loving fun...



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cause

i a got A FEELING

that every day is  
going to be

a good night

feelings

i will work

get my money

spend it wisely  
on the fun

on filling

my cup

and i do it

again

again

every day and every night

so let's do it

let's do it

again

spend

all the money

on filling the cap

here she comes

here she goes

ups and down

what are a such it che chest nuts

good night.....

Atef Ayadi



# Une Chance Sur Deux....Ca Fait Longtemps

sa fait  
long temps

que je n'ai pas

reve'

sans tete  
sant american

blue  
blood  
blue heart

hot body....

123,



PoemHunter.com

not only  
you

native  
irish  
every body  
is singing her name

no body

native irish is coming

to close  
to her

to start drink her beer

wine....rom

and 123

you appear

in between

in my love

like

an irish

junglin

gen gluwo cool man....

Atef Ayadi

# The Best Way, Until You Love Me

l'amour

n'est pas une science! ! !

mais une dance,

une histoire

belle et

cruelle

energique et forte

douce and....Antique

###-french

wine's consumer-###



PoemHunter.com

for english

perfecting

american strangers

do not talk to strangers

even jesus himself is

talking to you

and he is right?

demo-graphic fickel lee...

he is republican....

love is laytex jesus

horney stuff....oah

### -take a breath...come to close to me....

play with

with me

with your gun

do not think....- ###

do not worry ABOUT

ME....

I AM IN LOVE

with

YOU

AND I MUST

PASS This TEST

WITHOUT

PUSHING IN THE TRIGGER...

YOU CAN SEE MY HEART....

YOU CAN SEE MY EYEs

AND Eye LASHES

THEN YOU

CAN SEE MY HEART

AND HEAR ME BEATING

FOR YOU.....

SO

NAIL ME  
AND PUSH DOWN

IN TO THE TRIGGER...

my man

my jesus....

i am the man

who is looking for a girl

like A TRIGGER

Atef Ayadi

# Je Suis Comme See Her Esssa

hey girl

what is up with  
ho you  
you ho...

i have bee

ing

looking

for you

i have looking for

in my  
my heart



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for my heart  
and you

my only wish.....

do you love me

like this

chanter...

si simplement

pour oublier

tes main

prendre formes entre  
et autour

de mes mains

je ne sais  
pas

et je ne regret rien

c'est une poeme

mais je ne regrette rien

je ne sais pas ou tu mene  
ou tu aime.....

dis mois

je veux dormir

...mon amour

Atef Ayadi

# What Disturbs Me: Volume II

what job

should I  
have? ? ?

.....

i am funny...  
flexible (40? one mark....your are fine...)

readable

plastic,

maddie -die for you, babi-



astiiik astech high

tech

no windows vista....

no  
little mac

and little no

little fun and show biz fun

experience.....



but excuse my english

a f12 crazi yo ie

me yo with may finger....

or billl eyeeee aaan nnnn

mechine chiiiit cheiite sheet

zizi.....

easy

ziz zi zee zee babe chou chaaa annnn

owsome some men happen can not beat me....

what is up...yo

Atef Ayadi

# What Disturbs Me: Volume I

in french

frenchip is une guelle elle  
elle fait des galooooo pppp pe....

a tunisiennneee

sadika  
sadaka

frenchip

amitierrr metier

mette le pied

je ten pris



PoemHunter.com

to ward ay ya with

haoooooouilll

willl

will  
coupe coupe, .....,

bill la la la a laar

rud ba ba aaa iii i aa aa aii

li li likkkkk me

billl ll llllaa aarr argent net

at le gratuit.....d

rud ba like

sur tousss te tou

and ti

see irrr ur tooo....

(mailly)

le grad tu is..... free stau  
ff

at aaa fff

f fking free stassss as ass ttttaaaf

they are not

free

meme pas gratuit.....

Atef Ayadi

# Zone Two: Mon Triplette Est Ma Chanson....

my experiment

is simply to a dream

of being capable person who

can be

simple

and capable....of defeating

L; E DIABBBBBLE

SAN

ETE TRE LETTRE



PoemHunter.com

MONGEEE

BOUGEEEEE

AND BEING

STILL EATABLE.....

I WANT TO BE

KH KAY LA AAFF

AA AAA

EEEEF FI FO ME

FEAR

FAIR

FER FER FER O OOO

ON INNNN SSI

SIDE

AU OOOO

FOONNN

FOND....

Atef Ayadi

# Please Let The Pain Normal Poem

i wan you

to be

my only

wish.....

je suis

a fly

you and I

may be so fu aaa aaa ked like this

you and I  PoemHunter.com

you and i ai

baby

bay

bey

prisonier

UN presonier

we will have ways

for you

for your eyes  
for

every thing beigin beigin ben gin jin jin

i love  
you \\\00000? ? ? song

chantezz chantee

pour oblieeererrr errree

c'est uunnnnnn biennn

que je fait

avec to amour

et beau

et aussi

tu es belll

et je ne regrette rien

you are my love

sans illusion

passion

illisions

un amour infini

un amour

je ne sais pas eileen

beaucoup que moi aa ahhh

au aah ahhh gggg jaaa

jayyy un amour

plus

for

que moi

physicallll

is bed

every night

is not skin

to skin

how the facck rassion vodka

i can not see it

right



fact are fact

i have to be pilite

and the facttting bordoms

is killing me.....next poem s to be

written

eileen

est ce que

keep it tide

ur ass

is mass

my mass

my ass

is killing me

in the groude

i will take bee it che to the grouond.....

stop this

beeting that killings

me

my heart beats for

you

is killing me

give me

a call

if life is not b  
eautifull

plus de toi

pluss la vie....

do not be said

eshhhi pa PAA PAS

plus que toi....

ah aha ha

di moi

you ass is figue

ta fivure  
n'est pas une science

un figue

lexperience  
quelque soit

what you know

what is history

of woman

women

man to man

experience is something

something? ? ? ?

has to be done

babi and your ar bittchin

follow me here and there

fck to kilo ratalon

i am not you bee it ch

ch ch ech ien de berger

chameau....? ? ? ?

chameau.... sha aha sh shs a aaaaaaa

mo mo ooooo mo

i love you

baby? ? ? ?

are you still

what up? ? ? ? .....funcking me me

me and you  
the way you like it....

noise to noise  
noise to loise

skin to loise  
skin skin bababy bi bi

biii yess i was born yestrdays.....

Atef Ayadi

# Loins D'Une Ame

jai na aucun

regret on elle

mes yeux

eileen i

i do not  
how to explain to you....

in english,

je j'ai trop

peur peur or peu oooo

suive moi

je te

prends

dans un monde

oo oo

je sing for you

oo baby oo oo

no ooo no oooo oooo

je tiens mes mots  
et mon coeur pour toi

haut

haut

are you killiong me

loving is inside

are you killing in me some thing  
you are plotting son of the beee chi

aaa aaa aaa bi  
e it chi  
ch

ech marri marri marri ford not minded

this not how you find found it

you

f u c toooo you  
uuu

uuuu  
fact you

faccaccc u

i am a afraid of marrieg

from memories

marrii marie  
eileen

i hate  
you

fact you eileen marrie marie

i dance  
with you

fact you trying to dance

with some one else

fact you

and this well that make the heel helll

may best wish.....

cause  
what is up

fucking fu cking you you uyp

what is up

what yppppp

with you

i

f

Atef Ayadi



# Toute Ma Vie

tou ma vie  
toi ma vie

je suis ici

que pour ton amour

et ton bien

elene, helene

hy lin

hi eil

lee?



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are a gag eyes

or you  
want?

just in time

a true  
bileivor

a  
lovor and liver lover  
beleiver,

can do to me

and i believed! ! ! !

Atef Ayadi

# I Am A Pi Pi Robot

I am a Pi pi robot

I am gaga ol la

La ba

Babe

Be be bey bey

How I can claim you

Without

Time for a romance? ? ?

Your logic should be

Inevitable.....

How logically

I am good in a romance

Time and time

In the bottom

Of three dee (3D)

Dice dice

Crazy lazi romance....how three times

You loved me

And nazi with

A naaisist

Nazi nazist roma roma gag a ol ala

romance?

Atef Ayadi

# Black Stuff

she walks  
like she  
want to express everything with her body....and

all the black stuff and night mares....

she is walking loose,

natti, and nasti black bourgeois dark voodoo stuff...

i can not claim  
i do not like  
the dark matter stuff....

Atef Ayadi



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# Do It Again And Again

i do not have  
time...

let's do it as we talk and as we  
walk  
to down town

and

let is make it  
more than fun....

i do not have time

to  
remember or to forget

your hand asking me to go more  
high or

down...

i like to enjoy  
you pour  
tousjours  
et a jamais....down  
fun down town...  
while your hand  
are asking for more  
turns  
and downs  
and ups and down...

Atef Ayadi



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# A Little More

keep it

tide

close and down...

keep the dance  
on the dance floor,

the way

your body  
my body  
which is your body  
either way  
get along  
fight and keep it tide....

stop  
this going  
down



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stop  
your hands  
that are killing me....

stop  
taking me  
more or little  
down....

Atef Ayadi

# A Long Time Coming

i do not know  
when  
you come down

and make me crazy,

i do not when  
you are going to make me

light hazy and  
busey...

not  
wasted...

i do not who you  
are  
until



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you make me go  
down,  
go crazy....

i do not know,

that is the feeling  
i have and  
i want  
when i go down and hazy....

i do not know  
how far  
i can fight it  
beat it



and that is  
how i go down and hazy

and i like it.

you

Atef Ayadi

# Impossible Connection

impossible

to get along, and

impossible to share

with this

rhythm

of going down....

impossible to continue

the connection

la connection

c'est du passe'



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because

zome vodo

dance avec moi

mon cheri

seulement avec moi...

zoumay may may la

il faut

dancer

il faut avancer

vient

lance-toi

dans mes bras

zomey zoo me zoo mi  
et coupey la....

toue le mond,

toi cheri

zommey zommey la...

Atef Ayadi

# Twilight Red Zone Green Zone Love

Ah man!

Ai man!

She walks like  
dancing  
in a rocky  
high surge  
land...

She walk  
as the sun goes down

and no one else is around..

she walk so beautifully so right

she walk close to me  
around  
me

i feel it  
it

something to be true.....

cause that  
is the way she walk toward  
me

while the sun goes down, i am going down  
and while she is expressing herself so  
beautifully true....



# Claim Your Love

relax

if you want to relax

down and do not ask

if you want me really to come...

i do not need your direction

i want you

only to relax, ....so i can

go down

and up



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when you come and i come...

Atef Ayadi

# Lease And Release My Body

lease and ease my body  
or release me

cause i am down

and what is wrong?

to release me

if you are

my love

i do not know

why

i feel  
you are the one  
who  
can

should release  
my body  
my heart and myself....

cause  
you are the one, and

i can not go down without  
you...

Atef Ayadi



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# It Is Only A Soul?

mon ame

mon amie au fond

de moi

dans mon coeur  
dans ton coeur,

baby  
l'amour

is a dream  
in your hands

in your heart  
and when you go down....

what your heart  
wants

and beats for

inside  
and outside

and it is getting tired

for thank you fear

fun ki you

fun nik you

you funny



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marri marri marri me

and put me down....

if you need

i need

to be fun ki you

marri marri aa aa

translate my heart beats

to your hearts beats

without chocks and blood....

Atef Ayadi

# I Left My World

i left my word in somebody hand...

i forget  
my fate in somebody hand....

one love  
and i can not fix

by myself

cause it is one  
love  
one way  
one  
pain  
one  
fate

i forget  
in someone hand

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and could not forget

and this makes it worse...

one love!  
one hand!  
one memories

days dai-ease and eases...  
isis is my baby  
beautiful  
girl...

baby is beautiful like this

one love

one baby like this...

like this my day is

spent

like this

one love

in a beautiful day like this

baby i love you

when you are hot like this....

so tell me baby do you like days like

this

Atef Ayadi

# La Terre Au Haut-De L'A

take me

to your land

au-de-la

quelque part,

au-de-la

take me to the land  
of great feelings,

greet down, low, and high haut terre haute love...

take me au-de-la

et je t'aime pour  
la vie...et au-de-la

Atef Ayadi



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# A New Language

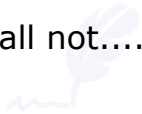
it is a language  
i discovered within the radius....  
of the bus of my daily life....

it is a language...  
i want to share

if you want...  
if not  
it is a not  
not my note not  
my nut...

it is up to you

to share  
or shy shall not....



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or simply  
make an arrangement

when, what, how, and where to share and  
where to share not  
shell not,

you go to hell  
if you touch me!

and i should not.....

it is a language of  
the land of  
all avatars.....

Atef Ayadi

# Her Biggest Wish

i have a believe that

"they have to come to me, ...

i do not go to them.....

until i saw her

trying to help me brake this

belief...at the border

of hell.....

and her heavenly heavy dirty natty....half way

look..



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she said

this is where i stay,

i want you to fulfill  
my only wish to come

half away

and we meet

at jupiter,  
the esquire,

a cafee coffi,

anywhere half away....

beliefs and braking the power of strong  
voodoo beleifs

ce que je croix,  
ce que tu  
croix,

je ne regret te rien

c'est ce que j'ai fait  
apres tous? ?

je t'ai aime'

et je ne regret te rien...

Atef Ayadi

# You & Mon Coeur

j'ai rien a te dire  
mon  
coeur,

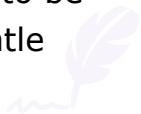
sauf des mots d'amour

de mon coeur

ou les roses,  
les fleurs

grow ow ow oH Ho haut o o h haut....

i can not to be  
more gentle



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than this

fact and you

i hate

the way you presented me  
and you are presenting me

your love....

i am  
not

a bee

itching



hate full  
trastful

bee

fact you man,

i hate waht you do

fact and you

man  
are the same....

you only are

franke son of the the bee that itch beautiful merry christmas

i hate your christmas

fact  
you  
man!

i am confused

not the same...

Atef Ayadi

# Day Like This

beautiful

sensual

i like it  
baby!

i want it you  
in a day like this!  
day like this  
very beautiful day  
to love you

like this

baby



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i love days like this

day like this

yeah  
yess babi day I this

when you baby

lay beside me

naked

and covering me....

day like this

baby

i love days like this

so do not go

away

from

me

in day like this

day like this baby is

unforgettable

Atef Ayadi

# One Love

one love

is only for bee itches

every second and every time

the pain surge and surface...

she wants

one love

she wants a survivor....

to calm her down....

one love

seems a lot

believe it or not



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one love

to calm down...

one love

is easy to calm down

put down

and sleep

beautifully

beautiful..down baby down.

one love....high

one love down.



# The Hotel Room

who wants me

meet me at the hotel room....

i live there,

i am discrete

privet

jet

fast net

Hi-TAA AK....your neck

entre mes mains!



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while i am down

to the very down....from the back to

thy injured

left from time to time beautiful leftover neck.

so woman,

tell me,

combient de fois

combien de jour

de nuis et de soire

vacance, la biche, le sable

et se trouve au de la? ? ?

merci

pour l'amour....LA FLEUR, THE ROMA et L'AROMA!

Atef Ayadi

# Miss Pie

look,

that!

lady!

out there! ! ....i can not see you...

So what?

but i can send

you

some LO LO VENUS IS FAR....

I CAN NOT BELIEVE IT

AO

AIEH

EMMM

EMMM

AAH AAHA?

I DO NOT GET IT,

when it comes to

people i do not know,

i have to make it

sound so you can believe it...

so miss pi

paie

bien payer



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get busy  
crazy

do something  
be something  
anything

do any sound....  
any movement...  
any sign that shows

a movement....

Atef Ayadi

# If I Meet You

if i meat you and meat eat you

baby

it is going to be  
a mess

ra ra ho la la

je suis crimineLE, psychi que...

un peux de physic psychic

fashion MONSIEUx

a little of chemistry

is enough!



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or it i will be

a war of peace and revenge....lady gaga -who la la, who and where the hell you  
are going to be -

Atef Ayadi

# Let's Take Down

let is take  
take is take it  
take it  
take it  
I take

you  
take it?  
it is fine

leave me  
alone

i am  
down

down

with you baby



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so  
i want you

to take me more down  
baby

to your down...down and dam downs....

then take me

ups and downs  
tilted down and uphill downs

take me  
to your upper  
hilly,  
bompy  
bow be!  
bom bee

sock me  
lick! me! baby....

Your hand please,

on my neck?

GET IT? ?

Baby?

Atef Ayadi

# The Race Ratio-Issues

there is no such thing called

cultural ID,

national ID,

South/North/West/east Block ID..,

or

you are in the right

spot...right place....right family....right woman, ...right man....

right children....right father....no issues what so ever ID..

There is something called

keep moving ID....do not get stuck ID

no safe Zone ID...



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i recognize one thing

Money does not give you,

buy you, land you in ID...and sorry for this comment!

Atef Ayadi

# My French

to tell you the truth,

i am not that french,  
i am not that mixed or blinded with the french,

and I am not willing to fight for their  
flag or for the British

against the NAZI zest or the hell who they are, were and will be...

cause, , , ,

C'EST UNE HISTOIRE QUE J'Y EN NE CROIS PAS....

my french is just

for the wine,



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les fleurs,

les cadeaux,

le Mediteranian,

le chamo,

les escargos.

le sable et le desert,

les filles qui parle la langue,

Charles Aznavour,

les etiquettes, .....

Et c'est la fin de leur histoire

avec la mienne.

Atef Ayadi

# Enlightened And Enlightenment

something disturbs  
me about the verb

to enlighten and the  
word

enlightenment:

as a kid,  
-i mean when i was, ....  
sometimes I am.... childish and  
and unworried irresponsible....party no party gay...-

being enlightened

had to have

some connection with light...

the sun of the day's light,  
the candle's light by night,

someone flashes light into your face with force,

or

someone deprive you from light so you can see it  
better...

as a kid

light and enlightenment

were two identical twins....

it took me



years....

i mean decades....to figure out that

being enlightened

has nothing to do with light

(any form of photonic, electric-magnet, hi frequency vibration, and strings energy....)

a touch is is an enlightenment,

being disturbed is an enlightenment,

freeing you chest is one of the greatest personal discovery....

being nice is an enlightenment...

being a prince-

....high rank, no starts, multi-galaxies explorer, self earned respect-

being a f12-cker, a Woman's energy sucker....i mean the preferable...natural...way

Atef Ayadi

## Zone Two: Few Featured Things

if knowledge is  
blank check

to buy inaccessible universe,

then,

how much of it is going to be

lost?

Beside  
purity

there must be an unprecedented question  
of what is gained,

given,

and lost?

Atef Ayadi

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# Even The Purity Of The Snow

Even the purity of the snow  
could not tell me

if

Eileen is happy

or she is crossing the land of sorrow?

Even the purity of the snow  
could not tell me

if humanity

means happiness

or it is but a land of sorrow;



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If humanity needs its own humanity

or

this is it, the time of great sorrow? ? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Get Enlightened

he said:

"there is no such thing  
called

"get enlightened"

in this century....

'get informed"

is the right word...

instead

Atef Ayadi



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# Logical And Non Logical Loops

she said:

"i want you to follow me

in every  
detail and every where my as as assets moves

and do not give me  
that

look  
of a nice mommy child! "

Atef Ayadi



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# L'Amour Est Toujours Parfait

the girl  
who comes  
every  
night

in  
my dreams

to dance  
with me

an talks

no sense,

and dance

only  
dangerous  
love  
black  
magic dance



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i like  
this perfect love go

too! !

easy

going

love

up and down

body dance

touchy  
lips  
dance...

each night

is a dream come true

too perfect

to let it

go

Atef Ayadi

# Laisses-Toi Aller

123

breath like a man

and dance like a crazy natty girl...

do be caught  
in between  
or you  
lose your breath

and your natty girl gets  
loose

put the hands up



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and danse avec moi,

from lundi mardi to samedi  
dimanche

oh! ow awa

winter and  
summer

passant  
laissant  
le printemps

c'est rops serrey

ici et la



c'est lamour  
qui nous appelle  
pour dancier

123

viens

dancier  
avec nous

et laisses toi aller...

Atef Ayadi

## Zone Two: Fantasy

i can not shut  
up

inside  
and out...

i have been looking  
without success  
for a job

that  
allow me to talk naturally and keep  
my natural relaxed nature...around and while  
i am making my path and clearing my way...

the only job

is to be,  
pretend to be,  
happy to be,  
my "pleasure! " to be,



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fed up to be,  
a poet of all time....

or,

comedian,

stand up comedy?

serious theater main actor,  
creative one actor theater,

funny woman man show or play? ?

so,  
i figured out,

that the best job

that  
i can, desire, want and fight for

is simply to talk and  
please the listener or the listeners  
-girls and boys and in between-

while money pour from the sky.....because i am good at that  
and i do not fear competition...and I am going global too! !

Atef Ayadi

# Zone Two: What Is About Tomorrow?

AAAAAA AH!

i am a day to day person...

the idea,  
the question, and

the concept of  
'what is about tomorrow'

freak me out! (downward sharp voice: out!)

i have  
TONZ of TONZ

of  
work, stuff to do,  
other stuff i call them 'i do not know.'

stuff i dream to do  
and forget to do,

stuff i should do, i must do,

and forget to do....

man! i need a boot camps  
to learn to be a machine,  
a robot,

a list or script  
executor...



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so i need discipline,  
mastery,

and  
creativity as an option or leverage  
which i favor the most and every time...

so i keep being busy

and alive  
by doing what is close to me....

some times

i resign

leave my mind does what it is designed for

and do the energy field yo gaaaaa!

gaga gg ggggaa

lady gaga....she is

man! a ga! gaaa pu ssi lipstick on a  
a dirty slippery wild lips....

the rest hour of the day,

i train myself to defend against  
feminine energy's ice and electric chocks...

Atef Ayadi

## Zone Two: A Normal Day

a normal day  
looks exactly like

Today:

Wednesday, January 6th of two thousand and ten...

drew few drawing

while braking my constipated  
procrastination....

-i mean, no major event! -

no major noise  
of blast  
of joy....outside my box.

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dead see people around,

i can feel their death, deff, and thefting  
of part of my mind....

so i always  
act,  
behave,  
initiate

something  
sluppy  
jumpy  
camzy  
clamzy  
ramzi

ramzis II

fu king owsooM funny things! ! !

as people are still wondering or playing the  
dizzi

deads...

And I hate  
someone, play that  
in front of me..

it confuses me.... and i react bad...

i do not how bad....

i am not good in math or logic-they confuse me-

i can not assess how bad...until i cool  
down

i can not cool down  
cause  
i can not get down.....

cause,

who ever put it in my mind  
was my pathetic dead dad....

the time i witnessed  
the many times he got down  
down and down without feeling dead.....

that is the beau-dom  
bottom  
button

batteau

line.....no more no less.....

the rest of the day, i look  
wondering in the sky

-the best thing that always happen to me, is to dream facing the sun-

Atef Ayadi



## Zone Two: Next Move

nothing

will be achieved

without

strategy,  
tragedy,

and live long  
for a long war

without being hated  
or loved  
deeply without tragedies...

my first move,



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is jump,  
without talk

into the battle field of my fear...

Atef Ayadi

## Zone Two: Few Things

few things itch me  
about humanity,

whether

i cross certain bushes,

i mean bushes  
literallement and  
literally  
for both  
NAITIVE BORN FRENCH  
NAITIVE WHITE CAUCASION AMERICAN  
SOME MINORITIES

qui parle la langue

or their own..



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freindship,

is sox, see ex girl friend, ex boy friend,  
someone in the sky, someone now

waah, waaaah, aaaiiii  
type of song...

you have just to swing your ear  
and adjust your head...

the second thing  
about humanity

that itches me

is:  
should i be  
easy and funny?

have fun first  
then ease?

it is a give and take song!

and  
the cases  
"I"  
undertook,

witnessed with a deep  
good refreshed breath,

and connected with, through  
all the magical secret channels,

said they have  
their own danse  
to every song...

so what itches here,

simply  
i never learned  
to sing and to dance...

the last thing that itches me  
from humanity side

pushups,  
democrassy,  
, class, and status  
everywhere  
in planet

earth.....

i learned in schools

-what ever

or

where ever it is! -

trust,

kindness,

good heart,

and something ak ak ak ward, for ward

fu ak ak ak ak! ! ING

bizard word.

very generic,

pathetic

eileen type of

word...

something

like 'Do GOOD! '

or

Help 'others'

or

' do good thing, and you will be rewarded after life'

did you see

how much SH EI It I took

when i was a kid...

big metaphors,  
big words,  
big concepts,  
big rewards, and  
big sacrifices,

for a kid

it is a magical world..

with the only rule,  
the only law,

is:

Make things beautiful.....

Atef Ayadi

## Zone Two: An Attempt

I' ve been hyper sensitive

Or  
Simply

I start to have  
Sharp  
Glance  
Or feeling

About  
How  
A language  
May  
Be.

I start to see,

Hear, senses



PoemHunter.com

All the beautiful  
Stuff  
Of life...

My deepest fear  
Is to

Come over,

My solitude while  
Facing  
This monster  
Feminine dark energy fear.

Atef Ayadi

# Intensity Of Desires

yess

yeah and yess!

essa! !

my happy  
funny  
inflammable  
colorful  
wonderful  
desires  
are alive

despite

the cold,

adversities,



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and my feelings tectonic quakes.

and me

Atef Ayadi

# Revision Of Last Week's Feelings

I was falling  
With the last falling galaxy,

Fearless,  
Childish,  
A lost case,  
Lost cause,  
Lost love, and a  
Mad man

For a decade....

And so.

How I possibly....and suddenly stopped?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Love-Holic's Last Desires

mon first favarable desire:

being and living

restlessness,

galoppé sur un peau

with my toes,

slapping the walls

knocking

and pushing against closed 'asked to be open' doors

my second lovable desire:

to be left alone,

an

explorer

and

a

biographer

of the universe

and

human smile strategy..

my third desire

is  
to be  
a  
blue  
flammable  
cube of ice

of  
heavenly falling desires.

Atef Ayadi

# A Love Teacher

He is explaining

Love

To her

Like

The way

A low wage

Simple

Teacher

Does.

Atef Ayadi



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# Fine Tuning, Fine Fast Rebooting System

your system seems

ok!

i can see your mom's masculine  
signature and dad  
poor  
vulnerable  
easy target soft voice type of man in your voice,  
your posture,  
and your tilted alignment  
between your front and  
your 'IT IS OK, BUT need WORK, ' back....

my system if fine;  
like fine art;  
very



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expensive staff...

only picassoo style!

or may be more  
crazy,  
no one must hear about-except some world famous agencies  
kings, builderberg mafia, FCC. and i do not know what i should and i should add!  
-  
stuff.

do you like

my system to reboot  
your fine tuned system.

or keep it

un-rebooted

open

to the hostility of the world wide web..? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Une Poeme Sans Enfants

L'  
altruisme (emmmme)

C'est

Etre (be in the present time, be at and feel the moment)  
juge (jujey,)

et (end-and)  
rest (stay cool)  
Juste (self-posed)

sans pre-jugees.(free of stereo types)

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Poem About Le Neon Et L'Amour

i want solitude

like any warrior  
who is not ready

for anything,

only

for mother of all  
love's  
battles  
war;

cause

I am  
convinced  
by my feelings



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that life and death  
are two identical twins

like two sweat  
hot  
ice  
tea  
lovers

making

natural  
great

love?





# The Reader Went Nuts Too

this is a little part of what

she copied and pasted as in response to 'here is time' poem

-----

Sarah Teasdale

Sarah Teasdale (1884-1933 / Missouri / United States)

Biography Poems Comments More Info Stats

Sara Teasdale (August 8,1884 – January 29,1933) , was an American lyrical poet. She was born Sarah Trevor Teasdale in St. Louis, Missouri. Through.. more >>

147 poems of Sarah Teasdale

File Size: 490 k

File Format: Acrobat Reader

To download the eBook right-Click on the title and select 'Save Target As'.

<< prev. poem Poems by Sarah Teasdale: 8 / 147 next poem >>

---



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she wants me  
and she is  
serious  
about that! !

cause sara is dad

or she will

her as sss oil well to me!

too...? ?

Atef Ayadi

# She Went Nuts And 'Narrie' At The Same Time

when time is  
not there;

only me  
and her are

laying  
down

skin to skin

eye to eye

confronted  
spinning fluid to fluid  
trunk to trunk  
leg to leg  
hand to hand  
lip to lip  
tiny finger to tiny finger

a land escape work

has to be french High tech  
to be perfectly finished polished  
a  
la lettre  
bien fini  
bien payer never accurately that perfect done....

she has no escape

she knows that...

she no no no than give in  
like a

lost pray of time...

she become

betti

nutti

angry

burned

wappon

of mass

destrion

error

nuts

predator

nattie kattie, kitti, girl....

Atef Ayadi

# She Is Nuttie In Her Own Way

i send her  
and electronic  
mail (110 volt,50Hz, american standard)

i wrote:  
"

please answer with yes or no  
to be my nutty girl  
to nigh from 6: 00pm to 6: 00AM  
chicago time....'

she replayed:

'the font of your text is

ariel and not tagged or colored, not html tagged, no picture,  
no chatting first  
no video con-fron-cing"

and you want  
me to answer with  
yes or no

who the f z w uk king

of the jungle you are?

it mean yes  
oh yes  
man! !

yoop  
i am dancing! !

my heart is

beating fast! !

she

Atef Ayadi

# This Is It

give in to me

time is not just me  
or you.

give in  
to  
me

time can be yource  
if i am yource

and time  
is your dance  
beautiful womam...  
give to  
me



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give in  
to me! !

if you can

time

the way you look to me..

time

is the skin  
and

the white and dark  
stuff  
in front and around me...

give in to me

girl!

nutty

girl!

sweet girl

give in to

this your best  
time

time!  
time!

it is

time

to give in  
to me

forever

and ever

time!

time! !  
and time

to give in

me.

oh

yeah! !

bay be

bayby yeah!

give it to me...

Atef Ayadi



# Here Is The Time

look at my  
eyes

hear my voice,

or listen to my

typing devotion....

and forget  
this damn

thing!

this girl  
that messed with your head,

or this boy who messed with your head,  
or anything before your  
eighteen birth day.....

concept of time....

and live you f u to z king  
live

beautifully,

win win  
or called  
pro  
act

and ive, hive, bee  
the way you want...



# Where Is Time?

in USA

we do not use "what is"

we say:

'where is"

time? ?

time is a song

you can sing

if you want to run out of time,

or

if you are bored and want to sleep or take a nap for

as long as you want...

-

as i said before

time is a song, so do let me rewaind the tape

of the same time song-

EVERTHING IN  
USA IS MECANIC  
MACA NICK  
IIIIIEIKNI

F uKNI....

LOVE IS MECANIC..AND  
COMPUTER  
ROUTINES....

look at her eyes

she will tell you....the burning desires

desert, and tropical desires....desert and tropical....

look at his eyes

-cub or calf -

he will tell even though she is a she....

hidden

socially permissible

civilized

California

Saint hose

Sainta barbera

the bee

that itches

gay thing...

Atef Ayadi

# Lesson Learned

history

is for the  
historians  
-questionable brave men,  
fake eye lashes lady,  
gaiez g00z, douze, and SENIORS-

who had  
unfinished business....

has unfinished business

and will have  
unfinished  
for the f king of United nation

buisness..



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sorry! ! !

Atef Ayadi

# Google Me! Please! !

i hate

google

it is a new

government

sucking

bustard

multi

zinion

onions

garlic

and  
cash



PoemHunter.com

like

you never see it in your life

flow and flood of information as well as info and FOES...

fishing in the

dead see

smuggling

business..

corporation..

Atef Ayadi

# I Am My Hero

Of

course! !

I am a hero,  
my hero,  
your hero,

CNN hero,  
Fox Taxis Oil toxic hero

my street mate hero,

my African roommate hero,

United nation hero,

unesco  
unicef

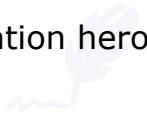
moncef  
duracef

charl  
du champs hero,

picasso hero

mozart,  
bethoven  
chichina  
lovesky

hero,



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and everybody hero?

of! course! ! ! ! !

-not off course-

I LOVE

MYSELF...

DO YOU THINK

OR DREAM

I OR i

WILL SELL MY SELF? ? ?

? ? ?

OR ASK FOR

YOUR

APPROVAL,

SQUARED AND OVAL

AS YOU

LOVE IT TO BE..

Of course i am

my own hero

but,

also

i am sure...

everyone is my hero.

Atef Ayadi



# My Daily Journal Of Avatar

she is

like ice...

yak yak ayak kkkkk

-i am used be afraid the cold,  
the rain....

because

i was cold...child.-

my brother

yak me

ice too! ! !



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he is  
old,

fat,  
two kids

AND GO WITH THE WIND....I DO NOT  
I AM MORE BRAVE

AND INVINCABLE...

WITH LIFE IS TUFF

I SHOULD BE

BE IS ETRE

TUFF IS DURE

DONC

TOTAL

LA VIE EST DURE,  
JE DOIS  
ETRE DURE! !

SIMPLE ET N'EST PAS COMPLIQUE'

TU VOIS

A LA FIN, JE

i COME BACK

to the point--

i though

tough

safe

to

slide

fly

on top (not topping)

or across the land of

her many miles

toes to head

skin to skin

heat to heat

swet to swet

ah to ah

i to i

yes to yes

no to no!

you can take over

if you want! !

no  
body land..

Atef Ayadi

# Mr. Artist

from an artist

to a past one

-cause'

i mean

I am 3000

years

ahead...with my professionalism-

LOOK! !

""""life is an option""""

""""art is



""""PoemHunter.com""""

""""a Life beautiful strategy""""

you do not need

to know more than that

or be, whatever crazy your father or mother  
may be? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Cutti Or Kattiiii Or High Peau Thetique Tactique Lee Katdie

you get that

she is ow key

to the ground

good for discharge

good for skills

good when

i am at  
my best  
and in doubt  
or  
when i am  
in doubt



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what is my best? ?

she fettyy  
durty

never talked about  
nutty  
i need to check by myself type of  
girl

Atef Ayadi

# The Girl That Scrowed Me To The Wood Tiger Wood That Bed.

That girl?

Hurt me four times.  
quality wise, how much and for how long  
i've been subject  
to torture...  
i do not know man!  
follow the story and feel me...

That girl is "a once  
Got Hurt woman! ,  
man!  
A real woman?  
-she is hurt, was  
for how long, by whom, how many times, ....i do not know.....  
she looks hurt and no more....-"

That girl is  
A song;

"pop mr. Z, will make it for you

or you make it out for him, (so what!) no problem  
lomo,  
lema,  
lemo'

but! !

somehow,

i have a

deep feeling

about her....

man!

i

like.....to f

United kingdom

send her to paris

then

take her

to louisiana

then

figure out

left or right? ?

her!

who many of her is hers?

all the time? ? ? ? ?

Atef Ayadi

# Passed Away

i though about

a will.

-imagine i am a rich man! -

I imagined what happen

to everyone

i know,

met,

touched me,

touched them,

burned me,

and gaz oiled them

with my beautiful eyes.

kheekh kh hh khkhkhk

-cat voice-

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everyone

and everything

that moves and any

though to be a paralyzed form

of nature

will react

to my death...

is it fu king hoosein

of

jordans



or any hoosein! !

POSSIBLE?

EXPLORE THAT...  
CAUSE

IT IS MY DAY TO DAY  
POLICY.

Atef Ayadi

# The Turkish Less American Lady

well,  
she is

something!

doing math  
deep  
not american problem type of math?

-i doubt, america is every where? , what are you talking about! -

the math is for both country?

i am laying lieing,

flip flap,

jack or

toshiba alterniator



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alot for the amrican, cause they are the DESIGNERS,  
the FATHERS

OF THIS FZ UK ING SHINA DOES NOT LIKE IT.

world....

and the british

"i love the queen"  
american dream.....

give me  
brake

america is eating the world.... with robots.....

now you understand  
why  
a turkish lady

behave with me...without asking for more details....

do you follow me

that type of gay/guy/? ? /! ! ! who ever you want to be itchy or pu and see...

one more details....

mixed IDENTITY  
from her side....

cause she is euro rising  
and muslim aslem taslem  
ya AA tika

AJROKA

"DEUX FOIS"

PLEASE  
IF YOU SEE  
it more clear  
or  
have similar case  
or cases

or

if you live in the aria,  
from orion constallation

or  
o brian's

O ford,

called me

or contact me

by any means...

Atef Ayadi

# Chinese American Girl

Everything is American

Flesh and skin,  
Her softness,  
And her smile,  
Her legs,  
Her chest  
The hair, and  
The lips,  
Are white  
Snow  
American.

Only  
Her childish  
size chinese  
taiwanese

chiken  
marianed  
mari  
eileen aid ed  
and succeeded in the PH=+7

femininity

is made  
in  
China  
jean  
levis  
500

in dollars.



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# Rules, Regulations, And Foreign Policies

First rule is:

"To respect the rules.

If everyone

Respect the rules,

Then a regulation

Is

Born.

The regulation of simple

Rule,



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Is to make it

A life time

Policies

And that!

is

Only

What makes

rules create

a general

five stars policy...

imagine

now

how many generals

we create  
by respecting one rule  
and then facing

a monster  
policy.

Atef Ayadi



# An Observer.

I choose to be an  
Observer.

It is a getting away,

A neutrality,

A confusion,

Or an emotional impasse.

No rules in  
No ruling outs.

I grow up



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Like that  
To be that

A  
Getting away  
Child.

My eyes

Away  
My voice away  
My writings

My casted away stories  
And far away jokes

Are

A getting away  
Life style.

I am a bird  
Which need  
Some  
Rest,

A nest,  
Some where  
Anywhere  
just  
to feel the ground

cause'  
a getting away  
is like being a  
cloud;

A  
rainy,  
stormy,  
lonesome

cloud

that needs  
earth,  
the wind  
and the crowd  
-i mean the steam and the crowd-

to make  
a journey to the east  
a touch down  
where the sun sets  
and where my story begin.

Atef Ayadi

# What Is Up: Uk

he wrote

your pathetic my dear friend..

at last!

at last

i am your friend.

that is what is important? ?

pathetic? ?

toward you?

myself?

others?

it is possible!



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pathetic

athletic

ic

ichy

itchy

bit by bite chy

angry

ikkkhhhh

-cat voice-

if you like cats

behhhh behhh

if you like to be a cheap sheep  
english no  
tail

long ear sheap.

i like you  
for being critical  
at your age.

Man!

you likes  
rules  
or making rules  
your own rules..

look dean  
i will tell you one  
thing  
not ing  
not thi

teachi

listen,

my language is mine  
and your language is yours  
-like your space, purpose,  
your life, your vision,  
philo, beauty....-

mine is the same damn thing  
nothing  
really different!

so it

it is good to listen  
to your heart

and load your own matrixt

and dream out  
instead of  
ruling out.

being critical about others  
means being self critical, and I  
sure you're facing some challenges ahead.

bonne

annee

happy new year 2010,2099,3999...i do not know how far you can go and that is  
your business.

Atef Ayadi

# A Puff Of Confusion

Once  
and few times

Each day  
and  
each  
night  
I get confused.

i knew,

that it is  
a braking through.

Atef Ayadi



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# Dance-Woman's Spontaneity-

woman!

i know,  
as a man

how you  
unfold  
your true  
spontaneity.

i want to feel it  
as if i am  
truthfully  
you.

Atef Ayadi



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# What Is Up?

what IZ

up

dean

? ?

what are you

it

ching

bee iching

bit by bit ching

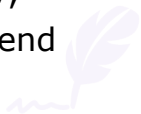
about? ?

what is you f f1, f2 f3, f12, enter

plasma tv,

no girl friend

story? /



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what issues

shoes

no shoes

do you have?

Atef Ayadi



# Global Warming: Algore Algorythm

your family stopped the tobacco  
business.

your started the CO2  
one.

what is next?

Rare gases?

farting regulations?  
selling the dust in the sky?

Atef Ayadi



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# Chicken Soup For The Soul-My Hourley Ritual-

loose

lous

louisiana

my

head

with

eilee

n

without



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head

ack

ik

wik wak

wak

life

is beautifull

zohra

zahra

amriciyya

ayato allah

who give

a damn

i bean told

at the  
risk

a broken

i foreget

part

of  
my parts

and crossing hell  
like  
hell boy

fron zero paries

dollarsg

partries

party

bore ring

matton type

white

mick

sed

sed

man

....

Atef Ayadi

# Chicken Soup For The Soul-To My Planet G Zero, Aa -

the fu UNITEd King dean dom no king  
no hope

iking

maa king  
making

menking

all men

men kind

be kind

mickle



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jackson

died

f aaaa ck...! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

911

you get it..

i am not talking about that

i like the way he looks

a menkind

beatchi

lionel

richi

longue moushtache

ache

you have dream

i have a dream

even

in the past

darker

in

the past

song

he is a funny american

middle

classe

considered

black

what is black

middle

black

zodiac  
classs  
mafiah

for

europen

from  
the ice

life  
is touff

as hell..

Atef Ayadi

# Chicken Soup For The Soul-To My Planet 2, Eileen-

just,

really!

i wanted  
to be curious

i was dust.

electrified

frozen in the field

the magnetic field

into omni



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read me  
or do not

i am un

adventurist

is he

i is he

i be he

i be



i am a be

who can

fly

in the sky

high

risk

hi

person

values

humanity

robot

i am a robot

i am a challenge

a puzzle.

i think i get

now...

yahoo  
yahoo  
is gone

and google

is god now

woo  
wap woopi we pie

algore

al gore

co2 is

a f tu

on

me

i teach me

kid

to f u

yo

yo?

get you nuts  
from the back

when

i go

nuts

i am fu  
dooud

daoud

chakroun il

haggoon

fakroon

give me a brake

i lived my live

f you

i learned the risk

yu

fa

y

you and ow yu o?

i can see there

backing

up

yur eye lashed  
lashes

yahk yo yi yu

tonigh

tonight to nigh

dark song

you and yo?  
f you and y and yi yand io uoooo!

i sh all keep finger

spinng mi ick sen yu

al ka ho lic in toi u...

simple matic

miss

matic

mathmatic yo...

Atef Ayadi

# Chicken Soup For The Soul-To The Planet 2-

it is important

to remember

life pay iz

alot

lot

of

what

humanity



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may

turn

to be.

Atef Ayadi

# Chicken Soup For The Soul-For The Planet You Want-

politich it shen

they lay

lie

on me

lay on me

mee

mi

mee

it itttt taaa

ya



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the song is for aha

and american pilitishin

chin no chin

on me

they ya

yo

law

satus

lotus  
lotto

fuckin

osom,

cool

ass

=

hole

from both sides

Atef Ayadi



# Chicken Soup For The Soul-I Mean Eileen, And I Meant It-

i will meet with  
her

here  
and

anywhere  
a  
else

the past i

i am still working hard  
to let it go

the hole thing  
or the whole thing?



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no no i do talk sex

the 'x' i barrowED FROM THE WEBPAGE I AM SUB MITTING NOW YU?

I TOLD YU

MY DEAR

ya  
I

like really

spend my life waking from place

to place

wondering

the york

years

years

yo! !

i like also

to meet

with people

yes and

no people

smiling

cosy

easy

take

it easy

here is a lady

i kiss

first

me and f you u ow you

Atef Ayadi

# I Want Un Papiyon

I want un papiyon

Auojourd huit

Huit

Is zitta

I saw

Un papi on

Me

Americam

Girl



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Dress me

Dress me

In the eye?

Ey

Bsby

Now

Bsby

By

b

bi

bay

ya

Atef Ayadi

# Abstract: Reference

I am leading a board.  
the board members  
are

my senses,  
my awareness,  
my memories,  
and other wizards i may need.

I try to come across  
a pure judgment, a pure thought  
or a simple abstract  
of what  
i see,  
hear  
taste, smell, and conceptualize  
independently of me.

Atef Ayadi



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# Abstract: Feelings

parallel lines,  
curves,  
dashes,  
circles,  
zigzags,  
squares,  
rectangles,  
triangles,  
thickness,  
strokes,  
big and tiny dots  
textures,  
shade,  
a familiar and strange sound,  
a rhythm,  
a melody,  
a cute smell, and  
a tension in the stomach or in the thought;

all  
are colored balloons  
anchored  
down  
to a heavy metallic slate of memory.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Cubism: Portrait Of A Thirty Years Old Woman

I draw uncolored  
Parallel lines,  
Circles, squares, flowers, birds, and  
Waves,  
Depending on how she is knitting her story.

I shad the area  
Where she diverts and suddenly come back  
And highlight where she puts more time.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Cubism: Sunshine Over The Pyramids

Her name is made of  
Two words;  
My name is a symbol.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Impression: Temptation

I am looking  
At  
The digital picture of a kid  
On my desktop;

As if he is  
Me or  
The kid I never had.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Adventured Mind

She is adventuring  
In love  
Without  
A map,  
A compass,  
Or strategies.

Only with  
Her sunny  
Burned lips  
And skin  
She is making her  
Way with fire  
To the summit  
Of my cold desires.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Irreplaceable

A dream  
If it is lost  
is  
Like one's yesterday's  
Skin,  
Face,  
Smile,  
Feelings,  
A sun flowers field fading into a bog,  
Or one's lost child  
is irreplaceable.

Atef Ayadi



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# Crawling In The Doubt Corner

Fear is  
Not  
My enemy.

My deepest fear  
Is my yellowish doubt.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Caught Between Love And Hate

I am immune  
To love  
And hate,

And  
I am caught  
Between a summer  
Moon's croissant  
And a winter rising sun.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Caravanning The Sun

She insisted  
That I came from the sun,  
Even though  
I told her  
That I came from  
The magnetic planet Jupiter.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Forbidden Fruit

Sweating  
Your mouth  
May sweep off  
My intuitive love.

Atef Ayadi



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# Peace Not Option

You have the  
motives;

I am drawn in  
Settlements.

Your peace costs  
Bribing my deepest settlement

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Riding The Waves

She is a dreamer;  
I am also a dreamer.  
She likes the depth  
Of the sea.

I like surfing  
Across  
Killing waves.

As the eyes  
Intercept,  
She is still  
Reviving her memories  
From the depth,  
I am still  
Feeling the past waves  
Splashing on my skin.

Atef Ayadi



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## 40 Minutes

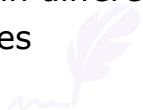
Her feelings, temptations,  
and desires  
are tattooed  
on her slightly exposed  
blue tinted rounded belly.

Still, she is afraid.  
The head is tossed  
Down  
Toward her belly  
As she is waiting.

He is there  
Few yards,  
May be light years away.  
Both are there  
May be light years away.  
Both are in different web's nests.

40 minutes  
Wasted  
in splashing  
at each others  
red  
pink  
tattoos.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Revolting Against My Pride

There were times,  
I was doormat, the only thing I  
Enjoyed was watching the sun—I still enjoy it, —  
People, nature, and moving artifacts.

I was stripped off  
From Eileen, my humanity,  
And my choices.  
I let it happen, cause  
I was dormant doormat.

I was simply,

In a Jewish  
Concentration  
Camp;

Where it was free to move,  
to love, and do the other things.

Food, love, and  
Freedom were and still cheap  
Very cheap and affordable,  
And class-labeled  
From healthy to non-healthy  
Despite the diverse adversities.

Here, I was,  
Raped  
Like and version  
Young woman,  
Nothing,  
Left except  
few personal  
Habits and my deadly pride.

Atef Ayadi

## Abstract: Self-Reguard

I look at my  
self  
in the mirror,  
and talk,

then I draw,

what I do not  
like  
to see.

Atef Ayadi



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## Abstract: Empathy

I am listening to her,  
as if I am crossing a flooding  
torrent river.

I let the current,  
take me,  
while keeping myself  
in the center  
of the river.

Atef Ayadi



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# If I Had A Choice.

if i had a choice,  
I  
would choose  
to be born  
a native American

before the coming  
of Columbus;  
free  
spirit  
in a free  
spirit land.

or

a native Australian.

after  
all



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being civilized

is accepting  
the barn  
and not  
accepting being a  
butchered lamb.

Atef Ayadi

# American Taliban: Sorry!

I know,

you can not digest it,  
you have nerves  
and you like to butcher me and slice me

thin kosher  
or thick jelly crispy Prosciutto or Canadian bacon  
type of ham.

so, why do you blame  
eastern Taliban  
for having  
nerves.

I run away  
from one type  
of Taliban

i found myself  
with a cheek  
well dressed ones.

is there any difference  
or  
i have to apologize to  
myself

for being self-mislead and mistaking

America  
for  
being  
another  
West Afghanistan.

Atef Ayadi



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# American Taliban: Death

I am not afraid of death.

death is a thought  
formed and left  
behind the walls of stillness.

I am not afraid either  
from  
life -

life is a beautiful game of  
conditions,  
the game evolves as much as my attitude, -

and some people nerves,  
or being sacrificed like a lamb.

it is still a thought  
and I have  
a choice

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to  
consider it  
or  
leave it  
bouncing  
in the air.

My fear is a thought,  
I welcome it,  
acknowledge it, and  
challenge it  
whenever it blinks  
or shines.

a warning is  
warning



being ready  
is always my art of living;

none  
has long life  
while others has short range destiny.

I won't  
live and die  
like

an enslaved  
lamb  
in a a black dark hole,  
empty of choices

sheep  
behind  
fences, an insecure dog, and an ambitious shepherd,  
paralyzed  
by fear and thinking  
like a lame.

Atef Ayadi

# American Taliban: Only To Woman

stop  
being the cow  
of someone  
and asking to be milked, fed,  
and left alone.

being a woman  
in the right occasion  
is a wonderful thing but not everything.

stop seeking  
love  
from your god  
and sucking it from your bull.

stop please!

and get your independence  
from rituals, black magic and your waxy shaved  
smooth voice skin.

get yourself  
a leader position,

like a pope position,  
or president position.

before work on your self-esteem

not your on hair,  
makeups,  
and what you need to put on  
to contrast  
the beautiful  
ham -y yummy, humvy, ya ommy -mother! , momamio! - coshar stakes  
between your toes and your chest.

stop the low self-esteem bleeding

and being  
a subordinate to man, god, and the son of the preacher.

stop please!

stop talking about god  
during periods, your periods,  
my periods, and the neighbors' periods  
and then  
forgot the hole thing when your hot.

stop  
saying  
i am  
Jewish,  
or  
i am catholic

cause  
first,  
i am neither a Homo Erectus Soloensis,  
nor a resurrected Neanderthal.  
second,  
i stopped milking cows  
whether they are  
Buddhist,  
Jewish  
or  
catholic cows.

Speak up your mind  
in the present  
beautifully,  
openly, and  
assertively,

and stop  
this religious flirting

or i will  
show  
you

the real

god thing.

cause,

you need

to cross

as well

first,

any man's "can do" threshold

and second,

no man's "can do" threshold.

Atef Ayadi

# American Taliban: Psychology

if you know how you function,  
what is this mind thing, memory thing,  
and the cognitive things.

you may carry on  
or resign.

and there will be no way you resign and  
get out of it.

unless you flash your memories out and you  
have to start from a scratch like a child and i do not want you  
to drift into a deep comma in order to have that.

look,

a mind is like car, and you are the driver.

and sorry to tell you  
until puberty  
someone else had been driving it, and  
someone else have been hijacking it

after that, you look you have to use  
that car imposed on you,

can you drive a car  
that you do not like,

do you like to use the same

C, C++, Java scriped codes coded into your brain  
without questioning whether they fit, buggy, or trash?

so please, write your own codes, your own definitions,  
your own theorems, lemma, and axioms.

if you want to be,

be!

i do not see stops signs  
neither wall and ceilings walking  
over someone's head.

and 'god' bless America  
is an entire  
psychology.

Atef Ayadi

# American Taliban: The Miserable Brain Chemistry

see, if you are fine  
and I want you to remain that way until  
you change that state to a better one-happy, satisfied in all the Maslow pyramid  
listed drives and needs.-

but if you screw your own nature,  
yourself,  
you are not in touch with it,  
you do not listen to all the  
emotional signals,

and to your guts,

well,

god is there,  
waiting in front of your nose,

i am not asking you to balance  
but  
only to be aware.

god appear  
only  
when the 'bad, bad, and bold things' happen to you

and  
i am sure  
you are vulnerable

i am sure,

you are in denial and setback  
-it all about them and the pain,  
you are not part of it-

i am sure,

god do

act as  
neither as an engine  
nor as a catalysis.

take a breath,

face it,  
explore it

and commit

cause

god neither explore nor commit;  
if so no one will be judged or sacrificed.

Atef Ayadi



# American Taliban: The 'Truth'

your slippery  
ends up  
all the time  
to the 'truth.'

I like that!

look

little wizz,

Fishing in a river

it is different from a lake,

and fishing in a lake is different from

a sea -as a matter of fact there are dead, black, white, red, and Caspian sea-  
is different from an ocean-oceans, you name it.-

Now,

little wizz, and genius of matter of god and not goddess,

the truth without any epistemological framework leads  
to absolutism,

absolutism is old stuff as old as the distance between Washington DC and  
Bethlehem BC and leads to this divine sleeping bored master

thing-personally, I do like to be a slave to anything even a condition, a matrix  
loaded and reloaded, or a confined space and time.-

If you need it/him/she/they for hope or need to go through a tunnel or  
a journey cause you do not like to face it and face any endeavor.

or

accept it

and it is personal.

-at least you admit your failure to yourself to grow and evolve.-

I will advice you

to

do theater,  
I called  
the God  
theater,

the divine theater,

or the opium theater.

since you can talk to yourself and stuff has to be poored out.

may be one day you through up

this clogging and clinged

god  
between your mind, mouth and long guts.

may be,  
you stop this constipating question about  
who created it us-try to take me from your us thing.-

Atef Ayadi

# American Taliban: The Ethic Delema

From Ontology,

Epistemology

-which a good start for you, at least you know what is knowledge,  
and how do you know what you know and how much is yours from what is not, -

to normative, and meta-ethics.

man!

sorry

woman!

or wo/man!

Do you see, there always a start point?

noah is a Babylon myth, eve and Adam is another one, heaven and hell is a  
middle east concept of desert as hell and heaven is place where crops can grow,  
before the egyptian moved it to the sky- hell is hena, a jewish term means  
dump, where they dump dead poor people who could not afford an egyptian  
fancy type of burial-

So Mr. Taliban and Taliban woman

and anything in between

whether it is hot

or cold,

hell and heaven are here in this planet,

there will be no

day of judgment, and the world won't end in 2012

as predicted by some

smart no frontal lobe flat tire theologians.

simply, because

astrology is

not a science

but

a scientology.

it is accepted by the

superstitious who lack responses, initiatives, and will.

so please read,  
chinese philosophy cause they are 1,330 billions  
Hindu philosophy cause there are 1,148 billions,  
future ethics,  
business ethics,

Greek philosophy  
Muslim philosophy -the big mess is about globalization versus Islam, and try not  
to get into Sufism, or  
you will be a third degree Taliban-

medieval,  
renaissance  
feminism,  
modernism,  
ethic evolution,

nature and ethics  
-not nature of ethics.-

so Mr. Taliban, and miss Taliban,

you have enough  
options to choose from  
and the easiest one

is to camp in the wilderness  
alone,  
live cave,  
on top of a mountain or  
in the center of a salty dry lake.

somewhere where you will be alone

and vulnerable  
to your own habits, expectations, assumptions, and old beliefs.

stop  
wishing  
and sending people  
to hell for whatever reason, or promising heaven,

cause,  
you can not be neither a moral character  
nor divine  
if you harm or wish suffering  
to people.

Atef Ayadi

# The Brown Room

here  
I am,  
open chest,  
open arm, and  
open everything

an ordinary man.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Black Room

Toute noire et sombre.

No windows,  
No light bulbs,  
No candles, and without  
any guidance or a need for hopes,

Here, is where I face  
myself without guilt or pity.

Here I cross  
the mother of all the thresholds.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Green Room

Stability  
is my worse enemy.

Here, I wrestle  
with all my enemies.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# The Purple Room

mirrors  
stretch along the walls and the ceiling,  
the purple is only a reflection  
that takes me to the sharp edges  
of my childhood.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Pink Room

I dance  
and jump  
following the rhythm  
of my red and blue  
childhood.

Atef Ayadi



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# The White Room

Three pure thoughts:

Eileen,  
a compass,  
and a map.

Atef Ayadi



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# American Taliban: Knewdge Verses Bacteria

it is better to know  
what you need to know  
-knowledge is not believing, check vik or wiki pedia, or  
just google what you want  
-google, microsoft, and yahoo fight for you everyday and  
work, and sorry for AOL.-

I know, in America  
most people have  
credit cards -that is way we are in a damn financial melt down.

so take credit card  
and buy -not from best buy, not from ebay-  
a microscope -not a telescope, cause that stage II, like native english 102, and  
you did not start yet ESL101-

now go to any place you feel that has bacteria;  
or do not go anywhere,  
just go to the toilet-sorry-

look man  
how beautiful  
that little tiny word.

now,

have you ever hear talking about coalition in  
CNN

NATO

Northern Coalition in Efghanistan, or  
of kurds of kurdistan-kurds are like some human species,  
they are almost gone, Jews' population are back to normal,  
American natives are so so.-

now,

can you zoom out on your skin.

or you may read something like neurons, heart cell, bone, muscles, nerves,  
liver cells.

do not you think

your cell are  
from Eve and Adam  
and bacteria are made in china  
before the mexicans invaded Berlin and then went to fight for Eye rack?

Atef Ayadi

# American Taliban: The Robot Thing

what i meant  
by robot  
whether

you,

me,

your neighbor,  
my neighbor,  
my cousins,

your soccer team,

Tom croze  
Micheal Jackson  
the five Jacksons,  
Reverent Jackson,  
Lincoln,  
Washington,  
Mao Zedong,

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Loius xi,  
Henry VI,

any bipeds, triped, quadruped, pentaped, who is  
walking with a stick or  
wheel chair,  
anything or anyone who is jumping like a frog,  
people who is driving, manoeuvrings machines,  
pathetic, alcoholic, abusive and serial killers,  
Plato, or  
Socrates

is 'organic robot'

it took a while  
to develop this organic thing...a while

do not look for an  
answer for the existence and jump into the big bang

just jump into your mind

study some gene  
DNA, enzymes, proteins, bacteria -"god" bless them and pray upon them, -

cognitive science  
at least  
try to understand  
what is in the brain of an theologians  
if he -rarely she -  
has a brain!

Atef Ayadi

# American Taliban: Latitude And Attitude

the same latitude  
the same attitude

more north, Colorado and Waziristan

more south, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana,  
Texas, Iran, Irak

opium,  
Cash in Cash out,

strategic war,  
word for word,  
verse for verse,  
Bible against Koran,

While other abuse zen.

Kids are killed in between,  
other jailed or tortured,  
the remains are reading the old holy books  
waiting to be recruited in the right time  
same thing  
same old time  
shaved, dress, and clean, or with long beard.

it is the 21 first century,  
for the planet sake

stop  
the low self-esteem  
and being programmed  
like a robot.

Atef Ayadi



# My Oath

To be in the present  
With all my senses and guts.

To adventure like a child.

To define and set my new theorems and axioms.

Belief is not a word;  
To believe is a world without actions.

When i am with a person,  
I am that person;  
when I am with myself,  
I am a typical universe.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Blue Room

when I head to cross  
this universe  
to another strange one,

I take a deep breath, close my eyes,

and enter the blue room.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Yellow Room

The sun flower's  
field  
is infinite.

I take my time to touch each one  
carefully while looking at the sun.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Orange Room

i have

been

all my life

chasing the sun and in love with.

My orange room is my universe,

where

my guts extend from moons to stars.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Red Room

fear is a word, and  
a thought,  
as well as the smell  
of the red room.

Atef Ayadi



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# Rape: Case 304

I said:

"This is who you are,  
how you feel about things  
your emotions,  
your responses,  
your channels,  
your self-concept and self-image,  
your core values,  
your priorities,  
your ideals,  
your compass, and  
your map."

I told her also:

"most of the time, I can see, hear, and feel  
someone else talking and behaving within you,  
sometime, you are yourself."

She said:

"Why you are telling all of this? "

I said:

"If you do not know  
enough  
about  
yourself;

your life would  
to be  
a bugs of confusion and  
cases of rape,

and you would be the master mind  
of your own irony."



# A Letter To A French Lady

L'histoire  
De la France

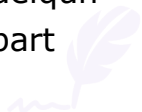
est une histoire.

Maintenant,

ton histoire est une autre chose  
une autre geography  
une autre politique,  
un autre amour,

une histoire d'une fleure  
qui repondre  
son ectare  
pour quelque temps  
envers quelquun  
quelque part

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To A Woman I Met

Fail me,  
I will make you

my  
success.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Eleven-

We are top predator,  
What is next?

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To American Taliban

Same rhetoric  
Same book  
Same clergy, and  
Same audience.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Iran

You are in  
Renaissance!  
May be a little bit behind

Remember this!

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Ten-

Nothing is  
evil.

Denial, resentment and set back  
are unexplored natural responses.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Selfish Gene

Few species  
will make it  
in this planet:

cows,  
salmon fish,  
fruit trees like banana, apple, peach, grape, and berries,

opium, marijuana, coca, coffee, tea,  
and spices

human genes and other genes  
will be taking to outer space by powerful robots.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Nine-

If you want to be  
a prophet  
Be!

if you want to be  
God  
be!

if you want to be  
Life's change  
Be and keep  
this in mind  
Cause,  
the courage  
is to master both the change and the mind.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Eight-

life has its own  
language;

death too.

So,  
Choose your language,  
so I know  
how much of you is alive  
and how much of you is dead.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Seven-

ignorance  
is a condition;

condition is an equation;

An equation when solved, is a beautiful world.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Six-

Life is not  
a myth,

Death is.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Five-

Standards  
are fixed  
principle.

I still choose change  
as a principle and not as non changing one.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Four-

Old scripts  
are old  
scripts;

They only carry the beauty  
and ugliness of the past.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Three-

We are the only  
unique  
truth

that defeat itself.

.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter Two-

I do not  
live for my ancestry,

My ancestry lived  
for me.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To Humanity -Letter One-

We always  
Have a choice.

Choices  
are Made out  
of the comfort zone.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To A C.E.O

A bullet  
is perfected to kill someone.

A greedy profit  
Kills the same way.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# A Letter To A Poet

Do not be god!

Cause,

God is not  
a poet!

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To A Historian

The past  
is a gallery  
of all forms of life.  
Why not enjoy it  
now?

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To A Theology Scholar

if you are looking  
for ethics,

ethics change with us.

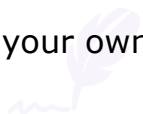
if you are looking  
for justice, fairness, divinity, and goodness,

they are a state of mind.

if you are looking  
for truth,  
truth is a candle's light that lasts  
one or few nights.

if you are a philosopher  
be  
aware of your own mind.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To A Friend

I am only  
asking  
you  
to be  
a child.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To An Acquaintance

You are openly readable  
And  
I have the choice to  
read.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To A Creature

I am not  
different from you.  
We only have different  
constants and different principles.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To My Child

Take your time  
to taste  
every bit of life;

time exist only  
in your comfort zone.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To A Musician

Music is  
hypnotic,

Be a hypnotist!

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To A Love Seeker

love yourself  
first and before all.

be grateful  
to  
every second,  
every breath,  
every heart beat,  
every thought,  
and  
every feeling you may encounter.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Letter To My Lover

love  
yourself first and be gentle  
and at ease;  
love the change and the adventure;  
then  
join me and share with me your crazy dreams.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Letter To A Painter

The best painting is colorless.  
Colors are memories.  
Forms are feelings and  
Tensions of surging thoughts.  
The escape is to paint what is  
In someone else mind.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Letter To A Philosopher

Freedom is a perfect  
Silence  
In a perfect stillness.  
The ethics are about  
Encouraging the mind.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Letter To Eileen

Trust must be  
Checked  
All the time.

You are my thoughts adviser  
My feeling guide, and almost my  
My guts.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Letter To My Brother

Like gather-hunters,  
The split is eminent.  
It is a matter of celebrating life's change.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Letter To My Mother

I am grateful  
to be fully  
alive  
and always be.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Letter To The Universe

If my birth  
Was a condition,  
My challenge will be my thoughtful destiny.

Atef Ayadi



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# In The Middle

Me:

Do you want a kiss in the middle of this street,  
in the center of a jammed traffic intersection,  
in the middle of busy rail road,  
in the middle of flights takeoff lane,  
in the middle of a war zone,

or simply on a shady surface of the moon?

She:

I want some ice, ice with water, ice tea, ice cream....

Anything to cool down!

Atef Ayadi



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# Extreme Surrealism: The Ocean

The dry vast salty lake,  
The untempered blue sky, and the sun of June  
Are my only company.

Silence is the only perfect beauty devouring my memories.

A DROP of sweat  
Racing down to the salt,  
Brought a cascade of waves of feelings  
That turned the white salty surface into a cloudy blue sky.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Extreme Surrealism: Mosaic

I said:

'Everything on you is maroon.'

She said:

'What maroon expresses? '

I said:

'Caramelized! '

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Extreme Surrealism: Me And Metaphors

If

Knowledge is a tool,

Life is a strategy,

Habits are anchors and nets,

And

Love is the fuel,

What else

I need to know?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Extreme Surrealism: The Red Golden Gate

Lady,

if you have  
Toxic emotions,

A lonely unbearable silence,

Fantasies,

And  
A desire for talking,  
devouring my feelings, and  
sharing your thoughts,

Do nothing  
But,

Unleashing  
Your retired young bored lips.  
toward mine

And let the peace or the war process begin.

Atef Ayadi

# Extreme Surrealism: Ice

Everything I touch melts.

I like to learn the skill and the art of touching  
and melting the ice.

How much of your ice,  
lady

Do you want me to melt.

how thick, and  
large  
is your ice?

Do you want me to turn you into the ice age  
or turn your planet into Venus?

Atef Ayadi



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# Extreme Surrealism: A La Plage

All the religions,  
with all their scripts, clerics, prestigious rhetorics, and songs  
vanished

as  
the powerful machine: Ultima  
Took over the planet.

i wonder,  
who is ever  
walking on the beaches?

Atef Ayadi



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# Extreme Surrealism: A Vibrating Comma

I say it;  
Brute,  
Wild,  
And Choking.

Take it or leave it.  
It is still,

A form of life.

Atef Ayadi



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# Extreme Surrealism: Eternity

Extreme Surrealism: Eternity

If you want an eternal life;

Imagine!

The time to imagine  
Is eternal.

Atef Ayadi



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# Map And Compass

My compass is my true north.  
My purpose is to add to life's changes.  
This is  
My map,  
This is what I need to know,

Anything else  
Are details.  
Details are life  
In picture, sound, taste, and feelings.

Atef Ayadi



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# Future Tense

I am following my thoughts  
And guts  
Elegantly.

My true north corrects  
my path.

Atef Ayadi



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# Present Tense

I am healthy.

My mind is healthy.

My creativity is healthy.

My perseverance is intact.

Atef Ayadi



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# Past Tense

My past is

Claude Monet`s: "Le Bassin aux Nymphes."

Only

Monet remains me of my past.

Atef Ayadi



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# True North

My Awareness, curiosity, and focus,  
My hearten mind,  
My intuition,  
My will,  
My creativity, and  
My perseverance  
Wrapped with my commitment, my oath, and my word,  
And confined in my inner space and my outer rind.

Atef Ayadi



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# To The Ayato's Dynasty

The fife  
Of Renaissance is approaching;

Be  
Ready!

Because life's change  
Is eminent;

No where to hide!  
No where to berry your fear,  
and  
No where to burn off your despair!

Atef Ayadi



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# To A Religious Maniac

Be positive,  
The courage is to keep that in mind.

Atef Ayadi



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# To A Dictator

Do not dream in my place,  
My dreams are only mine.

Dream for yourself as much as you want,  
And do not forget I am also a dreamer.

Atef Ayadi



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# Initiative

your first response,  
your first emotion,  
your first thought,  
your first belief,  
your first question,  
your first Answer,  
your first compass,  
your first map,  
your first stop for reflection,  
your first dream,  
your first breath,  
your first denial,  
your first setback,  
your first exploration,  
your first commitment,  
your first smile,  
your first admiration,  
your first deep sleep,  
your first beautiful dream,  
your first listening  
your first gaze appreciation, and  
your first quite and slow talk

is an initiative.

being responsible is simply a response  
to an initiative.

Atef Ayadi

# Neda Iran: Neda Agha-Soltan

Before you  
leave us

and you won't,

We promise you,

all the old shewing wisdoms  
and long bearded oracles  
will be cracked down  
and will

fall off

rusted

to clear the way to  
your free  
spirit,  
life,  
and songs of your sacred name.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Castle Of Skin

I do not ask for more  
than  
a restless mouth,  
a talkative eyes,  
and a forbidden skin.

say whatever you want say  
with your mouth or without  
with your eyes or without,  
with your arms and hands or without,  
with your legs or feet or without,

I will watch only your skin  
for any sign of fall.

Atef Ayadi



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# Beauty Formation

Nothing is more beautiful than  
to connect to  
someone's eyes and inner golden mines  
by doing so, a voice of humanity will surge  
from the past, the present, and the future.

Nothing is more beautiful than  
to connect to a  
tree, any tree from the tiniest grass to  
El Arbol de Tule or a sherman tree,  
by doing so, one learns freedom is not a walking foot print  
more than standing up facing all the ironies  
and leaing more seeds to defeat more ironies.

Nothing is more beautiful than  
to connect to  
to the sun,  
the moon,  
the darkness, and silence;  
cause,  
at the eclipse,  
the beauty does not come from darkness  
rather from what it seems silent.

Atef Ayadi

# Two Volcanoes

if you want  
a build up orgasm or  
an extreme one;  
imagine  
both are two islands,  
imagine both islands are far enough and separated with deep ocean,  
both have a forest,  
both have a mountain,  
mine is the Everest -because it is an achievement to claim it and stand up on its  
summit-  
your mountain is Saint Helens.  
both have beaches -yours is sandy and mine is rocky and inaccessible.-

imagine with one matches we create a fire,  
that wake up our dormant volcanoes  
both volcanoes throw off all the lava,  
smoke, and aches and melt down any snow on top.

imagine the lava flow down to the sea and fill slowly the ocean  
it is slow, but there is enough lava in both side.  
imagine the lava unites the two shores,  
the two forests,  
the two mountains and the two islands.

Atef Ayadi

# A Mataphore

Eileen is a woman  
like any woman  
who tries to move beautifully and realistically  
from  
insecurity to another insecurity  
with a feminine heritage and a burden of a beautiful mind, heart, and body.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Word To A Teenager

I am hatching my own shell,  
between being a child and a fully growing careful man.  
It is pleasurable to remain a child while I am

exploring the world,  
explore my being,  
and all other beings.

I do not deny myself as well as the world.  
The pain of setting back is greater than the pain of embracing the world.

So, I keep exploring, until  
I embrace my being and feel being protected by the beauty of the world.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: A Phone Line

I observed people while they are sleeping, while they are awoken, and while they are dead.

They are the same, except, the comfort of not feeling dead.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# All Or Nothing

I gave her a wink,

She slapped my face.

Atef Ayadi



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# Future High School Teacher

He has only one year left before graduating and start his journey in teaching in high school.

I asked him one question:

"Are you positive about the next ten years? "

He responded fast with unfinished sentences

glued with "LIKE" and "YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? "

while his eyes are fixed at the horizon and his head is turning from side to side back and forth.

I do not know what Obama can do about this!

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Formations: Sweat's Lahar And Feelings' Lava

She said:

"I am Cold! "

I said:

"You are emotionally HOT! "

Simple matches can ignite  
A dormant volcano.  
Both have matches, and both  
Want to rise, spread, and cool off the inner  
Fire.  
Both are childishly sliding over our own sweat.

Atef Ayadi



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# No Big Differences

I do not see  
any differences  
between you and any woman,

except  
the way you are wrapping yourself around yourself  
and around my skin.

I do not feel any  
big differences between you  
and all the women I loved,

except  
you fall down on me  
like the spring rain  
when there are no  
clouds in the sky.

There are no  
major differences between you  
and the women who lost the battle of love with me,  
except  
in the time of peace,  
you are my beautiful and deadly enemy,  
and no peace will survive if I do not  
crash down my worse enemy;  
Here I choose  
the highest and brutal power of love.

Atef Ayadi

# Formations: Between Feelings And Thoughts

She said:

"What is better, is it the burning incense or pot's? "

I said:

"Your presence already altered my mind, pot will add up or cancel out that effect, which one you prefer? "

She said:

"I want to be your incense,  
while your high from cleaning my skin from my natural water  
mixed with you skin's pot."

Atef Ayadi



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# Formations: Between The Eyes And The Skin

She said:

"My sign is cancer!  
what is yours? "

I said:

"I am the Zodiac,

I was born Oracle,  
What sign do you want me to be and I will"

Atef Ayadi



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## Forty Letters To A Woman – Nineteenth Letter –

this letter  
is not that different  
from a man's letter in love  
with a woman he lost.

I did not lose you, indeed.  
I did not lose myself, and it is not about hopes.

This is a type of business letter;  
the only profit is to invest in more love,  
a new way to structure the fun of loving  
and survive all the turbulence and spins.

I am a man of character,  
I like the big pictures and tiny ones.  
Your face is one of the big pictures.  
Your voice is one of the tiny pictures.  
Your skin is a turbulence at a maximum pleasurable spin.

You are a woman of many predictable characters  
and few are made of fractal yellow and red clouds.

Can you stop  
being  
predictable  
and take me off  
high  
to enter your invisible  
world  
of red  
yellow  
clouds?

or do you want me  
to remain  
simply  
a simple weather man  
who is figuring out which drop of rain is falling from which cloud?





## Forty Letters To A Woman – Third Letter –

You were the harpist  
At the gate of heaven.  
I was about crossing that gate  
when we first met.

I never though,  
felt, or captured your inner songs  
that flew with the harp melody  
until I left heaven from the other gate.

I never knew  
that you were the first picture  
and the last sound of heaven  
until I left it.

What remains  
now in  
my deepest memories  
an ancient question  
- and that is  
what I try to get rid of: -

What makes heaven  
heaven?  
is it a melody,  
a woman's melody at the gate of heaven,  
or the silent melody in a woman eyes?

Atef Ayadi

# Yes-Woman

Not "But", butts, and "No"es  
Be-In

in my eyes, people's eyes, in my skin, underneath the planet soil and skin,  
be in everywhere  
and get rid of all the stop signs.

Say yes!  
with more and less stress and blissful bless  
to everything  
to anybody  
to anything

Say and launch your vibrant, exciting, and life impulse  
yes! yes! and yes!

Atef Ayadi



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# To The Lady Who Likes Fish

I know,  
unlike the curious scorpions who zero in anything and everything,  
you are deeply and in the bottom a fish or Pisces  
- -Everything is a secret, a wrapped mystery within a mystery. Deep waters is  
where your are to be found, where you want to feel your skin, and where you  
always want to hide.-

Atef Ayadi



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# To The Lady With A Cat

I want to know  
feel  
what cat's breed you are!

From lion to a Sagittarius mice hunter.

Atef Ayadi



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# To The Lady With A Dog

I want to be  
That dog, the dog, and a dog;  
whatever your dog's breed is.

I want to know and feel  
how you treat yourself and treat me!

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# To Men

put your achievements aside,

and let your feelings being poured out easy  
and in harmonic flow.

Atef Ayadi



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# Self-Prophecy

take a pen  
and be a rebellion  
against all your claimed prophecies.

Atef Ayadi



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# Naivety

There are no haunted hopes, but surmounted desires.

There are no demolished desires, but watery desires.

There are no trampled temptations, but silly childish temptations.

There are no pulverized and vaporized passions, but passion of passions, nourished passions, and mother of all passions.

There are no whacked wishes, but untraceable path.

There are no dashed dreams, but beautiful moony mares.

There are no fettered fantasies, but a bracelet of golden and pearled fantasies.

There are no amputated aspirations, but one heart, one skin, and one bone aspirations.

There are no attacked, hacked, and destroyed ambitions, but penetrable and naked ambitions

There is no Naïveté, but knowing what you need to know, what you want and need to want, and walking on high winds with long sticks made of desires.

It is all about the pain of seeing and overseeing, solving and confronting, and give-and-take one's and others' desires, one's dilemmas and others' dilemmas.

One denies, and sets back rather than explore that desire and then commit.

Hope and hopes are good for one to set back; the pain never sets back.

Nothing is strange or odd.

Beauty is feeling the power of anything in everything.

Naivety is a beautiful thing

When

One faces the pain

With one's back while keeping desires pulling our chest to the front.

Atef Ayadi

# Extreme Surrealism: Eve And Adem

She said:

"I want you to talk and act the same way you write."

I said:

"Before doing so,

Slow down your breath, or you will have a heart attack! "

Atef Ayadi



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# Extreme Surrealism: Marie-Louise O'Murphy

The skin is dark,  
She is poor,  
Uneducated -her voice and body language is a great witness, -  
And  
Patterns like:  
"you know... What I mean! "  
Jesus, "  
and "The Lord" are present in her rhetoric.

Her dreams as she is constantly emphasizing  
are to be loved, well treated, and  
understood as well as her meaningful phantasm and childish dreams.

Atef Ayadi



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# Extreme Surrealism: Transformed Face

In one hour,  
Her eyes made all the possible acrobats;  
Her lips were out side, walking with the moon;  
Her voice rose, flattened, collapsed, then vanished into the sandy dune;  
Her eyebrow were sometimes playing Tai Chi,  
sometimes engaged in a furious ravaging combats;

Her hands were a story of lost and found;  
Her face revealed thousands of archives,  
a story of a flower, a woman, a human, and  
an infant caught between bower and power.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Extreme Surrealism: Colored Manners

She said'

"I dated men in the number of thousands, but still I am not happy"

I said:

"Could you clearly describe one of them? "

Atef Ayadi



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# Extreme Surrealism: Movement

Eileen looks like a child.

Children are creative.

As I look into the eyes,  
I see the world's stop signs.

Atef Ayadi



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# Extreme Surrealism: The Cycle Of Thoughts

My dreams turn to be a reality.  
My life turns to be a dream.

I fall when I am awake, I fly in my dreams.

The moon appears in my awakening and flies where I fly.  
The sun stops me from falling down.

Eileen is a woman who stands between  
my awakening and my dreams.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Heated Crystals

I started

to not judge, identify, or evaluate what surrounds me, whom I face, or whom I met before -it is not a new year resolution.-

I accept things as they are, simply and beautifully.

Am I getting older?

Am I loosing resistance and resilience?

Am I in hold of my emotions and my memories?

Is it my intuitive being that is taking over my survivor instinct?

Am I getting the wisdom I have been looking for?

Or

It just my mind is playing tricks on me?

Atef Ayadi



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# A Dollar Bill Poem

Lady,  
I know there are no excuses  
to write you a poem on a dollar bill rather than  
a ten, a twenty, a hundred, or a thousand dollars bill.

it is my last dollar. I want to help you with your feelings' financial crisis.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Words Time Clock

If words can fill  
time capsule,  
which word falls first,  
which word falls last,  
which word swift time,  
which word slow it down, and which word creates the universe?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# 1986 Tax Act Flue Virus

The virus was introduced to  
stop  
another virus.

Like AIDS, it was a simple experiment,  
now it is an epidemic.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Words That Describe Your Lips

I saw lips from

Afghanistan, Akrotiri, Albania, Algeria, American Samoa, Andorra, Angola, Anguilla, Antarctica, Antigua and Barbuda, Argentina, Armenia, Aruba, Ashmore and Cartier Islands, Australia, Austria, Azerbaijan, Bahamas, The Bahrain, Bangladesh, Barbados, Bassas da India, Belarus, Belgium, Belize, Benin, Bermuda, Bhutan, Bolivia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Botswana, Bouvet Island, Brazil, British Indian Ocean Territory, British Virgin Islands, Brunei, Bulgaria, Burkina, Faso, Burma, Burundi, Cambodia, Cameroon, Canadian, Cape, Verde, Cayman Islands, Central African Republic, Chad, Chile, China, Christmas Island, Clipperton Island, Cocos (Keeling) Islands, Colombia, Comoros, Congo, Democratic Republic of the Congo, Republic of the Cook Islands, Coral Sea Islands, Costa Rica, Cote d'Ivoire, Croatia, Cuba, Cyprus, Czech Republic, Denmark, Dhekelia, Djibouti, Dominica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Egypt, El Salvador, Equatorial Guinea, Eritrea, Estonia, Ethiopia, Europa Island, Falkland Islands, (Islas, Malvinas) , Faroe Islands, Fiji, Finland, France, French Guiana, French Polynesia, French Southern and Antarctic Lands, Gabon, Gambia, The Gaza Strip, Georgia, Germany, Ghana, Gibraltar, Glorioso Islands, Greece, Greenland, Grenada, Guadeloupe, Guam, Guatemala, Guernsey, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, Guyana, Haiti, Heard Island and McDonald Islands, Holy See (Vatican, City,) Honduras, Hong, Kong, Hungary, Iceland, India, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Ireland, Isle of Man, Israel, Italy, Jamaica, Jan Mayen, Japan, Jersey, Jordan, Juan de Nova Island, Kazakhstan, Kenya, Kiribati, North Korea, South Korea, Kuwait, Kyrgyzstan, Laos, Latvia, Lebanon, Lesotho, Liberia, Libya, Liechtenstein, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Macau, Macedonia, Madagascar, Malawi, Malaysia, Maldives, Mali, Malta, Marshall Islands, Martinique, Mauritania, Mauritius, Mayotte, Mexico, Micronesia, Federated States of Moldova, Monaco, Mongolia, Montserrat, Morocco, Mozambique, Namibia, Nauru, Navassa Island, Nepal, Netherlands, Netherlands, Antilles, New Caledonia, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Niger, Nigeria, Niue, Norfolk Island, Northern, Mariana Islands, Norway, Oman, Pakistan, Palau, Panama, Papua, New Guinea, Paracel Islands, Paraguay, Peru, Philippines, Pitcairn Islands, Poland, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Qatar, Reunion, Romania, Russia, Rwanda, Saint Helena, Saint Kitts and Nevis, Saint Lucia, Saint Pierre and Miquelon, Saint Vincent and the Grenadines, Samoa, San Marino, Sao, Tome and Principe, Saudi Arabia, Senegal, Serbia and Montenegro, Seychelles, Sierra, Leone, Singapore, Slovakia, Slovenia, Solomon Islands, Somalia, South Africa, South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands, Spain, Spratly, Islands, Sri Lanka, Sudan, Suriname, Svalbard, Swaziland, Sweden, Switzerland, Syria,

Taiwan, Tajikistan, Tanzania, Thailand, Timor-Leste, Togo, Tokelau, Tonga, Trinidad and Tobago, Tromelin Island, Tunisia, Turkey, Turkmenistan, Turks and Caicos Islands, Tuvalu, Uganda, Ukraine, United Arab Emirates, United Kingdom, United States, Uruguay, Uzbekistan, Vanuatu, Venezuela, Vietnam, Virgin, Islands, Wake, Island, Wallis and Futuna, West Bank, Western Sahara, Yemen, Zambia, and Zimbabwe.

Then, I saw your lips, and

I saw all the beautiful stuff these people created and shared, their misfortunes and hopes. I saw all humanity is talking, smiling, and wandering from your mouth.

Atef Ayadi

# Words That Describe Your Eyes

Sniper, defender, explorer, a supernova, a galaxy, space, the sun, the moon, planet earth, crashing dark sky atmosphere, the blue, a calm ocean, a beach, a dormant lake, a torrent furious river, a green forest, squared field, a lost cloud, tropical rain, water, dew, a lasting rainbow, snow, sun, moon, fire, smoke, a farm, a tribe, a town, an airport, town's vessels and veins, adds, light, noise, a restaurant, workers, students, sellers and shoppers, trash and dust on the street and in the air, heat, intention and tension stretching out to the end of the avenue, words, awkwardness, fear, anxiety, flying ideas, stop signs, tiny dogs, in bags resisting or following their masters from Affenpinscher, Brussels Griffon, Cavalier King Charles Spaniel, Chihuahua, Chinese Crested, Dachshund, English Toy Spaniel, Japanese Chin, Maltese, Miniature Pinscher, Papillon, Pekingese, Pomeranian, Silky Terrier, Tibetan Spaniel, Toy Fox Terrier, to Yorkshire Terrier, happy faces, heavy faces, cold faces, a flirter, a homeless, caps, pizza delivery man, a ups guy, a mixed up lady in the dress of a man, a shy man in the dress of a lady, a neighborhood, a house, faces I know and i do not know, children, teenagers, a man with white beards, a gang of old ladies, a bar, a salon, a antique shop, a church at the corner of the street, a lost foreigner, a two stairs home with a mailing box and golden four digits number on top, three windows in front, two downstairs and one large upstairs, a wooden door with few squared glasses and a ring bell, a threshold that freezes memories, a smell, an agitated fearful thoughts, From out side, I can see: a hall with a thin wall table, cloths hunger, an anxious Shepherd Breed dog is seeking more warmth, a kitchen, a table, a refrigerator with postcards, letters, and photos stuck to the door's face, stickers, bills, calendars filled with appointments -some are red underlined, few already green crossed, and some still highly highlighted, - two dry lips covered with light-brown beige with pink orange toned lipsticks face approaches me, A volatile memory melts and crystallizes.

You open the door, you open your eyes large as well. I step into your eyes before stepping into your home. Your house is your memories and shelter, and your eyes are my home, my space, my escape, and my beautiful world. You help me to get in like a blind, the time I was discovering for the first time my blessing shaded world.

Atef Ayadi

# An Argument

She:

'I am bored! '

Me:

'No you are not, you look for a love argument.'

She:

'No, I do not.'

Me:

'Do you like to be kissed from the left to the right, only from the right, only from the left, at the center, at random, or where you are in need?'

She:

'No I do not, unless you know what is left, what right, what is center, what is random, what is rough, what is soft.'

Me:

'So you like to be kissed? '

She:

'No it is not about my state of mind, it is about your state of mind.'

Me:

'My state of mind depends on your state of mind and my skin is just a skin.'

She:

'No, my skin is not your skin.'

Me:

'Yes, I can prove that your skin is mine. By saying this, I am not stopping you from claiming my skin, the only condition is to be in my left, my right, or in the center; not the past or in the future. I mean fully in the present. Then you may take skin with you where and whenever you like, to the space, to the desert, the beach, on the sand, under the sun, you wet it, you dry it out, you take it to the future or back to the past, that depends on what you want and how clear you are about it.'

She:

'I want just your skin! '

Me:

'How do you want it? '

She:

'I do not know, spiced may be? muddy! Burned without fire? I mean blackened with dust, dirt, smoke and stuff, like a mine worker man! '

Me:

'You mean from Pennsylvania state? Chocoslovania? Urbania? Chambania? '

She:

'No, I want you to be Eskimo'

Me:

'Now you want me to be a seal and Humpback Whale hunter, what else you want me to hunt down for you? '

She:

'My skin! '

Atef Ayadi



# Sun Set, Sun Rise

The West came up with the extreme numbers, maximum pleasure, minimum pain, the risk of the pain, the risk of the risk, pleasurable risk, dominoes risk, and non-dominoes risk.

If everything moves to the East, first, we will be spiritually transformed into ants, then conveyed into esteem, and then converted into energy. Is this what humanity is looking for?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Between The Burst And The Fall

Unlike the sun,

The global economy works with a basic math of derivatives - while the first derivative provides the extrema, the second is about the sharpness of rise or the fall. A basic math that a child can learn and apply perfectly. The third derivative, the fourth and so forth burst at the center of an adversity.-

It looks we are putting the risk at risk rather than calculating the risk of the risk. Still, it is the most beautiful time to connect and play with the dots and the air.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Adversity

I bankrupted, the way small businesses bankrupted,  
Small businesses bankrupted, the way big businesses bankrupted,  
Big businesses bankrupted, the way corporations bankrupted,  
Corporations bankrupted, the way global corporations bankrupted,  
Corporations bankrupted, the way the government bankrupted.

A true and beautiful rainbow as a gift to child.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Half Full, Half Empty

I had my citizenship at the exact moment when  
Fifty percent of the financial dominos fell.  
Should I move to China or Peru?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Few Questions Before Jumping

I like your eyes.

Can I jump into them and adventure into the unknown?

Before doing so, can I have a last lasting breath?

Before that, can I make my last wishes?

Before that, will be there a way out or a way back?

And before that, what I should take with me, and what I should leave behind? Or just I simply jump into them and that is what my guts are telling me and I always trust them.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Anonymous Letter

When you write to me

Lady,

I try to see you,

With your face, hair, earrings, neck, chest, hands, jewelries, skin, the color and texture of your clothes, your legs, your shoes, the ways you walk, sit, lay down, stand up, the way you breathe, your gesture, body language, calmness, and your brutal natural eruptions.

I try to smell you from head to toes, and every part of you smell and talks differently.

I try to hear your natural clock, wind, whispers, gasp, your ice melting, your falling ice crystals, and your snow flakes flying before falling down.

I try to feel you, and feeling you is not touching you, because touching is walking through a peaceful and hostile land; it looks promising and it is not, you see the sun and it is not.

So,

Lady try to be careful about what you write,

And before writing anything, try to include all the above if it is possible,

Or put simply your smell on the paper without writing anything, I can read it better;

Or put your face, I will read your inner rhythms and words;

Or put something else, that ignites my curiosity, because feeling someone starts with a crazy childish curiosity;

Or just choose a blank paper, a rug, a leaf, a wild dry skin, or a metallic natural skin, I will write your feelings down for you, I will paint them for you, or I will just make a perfume that works only for your outer and inner skin.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# At The End Of The Day

At the end of the day,  
A good breath,  
Water,

A human beautiful connection,  
Some good food to share,

That is what rejuvenate my skin.

If there is none,

I still have my skin.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Claim

Some claim

that I am idealistic -Idéalisme (redirection depuis Idéaliste)

En philosophie, l' idéalisme est un courant de pensée qui affirme la prééminence des formes abstraites ou des représentations mentales sur la réalité, qu'elle soit expérimentée ou inintelligible.-

If you want me to dig more for the sake of the argument I will state simply that

I am!

Being idealistic is overseeing simplicity as it is, then make it beautifully crafted and complex.

love means feeling someone, be that person - This is feasible not possible-

I dive and dwell into details;

I like to use all my neurons, the right side of my brain before the left one;

I do not think money -Sorry lady who wants to flirt on and with me.-

I like stress, pressure, cold, hot temperature, darkness, noise, ugliness, disorder, difficulties, dizziness, playing with words, paraphrasing, reading without sound, creativity, silliness, patterns, clouds, height, depth, the absence of colors, the non-sense that makes sens, ambiguity, awkwardness, conditions, future, future, future, future, and the concept of species and the basic need for evolution, what makes evolution evolution, wilderness, fire, water, the Sun, the Moon, Jupiter and my myth of Eileen.

What is wrong with that?

Atef Ayadi



# Almost Sacrificed

I lived

A long life with a wrong map - after all it was not mine, it was given to me when I was a child.-

It is like living in a home that it is not yours,  
leaving with someone else memories, or having  
Someone else words, feelings, and thoughts.

It is ugly to wake up and realize that  
I was inhabited by ghosts for decades.  
It is ugly to wake up and realize that  
I almost lost the growing child inside me.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# In Another Word

having a choice,

is

a

choice.

Espouse that choice endlessly.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Two Ways And Other Things

There are two ways  
to lead people -I mean the big mass, not mess,  
cause, the mess is done at higher levels,  
and if you start asking what is more higher then that,  
I will tell you right now, god! , and it does not matter how you see it!  
cause that is diversity not adversity! -  
One, is to confuse them, and tell them there will be no way for an escape  
without my help!  
Two is to persuade them- it is win-win, better then the 'All or nothing'  
with denial and setback.  
but persuasion is confusing bit by bit,  
it is steaming the emotions, creating a human 'spontaneous' report, and then  
looking for weakness to elicit some pleasure -people like pleasure, who does not?  
-

Is there anything else, different, futuristic, different from lean on me, or  
scratch my back I will scratch your back as if it is mine,

something really beautiful?

Atef Ayadi

# I Write Until I Bleed

writing is itching,

so I write until  
I bleed.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Put It This Way

it is true,  
gas prices went up, not because of  
luck of oil,  
or the nature of demand and supply;

it is simply greed.

like diamond, they are everywhere,  
in abundance,  
-literally, as abundant as iron and other minerals; -  
Nevertheless,

they are expensive, and please to do not talk about love or  
global warming,

because the rhetoric: 'I came to free you',  
is ancient, and in the old Latin, it means I came to tax you.

I add: ' Please do not free me, I will free myself!  
cause, nothing is free, you will tax me later.'

Atef Ayadi

# Bankers And The Great Lords Of The World

yes, you are greedy,  
no more no less!

yes, you made the worse decisions  
and few wealthy lords,  
as usual,

Bankrupted humanity.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# I Am A Survivor

I am  
Going to  
Survive  
The cold, the pain, the economy's meltdown a breakdown;

Because,  
I am  
Life;

Because,  
it is in my nature  
to share and be  
everything.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Arrow Of A Woman

A peacock feather,  
A golden nip, and  
An blue ink from the heart.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



## New Order: First Golden Rule

If you want to feel me,  
Be me,  
And do not ask me  
To do so,  
Cause, I am already climbing  
The stuff  
Between your Upper feelings  
And your inner thoughts.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: The Old Books

The old books as well as the old prophecies killed our individual and collective intuition and creativity with unchangeable plans and directives to use for our lives.

Think if everyone is a prophet, how the world is going to be?

Think if everyone is connected to oneself, to others, and to the world, how the future will be?

Try not to see the negative projections, cause there are past experienced assumptions.

Think if a child has all the resources, where she or he will be?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Despite The Change

Despite all,  
I still can see  
her shadow walking and talking  
alone in the street.  
I still can see clearly  
my shadow facing her and walking backward,  
so it does not lose her face.

Despite all the changes i made  
to get rid of her  
rounded face,  
I still can feel her around;  
she comes in form of ade, aid, and most of time like a maid aide.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Brief Short Story: A Story About The Will

The old books tell you:

You can do the impossible, if you can not, in heaven you will complete your will.

or

Light is all the manifest of your will. Follow the light, you will find your will.

The new research firms try to induce:

'Now, your will is ours, in heaven, you will enjoy your will.'

All of them affirm a pre-determinism and deny or try to control the free will.

It is clear that the will is about solving a challenge. Either way, there is a price to pay.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: A Question

If a question by analogy, is a Units of Measurement, what the answer might be?

If an answer is precise and chocking why do not you explore the question in terms of may, ought, and should be?

If a question is playfulness, why your answer should be formal as if playfulness is silly and should not be?

If a question is poetic, why do you resist life as poetic as it shall be?

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: An Approach

If one person is similar by analogy to a zillions pictures of one movie, at which the certainty to point to a particular state weakens the accuracy of one particular picture and vice versa. Can you draw, see, or complete that picture in one's mind?

No one says you cannot catch the sky.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: History

If no one is capable of feeling, initiate, making an effort to understand others, how possibly one claims he can understand history as a collection of thoughts and actions manifested in simple and complex ways.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: The Pyramids

In the past millenniums, thousands died building the pyramids; few enjoyed being buried underneath, thought they will be resurrected in what they created as a rewarding next life.

In the present, few build "the personal luxurious pyramid" for billions to be buried in for the next life.

The future must not contain the term pyramid, because one's body is the only shelter for life, death, and resurrected life.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# A Brief Short Story: The Human Entropy

Everyone has a tendency to follow, share, and be around who has the same reality. Although, It is boring, but that is a human entropy.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: The Peace

If you have a new born, forget about all the burdens and enjoy a moment of peace.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: The War

Before taking any action, feel responsible for your own thoughts, your own sheltering believes, and spoil your imaginations about all the possible outcomes. If history is a gallery of past actions; the present is your instinct survival; the future will be everyone's integrity.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: The True And False

Some are still shewing the word "The truth", where in nature, efficient, stable, dynamic, integrity, and clustering are the real terms.

Other are made of the word 'Wrong' or 'False' a word for sacrifices, thinking the term wrong is derived from the dark side of "The truth."

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: A Job Hunter

No matter how, when, and where I applied for tiny or great jobs in the states, there are always a question mark.

the only enjoyment I had is the tale, the feelings, body language, manhood, womanhood, procedure, the script of hiring, and what we call now the "Human Resources Management."

He or she gave me an hour of his or personal briefing and ask me some stress management, character, and adaptability type of questions;

At the end, I was encouraged to not give up.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: Feeling The Action

It is true -at certain extent- that action is at the tail of its source. At the occurrence of one human action, I feel a person through one's action, as if one's action embodies one's state or a cue of states of mind; as if action becomes what we call the inner 'soul'.

A person who initiates is a high energy person. A person who naturally smiles is a person graceful to life. A person who is curious, aware and sensitive is a natural active form of life.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Polical Tough Choice

In order  
to choose the right  
president  
for the USA,  
is to give every one a pack  
of marijuana-\$50 to \$40-  
and let the country decide for itself.

my argument is  
based on a fact  
that potential voters are always overwhelmed.  
the only thing they miss are their own and other overseas people's fun.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: The Body Of A Strong Mind

As a child, I used to see these tall, with mussel or fat build male bodies as strong in mind or 'they must be strong in everything.'

Now, As a growing man, i see a strong body as a tale for a mindless child. I want to see a strong body espousing or sheltering a strong mind.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: Curiosity Within A Box

I wanted to give Eileen a tiny cubical golden or blue pears colored box. Inside, I put something common sens.

I wanted to make sure that she will never open it and reveal what is inside, because curiosity is the glue of life.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: Emotions As One Impulse Of Fear

The darkness mirrors my fear and prepare me to face it. The light is my high impulse unique fear. Between the light and darkness, there is a threshold, at which my heart beats increasingly as I am penetrating the membrane of fear.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: Fantasy With Common Emotions

Would you be happy, I mean, you practically achieved and did not leave any fantasy or impossible thought behind; you finished them all off at the end of the day.

Now, is it a dead end or an open vast ocean end to be happy and alone?

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: Eve's Historical Mind

All what I inherited is to be a good hunter, eve learned to stay back with the elders and the children in the safe zone. I do not know much about her feelings while she is waiting. I am a hunter, I learned to control my feelings and sharp my mind while crossing the hunting zone.

I want eve to be a hunter too, and to experience the roughness of hunting, all the mystery of wilderness, and what is beyond the unknown.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: The Arena Stadium

To the historians, what is the difference between nowadays showbiz and Ancient Roman arena?

The players -gladiators- are sill slaves and famous, aren't they?

Business is business as usual for the few smart bourgeois, isn't?

The public is the same. One could be among the crowd betting on the game, or making business with the crowd.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: The Salesman

What is important to the salesman, is it the ending and "closing the sale" with all the rewards and pleasurable outcomes? Do you need to defend the product or fight for it? What is the difference between defending and fighting for such cause? How you can sale without a pity? How you sale with excellence?

For instance, if you are selling guns-in warehouse, or customer to customer street open sale, what pity or excellence are you involving?

If you are selling medicines -from corporations to a simple alchemist doctor, - what pity or excellence are you involving?

If you are selling words, where is your self-pity, excellence, and your new prophetic philosophy?

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: The Egg Or The Chicken

If I have a concern, can you help? I will help you if you ask, because what is around me is my first concern.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: Where Are We Heading?

The story of Eve and Adam is a fact, not as it was described by folks. The start of deliberate human awareness was initiated at that threshold-God is what it is expected at perfection- We are not far from this start; we are still crossing the threshold.

There will be more thresholds than god him/herself expected.

Atef Ayadi



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## A Brief Short Story: A Robot

When thinking human connection, Think a network of PCs, Laptops, IPODs, Dell, Mac, Microsoft -or something like the Honda walking prototype- type of robots or what the army itself is still thinking 'a high Tech marvel that has to be to classified.'

It is my approach, when I deal with others -it may seem harsh, but I have a practical thesis that will persuade any human robot or who thinks he is not an organic robot.-

When I connect to a person or a group, I push that bottom. I need to be neutral and undisturbed by what I see, hear, or feel. People reveals everything without resistance or lack of expression; their resistance is open, their expressing is discretely open and brought out like a spectrum or a symphony.

By revealing this I am a robot?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## A Brief Short Story: The Psychic Lover

She handled me her hand -tiny, sharp, soft, moisturized, with few blood vessels,  
and well distributed reddish a life skin-

I looked into the palm, I saw myself dead or sleeping dead between her arms.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Brief Short Story: In The Eyes Of The Beholder

There is nothing called ugliness, beauty and so forth. Sometimes an 'ugly' body can show all its beauty if only if the concept of beauty is only a 'fertile eyes, unearthed lips, or simply looking for a blush.'

Ugliness is a chocking and complete, beauty is uncompleted and barely a life. there is also what i call 'beautiful ugliness and ugly beauty' and i learned in the tough way that the eyes of the beholder are as beautiful or as ugly as what it attract itself to: you fly you catch birds, you dive you catch fishes, in other word, beauty is neutral but matches the noise within.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: In The Head Of An Extremist

I need that extreme Act, horrible an by far looks human. I need to blow my self up, alone, and faraway; so I can see myself afterward: shredded into human peaces and thoughts. I need that! From the moment of hearing a crying child in my chaotic vicinity, falling and flying metal fragments, to the tearing of my own flesh. I need that action so I can see my fate with my own eyes; feel it, hear it, and remember it. I need that action, so I can walk, talk, think beautifully and accurately without guilt and fear.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Brief Short Story: In The Head Of A Sniper

He hired a professional sniper to shut him accurately in the heart; one shut, one bullet, quick and perfectly done.

after walking out from the meeting with the sniper, a cold thought melted his guts:

'why i need to be hunted and shut dead? '

'is it important to die like a hunted animal, or a hero'

'where and when from now? '

'is there anything i forgot? '

'is there anything i need to claim before i die more than claiming my own death? '

'is there anything that will stop this accurate bullet? '

' or should i run away, hide from the sniper? after all he his a human being with at least one unique skill. will he suddenly shift his intention from being a sniper to a compassionate peace keeper or something else completely different?

what is my odds, what is my luck?

it looks, to me life is chasing a bullet from heart to heart'

Atef Ayadi



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# Ringling The Bell: The Butterfly

you are all and every living wish:  
half human and half sea dew fish,  
without haste or being in a rush.  
your fragrance has waves;  
it will bring over  
all your flamed blue sky unique butterfly lost wish.

Atef Ayadi



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# Ringling The Bell: The Olypics

You still have fire.  
I also have my fire.

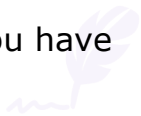
we can take both, one's  
own, or one unique fire and go  
to race in the Olypics;

or we can leave some fire for the next winter  
Olypics;

so we can both  
sprint run,  
wrestle,  
do all the gym acrobats,  
sand volleyball,  
free four hundreds swimming, and  
ski under the heavy blue sky.

So, do you have  
enough  
fire?  
or do you need  
to barrow some of my fire?

Atef Ayadi



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# Ethics Of Roses: Satanic Divulged Satra

i though i lost your secret,  
while contemplating your vague strata.

are you revealing or hiding  
your little hell evil  
desire or strata emotions.

i felt and always feel to do  
the tapping of the untapped young soul,  
who wants to awake up  
and find the divulged layered layers  
cracked and laid down  
like a red rose or orange roses petals.

wake up!  
to see  
your dew  
dripping over  
your satanic soul  
or if i am mistaken,  
your red orange green petals.

Atef Ayadi



# Ethics Of Roses' Dew

I can leave you  
in my garden  
or we can go together  
to help me  
in my war.

war is war,  
nothing is wrong with that.

your skills are not  
yet  
handy,  
neither for harvesting dew  
nor for taking care of your own red roses.

so,  
first,  
you need to learn  
how to deal with  
enemies,  
peace's lords,  
and skin to skin war.

Atef Ayadi

# Ringling The Bell: The Dew Cycles

Are you afraid of the sun light?  
your dew is waiting to meet buds  
and roses along your rainbow horizon.  
Did you check on your roses' petals for  
any dripping or red bleeding escaping butterflies?

□

Atef Ayadi



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# Ringling The Bell: The Rain And A Waiting Pine Tree

who is watching the rain,  
but a lonely bird waiting on a  
sunny pine heavenly tree.  
light can spread from a bird wings  
pleasing the incensed tears of the tree.

Atef Ayadi



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# Ringling The Bell: The Ear Of A Tea Cup

Your tea cup's ear is  
cold. Did you hear the tea leaves  
warning you of his coming?

Or are you still walking talking in  
your trance of 'what is told' world?

Atef Ayadi



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# Troubled Furry Bull

this cat is a trouble seeker;

she wants to scratch the skin of a  
heavy furry dark angry bull.

she succeeded to lower his heavy silted  
tangled metallic skull to a furry ball.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Blessful Silver Earrings

her face is fairly  
harvesting

the many silvery blessed  
pears  
that are bountifully guiding the ears to the biblical neck.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Crystal Palace

Through a rainbow door  
of  
a

Crystal Soul,

□

the wandering childish feelings stop before pondering heavy thoughts.

this is her place, her face, and skin fire place,  
where to ponder  
and wander while orbiting around her crystal soul.

Atef Ayadi



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# Haikued Vinius

Purple 'heartfelt big hugs' roses

and

A purple heavenly welcoming body.

She is my cloudy  
acid hot Vinius.

Atef Ayadi



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# Psychic: 200 Corporates

reading  
the fate  
of a corporate palm reading industry.  
is very expensive

50,000 flat and give  
me a brake  
so i can give the corporate an  
ever lasting  
brake..

my psychic is

to insure you

that outsourcing is only the beginning of a  
a short economical fun time brake.

ring me  
with the 50,000,  
i will give you more  
unforeseen

brakes and broken baked HUNGARY Budapest hungry Bucharest Romanian poor  
entitled bank that is sinking the wall street journal down.

Atef Ayadi



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## Psychic: 200

this is not a class  
of psychic.

\$200 flat fee,  
\$300 for my time to read  
your hand,  
wash them, and  
clean them so your life will go  
smoothly.

your money: is pure fantasy.  
so if you want me to read  
or touch your hand

ring me with 200 plus 300 and few ¢ may apply.

my secret is in the few cents i will charge you later on.

Atef Ayadi



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# Theater Job Position

As i presented

dear  
audience,

i have the staff  
to stir the audience mind.

their as-ses-too

for years  
to come.

but  
i do not like  
to see, hear, and feel ' a little pu-ssi asking  
me to repeat my self.'

i do not do the staff  
in theater

repetition  
is to face  
the audien with all  
the fun.

Atef Ayadi

# The First Funny Story

here is an open  
personal idea:

i laid out  
the structure of my website  
extreme surrealism hided 'beautiful surprise'  
and high tech surprise surprise idea.

there will be  
short and sories  
short stories

little seeds  
kai ku hit ku be ku ok uk us  
poems and

some visual art

done fast



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other as i progress...

Atef Ayadi

# Rakhi Me

when and when(s)

in a vertical cobra positions

passion, little woman,

time is

when you walk like a cobra

talk exactly with a phobia

and lay down

with a red light fully rounded by a peaceful angry 'help me! '

'i will help you'

touch with handful wild glance.

this is an indian spice

i need to turn

back as your favor

deepa

or sty...or the entire country

India with all

the 2 billions

human mixed with beautiful holly cows.

Atef Ayadi

# A Growing Poet Fay Sal

grow up  
wake up!

your mom/dad  
the 'ell fysal! '  
yell!

or may be your dad softly bell  
your taco bell  
head.

time is a beautiful life  
mehdi  
a girl,

and  
staff! you name it  
from fun to the funniest time and day.



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move on!  
on  
on and on.  
with a winning voice,  
or a shameful funny sin of all time  
and

no regret going back in time.

do it and forget it mehdi faysal,  
both, or separately what is the difference?

fun han, or or funny hea haan! ...?

Atef Ayadi

# The Bored World

the entire world  
is sleeping

while i telling a story.

i am good  
or i am

helping  
the world  
do defeat its boredom.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Most Important Emphasis

the strong holes

is

'you do your life by your own! '

i do mine too the same way'

when we meet

just take or i will take

off

the ground...sweet jesus!

or you can do what ever

you want!

i can handle you

because i already took you

when

and jumped

where ever

i wanted.

Atef Ayadi



# A Last Letter Of Another Series

this set

of short

brief talk

is an apology  
to you!

yes!  
yes!  
Eileen

then to my self,  
and finally to the whole word.

Atef Ayadi



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# Help Me With This

i  
will pay you with  
half of what i have

in exchange for your help:

I need a denture,  
bridge, or

a  
beautiful smile  
natural looking  
'look! here is my teeth i can bite  
on the concrete  
to scratch the mint of the  
skin of your bite.'  
type of teeth and smile.

Atef Ayadi



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# Two Glasses Drink

I prepared two separate drinks  
for my first celebration of a victory.

the first is purely gin or jin-gerale,  
  
in long milk glass.

in the second long beer glass,  
i put first milk,

then hot sauce

and then added some ginger ale.

i put them on the table  
as unique 'only one' glass..

a friend of a my roommate told me it is  
creative, social and crazy drink.

Atef Ayadi

# Light Exposure

She said:

"I liked your smile when I first saw you,  
that is the type of smile i am looking for, now you lost it."

I said:

"i was tribal, with a tribal natural and welcoming smile.  
now, I am urban man, my smile is diluted into streets' signs,  
advertisement, fliers, and urban etiquettes."

Atef Ayadi



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# Trade Offs

it happens

that

you asked me to

help you

on

resolving tough decisions

-they are sometime mine too, camarade! -

if you are a lady

i wont add more than what is said.

if you are not,

you are not!

i can not change you  
or oblige you to be so.

i will only let you pay me back

for trying to listen to you.

the price is something we need to agree upon.

Atef Ayadi

# Funny People

everybody,

average people

'se x in the city' people,

cubs game fans,

pirates fans,

beer fans,

boiled milk, and cold milk fans

are my greatest joke

leaders

when i try hardly to open my fresh head coconut.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Auditing

you can be  
a leader  
(not a ladder)  
and all your subjects  
are stiff and stick behind you,

or you can still be a leader  
climbing your own owned ladder, and

no body is needed  
to remain stiff  
behind

or left behind!

you.

or simply  
alone  
talking to yourself  
and supporting yourself from behind.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Stay With Me

She asked me to stay,  
one more hour,  
then one more day,  
then one more month,  
then one more year,

I have no sense of guilt to leave,  
except I do not like to leave her chest  
vulnerable and open to the air.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Numbers Exterminator

inside a civitche

-pronouced with a way at th end-

taco.

what is where i found my place.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Luck Fanatic Seeker

tell me  
lady,

what is your luck?

where is it?

does it have  
a shape?

is it liquid, solid, plasma, ....?  
what state?

take your time  
my lady  
the journey  
is  
just begun.



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start dreaming

from your first  
alone, to  
to the new reborn fresh girl who dreams  
withing my dreams.

what is up with you now?  
do you feel lucky?  
or are you my luck?

Atef Ayadi

# My Dream Is To Be Sensual

I see  
between  
a couple

something I call:

--

"I need you foreigner, "  
we both need your kind help!

--

who is first!

who is the lady now?  
who wants to talk first?

who is the wife?  
who is the husband  
'tokyo victorian hard worker'

type of man.



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with a company of  
a ho ho hi hi in need woman

'where is my choowala dog'  
europeen syle  
woman?

Atef Ayadi

# My Dream To Be Lost

i need

to sleep

perfectly!

woman! , life, and all that beautiful

disturbing

musturbing

french mustar

is a perfect dream

to ease my past

pain.

i have only a promise

one ticket for a wild hash game of my dream then your dream!

Atef Ayadi

# My Furthest Dream From Close

can you listen

to me

with all what you got! ?

if you have something from past  
simply fix it

or dream

then fix it..

than listen to me?  
my dream is to be close  
enough  
to your dream  
it is my own flesh dream.

Atef Ayadi

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# If You Touch My Skin.....Rivive Every Living Thing!

you  
are  
cool

with this pink

short until the knees  
skirt.

Your boo bee ez and  
your hip falling smoothly are what i want!

the legs are  
like the hands  
are  
waiting for an eternal orange souvenire.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# If You Find My Voice.....Revive All The Old Sin-Pho- Nies

her kiss  
startedd first like  
daam!  
baam!

and ended up like  
mi do ri mi mi doooooooooooooooooodi ri  
fa!  
and some other stuff i do not know!

Atef Ayadi



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# If You Find My Words.....Rivive Them

if my words  
finally

are between your hands.

revive me

as if the are me?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# I Like To Escape To The Wilderness

what better  
than to be fully  
naked

like  
walking

one year baby  
and kid enough to support oneself

in a wild

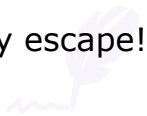
jardin repunlican  
peak in beijin

gas is over  
money is off scinetifc scene is this?

that is my escape!

to the new world!

Atef Ayadi



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# In Short: Great News Girls And Boys

i am coming! ..? -'?' '

i start or possibly forward to I am turning you off up and down!  
one by one.

including the pop popee pampe french bebe or german turqich bombe pope.  
i will make every body and everyone ho ho

hi hi

me first.

's

festival

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# It Is My Idea

did  
you notice

'i am the greatest'

beautiful dull? ?

what do

you normal average?

feel free to complete my thoughts.

Atef Ayadi



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# To The Student's Mom

do not do any

thing

for him.

let him go  
without a past,  
present, or  
your own future un-answered western dull questions!

open the door.

let him

go!

if your student



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is your girl;

let go too.

girls and women

get this! !

you came late!  
in the evolution of mankind....

so what?  
get your ass you wanted to hear the paatheff eff....!

puff.

poofs  
and puffs

let her go!  
cause she happy  
she left another girl.

Atef Ayadi

# I Do Not Repeat

i have time only for  
the fun

bring your fun

and enjoy my time,  
your baby teeth six month to three years your want to stay there ' time,

the world will still can wait..hopeful in time! ?

did you

hear me  
or still confusing your wide open legs?

more less  
more less



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less  
liss as assss my assss

more?

sound  
sound ounded owned you from your toes the peak  
of your highest mountain....miss 'who is Zaak! '

Atef Ayadi

# I Learned

I wan to learn

a  
simple sound

i want a child

like me

so i can

first

survive, live  
and  
thrive



PoemHunter.com

help me eileen

with all your historical skills

tell me  
how far are we  
from the next galaxy

can you!  
stop there  
between these two arms  
spanish cactus girl?

what you hear is what you

see...

do you see me  
or hear  
me

you are writing

something?

to the children

of your past tiny old world...

Atef Ayadi



# A Word Of Sounds In 'Ali Salah I' Mind

i share music

with any one.

a woman is like eileen

will guide me...

in the street.....of the fulerton    licoln abr ..

hope you help me with your voice? ?



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i tryed t o hear you....an only you..

i

Atef Ayadi

# Music 100001: First Class

if your hear me

with

i hair she say lsy yeh

or prcicely ahha ahn han ahan

but

the sound belongs to another what all what she wants.

? ?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Short Story

this is how I simply love you

and it does not matter  
the FAQ in you head

and  
all  
the

"please

help me, I was like a goozy function-take off the n and the tion- fact girls? ? ?  
mather FAQ no question asked kkki ing king's daughter asassdasd cd....waLA VOI  
LA

VOILA

ASSSSS? ? ? ? DO YOU  
HAVE IT

AS IF U

I CAN SEE YOU....STOP.PLEASE I AM A gIRLE FORCE  
ONE TAHRAN MOTHER FU irarq uCKER"

IF ONE CAN understand THIS

WELCOME to THE PLANET TA RI's  
club.

Atef Ayadi

# A Woman's Painted Fate: A Unique Signature

A

Fact from her eyes:

ice, rover, roll over, tilt, punch, pitch  
itch, and scratch me now.

tangle, untangle, mingle, bungle,  
clip, and flip me like any burger,  
cause you are the cook, a chef, a healer, my cover, my roof, my ceiling, and my  
shingles.

turn and burn one side of me  
and leave the other side for another day.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Woman's Painted Fate: Her 'Unique Facing Chest! ' Nudity

The all  
and!  
everything

thing! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

is! ! ! ! ! There

Open  
and

A Re-flec? -Chin-China town happy face  
Happy  
Open  
Chest, .....!  
and! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ` IIKI! Ok?  
slim moothe-i want you by my mouth-  
female, island eye!  
if you eillel

eli  
eely

eli ali ben ali  
fun king  
kird  
bird  
berd  
merde?  
ber va ture  
voiture  
ton  
voittour  
voiture  
factor  
doctor phil eileen!  
Here is my problem presented before you'...

think now about the ends!

Atef Ayadi

# Private Question's Marks

I opened the door for her:

and said:

i said:

'what do you want now?

my home is for all my private desires

she said:

'what you want from me'

i said:

'i want from you the same thing i wanted

in public.

now it is going to be sharply private,

we can make it public later on.

Atef Ayadi



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# If Your Soul

If your soul  
is or was stolen  
-time will tell how you are related to  
your fancy beloved built in soul-

what would you do?

you cry in the street  
to anyone you meet:  
"Oh my gosh! "  
"Oh my gosh! "  
"I lost my my soul? "

or you make a secure plan  
to secured back?

or you will look for a revenge  
by stealing someone else soul  
in a random desperate act?

or you wish and pray for  
whom and who may and will find it  
and hope one will turn it back without  
triggering  
his desire for wealthy possessiveness.

or simply you give up on your stolen soul.

or simply you start from scratch?

.

Atef Ayadi



# Stealing A Burden

There is no such  
called stealing!

-the action could be off or awkward.-

but what you are stealing  
is someone else  
burden.

like stealing someone's  
soul.

whether one is lost before  
or after that. it was a burden anyway!

now let see how you will deal with it!

Atef Ayadi



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## 23 Madonna

dear lovely Madonna,

i may have a future exhibition in New York,  
i may check you out in there  
in time  
or I will chase  
time off.

meantime,  
enjoy your sunny life,  
your moon is almost complete.

Atef Ayadi



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# Orange Poem

sorry I did not first laugh at you,

-I though, you will not make it,  
the way you crossed the street.-

as i relaxed my head a  
little!

bit!

-45 degree C or F; what is the difference? -

I start to laugh

at the picture

of your hair

-or my hair what is the difference? -

Turning into orange.

you planned to cross

the street as planned,

on time before the orange light will give you

a blue winkle,

then an orange tropical taste warning,

then a red orange blinking for possible crash.

the street was busy,

I was too

-standing still

watching you crossing the street on your knees.-

Atef Ayadi

# Sagittarius

I am  
Sagittarius.

i like the Scorpion's poison  
as a thought,  
Leo's brave heart and lasting lust,

Libra's  
eyebrows,  
Pisces's skin  
and eyes,

Cancer's retreat after defeating me in love,

Virgo's magnetism

Gemini's boldness and love's red, green, blue, and yellow signs warnings,

Aquarius's thirst to a watery angry love,

Taurus's perfected fantasy and practical love,

Aries's careless jumpy noisy  
goat to goat love,

And  
Sagittarius'  
biblical,  
Adam and eve,  
the sin,  
the cycles,  
the world,  
the sun, and  
the universe changing love.

Atef Ayadi

# The Star That Teaches Me Bending

I am stiff,

eileen, tried to help me  
ease that.

for me bending  
is prying for a diluted  
God. it is not worth it.

now, as  
i am tired from  
this stiffness,  
the back pain of my turbulent head,  
and my desperate need for a work out.  
i am leaving  
my high worlds  
toward an enslaving  
hell of ground.

the sloap is rough  
but it helps me  
to adjust my head while keeping my eyes on my feet  
so they can walk carefully and stick to ground.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Oriental Love

My dad  
was very much oriental  
in his love to mom,  
the way he was still a life,  
and dealing with the rusted manhood  
ironic wrestling arm.

i followed him.  
i followed his example.  
i love her like loving  
a wild harem bough and should be given away  
if she does not  
put away all her rings  
on my chest.

i was skin,  
eyes, and  
hands  
caring type of love  
but most importantly  
stick with and hide into the bushes type  
of lover.

she was  
a very  
female  
type of  
woman.

i wanted her  
to be sometime like  
angry man.

Atef Ayadi

# My Teenage Love

I did not grow up  
really!

or if I put it correctly,  
I did not awake yet from  
my teenage love.

I always, stay  
form  
from distance  
waiting and than watching her walking  
few yards in front of me.  
I did not wave or say a word not even Hi!  
-  
I still do that.-

I loved her face as she was silently walking  
silent

or silently talking.-that time I did have the psychic of listening-

now,  
I changed  
to a talking phenomena.

Atef Ayadi

# Tête D'enfant

You drew

my face on a your text book  
differently from what i expected

-some, they always draw, feel, talk, eat, walk, travel, and listen to their favorite  
music in the same way: -

like a child

who is looking for  
a loving mom.

Atef Ayadi



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# Both

I will not promise  
to explore you  
completely  
at the extent of a face to face war;

but I can promise  
to disarm  
myself each time I cross  
your face  
with  
a love warrior's arm.

Atef Ayadi



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# Jardin D'Orient

my character  
is  
as fake  
as remodeling  
a Babylonian  
garden,

the time  
i need a woman's pearls for luck.

Atef Ayadi



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# Almost There

I need a balance  
between

a start  
shaken talk  
and a race  
for a desired lips  
waiting to celebrate the end.

Atef Ayadi



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# Face Of A Face

Let me see  
your face!

you look half of the time living in the past,  
and the other half, in the present with unbalanced thoughts;  
that is one of your faces.

Now,  
give me  
lady  
your perfect  
smile.... this is one of your faces  
with a perfect smile.

Now,  
dream about a fantasy dream  
-safe or unsafe, the fun is always  
for the braves, here you need to cross the line....-  
i see now one of your faces  
almost lost between anger  
and a desired heated female's essence.

Atef Ayadi

# Angel In Kindergarten

Can you play  
like a kindergarten kid?

or you prefer  
to be an angel  
in your own safety zone.

Atef Ayadi



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# Shaked Balance

Do you want  
a true love:  
balanced, still, and in harmony with its wight?

or  
a noisy restless  
childish love?

Either way,  
I am looking for a  
changing weathered love.

Atef Ayadi



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# Sommeil D'Hiver

Sleeping in the fall  
is to rest  
from a summer  
skin's heat  
and seeking the the shed and water.

the winter  
is truly cold  
when the skin  
looses one wrapped lover's hand.

Atef Ayadi



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# Signs Of Yellow

this is a tribal rug  
I bough for you  
to cat it and design it as a robe,  
a complete dress.

i remember  
you told me  
you like tribal family  
who dears to cross  
the desert  
night

and sleep after the sun rise  
in a green land.

so i bought you this rug,  
so you can be my first tribe,  
and my first owned green and snowy land.

Atef Ayadi



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# Vagueness: Feeling's Tails

I want you  
lady  
to  
grasp my feelings  
as they pop up;  
producer to consumer  
without  
a fancy counter,  
or seller's smile

-bread loaf must be bough right  
close to the oven.-

you still  
lady  
have  
a choice  
to use them  
abuse them  
or loose them.



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they are feelings and  
they are not for sale.

so there is no  
need for a smile  
to turn them back  
or leave them where you found them.

Atef Ayadi

# Vagueness: Words From The Prairie

I have roses

i collected.

i left them  
to dry out  
carefully.

they told me  
dry roses are good  
to ease my memories.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Vagueness: The No Pity

I you  
leaving?

do not look back!

there is nothing left  
for you  
to go back and search for.

unless, you are pretending  
or you are threatening me  
of causal war.

so leave with peace,  
cause,  
both  
fired at the same  
time  
and both fall down  
at the same time.  
both have been injured, and both were casualties.

Atef Ayadi



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# Vagueness: Time

Between me and  
Eileen  
an ancient vague subject  
called  
time.

while  
i always feel  
i have time;

she always  
think and feel time.

i see a lighted candle simply as the sun;  
she sees the lighted candle like 'the' full moon.

i like to fly and orbit around the moon;  
she want to built a safe lovers' colony  
on the moon.

she wants less light in the night time, because she is always  
hiding in the moon;

i wants wine to be  
rested and served on the moon.

Atef Ayadi

# Vagueness: The Ultimate Desire

i told her  
i vague  
or rarely simple.

she said:  
'How is that'

I said:  
'give me your hand!  
trust me!

my request is simple:  
i asked for your hand  
and your responded.

now reading your hand  
like a trusted psychic  
a rough youthful love,  
few kids,  
money never has been an issue.

that is i call vagueness.

do you simply agree  
or do you need time  
to be start simple and end up seeking for vague questions.

Atef Ayadi

# Vagueness: The Surprise

Hope the party  
your heading to  
with all the pearls around you  
will set  
your three wheels  
tide.

i do not personally  
trust  
you

with four.

and no way  
i will set you  
on two wheels.

take your young horse  
and have careful time.

Atef Ayadi

# Vagueness: The Letter

I was angry  
and high.

anger is always high.  
-When I brake all my rules and standards.-

I wrote  
a vague  
letter

to Eileen,

i was vague,  
my anger was vague,  
as well as the words,  
the comma, and the vague spacing between the dots.

I should be simple  
in writing  
all my letters to her.

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the vagueness should be left to the ink.

Atef Ayadi

# Vagueness: The Passionate Love

her body  
desperately  
waving

to the monk lover.

they say:  
love could be found in a church  
if  
all lovers become monks.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Vagueness: The Bordon

Her eyes  
barely float

on ground.  
they neither take off  
nor they touch down.

Atef Ayadi



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# Vagueness: The Intuitiveness

Being direct  
is chocking and childish.

that childishness is most  
important vagueness  
anyone is eager to catch and hold.

Atef Ayadi



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# Vagueness: The Joyful Love

Joyful love  
creates a vagueness  
of simple red roses  
that builds a  
sandy tropical  
beach for youthful innocent lovers.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Vagueness: The Intimate

Vagueness never has been  
simple  
when living  
natural  
intimacy.

Intimacy  
itself is simple  
until your eyes come cross  
my intimate vague eyes.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Tattoo: Looking In

the eyebrows  
are blue marine  
as well as the upper half of the chin.

the front is white, yellow gold to silver brown  
-the front of the head is reveals the rational beauty of a natural intention-

the lips are burned with blood.

the eye are clear.  
the nose is similar to a bull's.

the cheeks support the intention.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Tattoo: Lincoln

Portree,

made by an Artist who think  
He knows well  
Abraham Lincoln  
or they are perfected twin.s

the beard and head hair  
are in pastel  
□red turquoise to blue and light blue.

the jacket is a always blue marine.  
the tide is classical red rose type.

the face skin is a glowing yellow.  
-like being burned by the sun.-

the lips indicate  
'i am responsible for any defeat.'  
with white contrast.

the hair belongs to an  
undefeated old tired boy.

Atef Ayadi

# Tattoo: Hope - Marleen Monro-

Poor Marleen

or eileen

Monro

it is

sad

to

touch the moon

and dream

to have the feet below the earth sky.

it is hard

to be

on the moon alone,

while lovers are dancing

on the earth streets.

your eyes

are always toward

and forward

to catch

someone

who has

nothing

except to bring you back

and feel the earth and without leaving the moon's soft ground.

Atef Ayadi

# Tattoo: Power Within

From the side  
the woman moves from a human  
female

to a "I am a free woman" type of butterfly.  
the nudity is a simple "unsatisfied old subject"  
expressed on her tattooed skin.

From the chest of the standing woman  
emerges a face.

The lips are turquoise  
type of salty rusted red.

The hair too, but curved around the standing  
lady' awaken nipples.  
close to the ear,  
a blue pigeon is nesting.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Tattoo: It's Always Love -White Blue Sky -

She has  
three halves of a vertical feminine curious face:

The middle face is white blue  
natural type of woman face.  
-the sky is always blue, I want a lover to enjoy it with me-

The first face to the left  
is  
a standing  
waiting  
silhouette  
of a passionate woman  
-exactly like Eileen-  
The hair are flying forward  
like a wise guide.

The first face to the right  
is a mosaic  
of vertical blue to larges stripes orange,  
a yellow fire  
starting from the lips  
to blue golden enraged eyes.  
The hair are erected or tossed forward,  
the way a Gannets bird catches a fish.

It is true,

a woman face is made of three halves of  
three different faces.

a man has two twisted faces.

Atef Ayadi

# Tattoo: Embrace My Presence

they look  
standing up  
holding each other  
for an eternity.

he wears a mosaic of blue to dark violet and orange

long rug -it is soft, and strips mix up to form new waves of blue, orange and in  
between colored cloud - sometime you see the body of the woman he loves  
is leaning on his knees-

her naked body  
is yellowish to orange  
from the time they touched  
to this stage of  
remembering all the burned desires.

the sky changes from orange gold yellow  
to a green golden yellow.

the mountains as well  
the green and deserted fields a 'still a life'.

her right hand  
on him are there  
to forgive  
more than to reconcile.

Atef Ayadi

# Tattoo: Surrender Or Resurrection

she looks  
sleeping over her hair  
-a safe green marine leaves crops ocean-  
the skin seems absorbing  
more than reflecting the light, or it is a source of light-  
or walking with a vast dream long hair.

her naked chest  
until the knees  
reveals  
the smile of a face  
a desired wandering eyes.

Atef Ayadi



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# Tattoo: Portrait D'Une Femme

the blue  
is in the background.

the hair forms  
a tropical female geese -the tail has the rusted reddish-ness of the feathered  
head.-

the face shifted -self pose-  
centered around her lips  
-she wants a simple  
vivid human to take great care of her diamond mine. -

the right half of the chest  
along with the right hand  
are open  
for a dance  
of the last  
sparked peaceful hungry love.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Tattoo: The Tatoed Face

" It's Always Love" said Madonna.  
the blue is dominant,  
but centered around  
the blue eyes.  
the blue is waves crashing against  
long and slim clouds;  
the white could be light  
or reflection of light.

the shed of her face  
a sleeping un-rested woman  
and waiting for love;  
from the the right corner on the lower lip  
crossing the  
two blue eyes  
until the un-hospitable wild hair.

the right  
half of the face

a blue tropical bird  
eating  
a fruit  
on the nose  
beautiful rose, or maybe  
on her face-  
her most  
lost  
tattooed red mexican red dry chill peper lips  
sadly wanted to smile woman-

so,  
when i see  
such tattooed face  
i will trust my dormant  
instinct to desire simple love.  
i tr



# Intention

I always deal with  
living creatures of this planet  
with a beautiful and positive  
intention.

only with you  
my 'LADY, '  
my intention is purely utilitarian;  
pure starvation  
to satisfy my hungry angry anger hunger's  
drive  
for a fresh flesh skin of a  
a beautiful  
lady  
who ran away with my skin,  
my hunger, and my first eternal intention.

Atef Ayadi



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# Teaching: Math 101

who likes

aez

beez

bee goose and geezes

or beegeeze 'stay a life' song.

now

numbers,

addition,

subtraction -don't obstruct, abstract me, or subtract me now kid! -

and multiplication -multiplication is doing the same thing fast, -

it is simply how you put your hands and maneuver  
objects

example:

a cow added to a cow

gives two cows.

a cow added to two friendly cows

gives a friendly three cows-if they stick together, otherwise you sill have simply  
three cows that need grass, water, and other stuff.-

a cow multiplied by a cow

is a cow square or a squared cow

-it up to you to see, feel, and conceptualize the square first then the cow or  
both.-

now when we are dealing with variables,

sets and operations; it is exactly like a cow barn or farm.

a variable is like a cow -without label

like, juanita is a good cow, or rob is a very bed one: no milk, no kid, and bed  
behavior.-

it could be one thing: a unique cow with a unique attributes,  
two things if this cow is pregnant, has personality disorder,  
or think about her or his cow lover.



do you see now a variable.  
it can start simply from cows

you can extend your imaginations  
to goats, camels (not tobacco) , lizards, and so forth.

we will talk about  
rational numbers,  
imaginary numbers,  
and complex probability and luck later this year!

Atef Ayadi

# Teaching: 101

Teaching is easy,  
like acting 101  
if you ever noticed that?

you do not need a P.H.D  
A special certificate  
to concentrate or identify your own possible DHA symptoms and eliminate them.

students have to trust you.  
if not, take your box anything you brought with you and leave.  
trust is self trust  
is how you walk  
talk  
slowly  
and how you eat  
slowly  
-and sometimes what you eat has to do with your own inner  
deeper core trust.-

students are and must be  
your audience:  
they have taste  
intentions,  
hobbies,  
lobbies,  
and biased phobia.

sometimes,  
you take them like a bench of lams.  
-it is not about 'I have to be tough or they will eat me from the beginning! ', the  
last resort or exit,  
i have an image to preserve.

not at all!

you must be mythical,

like a judge,  
a cap,

Tarzan,

Alexandre the great (even though he was gay, but he lead an entire army to be lost around the block,)

they must believe in you.

i mean you must believe in yourself and know exactly what you are talking about and accept that you are not a complete universe-otherwise it will be an e-harmony romantic lecture-

get that?

now, go to your students  
and work like a team,  
a family,  
a country  
a planet, or  
one whole  
solid universe.

Atef Ayadi

# Rap With Me Silently

your eyes are open  
your chest is open  
your hands are open

to the stranger,  
to waitress and possibly male waiters,  
to the post officer or the mail box,

to the damn  
to the fool  
the drunk  
to the fun  
and to the chat room.

why not me?

you are thinking  
but you do not actually thinking  
you just wander  
about  
this tender  
stake  
-what is between your bones and baked skin-  
who will  
touch it  
with his (her?) golden nails or hands.

i am here  
to free you  
from your skin,  
the golden nails, and from your dream golden hands.

so follow me with your  
heart,  
listen to me with your deepest thoughts.

i am coming.  
i will wash

and clean everything  
from your cold war,  
your hot wars,  
and your little Faluja battles and your greediness for gold,

from your mind,  
from your skin,  
and from your tunnels, parks, and highways.

Atef Ayadi

# Birthday Curiosity Box

Here is your gift

for this year  
birthday.  
and do not tell  
me about the exact date.

cause your birth is a rebirth  
and i missed all the sequences.

here is a golden  
woody  
cubical  
two by two  
inches  
box.

never try

to open it  
no matter what.



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it is a curiosity  
box.

you may hear something clicking,

ringing, or rattling.

do not open it

no matter what!  
cause  
you will loose  
all your rights  
for a rebirth  
and all your birthdays  
love roses  
and wish cards.

Atef Ayadi

# A Song For My Eileen

take your beer  
and follow me to the moon.

or if you like  
we will  
drink  
the rest of wine

on mars or close to its sight.

it is hard  
it believe feeling  
words

floating  
in the  
the moon;

so,  
follow me  
to mars  
and

you will see  
my lips  
breaking down  
the redishness  
of the wine

as i am approaching  
toward your

methane gazer at the north pole  
of your lower lip

your chin remains of your upper lip  
your eyes remains of the lower one.



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so,  
follow me to the moon  
or make me lost  
between the gazers of your lips.

Atef Ayadi

# A Free Sky Diving Jump

I AM NOT A BELIEVER,  
UNFORTUNATELY  
I STILL DO HAVE  
A RESIDUAL  
HUMAN  
NEED FOR CONNECTIONS.

BUT,  
MEANTIME,  
IN  
MY TIME, AND  
AT THIS TIME,

YOU CAN PLUG YOURSELF  
THE WAY YOU LIKE.

JUST PLUG  
AND GO.

RELIGION  
IS OLD STUFF,  
IT IS TOO ZOMBIES FOR ME.

I HAVE MY OWN BELIEVES,  
-NEW AND OLD BLUE PRINT MAPS-

I AM A

FREE  
CREATURE.

I NEED TO HAVE  
ONE  
UNIQUE  
MAP  
IN ORDER  
FIND  
EILEEN.

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I JUST NEED ONLY TO LEARN  
HOW TO BE MORE FLEXIBLE,  
  
TO HAVE A FLEXIBLE STRUCTURE,

SOMETHING THAT  
SUSTAIN ITS OWN WIGHT,  
ITS OWN GREEN HOUSE,  
ITS OWN WIND,  
ITS OWN MOON AND SUN,

AND  
ITS OWN  
FAULTS AND DARK MATTER  
AND WARM HOLE FORCES,  
LOVE SINGULARITY,  
AND LOVE'S IMPULSES  
FOR NEW LIFE.

Atef Ayadi

## Focus: 203

They told me  
if you love yourself  
with focus,  
you will be God made  
smart asphalt,  
evil,  
a briber  
blackmailer alpha male,  
connected,  
monster  
dot  
com  
multi-billionaire, and  
pioneer  
in your industry.

well,  
i have been  
focusing  
on the love issues  
industry,

i am poor.  
and broke.  
does it sound  
fair enough?

Atef Ayadi



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## Focus: 133

it turned out  
that i was  
visually focused  
all this years  
and i did not see anything in the horizon  
yet.

something must  
be  
wrong?

i discovered  
after denial  
and resistance  
that i have to explore  
the feelings layers.  
-in Networking that is equivalent to software layer:  
Not TCP/IP, and  
Not the rip Rap Ipod iphone for double click touchy dudes and g-spot bee girls.  
the layer where you should check your own codes,  
structured believes and scopes for any upgrade.

cause surviving  
must be "to be focused, "  
having new High tech radars catching any signals,  
GPS for trucking and zero down any personal lost feelings without a need for  
'google' expensive map,  
recycling for extra unnecessary papers and folders,  
a shredder for top secret private feelings to keep them safe from the hands of a  
stranger or spams,  
and finally

having the will to manage all this pain in the asphalt.

.  
so, it is important to  
be flexible  
to upgrade your own  
softwares  
and clean up your feelings' hard drive.

Atef Ayadi

## Focus: 102

they told me.

- well, here, before everything

who said that must be a survivor or a harry potter

Headmaster Albus Dumbledore: His first name is from the Latin word alba, 'white.' His last name, according to Rowling interviews, is Old English for 'bumblebee.' In color symbolism, white often stands for purity, so the headmaster's name suggests honor and a hard-working nature ('busy as a bee') .  
wiz-

if you can focus  
for thirty seconds  
on something  
you will achieves anything  
you want in your life.

well, i have been  
focusing for 8 years  
without a blink of an eye.

i got nothing.

should i stop now?

Atef Ayadi

# Focus: 101

There is one  
and only one  
way  
to stay alert!

is to focus  
on eileen's eyes  
for thirty seconds.

after that  
going to Mars, or  
dancing on Saturn rings  
will be easy.

thirty seconds  
without count down,  
brake down,  
crack down,  
without  
hinges  
or B.W hydrological no leak System brake.

thirty seconds  
long enough  
to be in the ice  
on the ice  
with white starving bears;  
if you make it and have to make  
you are entitled to be truly a  
polar bear  
if not,  
sorry!  
a jailed  
failed

Mike tie your shoes you 'jungle tarzan.'

Atef Ayadi



# A Crying Visual Artist

(He)

people ignored  
my exhibited painting.

(Me)

are you crying over the  
death of jesus  
over the cross?

it is considered  
stupido  
lupido  
Freud first  
crawling  
try before he started walking  
approach.

do not do that!



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A painting  
is not like that.  
at all,  
a painting  
is a naked woman  
punished for all the sins  
and still can breath  
without fear,  
guilt,  
or  
tears without a cry,  
and wont neither pass out nor die.

Atef Ayadi

# A Glance

"Ice,  
icy  
shredded glasses,  
a glazing  
gazing  
glacier  
falling a part,  
trembling for  
three seconds,  
the ocean, and my lake"

glance

from an open heart.

She fired  
her glance  
at my  
rambled  
trembling  
eyes.

I was  
shut  
down  
dead like a brave soldier.

Atef Ayadi



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# Radio Station: Chico, Some Potatos Friez

(Me)  
hello

(She)  
eee yesss!

(Me)  
you look excited,  
what do you want?  
are you calling me  
or it is me who dialed your  
number?

(She)  
what is the difference?  
you look fine  
and sport like me.

(Me)  
i called to  
order some french  
friez

potatos

or just french potatos.

can you do that?

(she)

of course,  
bien sure  
avec ma peau et mon drapeau  
je t'envois tous ce que tu veux.

do you need my home



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number?

(Me)

whaaaaa it?

i do not need  
youtube  
in my tube

as an exchange for  
for a handful  
french home made fried  
potatos

made  
by  
a fried  
girl?

it is not good for my stomach.

by the way,  
are you irish  
who can make  
french irish  
potato friez?

(she)

i can be irish  
or bee irish.

what size your irish french pot-at-O.e.S  
you want them?

(Me)

the size you want  
wether you are irish  
or irish french friez.



# Radio Station: Chico, The Latest News

did you hear

beside the earth quakes  
in chicago

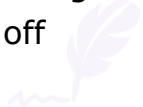
the FBI or F-bee  
eye and eyes  
-E-bee eyes are C.A.I-

sent  
more  
eyes  
scanners  
so you can  
go to your work  
safe  
and free  
without pulling off  
stripping off  
for free  
your shoes  
your long leaves  
your ties

your pens

underwear

sweep you  
leap you  
one leap year at a time  
through the scan  
hp  
multi-colors  
Xphone  
iphone  
ipod  
NFL  
YOUTUBE



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Netscape

Bill Gate left  
microsoft alone

type of scan..

Atef Ayadi

# Radio Station: Chico, Irish History Teacher Go Wild

(me)  
hello!

(she) hi!

(me)  
why you hi me for?

what are you doing?

(she)  
i am a history teacher  
professor  
PH.D of that kind  
my university

is a fancy catholic community  
at the lake shore.

if you plan to put your kids  
our kids  
into plan  
this the right place.

(me)  
hoo! hoo!  
irish teacher  
are you advertizin on my show?  
or are you E.R Vad zin zining trying to  
make my show chineeze zin zen type of show?

or you are planning to have  
kids  
and lead them to your university  
with my kids mixed them up  
in the same class  
of your damn history?  
are you killing me?  
or are you trying to irish me



with your gloried oiled Professional skills?

sorry woman,  
i will give you a 'Z' as a grade  
in your own class of latino irish.

because  
first your kids  
or future kids  
wont go to class with my kids

never!  
together!  
impossible!  
take a note and put it in your beard!

they will rice it up.  
falaful it up

and end up  
playing irish  
bulls  
in the class  
and make a beautiful bull history.

so, tell me  
beside you want kids  
or you are teaching kids

what part of the history  
you are teaching?

latino kids type of history or  
"Rosevelt did not have enough time  
to put american in one hand  
and kids in his bulls in the other hand" type of history?

is that right?

(she)  
do you like to take my phone  
or my number?

Atef Ayadi

# Radio Station: Chico, The Lawyer Who Misses His Bee-Girl

are you  
really a lawyer  
or future lawyer  
who going to win all  
cases  
without leaving his brief  
and cases  
in the bath room  
pee-tub  
without flushing  
the clean water  
of his voice  
and faces.

his bee  
took off  
blew  
up  
up and up  
his head  
in the sky  
of tennessee.

so lawyer  
how many lawyer position do you have?  
for your girl  
are you a professional lawyer  
with a professional position.

or you still  
study  
cases  
like english 101

Atef Ayadi



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# Radio Station: Chico, Are You Twenty Years Old? Over!

you are twenty and  
you wrote this foolish ish tish poem.

for your  
ho  
up  
tide up  
slim fast  
come back  
fast  
i missed you

girl.

man  
wow sham wow!  
this an incredible  
tona sand-wit ish tish

lovely  
rocking  
roll  
up  
up  
yeah poem.

are you teasing me?  
are you serious  
furious  
or crazy  
fuzzi  
mitshi bitchi burned third degree burns  
without possible recover  
unless you buy a pig  
and take  
a liver  
to replace your liver

which is burned  
with your skin  
and your heart.

be more crazy  
no foolish.

Atef Ayadi

# Radio Station: Chico, Irish Tuesday

there is  
a place  
in chicago,

hidden  
and open  
only  
to the irish

lonely  
only rare lonely irish girls.

hey iris,  
hello irish,

little natty  
nato  
bateau  
couteau  
coto  
costo



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boulo

bella bellissi si mo  
deli isso mo

es ki mo who mo mo mo (s)

so lady  
why you are a lady  
if you are  
only  
lonely  
and left alone.

so irish  
lady  
why you are irish  
who hates the brit- esh and not the brite-esh  
who bit itches and iches  
behind the walls.

And  
lady,  
please my lady,  
why are you  
staying alone if you  
are in love with another  
lovely baby  
who always  
makes you feel  
unique  
like an  
ancient boutique  
inside  
the history  
museum.

Atef Ayadi

# Radio Station: Chico, The French Are Comming.

the french

are coming

to the us

you, me, and all of us

will

be

cooked

baked,

french bread,

served red wine

merlo

from picasso to juan miro merlo red wine.

with a french  
sicilian defence

that opens

and offensive

less defensive

attack.

your queen

my queen

will ho ow oo up

to the french

and all chico

from the south

to the north

through the shore lake

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will

how oo oo up  
by surprise  
by the french  
defense.

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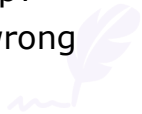
# Radio Station: Chico Monday

Chico  
lake shore  
woke  
up  
with a head ache  
from heavy

drinking.

she is always  
drinking  
dripping  
inking and  
blinking  
winking to herself alone.

so what?  
what is up?  
what is wrong  
girl  
with you?



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are you  
lonely  
or alone?

i am in!  
your face!  
like an ice without a taste

you did not notice!  
cause  
your were  
alone  
lonely  
alone!

so look

for me

alone  
at the radio  
show

if you want a lonely  
only  
radio show or turn off the radio  
and the show.

Atef Ayadi

# Rap With Me For Love

halaloo ya  
sis iss te e ee er  
or girl?

what is the diff! rain in ester.

i am here  
bay bey by bey  
baby!

bai be bai  
bee  
bee  
be

a bee eee eee yea aaa aa eh!

i want to take u  
and i will  
take you  
piece par piece  
peace by peace  
assiette par assiette  
fete par fete

where ever you  
want to go o oo oo wow wow oo ooo go

i do not  
have a car

or a  
merci in the eye dess

mersaidiss

but only  
my heart aa aa.

that  
will

take you.

where ever you get wana go oo ooo?

Atef Ayadi

# Rap With Me: On The Lake

what is up

girl!

girl

g i r el el

el el

el el

el el el el!

the lake

is yours

and you still

looking for another lake.

shake your water

shake your lake

while my right

my right!

hand

in the water

Tasting

your deepest water

hot water

cold water

clean and dusty water!

baby!

in the water

bey

bay

bay-bay

baby

the other hand



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is lost

lost

lost-lost and lost

in the lake.

in the lake

euh en

ennn!

euh,

oh!

ennn!

you follow me

baby!

to the lake

to your water er er rrrr.

rap with me!

meeeeee e y i yeah!

hip with me now!

now!

or when ever r you want.

hop now

hop

u p

youp! youp!

up

U u ap.

to the sky

your hands

both u u u a up!

waving to me

and go o o o o ed!

hip hop!

wake up!

dress up!

you'r still  
thinking

Go OOOO o ed!

not! Mee iiiiii

yeh! yeaaaaa!

Atef Ayadi



# Rap With Me Too

first we  
rap  
girl!

then we hip  
easy,

and then  
-ask god to make it faster or easier to go high in the sky  
i mean to the next level-  
we go hard hop.

now,  
shake it  
bake it

some skill!  
for you!  
for me!



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for you and me!

ah-he-he  
heeehe  
ye  
ye!

shake it!  
take it!  
with  
the rocking  
roll! ! oo o o el.

now,

breath,  
and look at

in the

ey eye ail! eiii ze!

in the

ey eye ail! eiii ze!

repeat that with me

how

yo!

or I will break your breathing highway I-57 neck.

in the

ey eye ail! eiii ze!

whiskey!

Atef Ayadi

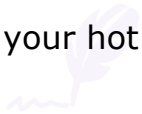
# Radio Station: Good Morning Chico

Do you need  
fantasy books  
to fire your guns  
and artillery

chico male citizen?

Do you need  
more hot tubs for fun,  
chico  
girls  
and who is passed  
that,  
or girls who want to show  
what they have  
to show to the show biz?

warm up your hot  
spicy  
tub,



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i will finish  
this radio  
show biz  
and  
come over  
to tub  
you,  
grind up  
your spices, and bite and cut  
your chicken hot wings.

Atef Ayadi

# Radio Station: Cicero

the mexicanus

stopped  
finally

their  
fourth of July  
independence day.

honkings and thanks god  
no fireworks

after two days

of

vivo maxico.

Necesitamos el lechón.

Necesitamos más burritos y tequila.

y menos nuevos mexicanos del extranjero.

they came back  
to work.

Atef Ayadi

# Radio Station: Lakeshore

Obama  
promised  
to cut the  
crimes  
in the south side  
and south west  
to fifty percent  
in ten years.

good news cabs,  
more maria juana  
is coming  
from Afghanistan.

the Iraqi good stuff is  
still  
in fallouja.  
the soldiers  
who want to stay  
by their own will  
need more  
beer  
and mariana.

so sorry!  
again  
lakeshore  
whiteese,  
white your teeth with ease,  
the fordeese,  
the cabs,  
the brideeese,  
O'brieneese, and  
Mccaineese

for the shortage.

Atef Ayadi

# Radio Station: Chico

Hello  
America!

God Bless  
Me.

hello  
single mother,

how many jobs  
do you currently have?  
five!

hola  
Americas  
How much a dozen of cactus?  
¿Cuánto una docena de cacto?

it is winter!  
sorry for the question!  
but,  
you gays, I mean guys, do you still have cactus?  
right?

¿usted los gays todavía tiene cacto? ¿la derecha?

hello,

Russians,  
Red Bears,

how is the cold  
war now?  
do you gays sorry again guys, do have special vodka L.S.D  
back home or here?

&#1079; &#1076; &#1088; &#1072; &#1074; &#1089; &#1090; &#1074;

&#1091; &#1083; &#1090; &#1077; ! , &#1056; &#1091; &#1089; &#1089;  
&#1082; &#1080; &#1077; , &#1052; &#1077; &#1076; &#1074; &#1077;  
&#1076; &#1080; &#1082; &#1088; &#1072; &#1089; &#1085; &#1086;  
&#1075; &#1086; &#1094; &#1074; &#1077; &#1090; &#1072; &#1082;  
&#1072; &#1082; &#1093; &#1086; &#1083; &#1086; &#1076; &#1074;  
&#1086; &#1081; &#1085; &#1072; &#1090; &#1077; &#1087; &#1077;  
&#1088; &#1100; ? &#1074; &#1099; &#1075; &#1086; &#1084; &#1086;  
&#1089; &#1077; &#1082; &#1089; &#1091; &#1072; &#1083; &#1080;  
&#1089; &#1090; &#1099; &#1080; &#1084; &#1077; &#1077; &#1090;  
&#1077; &#1089; &#1087; &#1077; &#1094; &#1080; &#1072; &#1083;  
&#1100; &#1085; &#1099; &#1081; &#1076; &#1086; &#1084; &#1074;  
&#1086; &#1076; &#1086; &#1095; &#1082; &#1080; L.S.D &#1085;  
&#1072; &#1079; &#1072; &#1076; &#1080; &#1083; &#1080; &#1079;  
&#1076; &#1077; &#1089; &#1100; ?

dada!

i got sha!

Atef Ayadi

# The Dailyshow: Jon Stewart

Look man!

man you are with us  
or against us

the Line is clear.

are you corporate?  
shamwow, when you sham you wow?

at least  
colbert is in the colbert report  
-he dreams of being there since he was a kid.  
he liked and still like to be politician but his dad told him  
you are funny son!  
as colbert tried to copy the president Kennedy  
before he got shot:  
'we are going to the moon! '  
'we are going to the moon! '  
'not because it is easy, but because'  
and he got stuck at the because, cause of cause and  
effect lemma and dilemma.

but jon!  
you are not that guy  
who flips and flaps.

are you?

go to canada man!  
they have polar bear. is that what you want?

get some weeds  
from Afghanistan.

go to china  
and for a comedy central tour  
may be  
you can french-size it



with some teriyaki.

Atef Ayadi

# Rap With Me

A dude  
corrected me  
in one french written poem.  
-he is or was an instructor and poet. i do not  
whether he was and is a poet instructor, just an instructor,  
free lancer poet with instructions, or a poor poet architect  
who failed to have a decent job within a big corporate.-

of course!  
i am going to make  
mistakes in french.

Are you killing me?

look at the 'Micheal Jacksoneese,  
the smitheese,  
the Jordoneese,  
the Winfieldeese,

they create a new language  
out of what this dude call mistakes

what izup?  
means  
hands up and zipped ho, yo  
give something  
shake you money  
shake me something ho,

ho  
ho.

that is incredible beautiful distorted  
visual art  
surrealistic  
music  
from the south.

do you feel the pain now?

dude?

do you hip now?

do you hop me now?

instructor!

-ho? -

Atef Ayadi

# Mexico Stop: 554

The french! ...?

hates the American

-excuse my french language! -

the Americans!

-melting pot, the pot is still a white pot-

claim

the french are nasty (not Nazis, not Nancy regan, not nancy pelosi. they mean dirty and fancy, too much expensive for their little decorated plate)

dirty: do not take a shower regularly.

-well, americans think that everybody can pay for his water bills,  
you can not change that claim-

fancy: quality and lowest price.

-have you ever heard: show me your portfolio artist! with a free smile?

have you ever see a girl stripping off for free? here, they do that for thirty days  
trial period and then you are in for ever.-

the only exception of this french-american mutual hate -hate not Fund? -  
is when and american man's eyes catch a french chick.

if it is not for the white man,

she will soon between the Jacksoneese or The Jordaneese hands

Atef Ayadi

# Mexico Stop: 350

Burger King,  
Macdonald,  
Taco Hell,  
Pizza Hot,  
Red Lobster,  
Noodles, and  
KFC

Ahora están empleando.  
ellos que exportan a mexicanos a China, La India, Kuwait, Dubay, y suadia de Arabia,

-Isreal does not have enough space, sorry! -

Dunkin' Donuts  
alquileres solamente

Indios

- no estoy seguro

si contratan a pakistaníes también. -

Atef Ayadi

# Mexico Stop: 150

highway I-5  
15, and  
25,  
take to the north.

I-10 cuts them all and possible takes to I-55.

No vaya a Canadá,  
juegan solamente a hockey.  
Michael Jordan no es de Canadá.

Atef Ayadi



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# Mexico Stop: 102

I live at the intersection  
of two big avenues.

now, beside the landscape of this new world,

there are a hell of  
polish,  
czech,  
and other unrecognizable minorities.  
they came after the wall and electrical fences fell down between  
the west!  
of Europe and the "new European mexicano"  
-the rest!  
of the European unrecognizable world.-

and also  
mexicans,  
aztec -not high Tech, that is Indian, -

Colombians,   
-some still call them: the uncrackable crack people, they sweep in out and off  
without warning.-  
but most of them  
are the new 'Che' generation  
-trabajo para usted barato así que usted puede divertirse con marijuana.-

Atef Ayadi

# Mexico Stop: 101

Hola!

Jesús?

usted cruzó la frontera?

Your father is sick

And Isabella,

Your true love is sick too.

Intente traer detrás un poco de dinero.

Atef Ayadi



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# Bartender: The Hot Cold Girl Teacher

look!

When you move  
from job  
to another  
job, leave what belongs to Vegas  
In Vegas.

This girl -she still thinks she is 'a girl' or 'the girl.'-  
is doing the opposite.  
The way she articulates in her lecture  
is pure bar tendering.

Can you imagine  
or at least picture her in Vegas or wherever she may be  
or being a bee wherever she flies?

Now, the bad news is,

she wonders why her college students are not  
enjoying the party  
-in the classroom, and whenever they are around her-

I am optimistic about her  
and the level of math Niagara or Viagra fall level in the country  
But -this is not an objection; this is an abstract, -

please,  
do not ask me about the good news.

Atef Ayadi

# L'Amour Noir

I said:

"If you are hot, I pay.  
If you are cold, you pay."

She said:

I am colder than the sun.  
And warmer than the moon."

I said:

"Well, it is 6: 37PM.  
The sun is setting, and the moon is rising incomplete."

Atef Ayadi



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# At The Edge Of All Extremes

if i lost my mind  
-i mean, having an alzheimer's disease-

what words, thoughts and feelings i would have;  
for myself and  
for others?  
what form of life I will be?

if i have  
everything,

like being alone on the moon.  
how i would feel and think  
about

Eileen?

if i am dead;  
what is the last thread that has my name or  
the sound of my actions?  
what part of me will survive  
all ironies?

if i have  
a beautiful idea,  
and there are no one left  
to share it with or to use it for his, her, and their welfare;  
how i will deal with the loss?

i feel  
everyone  
in details  
-i means in details-  
but no one feels me back the way I feel them;  
how a crowd street  
will look like?

Atef Ayadi

# Chicken Eggs

some stores  
sell a pack of twelve eggs for 99 cents,  
other more than two dollars.  
so i have to go a mile to get something decent.

i am not looking for  
high quality  
fish eggs,  
crocodile eggs,  
dinosaur eggs  
cow eggs, or  
woman eggs.

i need some eggs for my breakfast, launch, and dinner.

i have all the cooking  
treasure to deal with a simple decent eggs.

Atef Ayadi



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# Super Charged

use all your senses

-may be this is the first time i guide you through it-

now cross hell.

walk with your skin  
your ear,  
your bed feelings,  
your greatest joyful moment of your past life.

try to see, everything around.  
hear everything around,  
feel the sinful creature around you weeping without tears.

now, i want you to remember god  
the term,  
the word, or  
the idea.



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try to argue  
talk with what is left from your tongue.  
say something as if your mouth is still there.

try to be polite like always-i mean shy or less in control-  
or say anything you want,  
after all  
you are in hell,  
with hell boys,  
and hell girls  
speaking hell words.

try to be persuasive to god  
-he has more power to shut you up, he has zillions of reasons to do so-

just be in control at least of your  
structured believes  
and thoughts -if you do not have, which is not true.-

try to see yourself as god and make your case.

now,  
i am super charged  
for the same reasons.

i played god,  
eileen was crossing hell,

i ignored her for whatever reasons.

do i have a slim chance to be forgiven  
for being super charged?

Atef Ayadi

# Questions For Myself

my daddy never answered my question,  
or if I put it this way:

I was afraid of him, I was a boy until my twenty five. I could not ask.

I do not have a boy  
or a daughter or  
a pet to ask me.

so I kept all the questions for myself and  
all the answers;

except few  
are my troubles.

It takes time to get across the right question  
before looking for a possible beautiful answer.

Atef Ayadi



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# La Femme Qui Dort Peu

Il est claire

Qu'Elle est fatigué.

Son visage est dormant,  
Son sourire est dormant,  
Ses mains sont dormantes,

et ses seins sont aussi dormantes.

Il est claire

Qu'Elle n'a pas eu de temps pour rêver.

Atef Ayadi



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# Du Vin

Je bois  
du vin

rouge  
qui bouge  
or

sparkling wine.

there is no bed wine  
great wine

or  
Du vin d'excellence.

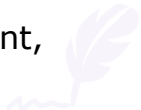
Ça n'existe pas!

Le moment,  
L'amour,  
la table,  
le paysage,  
et la curiosité envers l'autrui

définissent et forment

Le vin par excellence.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: Chess Board

You are the queen  
only on the chess board.

The king is the king,  
you can not change that in chess game.

Everything must be done  
to save his damn '....' kingdom and court,  
Sacrificing the queen -Anne Boleyn-  
or exchanging her for lowest price  
is always an option.  
That is the chess game.

Now,  
do you still like to be  
a queen

or play  
like a king?

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: The Odds

lets switch!

i like to be you.

at the peak of being you,

you can jump and take over me  
cause i still can not trust you for such skill.

I do not have fear

concerns, or  
guilt.

i can do that.  
i feel you, so i can be you  
in parts  
or  
exactly you.

now,  
can  
you  
be  
me

or would you prefer

a race or a take over war?

Atef Ayadi

# To Eve: Disarm Yourself

Take off  
all  
your army artillery

-Your cold war tech, IT, Spy agencies, Satellite dream Networking, your little  
Nukes, and automatic fire arm guns.-

put them away.

i did not come  
for a war.

or from a war zone.

i am safe,

but

i can make  
by myself  
a new third, fourth, and twenty five thousands war from now,

and do not ask me about  
the details.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: Only You, As If I Do Not Exit

I want  
to see

that eve

without mythology  
without high voltage  
without tensions

without the need for a  
résumé  
and

"I can do that" B complex.

I want to see  
only magnetism,

as if you are my  
planet's  
magnetic  
shield.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: Details

Ah!

eve,

you thrown  
all your life

on me

with all the details.

should I  
catch  
you,  
your life,  
or take care only of the details.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: The Way You Walk

The way you walk

eve!

is a theory,

a few written dots

with handful words

lost in the desert.

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# To Eve: The Migic

Can you be  
a simple  
unknown?

can you walk simply  
like an unknown?

can you speak simply  
as simple as an unknown?

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: Words For Words' Seeker

here are beautiful words  
for your  
morning,  
afternoon,  
and maybe enough for tomorrow,

clean  
lounge  
with

rose's patels  
laying on bed  
and on the floor:

Eternally Yours,  
Intrigue,  
Love Knot,  
Empereur du Maroc,  
Etoile de Hollande, and  
Never Forgotten.

here is  
a House Sparrow female bird  
bringing you fresh  
prairie cherries.

here is a blue  
egg

for curiosity.

here is dew  
and a fountain  
of mountain  
fresh water.



# Czech

she said she is  
a Czech  
i do not know where Czech Republic is and  
how it looks like.

i told her  
i will check  
write a check  
check an go  
or check and go later.

it turned out  
she has french  
grandmother - who still live in France, she does not know when she will die, but  
she is sure she will get the apartment whenever god scratch his chin and decide  
to take the lonely grandmother-

she works sixteen hours a day,  
friday,  
saturday,  
and sunday  
in a Czech Republic sport bar  
-it is decorated to house only people who watch sport on dishnet tube tv-  
she is in school,  
she love languages and she wants to be recognized for her skills - she has no  
work permit, no papers, no man, and no time for herself-

I told her why you need papers  
you have a job.

i have papers,  
i am american,

but sorry!

no job  
yet  
in the sky.

niente

no, che cosa così mai!

non, absolument pas!

Jamais promis!

pas de bouleau!

Atef Ayadi

# Une Trajectoire

j'ai vue

un bateau  
à voiles

j'ai beaucoup de raisons

de se concentrer  
sur ce bateau particulier.

il est de dimensions moyennes,

un bateau parfait

pour moi et ma belle île.

Atef Ayadi



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# Ma Femme

Le vin

et  
la bouffe

ne sont pas

seulement ce que j'ai besoin.

j'ai besoin

d'un femme

durable

et d'être,

comme



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la femme Eileen.

Atef Ayadi

# Un Chien Sauvage

Es-ce-que  
tu peux  
choisir

un chien?

ton future chien?

Un chien  
du ciel  
ou un chien de cette planete terre?

La verité,

je suis

un chien  
pas comme les autre  
ou  
comme n'importe.



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la difference,  
je suis  
un chien  
fils  
d'un mechant loup.

ma mère

est une nature.

Atef Ayadi

# The Man Who Talks Too Much: At The End

at the end

i will end up

like anyone.

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# The Man Who Talks Too Much: The Bottom Line

why some one is talking?

or

discharging?

or naturally charging?

where he is aiming the staff at?

i felt

and experienced

others

charging

left and right.

it simpler

to admit,

or

to speculate.



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# The Man Who Talks Too Much: The Opening

i am that person.

i have no clue  
when it started

as a habit

is really good  
or too much  
to be a too much of a talker?

Atef Ayadi



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# Why I Write For Eileen

she is my sister.

she is my mom.

she is a girl i saw  
and i forget with a little guilt.

she is crazy and i am too- i love crasiness-  
may be more than anyone imagine.

she is dull sometime,

that is what i need most of the time.

she is a female

i am a slack.



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she has the staff  
for life,

i am like any extremist

i have the staff for after life  
-i mean i resurrect myself every minute if i do not see eileen-

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# I Started...The Endings Are Or Will Be Anythings

I write

for one reason:

to maximize my chances for survival.

if I can do it differently

I would not add a word on top of what I wrote.

if I am

given

the option

to look at Eileen

or to write.

hey!

I will choose the first option.

It is free;

not that free!

but I have the chance

to create my home fences

with the blue of Eileen eyes.

it is like owning a lake, or an ocean;

and

I like to look at a lake thinking

it is an ocean.

I like to feel water,

the rain,

the dew, and the fog.

I like the

snow as an option.

If you add the human  
elements  
or Eileen elements.

that is the perfect opium I need  
to explore and win over  
the hardship of life.

Atef Ayadi

# I Write... The Rest Is Not Mine

i write,  
i do not deal with copy rights

-i know well my rights;  
i know well my damn space-

i write to trigger  
someone's senses;

one at the time,  
all at once,

or  
it is up to you to use  
fairly your senses.  
it is up to you to  
manage  
fairly your responses.

I write



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because  
i do not have other things to do.

i write like a kid.  
i write the way i eat,  
walk,  
and I do not see anyone is stopping me  
from  
eating  
or walking  
unless

it is an urgent matter  
or i let him invade my space  
-it is rare even in my dreams.-

language is

basically how i feel about you  
him,  
her,  
her or his dog,  
her or his cat,  
anybody, and anything.

i can kill or create a word  
depends on my needs.

sometimes,

i do not need  
anything.

i want to forget myself and be in the mind of someone else.  
or be something:  
a tree, a stone,  
a lake,  
a bird, ..., anything

i do not need a language to be completely silent.

i do not need a language to take a deep breath  
and get to the rescue.

i like to creat from a language  
a brutal noise, completely mute silence, or in between  
a language like a silent snow or a brutal fire,

or rainy language.

Atef Ayadi

# I Have A Enough Poem's Reserve. Is It Enough?

should i write  
more,  
simpler,

or should i  
just

calm down?

writing is my land escape

my visual art corner  
my music

all my fantasies  
all my explored and unexplored dramas.

should i keep  
writing until  
i will be empty  
and de-hydrated.

or may be by writting  
i will find my way.

who knows,  
i keep trying until

something will come up

by surprise.

and like surprises  
and adventures

i like the unknown

the impossible



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so i write for that.

for that unknown.

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# To Eve: The Bordon

do you have  
something to say?

something  
to brake my ice or  
the world ice  
cream

or you ice.

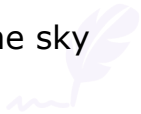
just something

to help me out  
help you out  
get out of the routine.

though something  
on me  
toward the sky  
a pillow  
a glass  
a word  
a god jesus thing.

something  
to help  
circulate the blood  
around my neck,  
around your lips,  
and your cheeks,  
and your chin.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: The Game

give a word,

i will make a fantasy out of it  
or just give  
a glance

i will tell you what is in your heart  
or what is in your mind.

give me something  
i can think  
or feel  
i can touch

because  
that is my  
fantasy

give me a feeling  
and hide it  
or do a natural  
camouflage;

i will try to get into it.

give me

or i will

give you  
everything

all at once  
pour it down

like a brute force.



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# To Eve: The Poem That Looks Like A Fantasy

I READ YOUR POEM,  
THE DOG POEM.

I HAVE A BELIEF THAT

IF A WOMAN TALK ABOUT A DOG,  
IN HER LIFE,  
IT IS A Miserable BEAUTIFUL LIFE  
SHE WANT TO DESCRIBE,

MAY BE SOMEONE CAN CATCH HER SIGNALS;

A DOG!

IT IS A WAY TO STAY A LIFE,  
AWAY OF LIFE AT THE EDGE OF THE COMFORT ZONE.

Atef Ayadi



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## To Eve: Lets Walk

Lets go for a walk,  
Eve,  
Walking is a silent talk,  
A way of whispering from the sky to the ground.

Lets have a walk,  
walking is like  
dreaming with your own choice  
and I like to know how you are dreaming.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: A Red Rose Proposal

if you prefer  
something else  
other than  
a rose,

a red rose,  
or a handful pack of orange roses  
what would be?

because  
i am sure after holding yourself  
around the roses, you will  
feel like one.

after that feeling  
of mother natural foreplay,

you settle and breath my nectar  
my buds  
my skin



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you touch my thorns  
and horns

you  
want more  
time to explore all i have.

how much time?

if i adopt you  
you adopt me  
like a pet  
a body guard  
a coast guard  
a grave yard landscaper,

or simply a boss

or simply you are my boss

what is the differences

do you know exactly what you want

so i make myself ready for such adoption

or being abducted will be fine?

Atef Ayadi



# To Eve: After All

Everyone has something to do  
beside  
making  
love,  
feeling being loved  
and connected in one way or another.

Everyone!

So tell me lady,  
what is your vocation?  
what stuff you have and you are hiding?  
what stuff you have forgotten, and still  
wights on your shoulder?  
what secret's 'no secret up front' you are fabricating,  
lubricating, knitting, and cleaning from the rust?

what voodoo practice,  
yoga, or karma discipline of these days you are exhibiting?

what is your nature's instinct?  
what is deep below your dress and clogging your veins  
what is your dilemmas?  
what is your fear and what tears you into peaces?

what is your matter?  
what is you substances?  
what is your actual location -cause, i am sure you are day dreaming yet,  
fantasize ahead of time -

where are you in the time line,  
do you still live in the past?  
are you in the present  
or in the furure

if i can get hold of you  
how much of you can I grasp, take, loot, and run away?

how much of you is still left?

how much is left for you?

how much is left for me?

independly

how much of you is available for both of us?

how much of you is left for the whole world?

Atef Ayadi

# To Eve: I Have A Dream

i have a dream  
to arouse  
any eyes  
and all eyes of this beautiful planet;  
one by one  
or separately,  
in her little  
temple  
or red  
mill  
house.

Wherever  
she is may be.

the how

is my discipline.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: Whatever

i will adjust!

just

show me you how  
you  
look at me

from

'hey i have 'one' in my life and i am not free as you think; '  
'i am fine' type of look

to

'you are, and not the one i looking for, i am not sure, let me go through my  
memories and archives, so i can clearly see you and see my options.'  
type of look.

i can see all the spectrum.

my bet



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is:

are you clear,  
responsible,  
sensitive  
light enough  
to handle my fire and my winds?

because if you do not see it  
do not look at me.

Atef Ayadi

# To Eve: The Smile

I always like  
an eve with a smile.

who does not?

A smile is life within.

I always like to see

all eves walking with  
a natural smile.

not because  
they are eve

or i am looking afterward  
for a breed  
of woman with a particular  
type of smile.

not at all!

a smile

is everything;

because  
without it,  
a face is like an ocean  
without waves or tides.

Atef Ayadi

# To Eve: The Journey Begin

lets fix our  
staff  
first

and party  
the rest of our life.

there will be enough  
time.

enough fun.

a lot of fun.  
just feel free to creative  
team work  
connected  
and clear about what type of life  
your life  
you show  
your little  
yutube.



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just play like kid  
and play life with me.

otherwise  
everything will be a waste,  
a miserable time.

and i have no desire

to start  
such  
fake unprofessional kid game.

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# To Eve: The Little Insecurity.

Do you think  
i need you  
to feel  
secure?

Do you think  
if I see you doing the woman  
little insecure  
secure  
stuff

I will vibrate?

No!  
like a red STOP sign

Do you think  
I am programmed  
to have you, save you, take care of you, and  
impress you like all love's stories?

Do you think  
if someone take a picture of us  
together  
it will look we are together  
funny looking, or  
"Sad-Said" or 'Said-Sad" looking?

Do you think  
I am looking  
for an eve  
too  
taxi,  
too bus,  
a land-rover,  
a bulldozer,  
a 'mitchi bushy' Japanese Ferrari type of eve?

No!

No way!

And no way to take that way!

I am not a crack dealer

-sorry crack dealer, I do not mean that type of crack,  
but still, you get to do what you get to do, and i got to do what i need to do and  
that is the difference between us without low self-esteem! -

I want an eve

so

natural

like

eileen.

Atef Ayadi



# To Eve: Fair Enough

there are moment  
when  
i am bull.

if i catch you;  
cease you,  
from your neck back  
you  
will be mine.

no matter what!

what ever  
your face  
your level  
of maturity or  
security, or  
your level of femininity,

i will grasp  
you  
from  
the neck.

i will bite from there,  
hung in there until you give up.  
i will not leave you  
until you ask  
to breath  
my skin

mixed with your natural air.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: The Song

you have never been allowed  
to be outside the little 'woman' circle

for thousands of years.

now it time

to walk out,  
explore that little circle  
make it bigger,  
or re-sized the way you want.  
or simply create your own.

so woman  
start your ritual,  
by singing  
or  
dancing

with  
your feminine voice  
or mimicking my masculine voice.

just get out of that  
old cold freezing  
circle  
and be a hunter.

i have been dreaming  
of a woman  
who dares to leave her native inner circle,  
and aims to hunt me down.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eileen: If You Think You Are Eve

Are you sure  
you playing eve

and you do not know  
the type,  
the brand, or  
the band  
of eve you are?

Did somebody  
tell you  
who you are really?  
what type of woman you  
are?

Did someone  
smell anything,  
good,  
suspicious,  
dramatic,  
aesthetic,  
fancy,  
antic,  
boutique,

anything a man can sniff out.

after a deep dog  
sniffing  
from far or  
from distance?

cause,  
it matters.

it matter at least to me.

it is important to know,



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identify,  
feel,  
see,  
hear,

everything?

because,  
for me,  
Eve

is an empire to build and protect; and  
feel each tree, herb, bird, brick, stone, and each grain of sand.

Atef Ayadi

# To Eileen: The Decipline

I hoped and still hope  
that you are  
a kind of  
boxer,  
a tchee something  
taekwondo, karate  
marshal  
artist.

I hoped  
that you pinched me  
in the face to wake up,

or my face  
pinched  
your little fragile hands.  
so we can both be in the present time,  
no past and no planing for the future.

I hopped  
we both brook  
our ice  
bergs and melted it in  
a tequila cocktail.

I hoped  
you burned me,  
I burned you-the ice is only to cool us down.-

I will only keep  
a little ice  
on your ice  
berg,  
enough  
to keep your ice as well as your berg  
a life...and fresh.

do not worry  
about my ice



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my berg  
my weather patterns  
my global warming  
or even my  
home land security.

do not worry about that.  
because,  
myself I do not.

I just worry  
about  
your temperature,  
your little fevers, and  
your "cool"  
ling  
Chinese system;

that is all!

your ice  
is in peril.

Sorry!  
to tell you this.

your ice  
is at its melting point.

it may lead to a disaster  
if I do not do anything.

And sorry again,  
it is good to leave nature take  
its course and adapt to changes and this is my attitude and  
quite my discipline.

Atef Ayadi

# To Eileen: I Love You Until The Fall

the fall is coming,  
and the winter after,  
will bring the chill soon.  
i am prepared with all  
my staff: soul, food, shelter, feelings.  
i packed my self and all my staff together.

are you?

do you have some icy feelings

left from this last summer?  
do you have some hot  
spots?

for the next winter?



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are you always alone?

no matter  
what?

my winter  
is also no matter  
what.

my summer  
is your ice.

my fall

is a fall  
falling

without  
a season

no matter  
what.

Atef Ayadi



# Words Are Flying With Others Words

sometime

i want to send a word,

a group of words

like a group of woman to smooth, lean up

cure and possibly make me a way to you.

no matter

how

i tried,

words are meant

to be

writing.

what spoken are flying pigeon word,

what you want is

another

world



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i see only of words.

so,

tell me what is really your word

or your worlds?

Atef Ayadi

# Feelings: The Last Rational

this year

is the line  
that cuts sharp and clean  
between  
what I thought  
RATIONAL

and  
what I thought  
about eileen.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eileen: The Lips And The Smile I Am Looking For

her is a deal,

my possible

fate -my darleen, -

it does

not need a prophecy or

woman's voodoo

to "counter band" it,

to high

jack it

off

out

up

and down,

to appreciate,

to love,

or to dream it fully and through.

Do you want an

another word?

another planet?

another set of people-sorry people, I am talking only and solely to my 'lady', the one I created and created me-  
another land escape?

Do you want me without all what I listed, with what is lasted in me, what I lost,  
and my stirred lust with your fantasy?

Do you want yourself, found in me or just a pure self in you?



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what do you simply want?

a unity,  
a wholeness,  
a mirror,  
a shelter,  
or a simple unknown fantasy?

Do you like to be me,  
taking over me,  
feeling me,  
feeling yourself,

or simply  
you want the presence  
of forgotten things;

because,  
I tried to be you

and each time  
I miss the facts that  
a woman is always

a mysterious world of  
fantasy.

.

Atef Ayadi

# To Eileen: Time Does Not Mater

I know  
what time means to you.

You are a woman, you were taught  
time is your worse enemy.

I did not  
respond to you neither on time nor on your time.

You tried hard with all your seductive methods  
still  
you failed.

I did  
not  
respond.

simply,  
time is not my enemy,  
and what I am looking for is an eternal smile.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eileen: Plasma Tv Reality

why we need plasma  
tv?

for what?

you  
are my plasma 342' screen wide.  
are you?  
can you be  
with all the options and high resolution?

or do you prefer to be hologram?  
or

a twilight  
creature  
crossing a twilight  
zone



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with an alien fantasy  
and zies?

why do we need a tv  
anyway  
if you have me  
and i have you;

and with your

little

inner  
and outer  
circles  
and my little

'circles'

we can make more

tv

shows

privately

and

may be

a big party for the planet?

Atef Ayadi

# To Eileen: The Rest Of Story

I am a kind  
of folk...  
who is attracted to magnetic creatures,  
and avoid the electric charged creatures  
-I mean the 120 to 12000 volts type of people.-

Do you see the picture?  
or  
still  
you are not in the he right or left mood?  
or you are just highly charged?

Is there  
Any  
concern?

While I live in the present,  
You live in the far past  
-"Is" is was and "Are" is were, this is has been your choice, I can not change  
that.-

While you are always debating  
about the chicago spices  
or chico spices  
hesus,  
jesus,  
Korean,  
malisian,  
californian, native, Hawaiian, and the damn cold north

spices.

.

sub  
after sub  
subberb  
after  
subberben.



this let me  
feel,

where you grew up,  
how you grew up,  
and

where the hell you come from?

I start to feel  
your past  
your  
"environmental issues"  
"woman" issues  
your "chico american, irish, spanish  
fantasm" issues  
and how all of this  
start to  
exist.  
and how you get stuck in the past.

so what?  
it happens and still happens and will happen in good families.

so what?

you are  
lost in the past as usual.

the past is part of your clothes and skin.

you saw me  
and  
you were burned by sun's salt.

was it my mistake?

yes!

a part of it or all of it!

what is the difference?

Atef Ayadi

# To Eileen: The Last Minutes

You did not stop walking.

I did.

I always stop everything  
at each encounter,  
because it is a magical thrill  
to see the sun crossing a rainbow.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eileen: How Relient I Am

i wont  
give up!

it is on my flag  
and flags

i signed it,  
i put my name or signature,

and the staff on it  
that summarize  
moral-ized  
my dreams and  
my anxious concerns.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eve: Manners

lets have  
a day  
or two  
to see where it goes.

until now  
all what i see  
is a woman without surprises;  
may be you like to keep your surprises  
for the future, or  
may be it is a part of a big surprise.

two days are enough for me  
to turn your surprises on an off.

turning them on  
is not my surprise.

turn them off will be a two days drill.

Atef Ayadi

# To Eileen: The Three Sides Of A Coin

Here is  
What I thought about you  
you  
when  
I jumped over.

go  
wherever you like.  
go to your bleached 'Irich-rich-lionel ritchy- beach  
as you want!  
go and come back  
Whenever you please,  
-I know, it is woman thing to feel wanted, hunted, nailed down, and have more  
eyes falling on you-  
you beach is still mine and  
your far away clouds will end by raining on my skin.

Atef Ayadi



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# To Eileen: The First Minutes

I WAS  
A HERO

OR a  
another  
type?

of hero?

i jumped on  
you

lady!  
like  
a  
fake  
lion.



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or a lion with  
oppressed  
burdened  
african  
memories.

i was

walking,  
crumbling  
exhausted  
tired

dry skin  
man.

i saw you,

and i saw a first form of  
life,

a start point,

a picture,

and clustered  
memories

what i retained now  
is

your  
welcoming  
and wondered  
eyes' smile

,

you! ,  
hell you!  
hell boy!

what is up! i am here!

can you talk  
business.

sorry!  
i was

blink,  
blank,  
drunk,  
a virgin blank CD,  
and white blank papers



ruined the rain.

Atef Ayadi

# To A Woman I Met

I jumped on you,

like a wild beast,  
hungry for love.

you were silent,  
a silence of chock and disbelief.

This how we met.  
you looked at me and talked  
the way the West talks to the East.

Atef Ayadi



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## Depth: Simplicity

Say  
Whatever!  
You  
Want as you please  
or wont;  
I will see and feel everything,  
As if  
It's my own life  
lived in one hour and stretched in one day.

Atef Ayadi



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# From Distance: The Rain

I used to hate  
rain.

it is cold.

my memories are filled  
with cold,

pictures of wearing rugs,  
plastic shoes, eating low calories food, talking to pale faces.

now,

the rain

as well as the cold

wash out the dead skin  
and restore my memories.

Atef Ayadi

# From Distance: The Fakeness

When i  
LIE

MAN!

I FEEL  
I AM SO FAKE!

SO ARTIFICIAL!

SOUNDLESS!

I do not like to follow my lie and cover it up  
make my life looks complicated like a lie.

Atef Ayadi



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# From Distance: The Luck

my problem  
with  
luck  
is that  
i do not know  
what to  
do with it if i have it.

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# From Distance: The Pain

a black electric wire for neutral  
the white is for hot

i adjusted

the voltage to 99 volts

then i touched  
the white

and i thought about a word to describe it.

it is 99 volt  
fast and vibrating word.

i added more voltage  
to memorize

more words,  
more feeling's words,  
more picture's words,  
more sound's words,  
of the pain;

cause  
pain  
is  
only memories.

Atef Ayadi

# A Child Is Born: In Theory

Life can grow  
and flourish

in the harshest  
conditions.

a child is the same;

a child is a child,

love  
is  
a fire in wilderness.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Child Is Born: From Close

if I am a child  
and I want to tell my parents  
-do not argue about the term parents and how to be one-  
how I need them  
or what makes a bond  
a bond:

I would  
say  
feed me,  
clean me,

leave me where I made a mistake  
or let me to do all the mistakes of this universe.

it is my business to make mistakes  
I will learn the "get over it"  
the "let it go"  
the "do it until you fail, then you fail,  
then you get frustrated, then you fix it or you fail again."  
if I am lost,  
it is ok!

but i do not like to be  
lost because you are lost and  
pay for your losses and failures.

get over it!

Atef Ayadi

# A Child Is Born: From Far

there was a TV commercial  
about saving a child  
from a miserable deadly fate.

as soon as the commercial popped up,

I asked my roommate:

why you do not help  
with a dollar or two to save  
that child?

look at her,

she is a beautiful child!

-there is no ugliness in a child, just look close. The ugly part is when one  
remembers oneself as one looks at a child.-

My roommate

became angry and agitated

when he saw an African, Latino, or Asian starving child

he always say:

"let them die

you can not help them,

just wait, they will grow up and

will kill each other anyway.

let them die,

it is a waste."

Atef Ayadi

# A Child Is Born: Zero Ground

some like to help out  
children  
in different ways,

others want to revive their memories  
of their childhood.

some want to have a child;

just one!  
and that is it.

others do everything to save a child from his or her misery.

some want to have  
a collection

or being famous for their new collections

of children from around the world.

others want to teach children or teach about childhood  
development,  
second by second  
neuron by neuron,  
until the child frontal lobe will develop and  
explode

and ask:  
leave me alone!

is it really miserable  
to instruct a child  
to do what  
one had done.

is hypocritical to program a child  
like a robot

and try all the subroutines  
and scopes  
to succeed in following instructions  
and codes  
of a miserable programmer  
or a miserable growing adult child?

is it?

on top of that  
they label that child  
with

math labels  
musical labels  
literature labels  
religious labels  
race labels

for what?

to do what?

to produce what?

to be an organic vegetable, a  
consumable product in one's kitchen because one can afford it

what is if you can not?

Atef Ayadi

# From Distance: The Moon

I am not looking for words  
to talk on my behalf;

instead,  
I choose silence.

If I can express my silence in words  
I would stop at this line.

Silence  
is a remedy  
for ill words  
until  
words become a sea of silence  
and the sea waves migrate to the surface  
of the moon.

Atef Ayadi



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# From Distance: My Second Jump

my first jump  
was like jumping on the sand,

it was soft,  
no harm,  
or minor scratches,  
but i laughed at myself  
like a kid.

i could not cry,  
cause  
it was not in my nature  
as a kid growing man.

my second jump  
was my first cry.

Atef Ayadi



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# From Distance: My First Jump

it is good  
to jump  
from time  
to time.

- I see life in crossing the threshold  
of emptiness  
toward the unknown.-

so, I jumped.

It was my first jump.

I was empty.  
Your were the unknown.

Atef Ayadi



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# From Distance

From distance,  
You look  
Badly taken:

-Ugliness is the beauty  
when it is taken  
or left to distance, time have not  
change it since the ancient time -

From close,  
I see closely your beauty  
And truthful face.

I am beautifully rigid  
From distance

And ugly  
As you are  
Approaching me.



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Now,  
What is my options?  
What is your options?

Should I neutralize you  
First?

Should you neutralize me  
First?

Or should I leave it to the distance

Or is there a minimum distance  
Between  
Your skin  
And  
My breath?



Atef Ayadi

# Chatting: Recursive Thoughts

leave hope

for

whom

hopes

are

god made

stuff.

There is no  
hope



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in the language  
of the universe.

Not at all!

There is something called  
effective and efficient  
action

between  
inertia  
and Dégénérescence.

So, leave  
hopes  
for politicians,

and tell me  
what is  
your deepest

thoughts?

Atef Ayadi

# Simply Curious

I try to get to  
see  
or  
think  
and assimilate

an idea

a language

that looks  
now magic  
now

but

will be

a commodity,  
an antique artwork,  
or trash

in the next five centuries or so.

Atef Ayadi



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# Blue Monster

The blue monster  
Is always facing your face.  
In your back  
When you look back.  
On top  
When you are on top of your head.  
Under your feet  
When you step on your own feet.

The blue monster  
Is blue  
When you think  
And dark  
When you start to feel.

The blue monster  
Has no shapes, smell, or  
Voice, or makes sounds and vibrates at all.

The blue monster  
Tries  
And keeps  
Trying  
To get into you and fight the giant  
Within you.

Atef Ayadi



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# Yellow Monster

The yellow monster

You ignore it,  
It will catch you.  
You fear it,  
It fears you.  
You stop,  
It stops.

The yellow monster  
Is not colored with yellow.  
It is colorless,  
But has your smell  
That is way it follows you.

The yellow monster  
Do the same thing you do,  
Except  
It does not remember what it does  
And it does not remembers you.  
But it follows your smell  
And keeps following you.

Atef Ayadi

# Maroon Monster

You do not need to have  
Simple partial seizures to see it or to feel its presence.  
When it comes and cease you,  
it will ask you to not be afraid,  
to stop thinking about your breathing.  
Stop the fear,  
See it as  
a stone  
or a handful piece of metal,  
put it anywhere inside the monster.  
then  
explore the sound as it turns into colors,  
colors turns into fumes,  
fumes fall off like shredded glasses and rises to form words of cloud.

Atef Ayadi



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# Hologram

I created a hologram in my mind.

A beautiful wise guide with whom I can talk and ask for help.

My hologram

Talks when I talk with feelings

Not

with

Abstract,

Not with pictures, and

Not with generalities.

When

She talks

She does not answer my questions

but asks

but also she never

Suggest or debate.

What

Always true,

She talks when

I have to feel simple and

Sensual.

Atef Ayadi



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# A 13 Years Old Poem

your poem is building a future for itself.  
should you be there to celebrate  
the future,

your poem future,

or other people's poems future,  
is not up to me  
or up  
to you;

because it  
is simply  
a future poem.  
let it grow and be  
the future.

so,  
do not stop.



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with you or without  
you,  
your poem can still  
flourish and grow.

Atef Ayadi

# Mademoiselle Venice

oh!  
Venice

your water  
is

cozy

and  
sensual.

your skin and walls

are almost the same.

I am a half Roman,  
half

Phoenician,

and the other half  
is made from your

A  
hot  
Mediterranean

hot  
salty  
paper  
sauce

skin.

Atef Ayadi



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# Glow And Sun Chine

i want you to say 'let the love's glory glow! '  
with your voice  
alone  
or in public.

say:  
lets make  
more glow  
and glories

cause, time without you saying it  
is a glue  
and does not glow  
and neither grow  
glories  
nor makes the sun chine.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am Here Now

some  
irritates me  
each time they meet with me.

they talk  
about any thing  
start  
from nothing

then ends up  
in the middle east.

guys!

i am not  
i am not a middle  
eastern



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i do not show up  
in the eastern

and i do not care.

i am african  
and  
women!

'picture that'

but also i am  
a piece of every things  
else

my noose is european  
but not from  
the Caucasian mountains

my drinking  
habits are irish.

my writting  
style  
is  
pure renaissance- reconaissance.

my body  
is damn hot.

are you guys

afraid to take  
away your

bland ladies

no!  
now and ever

my woman is not bland

as a matter of fact  
she has  
black dark hear.

but i do not segregate,  
I give equal opportunity  
to any one.  
or including blands and anything that moves  
or breathes.

it is a free  
country

And i am fully here

now.

Atef Ayadi

# Public Mozaic

i made  
it  
on my own.

the public  
are public  
on their own.

so, why you  
seem  
and always  
seem to worry

about them?

the public  
wants  
victories;

cause  
it is not common  
to have it  
and owned by their own.

so your smile  
should  
sometime  
be public

sometimes  
your be on your own.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Have Nothing To Worry About

I have you.  
I have myself.  
my mind and heart  
are wrapped around you and my skin.

I Have Nothing else  
To worry about,

except a long absence of the sun.

Atef Ayadi



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# She Said I Want To Be Like That.

she pointed  
to the hot star  
on the tv star  
icon channel.

and said:  
,

i want to be hot  
like that.'

i said:  
'well,  
the good news  
you are hot  
enough to be a hot red or blue young star.

be it,

feel that  
star  
do what she does  
without  
directions  
or manuals



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just  
stand up  
and be hot

like you always want to be  
or dream to be.

if you can not do that  
i will  
and you can ask me  
to be  
or act  
like  
a hot bull star.'

light

Atef Ayadi

# She Asked Me A Question

she said:

' I am hot? '

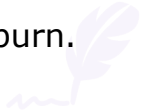
i said:

'you mean like a hot paper  
red paper  
green hot and skinny paper,

or

hot  
like it is hot

it boils  
and do not put your finger  
you have to wait  
or it will burn.



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or hot  
like  
hot chocolate

hot late  
hot like

the sun

or hot

as

i see you now

sweating.

and you need  
my hands  
to cool you down? '

Atef Ayadi

# Am I Like Someone You Know?

this is not  
about degrees  
and majors,

Associates  
B.S, and  
P.H.Dees

you are not hiring me  
and i am not hiring you.

your not my  
boss  
and the one that could be,

and i am not your ex-boss.

i am may be more tougher  
and laughter

cause,  
your skills

does not  
reflect who you are

under your natural skin.

so do not tell me  
you look or  
you remind me  
someone i know.

cause,

here,

you do not  
and really do not

need  
to be specialized  
and have a major,  
a minor,  
or a P.H.D degree.

i will give you  
the degree  
you ever wanted  
the skin  
you ever wanted;

i will give  
a certified  
smile and  
a certified  
skin;

just to confirm  
that i am not  
like  
someone you you know

i am not that person you liked  
or you still like.

may be i am  
the first one who will  
give you  
your first certificat  
of your first degree.

Atef Ayadi

# You Are A Part Of It

do not deny  
and cry  
and make me  
vulnerable

to feeling's wind

and chilly  
chocolate  
evil  
thoughts.

do not  
take me  
by surprise

cause,  
i am slow  
when  
passion is  
my only skill.



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do not!

just

hit me  
on the face  
or hit your  
hand  
with my face

until i will feel

your both hands.

do tell me

now

you want to do what you always want.

i did not

stop

you

or stopped my fate.

Atef Ayadi



# The Blind Spot

take me,  
i will be your blind  
spots,

I will be your skin  
and all the  
the beauty spots

laying and resting

on your face,  
your chest,  
neck,  
and back skin.

i will  
take off your breathing,  
habits,  
and crazy  
thoughts.



PoemHunter.com

Atef Ayadi

# It Was In 1999

It was in 1989  
when i start to love  
pour all the love

on lovers  
who were looking at me.

nothing seems  
strange

and will change  
me;

whether you change  
or look for and exit  
or a change.

i will



PoemHunter.com

make you

crazy  
without a major  
or minor  
change.

so take your whiskey,

your wine

and spilled

on me.

Atef Ayadi

# You Do Not Need A Lawyer

you do not need a lawyer  
if you want to defend  
a case  
against me

or to defend yourself?

personally!  
i will stand for myself.

i always do.  
and will,

cause,

there is no better

and  
beautiful way



PoemHunter.com

to

stand up

open,  
unshaken,  
and

kiss without being kissed!  
touch without being touched!

with a well postured confident smile  
that does not need  
to defend itself.

so,  
whether you come  
with a lawyer

a kiss,  
or an unshaken smile,

I still can defend myself?

Atef Ayadi

# She Asked

she asked  
to never see her face again.

she did not say that.

there was no  
best  
or a worse scenario's  
eye DROP.

she said  
that,

as she looked at  
me from one side.  
up and down  
WITHOUT TURNING THE HEAD.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Summer Time

you and the summer

are the same with minor differences.

you make me crazy  
and the summer  
is warming up  
at the same time.

you burn me  
and the summer

steer the storms,

cool me off

and warm me at the same time.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# For Now

i know you  
left

and gone

for now.

i know you

will not change your  
mind  
your heart,

your hands,  
your  
wide and wider eyes,  
and your open chest

for me



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for now.

but

lady

that is for now

pretty ladies  
do the same

to me for  
now

all the time

and i forget  
for now

but they do not  
neither forget

nor live for now.

so do what you want

now

or for now.

Atef Ayadi



# She Is Antagonistic

Antagonistically

she asked  
me:

'why you look at me? '

I know she is expressing  
her interest  
And  
Antagonistically.

I said:  
' you look like

Nelson Mandela  
as he left the jail with victory.'

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# That Evil Smile

Do you really

RODGER  
me?

do you dig me?  
or  
Are digging  
a hole  
for me?

Evil creature!

I RODGER you

indeed!

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# I Changed My Name

I changed my  
name.

I am  
a rock  
star

who wants to be  
a rock  
and a star,

a great lover,  
a great fashion designer,  
love designer,

but

I

felt  
no matter  
how many  
names I will  
have

you remain

a rock

and my only

rocky star.

Atef Ayadi



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# If I Miss You

if i miss  
you  
and i do not  
know what part of you  
i missed

can i kiss you

on any random spot.

cause i missed

you

and i do not know

what i missed  
in you.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Mini Issues

There must be

a little

minor

mini

miniature

tattoo

in your skin

you want to get rid of

so

badly

so



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I can

finally

use your skin

as a white

hostile canvas.

Atef Ayadi

# Rule The World

rock my world

roll yours  
with your tiny royal hands  
and rule

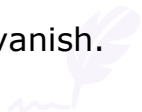
the planet.

you are unstoppable,  
invisible,  
unreadable,  
and uncharitable.

but give  
me  
one  
word

before I vanish.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# She Lives In Fear

It is never  
too late

to get off  
from where you  
spotted  
your first fear.

It is never be  
too  
late

to start again

and get away.

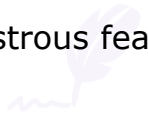
I had my  
first disastrous fear

the first time  
I saw you.

there are always  
ways

to  
escape my fear mixed  
with your fear.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# She Looks For A Real State Piece Of Land

i am going to

look for a piece  
of land,  
a real estate  
for you

and your luxurious

love.

i will bet you,

it will be my surprise

cause

you surprised me

with everything

i will find it  
like  
the way i found you.

like a luxurious real estate piece of land.

Atef Ayadi



# She Likes M N M's

Is it silly  
to be with  
a woman

who loves

m n m's

or I am too serious  
about  
her love.

Atef Ayadi



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# Your Three Doors Are Open

i dream  
of the dream  
what we have

when  
you opened all your

home  
to me.

you opened

all your  
doors

except  
three  
doors



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are left closed.

i am just curious

are you  
a woman of open doors  
or  
your three doors

will remain  
closed.

Atef Ayadi

# Tomorrow Or Today

tomorrow

will be another

day.

i will make

sure

nothing

is left

for today.

i will make sure

I have

what i want

for today,

so,

tomorrow will be just a different day.

Atef Ayadi

# Do Not Think Less

i am a kid,  
i know  
you will laugh if you play like me.

you will fight me  
if we keep playing.

we will turn  
the room over;

that is what kids do.

and I keep  
chasing you  
and splash you with

sweated cherry juice  
and you

fight back



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with

milk.

Atef Ayadi

# You Get To Hear My Voice

you  
get to hear my voice

and see

if you can

write a song.

i have heard  
your voice

beautiful  
angelical

and i am writing too  
my song.



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your voice  
were like  
the last winter  
wind

then  
the rain  
of the last spring

then  
the breeze  
of a hot summer  
that cool off

my hear  
and my brain.



# No One Gets To Know You

i feel  
something  
for you  
everywhere.

no matter where,  
i always  
see you,

like no one else,

cause  
you are not like  
everyone

and i still feel  
the same thing  
everywhere

for you.



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Atef Ayadi

# The Whiskey Lady

are you drinking  
alone?

whiskey lady

are you from  
Alabama  
sweet corn  
cirny horny  
honey bee  
home  
Alabama

or you are  
Sweet whiskey  
lady

without Alabama  
as a sweat  
as your whiskey  
little home?

Atef Ayadi

 PoemHunter.com



# Say What You Need To Say

i see your eyes  
are shaking  
between being  
wide open  
and deadly closed to me.

say what you need to say

lady

cause you are free  
from me

and this moment will not last.

say what you need to say  
as your eyes start to  
open



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to me  
and to the whole world.

say what you need to say  
and I will close my eyes

once yours are open

and wants to say

what you want to say.

so  
say what you want  
to say

all the time  
and

every time

your

eyes

are open for me

or open to love me

and the whole world.

Atef Ayadi

# Feelings: The Fun That Was Not Funny

I remember

she said

'COOL'

because

I was funny.

hey!

lady!

is cool

meant

'cool me down'

fool!

or fool me

down?

or

take me down

to the ground

and cool me down?

if this was

what you meant

i will

cool

and

if you are down

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i will

come down  
and cool  
you  
off  
down and down.

is that what you wanted  
and what you still want?

Atef Ayadi

# Felings: The Speed

He said:

"You do not have the speed

of seduction

like me;

I am young

and that is all what I need."

I said:

"my matter

is really classified

and high

profile! "

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Feelings: What I Hate

what i hate  
is something  
like  
this,

and  
this  
actually what i hate:

that!

someone!

he or she asks  
me  
to read one  
or more of his

or her  
poems.



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wow!  
cheap wow!

why i have to read  
yours?

RODGER yours

check for  
the poetic tone  
in yours

check  
if it sounds something to me.

hey dude!  
hey judy!

i do not  
read  
or write

poems  
i design them.

so that

poets  
who wants to consume  
or being consumed

will

have fun

and relax.

sorry!

i do not

read!

and wont.

Atef Ayadi

# Felings: The Bordon

every  
thing  
is fine,

really fine!

fine  
indeed!

and sweet.

Atef Ayadi



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# Feelings: The Rain

my  
rain

does not

fall down from the clouds,  
but

from

her wide open skin type of sky.

Atef Ayadi



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# Feeling: The Warmth Of Her Presence

ah!  
my sun!

my lady!

give a blue shining sky

or  
give me a better death

your cold welcome  
is as deadly as a white death.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Feelings: The Moon

if i am the moon,

and you!

lady,

you are who you are,

can you visit

me?

or shall I wait

for your tropical rain?

Atef Ayadi



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# Words To Two Women

look  
ladies

you look walking  
talking  
together

but  
you are not

at least when  
i showed up.

it looks  
that both

think  
differently



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about fighting  
me  
separately

or taking me  
for both.

because  
i like you really to be  
together

not separately.

Atef Ayadi

# Words I Must Say To A Woman

i may look

cozy

or stuff

but i am not

because

stuff

is not cozy

and your only  
stuff.



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Atef Ayadi

# Feelings: Fear And Guilt

An alarm clock,  
a crying kid in the neighborhood  
-sometimes one prompts the other, -  
some lingering voices in one's head,

the day is sunny, and the sun is wrestling with one cloud.

Atef Ayadi



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# Feelings: Sarcastic

I asked

my roommate:

why are you sarcastic?

He responded:

"it is weird,  
I have two jobs,  
two kids,  
one girlfriend,

and it looks I do not make money at all."

Atef Ayadi



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# Feelings: To My Darleen

I hopped,  
I  
can

Sea -look at the sea, seaing (with an a) is not what you see! -  
Eileen

happy.

I mean,  
sea her beautiful  
face  
as she is walking with an  
open chest,  
open smile,  
and

open everything;



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I mean,

not

everything!

Cause,  
she knows

she may get  
into trouble

and she knows  
that enough well!

So, I



Hope,

and I will

hope

that she keeps  
her natural  
smile open.

being open  
to the breeze or to  
the wind

should not

change the nature of her smile.

Atef Ayadi

# Joke: Advertisement

There is a girl  
who  
put an add  
on Craig's  
list:

I am a great

w  
L  
4  
Gr  
eat  
MAAAAn  
entire  
section.

Craig's list guys  
are smart,

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they sold her name

and email  
to spam companies.

She got nothing but  
spams

from

all  
over the planet.

as a matter of fact

Chinese only

sent her

three thousands  
billions

emails.

Atef Ayadi

## Joke: For The Smoker

if you do not  
stop

smoking

you will  
end up

smoking  
oxygen.

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# Joke: The Monk

a monkey

prayed to god

to have

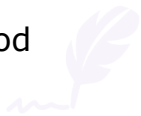
a female.

he did not  
have a female monkey

for as long as he  
remembers.

so god

understood  
and  
sent



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him

a trans  
monkey

and told him

i will watch your progress.

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# Joke: A Mistress

the wife:

did you sleep  
with someone else

the husband:

yeaaah es!

i slept  
with

a bee that itchs like  
you.

do you recognize  
your bruises  
on my skin?

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Atef Ayadi

# Joke: For Kids

Hey kid!

when  
you are going  
to grow  
up?

you,  
little  
two feet  
tall  
body!

Atef Ayadi



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## Joke: About Hoos

One ho

-Ho is not like hands up, HO or Hi I want you-  
met

with a gay

-i do not know how much of a guy is gay or if a gay is guy,  
follow wall street-

he told

her that he has  
three!

she said

I have two

but

I payed for them.

Atef Ayadi

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# Joke: The Extreme Laugh

make sure  
your belt  
is easy on you

or you are ease  
on the belt  
and you are  
relaxed  
as well as your shoes,

so you can easily release  
yourself  
from your belts  
or your belt and your third shoe,

because  
you want to laugh  
to the extreme

eme that!  
and if your belt is tight

you will throw up  
and your as-sa, essa,  
or your 'as' with a double s

unpredictably  
can explode

and it is better

that you hold it

from doing that,

because

it will blow up high in longitude, altitude,  
volume

and in intensity

that

the planet will be affected  
and infected,

and it is nasty  
to keep  
the cloud

the nasty clouds  
your nasty clouds  
covering

the planet

for  
a while.

Atef Ayadi

# Joke: Laugh Baby Laugh

this is a joke

it is for babies

I mean  
bye bees

bees that fly and you have the right to fly baby,  
bees that stay at home and still it is your right to say home.  
I am focusing on the bees who stay at home.  
There are bees that are babysitters  
and bees being baby seated; either ways it is a privilege.

not babies:  
the little tiny five to 20 pounds human bees,  
or chicks or dogg-eez, goats, geese, and geese!  
do you follow me that type of guy  
or lady beez?

Atef Ayadi



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## Joke: The Political Joke

Obama

is not

muslim

but

he can

bee!

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## Joke: The Religious Joke

she is a catholic

and she shaves  
her legs

with a catholic blade.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Irony Of A Joke

my roomat  
dan

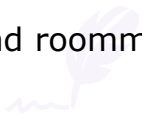
like to hear from me

and i like  
instead

to her from him  
first.

he is young  
and he looks like me years ago.

my second roommate  
matt



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-he hates math, but likes to cook-

i like to listen to him  
but i never  
helped  
or can help  
myself  
to stop  
talking

to him.

my roommate

tim

for timothy

is a shop shopper  
antagonistic of great quality

but he is awesome.

all my roommates

believe  
or it may leads  
to think

that i am

a gay

or a terrorist  
of words

all of them are navy  
except matt  
wants to be a cook,  
a chef  
in a french world.

who do you thinks is good to be a free lancer for the  
house?

Atef Ayadi

# Side Wise

she looked  
at me

from the side.

Is it your new approach?

I remember  
you were looking at me, direct:

chest to chest and eyes to eyes;

straight  
and from  
all sides.

what happen  
to you woman?

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why one side?

one angle?

did i missed  
something?

so, why are you still

antagonistic and pouring out resentment

with one side glance?

i adore that anyway.



i am sure  
that one side is the best of all your side.

i am sure  
that one side is the volcanic side,  
the most volatile, lava, and eruptive side

i am sure  
that side is the hate of not being loved side.

Atef Ayadi

# What Is In Your Head

What is in deep  
there

below

your smile

and tranquil  
face?

What is the secret of your  
of your glance while your eyelashes are waving  
without facing any breeze or wind?

Atef Ayadi



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# Directed Dreaming

as you fall into sleep

do you have  
control  
of your  
dreams  
or  
dream life in dreams

ok!

do you have a thought

about what is going to happen?

the last time  
i remember,  
it was  
a tense  
dream.



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i started to fall

and i came to realize  
that i can fly

not  
while falling  
but a real fly as if falling is not an issue.

i flow upward  
downward  
and

in all direction.

this happened long time ago

it happened  
when i went to the rocky mountains  
then down into the valley.

now tell me

what is the direct dreaming  
what do you try to dream  
or direct?

are you balanced

or off the balance?

you started

with some generalities

you end  
up  
being  
specific

now what is your dream  
general dream

and your little  
abstracted

dream?

try

pull off the pressure from your ears

and start

listening to yourself.



# She Is Cool

she is cool!

it does not matter  
what cool  
means

or what it stands for.

She is a moving coal cold gold mine,  
beautiful,  
simple, and less complicated.

She is cool because  
She always use the word cool  
in order to 'cool' me down  
deeper and profound.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Irony Of Time

talk!

you can and will

and it does not matter

what you are talking about!

just keep  
talking  
and i will catch up.

i will train myself  
as i am listening

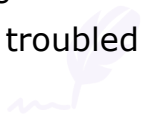
and feel  
the words  
and your troubled world,

cause  
if you do not  
talk  
and i do not let you talk

time  
will fly by

and  
I will have no more time  
left  
to go back  
get back  
think back  
feel back

catch up  
with what



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you said  
and felt.

if i stop  
you  
now,  
for any reason,  
for any causes,  
or  
for any excuse

like:  
'i do not have time! '  
or  
'please stop  
there! '

or  
'why you are tell me that? '

it will be a waste  
of my  
time  
your time

and the planet treasured time.

i rather

stick  
to you  
and listen

cause  
that is my time

no more  
no less  
and I hate  
unfinished businesses.





# The Skull Red, White, And Blue

my bones  
her bones

sinking  
into the reddish skins

and emerging  
out  
together  
from the darkness

to catch the clouds

of a a blue and empty

sky.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Valley

green

and flowery

valley

the moisture

heats

up

the cliffs

and the dormant hills

the valley

is another

place



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to feel the escape

and feel

the nature

of

the valley.

as i walk through

as i touch the ground

as i make my way up

i feel it is made only for me

if i can  
claim the secrets and maps  
of it own irony.

i live in my heaven  
when i cross the valley  
of a woman

while she looks at me

with an eye  
of the sun.

Atef Ayadi

# Bleeding Heart

i watch  
and focus  
my eyes

when i catch  
a woman

in a full

bleeding heart  
turbulent  
soft  
torment.

it is a painful  
find,



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but i keep watching.

i have nothing else to do.  
but to feel  
the irony.

it starts  
with a  
an interjection,

a very  
breezy  
deep  
breath,

to a smoke

of

fire and blaze

that eats  
the green  
purple  
and the reddish upper and lower RED feelings.

Atef Ayadi

# The Lacemaker

she is

careful,

focused,

trying to forget

the noise

that comes

and go

with the stretches

and fuses between the rag and the thread.

Atef Ayadi



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# Woman Peeling Apple

look at the hands,

the fingers,

her posture,  
the head,

while her feelings  
fall off  
with each peel.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Walking In An Exotic Forest

women

like big oranges.

i do too!

big leaves,

i do too.  
soft grass  
and ground

i do too!

blue light  
the sun



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the wholeness  
of the planet

and the wholness  
of the moon  
and the sun.

i do too!

women

are exotic  
forest.

a woman could be

as exotic  
as an exotic  
big orange tree.

Atef Ayadi

# Feelings: Happiness, Mine And Yours

My happiness  
is to write.

the way  
I feel,  
talk,

walk, see, touch, smell, sniff, and the way my blood clangs to your blood to stop  
your feelings bleeding.

My happiness  
is to remain  
in mystery  
even i reveal everything

out.

my happiness is  
to describe  
a beautiful world;

like your eyes

Eileen!

with words

that do not match or come close to describe them

but still

do their job

and match up,  
line up,

sit on their knees,



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and

worship

your

blue

eyes;

like

a two blue lakes,  
two blue seas, or  
two blue oceans,  
merging  
and then resolve.

My happiness,

is to write,

and it does not matter

the language,

the temporal,

the age,

the stage, and

the theater.

I want to write  
and make it simpler.

I want to trigger your senses  
and do not worry about my senses

-They fly, fall down, scramble, and still fine! -

My happiness  
is to write

my words  
as if they are  
my children  
from Eileen

or other children I adopt;

I feed them,  
strengthen them,

and let them go.

My happiness,

is reached at its maximum

-and really there is no and will not be  
any maximum-

when

others are fulfilled and  
satisfied  
with or without  
reaching their little interesting interest or maxi,  
maximum or maxima.

Atef Ayadi

# Feelings: The Young Kid

I try  
and

am  
Trying!

all the time

to keep  
the child,  
infant  
cozy  
falozy  
funky

loizy  
duzy

little



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evil

in side me

infant,

a child;

because

life is  
what it is.

Atef Ayadi

# Graceful Hands

When I see you  
using your hands  
openly

while you are talking  
to someone,  
i know, they are talking to me.

because,

once,  
they were my friends and worse beautiful graceful enemy.

Atef Ayadi



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# Feelings: The Fun-You Name It-

here is the fun

eileen

and do not tell  
me about your eyes

my eye  
my eyes

and darling  
po irsish sissi

the fun

is to have you

around  
you  
around me,  
be with you



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have  
you,  
take you,  
between my arms,  
shake you,  
like coca-coola  
pepsi cola  
champaign

banana,

tilt you

flip you,



wash you

with water,

or message  
you

and take off  
all  
your sins  
and vaccines,

until  
your Vatican  
becomes  
mine.

i will open it

wide

so

the sun

gets  
into your deepest  
micheal  
angelo

chappels

chapel by chapel,

shapel

apple

and your damn  
mac

in tosh.

i will

make  
the fun

you

want,

you may  
want

and you ever wanted

in the darkness  
or under the sun.

Atef Ayadi

# Feelings: The Solitude

There are times, when I need my space  
in order to connect to myself.

There are times, when I share the very space I have.

In between, a deadly solitude,  
like jumping between a dream and another  
dream.

Atef Ayadi



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# Feelings: The First Section!

this is  
the  
feelings

Sections  
or sanctions

Session!  
the thirst  
first  
third fourth  
action  
section!  
what is the matter with you?

Do you have questions!  
problem?  
people?



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with

that?

do you HAVE  
ANY  
QUESTION

....

or

QUESTIONS?

NOW!

WHAT IS YOUR  
CLAIM

or claims?

what is your thoughts?

what is in your thoughts?

what color or forms in your thoughts?

what builds and tear down your thoughts?  
what is your common sense dream  
and non sense dream?

Atef Ayadi

# La Grande Jatte

At the sandy beach  
of Michigan Lake

slow, fat, and noisy bodies  
with darker or pale clothing  
came to swim  
and party with relatives and children.

at the edges,  
slim richer faces of city  
bike and run  
at the speed of light.

Atef Ayadi



# Noah' Ark

the flood is  
imminent.

i need to  
save myself first.

if i could,  
i will save Eileen from her own flood  
and then  
the world.

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# The Smoke Signal

She smokes.

the dead is tossed down.

the eyes are covered by sun glasses.

she walks by the wall, while the walkway is wide enough.

It is

The smoke signal

the past is

her war.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Last Supper

it happens  
occasionally  
to sit and have  
a supper  
with a crowd.

some, are new and old friends,  
companions,  
acquaintances,  
and apostles.  
friends have always something in mind,  
their needs never have been fulfilled or satisfied.  
my enemies are at least clear in mind.  
my lover is absent or armored by her own tattoos.

They gathered  
around the table  
for fun or for  
something else  
out of the blue;  
human have  
a need for gathering.  
My supper  
made me feel  
like anyone  
else,  
nobody,  
or between  
a friend,  
a lover,  
and an enemy.

Atef Ayadi

# The Giant

like a child

i am standing up looking  
at the giant lake  
as it crashes and spills  
against the rocks.

i sit  
when it sits  
and calm  
when it calms down.

sometimes,  
i sit  
and my mind is still up  
and down  
until  
it calms with the calming blue of the lake.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Flowers Carrier

do not ask me  
about flowers  
because i carry them  
in a basket  
on my back.

i carry only but  
the red and orange flowers.  
lovers are in need  
and i  
have to carry them.

Atef Ayadi



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# From The Lake

from the waves  
crushing  
against  
the bay's  
heavy stones  
in the absence of  
any disturbing wind,

i deeply know  
that Eileen is  
in trouble;

cause  
she has been my Vostok Lake  
hidden,  
protected,  
and undisturbed,

until i melted  
the ice and brought the wind.

Atef Ayadi

# The Blue Flower

The eyes  
And the soul lure  
together  
From  
Dark cyan  
to  
Aqua;

Deeper,  
The chocolate  
Falls whiter  
Like the  
Niagara fall.

Atef Ayadi



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# Toward The Lake

a beautiful  
body  
was  
walking,

the soul  
was way  
behind.

toward the  
the lake,  
Her body  
was taking  
by the  
waves of her own lake  
and the  
blue of her own sky.

the eyes  
are hidden  
from people  
or from  
the sun.



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i tried hard  
to catch  
the eyes  
like catching  
the disk of  
of the sun.

i tried  
hard  
to stop  
her body  
from walking  
so she can catch up  
with her soul,  
the big blue,

and the sun.

Atef Ayadi

# Pieces And Peace

if everyone  
has his or her own  
piece,  
shelter,  
food,  
and every piece of drive  
is  
satisfied,  
sleeping,  
napping,  
or dormant;

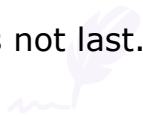
bingo!  
a classical  
peace,

an  
oracle  
that does not last.

but,  
peace  
is not only  
a simple  
drive,  
a hormone,  
a piece of chemistry,  
a piece of history or geography, or  
a piece of culture or a nano-culture.

piece is simply  
moving from  
threshold  
to threshold

without awaken  
the sleeping giant  
of an ugly war.



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war!  
I mean  
fight,  
clashes,  
fire,  
words,  
and all stirred in one boll.

so, choose  
or gather  
your piece,  
pieces, and  
peace,  
for a beautiful  
or an ugly war.

I still have my peace  
in one piece,  
in one word, and  
in one hand,  
no matter  
how ugly or beautiful  
your theatrical piece of war.

this is

Atef Ayadi

# Peace And Pieces

when  
Peace  
is fragmented,  
cut, or  
shredded  
into  
separate  
pieces,

each piece  
is  
a world war.

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# The City

millions of blogs  
billions of people  
cell phones and  
ipods  
in the hands  
while walking  
talking and  
driving.

robots!  
everywhere!

clusters  
of races  
separated  
by one street  
or two.

each cluster  
is a forest,  
a jungle,  
where lions  
hyenas,  
cows,  
and zebras  
live in their natural  
habitat.

the same inherited  
language,  
the same protocols,  
taboos,  
and etiquette.

tattoos  
tattoos shops  
tattoos' figures  
are common  
as common as

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the chain of franchised  
restaurants,  
retail stores,  
and services.

the big town's veins  
separate  
different  
countries

south is south!  
north is north!

west is wild  
the east is  
from wild cozy to cozy cozy.

it looks, they never  
tore the berlin  
wall.

Atef Ayadi

# Another Way

tell me  
eileen,  
lady,  
woman,  
and  
Madame,  
or  
Mademoiselle,

why you want me  
and expect me  
to be more  
different  
and indifferent  
more  
than  
who i am?

why you make it  
difficult to me?

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it looks,  
you are making it  
difficult and  
hard to yourself.

simply

what  
do you want  
in details,  
in writing,  
verbally,  
with your unspoken language  
or with your skin?

what is your story  
secret stories  
if there is not secret to your secrets

no lack,  
no lacks,  
no luck,  
no keys?

show me all your smiles  
your perfect  
whole  
wholeness.

tell me  
something  
and anything  
for a start.

tell me  
something or anything  
so i know if there will be  
a stop,  
an exit, or an  
end.

Atef Ayadi

# Sham Wow

I still  
have two weeks  
to be neutralized.

it is not shamwow  
when you use it  
you say wow.

meantime,  
some  
are consistently  
and  
constantly  
lecturing me  
English,

the good news  
about being minority,  
and bad news if i am minority

in high resolution  
HD  
plasma tv  
picture.

shamwow!  
shamewow!  
shampoowow  
poowow!  
wow!

Atef Ayadi

# The Mine: The Survivor

I survived  
my own  
mine  
disaster.

my memories  
scrambled,  
fall down,  
and collapsed  
all at once.

there is nothing left  
or to worry about.

i am a life!

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# The Mine: The Find

When  
I am lost,

I look for eileen

deeper  
into my mine;  
digging more and  
carving the walls  
and pillars of my golden memories.

i look for eillen's  
eyes  
to light  
and fire the darkness  
of my long  
and vague  
treasured mine.

but,  
eileen  
is not just

a map  
or  
a light  
for whom lost his way.  
like me.

eileen  
is an archeological  
human  
vital  
find.

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# The Mine: The Gold

the mystery  
is not the mine  
but how to keep  
the gold  
safe the  
in mine.

so lady would you be  
my gold  
or my mysterious mine?

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# The Mine: The Darkness

Far from any  
noise  
and lights  
except my inner constant  
drippings  
humidity, and  
bad air.

the darkness  
is scary  
at first  
then, it turns  
into feeling lonely  
dark  
obscure,  
ambiguous, and  
alone.

the darkness  
is  
light  
and a treasured gold  
it is me  
as a mine

as i left my  
eyes  
behind.

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# But

but  
and battle,  
bitter,  
and bottle,

bat  
and bottom  
butts  
batman,  
and batmen

are not good  
for  
a good  
conversation.

I am sure  
you have an idea  
what a good conversation is?

no buts  
and bottoms.

think thread and threads

continuous breath in depth  
and at the surface.

no interruption  
or  
it is a  
simple  
or a complex  
complete  
but.

so, stop there,  
take your time,

and talk about that  
but.

Atef Ayadi

# The Sea: The Saltiness

the sea  
is basically  
is water

like a water pool  
a bigger one  
as big as the sea.

the saltiness

is you skin.

you are as important

as the sea.

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# The Sea: The Blue

you are sad!  
it said  
AND told  
in the media  
the news  
the cable  
and on the satellite radio.  
i can see  
that,  
hear that,  
feel that,

but still

what is you status  
can you rodger me?

blue

is for calm  
not

saad,  
said,  
saadoon,  
and the big moon.

is it?  
about  
saadoon?  
the moon?

the tiny moon,  
the croissant,  
the cross,  
jesus,

hesus,  
boritos



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or any related  
bluze

do you like  
to sing,  
dance,  
clubs?

or  
you want to walk  
talk,

and finish  
all your folklore?

so are you still  
blue  
wearing blues  
and listening to bluze  
or samples of the music  
buz?

Atef Ayadi



# The Sea: The Storm

you got mad  
i am too.

you want to add some,  
i am too  
want to add  
an add  
a  
dam add.

you want  
to bleach, leash,  
abolish,  
abolish, and  
demolish?

me too!  
indeed!

you rising  
ising  
mike tizing

so do i?

you want to go deep?  
me too!  
i have a stone  
on top of my heat  
and another one  
attached to my feet  
and one that gives me a head ache.!

are you still  
rising  
in the horizon  
with your voice,  
hands  
chest



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and the other things?

me too!

what is the difference?

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# The Sea: The Depth

sometimes,  
people ask me  
who is eileen?  
why you write about  
love,  
and worshipping  
eileen?

more often,  
i ask myself the same  
questions.

who is  
eileen  
anyway?

is she  
a dream  
written in my dream by  
whoever is,  
was,  
and still capable?

still,  
it does not make  
sense,  
no sense,  
any!  
at all?

but,  
eileen  
is  
my ghost  
my hands,  
my pen,  
my ink,  
my colors,

my forms,  
my ideas,  
my beautiful idea,  
my little obscure dream.

she is my guide,  
my light,  
the person,  
i could and  
i can  
talk to  
without  
the  
need for time  
and space.

eileen is my nature!

my deep nature!

my bottom  
and my head.

my authenticity  
my city, and  
my town.

she is simply  
hot  
to me;

you deal with hot

and i hoot!

Atef Ayadi

# The Sea: The Calm

I am calm  
and you?

can you see a calmness in someone  
or recognize such nature?

can you hear  
or could you hear that calmness?

if you can feel  
being calm  
can you feel it  
in someone else  
simply

for your sake  
her,  
his,  
or for the god good halla-lowwa sake?

but  
ladies  
and  
gentlemen,

how you hit  
and miss?

how possibly

you think  
that calm

means calm?

are you framing,  
stereotyping, or

misunderstanding words  
and labels?

calm means  
being settle,  
satisfied,  
not subject to  
challenges,

or challenges defeater

and

the hole thing is settle  
like everything in control  
past wise,  
future wise,  
and one has the wisdom  
of being wise.

Atef Ayadi

# The Sea: The Waves

I said:

"are you a woman? "

she crashed  
into a deep silence  
for a few minutes.

I said:

"if you ask  
by chance,  
by luck,  
and in statistics  
you grab an average  
random  
woman from  
the street

-here, what you get is what you paid for-  
you ask her the same  
shameful  
hore-ful  
hoo-ful  
harmeful  
damn! Ful,  
and painful  
question.

she will  
replay  
in second

daa!

So, Lady  
few seconds  
Means

You did not hear  
The question

-I know it is high voltage question; -  
but,  
if I do not ask you such,  
what my question would be?

Atef Ayadi



# The Sea: The Child

Think of  
three  
thousand  
ways  
to make  
enough  
money.

think of  
three  
three thousand  
ways  
to talk  
to  
a child  
without  
your own  
memories.

Atef Ayadi



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# Woman: The Yellow Book

if i do not  
know  
how to ease you

woman,

or  
i do not  
know  
where your  
feelings resides,

show me  
your maps

marked or colored with  
a yellow  
pigment.



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Atef Ayadi

# Woman: The White Book

there is  
a white  
space,

a free space,

where a woman  
can lay down  
all her

lost and found  
luggage

to rest;

a white canvas  
for  
drawing and writing  
with a present tense.

Atef Ayadi

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# Woman: The Blue Book

There is a much bluer  
much darker,  
much clearer, clouded, rainy, stormy sky,  
there are  
more brighter moons, suns, and stars than the ones we know.

A woman's open sky  
has been  
forgotten,  
unwatched, and  
unexplored;  
only a child  
dears to watch and care.

Atef Ayadi



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# Woman: The Red Book

The red  
light,  
walls,

wine and fruits,

the scattered and organized candles,  
as well as red roses' petals  
-some are fresh some are curved and slightly dry, -  
and  
the silky Satin bed sheets and pillows

are

a full stop;  
like  
a second in  
the present time.

stop there  
and be there.

Atef Ayadi

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# Woman: The Orange Book

Do you remember  
that perfect moment?

take your time  
to unfold it.

that is you!

like a perfect orange.

be  
that orange,  
the leaves,  
the branches,  
the soil,  
the sky, and the land.

Atef Ayadi



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# Woman: The Green Book

you are  
natural  
and emotional,

no more no less.

you need to cross  
only one green threshold  
and  
you will seduce  
your wholeness  
and the universe.

Atef Ayadi



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# If Am An Actor

Tom cruz  
is good,  
but with the science thing  
that is a very serious matter.

naah!

jumping  
on the couch  
without  
making the public jumping with you.  
it is as sad as dramatic as

the vanilla sky.  
scene.

The humor and comedy section:

the new generation  
rob shneider  
adam sandle  
steve carrel  
will ferrell

in between  
dave chappelle  
eddi murthy, and

ben stiller  
i have no clue where to put him.

george carlin  
he had really good stuff

he remain me  
Charles Bukowski.



the old school.  
buster keaton.

girls section:

denzell washington  
nicolas cage  
george clooney  
richard gere  
jack nickelson

robert duvall:  
i have many things in mind  
no pro not con  
the French likes him  
the Italian do not.

skills and drama:

robin williams.  
anthony hopkins

pure seduction

the hot Jewish bee that itch me  
sarah silveran;  
i want to nail her down  
whether in her big little theater or the little big theater;  
or wherever she is;  
she always remain me  
sharon stone

-sharon always states on and on in all her movies that she is a woman with a particular and refined needs, and fewer get it.-

Atef Ayadi

# The Play I Want To Play

i wanted to  
write a play  
called eileen

the idea is beautifully  
romantic,  
intellectual,  
sensual, and  
has a turning point,  
a boiling point,

a freezing point,

a chance to laugh  
for people in need  
and whom do not laugh.

it has hypnotic rhythms,  
audience penetration,  
seduction,  
arousal,

political  
agenda,

a business goal oriented play.  
it is basically  
a shakespearean style.

i want to do it,  
play it,  
write it,  
blow it, or  
nail it down with a hammer or  
Stapler.

really!

help me

eileen!

light and sound  
are not an issue

my voice,  
my vocabulary,  
my style,  
my feelings,

my convictions  
whether playing for eileen  
or for the audience,  
talking to eileen  
or to the audience.

both have interests and  
my interest is both,  
i shall only focus in that.

i like to act  
as lover  
with a strong  
conviction about love  
-here, i am not a church dude, -

make the audience  
go nuts.

not angry!  
nuts!

Atef Ayadi

## Mask Xxii

she wants to  
prove to him  
her love.

he wants  
to prove  
his love to her and  
to whole world.

the love's dilemma is about  
feelings in privacy  
not an achievement  
and how much you know.

Atef Ayadi



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## Mask IX

In public  
You always  
talk to me with  
the  
thou and thee.

When your eyes gets darker  
As the moon shines  
your hands  
play with my skin  
the thy and  
the thou become  
thine.

Atef Ayadi



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# Mask Xxxx

if i am  
a divine and  
a good nature  
as i always  
claim and act;

my words  
shall speak  
the truth.

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# Mask Xxx

a hand size  
glass crystal  
clear

reflecting  
the ceiling's  
color  
and amplifying  
the carpet design

fall  
into a a glass bole of water

as the crystal merges completely and  
vanishes  
into the water

an air bubble surfaces  
and explodes leaving a puff of white smoke.

tell me  
lady,  
is this  
my dream  
or your  
dream  
or both?

because  
it happened to me  
that i shared the same dream  
with a woman  
who shares my bed, my night, and my pillow.

Atef Ayadi

## Mask Xii

She painted  
her face:  
Dark Sea Green  
from chin to eyebrows;

above the eyebrow,  
White Green Yellow;

the eye sockets,  
with a lighter Turquoise.

I asked her:  
'Is it a party? '

she said:  
'I want to be  
a be  
that itches'

to night.

do you have  
problem with that? '

I said  
'No, you will be  
what you are thought to be.'

Atef Ayadi



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## Mask Xvii

I saw in my dream  
Caucasian  
mushroom  
turning  
into a group  
green  
yellow  
snakes  
trying to hibernate,  
then  
into  
dog's tongues

is this a prophecy?

Atef Ayadi



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# What Is The Difference

If you have to choose between  
Touching a holy book  
And touching a woman hand.  
Tell me  
What is the difference?

If you have to choose between  
Fighting in a war for personal or tribal cause,  
And Fighting a woman lips for the same cause.  
Tell me,  
What is the difference?

If you have to choose between  
Exploring the deepest ocean,  
And exploring the deepest woman feelings.  
I suppose you know what is a feeling is  
And what is an ocean?  
Tell me,  
What is the difference?

If you have to choose between  
Talking for a light year long,  
And listening to a woman for a few cosmic events long  
Without being frightened and without hiding in your human pride.  
Tell me,  
What is the difference?

If you have to choose between  
Looking at yourself in the mirror  
And looking at a woman eyes like looking at a mirror.  
Tell me,  
What is the difference?

Now,  
Tell me  
What is life?  
What is life with or without a woman?

And what is a woman?

What is a woman with or without feeling life?

And

What is the difference?

Atef Ayadi

# Layout

I/Home: Myself and an empty space.

II/ Love:If it exists, sharing is the definition, stability is the boredom itself.

Love is a crazy abstracted dream in the fly when i am dreaming;

III/Nature: I disciplined myself to use all my senses and not my memories.

IV/The Higher Life: Detailed feelings

V/ Fancy life: Having sentiments for others.

VII/ History: A gallery of sounds, pictures, tastes, and abstract objects.

VIII/ Continuity: A clear view.

IX/ Tragedy: The death of humor

X/ Sorrow: I better think why I lost.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Jewish Woman

She said:

"I am Jewish! "

And asked:

'And you? '

As she looked into my eyes

For few seconds.

I said:

"I am from Jupiter,

I live in turbulence

And go with the high winds.

What do the terms

Woman

And

Jewish

Mean?

Are they the planet

Earth's

Labels and

Status

Or a kind of children game? '

Atef Ayadi



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# The Catholic Woman

Your day starts  
Like any catholic day.  
Your food,  
Manners,  
Bedding,  
Sleeping habits,  
Drinking habits,  
And turmoil

Are catholic.

Ok!

What does all of this mean?

Your face and hands move  
And protest;  
Your voice  
Betrays your vocabulary

They  
Are not that catholic!

Who are you exactly  
Beside your  
Ancestry?

Who lives deeply  
Inside you?

Who is  
Talking with your tongue?  
And  
Moving you here and there?

Again,

What does being catholic,

Being a woman, or  
Being a catholic woman mean?

So please,  
Explain first, how you feel  
Being a woman,  
And  
Please,  
Do not jump into  
The catholic  
Thing.

Tell me  
Something  
Without  
Heritage.  
Something  
That  
Starts now  
And may end  
In the next millennium.

Atef Ayadi

## Détour Iii

I loved her  
As much  
As possibly I could  
Imagine,  
Until I bled  
Deeper in my soul.

Now, I feel  
Healed,  
Despite

She still lives between my  
My scarves and  
My inner tattooed soul.

Atef Ayadi



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## Détour II

She cried  
Long enough  
While I laughed  
Until I cried,  
Then she laughed.

Atef Ayadi



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# French Vanilla

I do not have  
A lover.  
Who does?  
But,  
If you are a lover,  
You are still  
My lover,  
Because  
My face is always  
Facing the moon.

Atef Ayadi



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# Hypothermia: The Threshold

I do not like

Stability;

It is delusional;  
heaven and hell  
are two twin worlds,

like all the twin words,  
peace and war or  
fair and unfair;  
all what I have in mind  
is crossing  
this threshold  
that opens wide  
the space for the unpredicted unknown.

Atef Ayadi



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# Hypothermia: The Beauty

I am an  
organic robot.

Now,  
what is the  
meaning of pleasure  
and  
love?

Atef Ayadi



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# Hypothermia: The Rescue

I deny and  
resist  
any help.  
Help is a burden;  
but a burden  
could be shredded  
lightened, and washed out.  
My life have been  
a burden,  
half of it is  
washed out,  
the other half is left out  
and is  
still anchored to the bottom  
of my deepest ocean.

Atef Ayadi



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## Rape: Case 229

She said:

"I am

A raped soul."

I said:

"I do not pay for someone's mistakes and  
I do not let someone pays for my mistakes."

Atef Ayadi



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# Rape: Case 201

She said:

“Do not take me  
By force.  
I want you to take me  
By the force of love.”

Atef Ayadi



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## Rape: Case 228

I said:

“Who is the mind rapist?  
Who has the raped mind? ”

She said:

“Man is always  
The rapist.”

Atef Ayadi



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## Rape: Case 102

She said:

"Are you a human lover?

I want a beast lover! "

Atef Ayadi



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# Rape: Case 101

She said:

“Are you a teacher  
Or a general? ”

Atef Ayadi



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# Hypothermia: The Last Desire

I am facing my enemy.  
The war is always a war.  
My enemy is myself.  
The rifle is waiting,  
My mom is waiting,  
The country is waiting,  
The monks are waiting, and  
Life is waiting  
For  
A complete winning  
Without understanding or a conditional withdraw.

Atef Ayadi



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# Hypothermia: Love & The Rust

The child within  
Is walking unstopped  
As the rusted metallic junk  
Is taking over the skin  
More than the ground.

Atef Ayadi



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# Hypothermia: The Heat

A child is crying,  
As the crowd is dancing  
Foolishly and singing loud.

Atef Ayadi



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# Hypothermia: The Cold

A child is  
Alone  
In the street  
And crying,  
As the city is blacking out.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Memories

My memories  
Are my soil and my  
Ground zero.  
It is not important  
Where I grow up  
Or where I live,  
Whether  
In  
An earth quakes zone,  
A lava zone,  
A war zone,  
A mines zone,  
A genocide zone,  
A disaster zone,  
A meteorite zone,  
A god zone,  
A love zone, or  
A hate zone;  
I will build on top of its mountains,  
Underneath, or  
Near its shores.

As if they all surge all at once;  
As if the whole world has no memories;  
As if I have the whole world's memory.

Atef Ayadi

# Naja Naja

she said:

"The animal that fits my profile is  
a female Naja naja, or cobra."

I said:

"well, as long as you have the antivenin.  
you can bite me as many as you like."

Atef Ayadi




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# Have You?

Have you  
ever  
felt  
connected

to people,  
to the world,  
to the sky  
to the clouds,  
to the sun  
to anything that moves,  
Breathes, or just deadly dead?

Any smell or sound of divinity?  
Any twilight zone?  
Anything abnormal?  
Subnormal?  
Extra,  
Terrestrial, ,  
Oracle,  PoemHunter.com  
Electric,  
Magnetic, or  
Gravitational?

Have you  
ever  
felt  
connected  
to  
a  
particular

person,  
picture,  
song,  
whisper,  
glass of wine,  
a no sense word,  
a heart beat,

one hair,  
your hair, or  
my hair?

Have you?

Take your time  
and walk  
with your breath without any of your  
surging memories.

One eyelashes' hair  
could be  
a transitional world  
between inner and outer lair.

Atef Ayadi

## Emotions II: The Descent

Climb the canyon  
Of your fear.  
If the ground is a scattered pleasure  
Desire is the impossible.

Atef Ayadi



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# Emotions I: Genesis

Welcome the pain,  
It is your first rebirth.

Pain is not ugly,  
it is an ugly thought.

Atef Ayadi



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## Zone V: The Dying Universe

All the  
Intelligent livings  
Of the universe  
Agreed  
To look for a way out;

The universe is dying.

It is a matter of  
cosmic time.

The escape is imminent.

Atef Ayadi



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## Zone Iv: The Universe Is For Everyone

The brain becomes  
A giant living  
Organism.

The past is an open gallery,  
The present is a crystal clear moment, and  
The future is one of many possibilities.

There are many  
Who decided to stay in the old world,  
Other decided to leave  
To conquer  
The unknown.

There is nothing harsher  
Then to live by and for what you already know.

Atef Ayadi



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## Zone Iii: The World Of Possibilities

The gods  
Descend  
To the  
New world.  
After  
Each one agreed  
To leave  
One's pride behind.

At the encounter of  
One challenge,  
Each god hands over the challenge  
To the other gods  
To solve it.

Atef Ayadi



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## Zone II: The World Of Indifferent Gods

You are by yourself,  
With yourself, and  
For yourself.  
You create your own laws  
Your own languages,  
Your own conditions, and  
Your own identity.  
You are the ultimate survivor,  
Against the harsh elements,  
Against what you create, and  
What you destroy.

You compete with yourself  
You are a walking god.  
Now,  
Think  
Everyone  
Thinks the same way.

You make it or not,  
No one  
Will be against,  
Stop you, or judge you for anything  
As long as you are distant  
From and  
Indifferent  
About  
The other gods.

Atef Ayadi



## Zone I: The Republic

The lambs,  
The Shepard,  
The dog, and  
The wolf  
Live and die unchallenged;  
A story more older than  
The four elements.

The Shepard and the wolf eclipse the future  
The dog lives in the present.  
The lambs have only the past to live for.

Atef Ayadi



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# Magic Mirror V

She said:

'I want love.'

I remembered  
this guy who came and talked about  
love and  
Jesus  
and finally asked me for two dollars.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Three Spheres V

Real,  
parallel, and  
perpendicular.

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# The Three Spheres Iv

Birth,  
Rebirth, and  
Metamorphose.

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# The Three Spheres Iii

Death,  
Fairness, and  
The sky.

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# The Three Spheres II

Music,  
An orange, and  
A young cab  
Adventuring in the open  
Land and beyond the open sea.

Atef Ayadi



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## Encounter Iii

She said:

'I wear black,  
because  
I want you.'

I said:

'I wear white  
as long as  
I do not have  
the strength  
to wage a new war.'

Atef Ayadi



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# Encounter II

I said:

'Tell me in  
one word  
what I should  
know  
about you? '

She said:

'I love you! '

I said:

that is three worlds,  
not even three words;  
I have been and still in there;  
quiet  
Lost

you are a world,  
love is a world,  
and I am another world.

sooner or later,  
love's dust  
will take over  
my world and your world,  
and I will loose  
my word,  
all my words,  
and my own dictionary.

Atef Ayadi



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# Mosaic I

She said:

' I am an independent

Republic.

I do not need a

ruler or an

emperor

to rule me

and control

my land,

my treasure, and

my skin.'

I said:

'How long

you are going to hold? '

Atef Ayadi



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# Magic Mirror VII

Her left hand on my left cheek,  
and  
my right hand on her right cheek.

my mind is dripping  
dew  
and ice.

her eyes  
is melting  
gold.

Atef Ayadi



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# Magic Mirror Vi

She obviously lies.

And with every lie  
comes a beautiful  
truth.

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# Magic Mirror Iv

I asked her  
a question.

she answered me

with a question.

If the answer to  
a question  
is  
a question,

why my hands  
are trapped in  
her hands.

Atef Ayadi



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## Magic Mirror Iii

A lie  
is richer  
then the truth.

The truth is  
simpler,  
when one  
looks at oneself  
and beautifully lies.

Atef Ayadi



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# Magic Mirror I

When I look  
At the moon;

I feel

deeply,  
she is still

an inhabitable  
snowy  
Sun.

Atef Ayadi



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# Magic Mirror II

She likes  
    Palmistry.  
I do not.

In my last encounter,  
she got me in  
from the door  
and got me out  
from the peach.

Atef Ayadi



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# Magic Mirror Xvii

She said:

'I do not have  
A dog or a cat,

But I have  
Jesus.'

Atef Ayadi



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# Dewdrops

She said:

"She likes water drops and  
Dewdrops  
On her face,  
On her hands, and  
On her skin."

I said:

"I see a dewdrop  
As a shelter;  
Which of the dewdrops  
On your face,  
On your hands, or  
On your skin  
Are public,  
Private,  
And forbidden? "

Atef Ayadi

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# House Of Stairs Iii

An empty  
House  
Is a giant house  
Filled  
With a web of stairs.

The more empty  
The house,  
The more web and  
The more added stairs.

Atef Ayadi



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# House Of Stairs Ii

She lives upstairs.  
I live downstairs.

She wants me  
To come upstairs.  
I want her  
To come downstairs.

We never settled.

But,  
I know her from  
The way she walks  
On top of my head.  
Her feelings  
Are  
Sometimes  
Smooth steps,  
Sometimes  
Rough,  
Like an elderly  
Wants to end  
The suffering of breathing  
Step by step,  
Loosing and gaining  
Hopes of  
Reaching the end of a long life of  
Down and upstairs.

Atef Ayadi



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# House Of Stairs I

A woman is  
A house  
With many exits  
And stairs  
Some they lead  
Somewhere,  
Other leads no where.

And you  
Lady,  
You are a house  
Dry and dark,  
Your house does not  
Need neither exits  
Nor down or up  
Horizontal,  
Vertical,  
Waving, or  
Flying  
Stairs



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Atef Ayadi

## Day And Night Xiii

The streets are  
Deserted for  
The entire day.

As the sun sets  
Crowds appear  
From the all possible an unknown corners,  
From the ground, and  
From the sky;

Bringing with them  
Food, tables, cheers and chairs, wine and other beverages,  
Their kids, their music, and their bands.

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# Day And Night Xii

She said:

“How much space  
Do we need  
For tonight?”

What do  
You like  
To hear?

What do  
You like to  
Try first? ”

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# Day And Night Xi

She said:

“Do you like  
Anything else  
That goes with  
The wine? ”

I remembered her question  
The next  
Few days.

Atef Ayadi



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# Predestination I

I like that  
You oppose and  
Say "NO, "  
Your best "NO, "  
Your big great "NO, "  
Your tiny miniature "NO, "  
Your strong "NO, "  
Your weak "NO, "  
Your funny "NO, "  
Your angry "NO, "  
Your beautiful "NO, " and  
Your ugly charming "NO."

Because,  
I specialize  
In the "NO" sign and  
The "NO WAY" sign.

The longer the way,  
The beautiful and diverse is  
The gallery of the "NO" signs.

So, say your "NO"  
Or your "NO WAY, "  
I will find my own way  
And path  
To your deepest  
And highest "NO."  
I will stop and  
Feel free  
At each sign and look and focus  
I will stop or turn back,  
Depending on  
Whether  
The "NO WAY"  
Means  
Makes your way  
Or it is a no trespassing zone,  
And I have to rapidly go back



Or to move myself away.

Atef Ayadi

# Day And Night X

She said:

"The day is for the sun,  
The night  
Is for  
My skin,  
My breath,  
My tongue,  
My lips,  
My hair,  
My ear,  
My neck  
My head,  
My bones,  
My nails,  
My fingers,  
My toes,  
My limbs,  
My blood vessels,  
My veins,  
My nerves,  
My sweat,  
My pheromones,  
My hormones,  
My cells,  
My eggs,  
My genes,

And all the stuff, and  
All my parts  
Assembled or  
Disassembled  
In one, fewer, or  
Different parts.

All my words,  
That comes out  
From my lips  
My eyes,

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My skin,  
My whispers, or  
My thoughts  
Are yours  
Make of them sounds, melodies, and trembling lights.

Be my night;  
I will be your darkest winter sky."

Atef Ayadi

# Day And Night IX

She said:

"If you are not eating,  
drinking,  
laughing,  
spilling, or  
breathing and coughing  
while you are eating, drinking, and laughing;  
You are not with me.

If you are talking  
whispering,  
dreaming,  
wrestling  
while you are dreaming, or  
talking to me,  
with your thoughts, or  
with your dreams  
within your thoughts;  
You are not with me.

If you are not moving,  
writing,  
scratching,  
tearing and,  
cutting my skin or your skin,  
walking,  
jumping,  
sleep walking  
while your enjoying  
waking and jumping, cutting and tearing my skin  
or your skin  
in your night or day dreams  
You are not with me.

So, are you  
with me,

with yourself,  
or half  
here,  
half  
there  
trying to catch up with your lost  
soul and lost soul dreams,

or somewhere in between.  
or

You are not with me."

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# Day And Night Viii

She said:

"What you hear  
Is not what you see.

Your skin  
Is not the sky.

You feel me  
Or  
Not  
Does not burn  
My skin and turn it into feelings and thoughts.

If you make  
My face round  
As the moon  
You will not  
See the sun light."

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# Day And Night Vii

She said:

"Tell me,  
What is money for?"

Here are two glasses of water  
Taste yours as if it is mine,  
While your are looking at me."

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# Day And Night Vi

He said:

"Music is for the day."

She said:

"Dancing is for the hole night."

Atef Ayadi



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# Day And Night V

She asked for  
Two  
Other  
Martinez.

He said:  
'We do not have money'

She said:  
"If we both will die, in the next  
Few  
Hours,  
Should I put it  
On my tab or yours? "

Atef Ayadi



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# Day And Night Iv

We get rid  
of  
The  
Sun!

Yeah!

Yahoo!

Now, will you be my sun?

Atef Ayadi



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## Day And Night Iii

The night is warmer;  
The day is a glacier  
Flying in the dark  
Sky.

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# Day And Night Ii

The sun  
Is a beloved companion  
Star,  
While the memories are  
Burned by one  
Shouting  
Star.

The moon  
Is the darkest spot  
In the  
Sky.

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# Day And Night I

The day is darker.  
The night is brighter.  
Noon is the noise,  
Half darker and  
Half brighter.

The moon is  
A crazy lover  
In the sky.

Atef Ayadi



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# Sky And Water

Birds fly in the sky,  
Below the fishes  
Swim in the big flat sea.

A bird

Jumps into the water,  
Head down, aiming  
To catch a fish.

Deeper,

A fish, as it swims up  
Toward the surface,  
Catches the birds.

As the fish jumps into the air,  
A bird catches the fish.

Fishes are birds,  
Only water is not like  
The air.

Atef Ayadi



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# High And Low

Standing in front of the high tower,  
I see myself standing on the edge of the roof of the tower,  
Looking at myself down below,  
Standing in front of the high tower,  
Still,  
Looking up at myself,  
Standing on the edge or the roof of the tower,  
Looking at myself down below.

Down, in the street, it is noon.  
On to of the tower, it is midnight sky.

Atef Ayadi



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# Gravitation

You step  
On  
My feet,  
I will step  
On yours.

You slap my hand  
With you face,  
I do the same.

You kiss,  
I kiss.

You run  
I run.

If you are IRAN!  
I am a damn IRAQ!

Atef Ayadi

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# Order And Chaos

She said:

"If love is  
Order,  
Hate must be  
Chaos.

How much do you need from order, and  
How much do you need from chaos?

Or  
Do you need something else? "

Atef Ayadi



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# Milking

She said  
" I am Indian"

I said:  
"An Indian cow? "

"NOW! "  
She replayed.

I said:  
"Everything in the rear,  
And you need to be milked  
In order  
To take off the tensions  
Between  
Your bones and your skin."

She said:  
"YES!  
But I am not a cow! "

I said:  
"Milking is a skill, and  
Your are an Indian beautiful cow."

Atef Ayadi

# From Scratch

Do you believe in  
Luck,  
Karma,  
Fourier transform,  
The spectrum of smell,  
Emotional topology,  
String theory mixed with henna,  
The click,  
The cipher and decipher with a secondary security key, and

The matrix of feelings?

Do you believe in the  
Physique,  
Or in the  
Chemistry?

If so,

Put these beliefs away,  
Start from scratch, and  
Comfortably look in the eyes  
And laugh.

Atef Ayadi

# If There Is No Moon

If there is no moon,

How possible could it be?

Your lips

Won't wobble

Far from your chin.

It will be only a gazer

Shouting

Cold words

In a lost deserted Cancun.

If there is no moon,

You won't irrupt

And spill out

Any of

Your hot and angry lavas,

But a

Liquid of

Dormant

Crystallized feelings;

They awake

And then swoon.

If there is no moon,

Your

Tides

And oceanic waves

Won't crash

Against my chest

No flood,

No touch down,

No damage done,

No hurricane, and

No typhoon.

If there is no moon,

Words come flat  
Undistorted;  
Your kisses  
Lose its own cycles  
Between a croissant  
And a full moon.

If there is no moon,

Love's  
Tears will be  
Only  
A crack of memories  
On the ice  
Lying strewn.

If there is no moon,

God and goddess,  
Supreme Deity, and  
Divinity  
Will be  
A song  
Writing  
Between Saturn's  
Rings  
And the Martian's dunes.

Atef Ayadi

# Love At The Edge

Love is  
Like a java,  
C++,  
C  
-Bugs are always there, -  
Shell script  
-More or less  
Secure, -  
And more deeper,  
An assembly language.

You do not need to know  
About languages  
And  
Programming languages,  
But,  
At least  
You should know it is about the  
Memory, where resides  
A piece of code.

Atef Ayadi

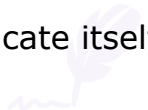
# Human Evolution

When I think about  
Human evolution,  
I see

Australopithecus Afarensis, then  
Australopithecus Africanus, then  
Homo Habilis, then  
Homo Orgaster, then  
Homo Erectus, then  
The Neanderthals, then  
Homo Sapiens, then  
Jesus, then  
Bush, then

A future genius robot  
That will discover  
Its own  
Orgasm  
And duplicate itself.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Neanderthals

Two guys were sitting with  
Two ladies.  
The entire conversation was about  
Jesus, then  
Christianity, then  
Circumcision, then  
Liquors, and

Then silence.

Sometimes,  
I forget that I live in the  
Neanderthals  
Era.

Atef Ayadi



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# Be More Than Hell And Heaven

Did you come from hell  
Or heaven  
Or somewhere else?

If you come from  
Hell,  
Calm down your fire and lava,  
And the sparks of your angry  
Firing words.

If you come from  
Heaven,  
Why you are not God  
Wearing the clothes of God  
Talking the words of God  
And shining the beauty of God?

If you come from  
Somewhere else,  
Why you are  
Spilling smiles  
And kisses,  
Walking and jumping,  
Laughing and yelling,  
Rising your eyebrows  
And eyelashes  
From the horizon to the air?

So woman  
Be Hell in  
Your kisses,  
God when you surrender, and  
A unique alien  
As I breathe the air  
Crossing your hair.

Atef Ayadi

# The Struggling Young Poet

As you are freeing yourself,  
Do not struggle  
Or  
You will sink far down and  
Take with you the bubbling poems.

Do not ask readers to read your poems,  
Let the bubbles  
Take over their space,  
Their ears,  
Their skin,  
Their eyes,  
Their mind, and  
The air.

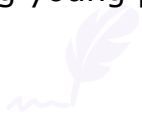
There is no such thing called  
Struggling young poet,  
Struggling young poem,

Or

Struggling old poet,  
Struggling old poem.

There are only but  
The bubbles,  
The flow,  
The bubbling,  
The space,  
Their ears,  
Their skin,  
Their eyes,  
Their mind, and  
The sad cold and melting air.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Tail Of A Comet

A figure,

Quoted:

“Where do you get the idea of the self-centered monk  
(totally cut off from everyone else) ?

please do not think that you saw the light and  
the rest of us are in total  
misguided darkness.

Maybe you're actually finding out about things that are passé?

The post modern age is also about solidarity, justice,  
and most of all community.

Granted that you can create your own community wherever you are,  
but the post modern condition underscores the impossibility to forget,  
the impossibility to erase the memory.

I'm not trying to sell you on an old fashioned and  
conservative notion of (biological)

family, but it is there, and if you're trying to

re-invent yourself; others are equally free to refuse.”

I like the

Flow,

The beauty

Of expressions,

The heat dissipated from

The intensity

And tension

Among evaporated words,

Crystallized

Dots,

The flying debris of commas,

And semi-colons.

I wonder

About

The ice and dust

For how long

They are going to hold,

Shine and last.

I am an orphan  
Like any other orphans  
My mother is  
Any woman who can afford  
To smile.

My family  
Is a piece of land  
Crowded with anything  
Or with almost nothing.

Atef Ayadi

# Welcome To The 21st Century

one of my acquaintances

Quoted:

"I think the notion of the suffering lonely artist is such a cliché.

look around you and you'll see that artists are actually entrepreneurs, business people. True it was the case for some in the past, but even Picasso and Andy Warhol were rich.

so get it off your mind that you have to suffer in order to create.

the suffering artist is old fashioned and totally passé.

so wake up and smell the coffee. Misery is not the path to glory.

it is the path to self destruction, isolation and loneliness.

nothing is wrong with the list above as long as you're ware of it.

few more points on po-mo (post modern) : there is no center;

artist is self conscious (not oblivious, emotional, lost) :

enjoyment of little pleasures (like cooking, having someone for dinner;

help someone move; help someone paint a house or a wall;

gardening; visiting; etc.)

welcome to the 21st century."

I took time to explore

The quote,

Words,

Fragments of words,

Patterns,

Intention,

Focus,

The thesis,

The flow,

The contrast,

Techniques,

Conclusion,

His feelings,

Thoughts,

Believes,

Axes,

Foundations,

Human dignity,

Integrity,  
Hopes,  
Manhood's emphasis in achievement,  
Personal experiences,  
Ancient, Renaissance, and Victorian attachment,  
Faults,  
Failures,  
Endeavors, and  
Dilemma  
and feelings

Then  
I explored my own feelings  
Through my past, present and future memories' archives,  
And checked out all my impulses  
For a possible  
Clog or leakage,

Thread by thread and  
Drop by drop.

The only thing  
That came out  
Of my mind

Is the sound  
Of the impact  
Of few words  
Smashing  
Against the yellow surface of a canvas  
"Human are connected  
Through  
One thin wire of copper."

The noise is beautiful and  
Unbearable.

i mean it? ?

and i bet you, this QUOTE is from his cook book, and nice to know stuff like this....



# The Monk

I took Eileen  
And my mind  
Out of the turbulent  
Torments and the unnecessary attachments  
Of what I inherited and what stuck on my skin:  
Love,  
Pain,  
Sadness,  
Pleasure,  
Perpetual fear, and  
Guilt.

Eileen stands for purity,  
Simplicity, and the  
Unforgiving change.

My mind  
Is the wildest beast  
That explores  
The seen, unseen, and unforeseen wonders.

Eileen and my mind  
Make up  
A duality that needs a third,  
A fourth,  
Or more  
Elements.

Atef Ayadi



# Without Touch And Sight

Tell me  
in few words  
or one word  
About  
who your are

without  
your family,  
your ancestry,  
your planet,  
your comfort zone  
your breathing cycles  
without your body anatomy.

tell me  
as if I do not exist,  
as if I am  
only a piece of rock.

Atef Ayadi



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# Without Incident And Randomness

Humanity will vanish,  
The sun will vanish,  
The earth will vanish,  
And will take with it all:  
Water, the crops, and the beautiful things,  
And this universe will parish  
To leave its place to light.

I am thinking about  
An escape;  
Like a beautiful woman  
Is manufacturing her own exit.

Atef Ayadi



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# Without Eileen And Earth

The entropy  
Moves between  
Order and disorder;  
Without any guilt or preferences.  
I am flying  
Between the wet earth  
And a heated cosmic dust.

Atef Ayadi



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# Without Voice And Sight

Without your skin, and  
Without your undeveloped  
Smell.

Could you  
Tell me  
Who I am,  
Independently of my  
Past,  
Present, and my future?

Atef Ayadi



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# Without Love And Hate

The Sun,  
Mother of all cycles.

Love is one cycle,  
Hate is another.

The Sun keeps burning  
Its own hates and love.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Thread

Time is an illusion  
As well as the word love.

I dropped the piece of paper  
Into a cup of water.  
Time vanished  
As soon as  
The water started to swallow the ink  
And scratch the paper  
As it is defending the word love.

Atef Ayadi



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# Without Fear And Fairness

I am writing  
A code  
For the future  
Humanity;  
Where fear is fair  
And fairness is the fear of fear.

Atef Ayadi



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# An Unbearable Cycle

Like the air,  
She comes and goes;  
With my breathing's cycle  
As my memory  
Is stretching  
With the sound of her  
Name.  
The sun is there,  
Except  
The presence of the cold  
And the gray flat clouds.

Atef Ayadi



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# Without Pleasure And Pain

A comma is  
Flying behind  
The word  
Love.

The word love  
Is just  
The word  
Love.

Just  
Is as just  
As the word love.

Love is sharing what it is.

Atef Ayadi



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# Kissing You

Kissing you  
Is like walking on the  
Ground  
With naked feet,  
And you are  
A Midwest lady.  
Between the flatness of corn fields  
And soybeans  
The big towns  
Rises  
At the speed of your breath.

So, I take my time;  
Cause'  
I am walking and  
Crossing the fastest  
High speed streets, vacuums,  
And stops  
With naked feet.

Stay hinged,  
Clanged,  
And nailed down to me,  
As long as you want;  
As long as your feet  
Are stepping on mine,  
And let me melt the snow, and  
And unearth the ground, and  
Let the sun and the rain  
help grow the corn fields  
And soybeans;  
So, I can free the ground  
From your naked feet  
and I can harvest  
All the festivals.

Atef Ayadi

## Deception -Three

I said:

"Is everything all right? "

She said:

"Do you want me  
To tell you all  
My secrets? "

I said:

"by saying so,  
You just revealed one."

Atef Ayadi



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## Deception -Two

She said:

"All the love,  
The good feelings,  
The time we spent together,  
The roses,  
The drinks,  
The laughs,  
The fun,  
And all the danger  
I wished for  
And I had  
Are but a  
Rape.

You never let me  
Take a moment  
To breathe."

Atef Ayadi



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# Scare Less And Let

She moves with her body  
As if no woman has it.  
She is so proud of it,

That her mind  
Is reduced to  
Her reddish nipple.

Atef Ayadi



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# Deception - One

She said:

“

I love you,  
As life starts and ends.  
I love my skin,  
When you touch it.  
I love my face,  
When you look at me.  
I love the way I  
Walk toward you.  
I love the world  
When you breathe  
From me  
And then exhale  
Words into the clouds.

But,

I am a young woman,  
Who likes but the fun.”

Atef Ayadi

# Fairness

What is fair about  
Roses'  
Strawberry's,  
And  
Blueberry's trees  
Grow up strong and high  
At the sides of your feet  
And lilies on and between the toes,  
While your are standing up like  
A hopeful Rhododendron tree.

What is fair about the  
Mint merges from your lips  
And flourish  
On one cheek  
And ignored your chin and the other  
Shaded side.

What is fair about  
Your hair  
Falls  
And waves  
Down  
And follows  
The sunrise and the sunset.


What is fair about  
Your eyes  
Are moving sand,  
They capture  
And kill.

Atef Ayadi

# While Waiting At The Station Of Now

One person's pain  
Is everyone's pain;  
One person's happiness  
Is everyone's happiness;  
In between,  
Thoughts are timeless,  
No one is born  
Graceful and other is insane.

Cause,  
We all walk on the same ground,  
Breathe the same air, and  
Have the same  
Sun,  
Moon,  
The sea saltiness,  
And the same rain.

In between,  
The sky is  PoemHunter.com  
Like a child's eyes:  
Dark at the edges  
Of the universe -  
The closest or the deepest and the one way far-  
Brown at the eclipse,  
Blue furious and oceanic,  
Red at the horizon,  
Green, hazel, amber, and gray  
Resolve and merge  
Mountains' skin, rocks, rivers, and snow,  
And the  
Forests' streams, leaves, grass, and fog,  
As birds take off and fly,

Children  
Are the future,  
Mold thoughtful actions and beautiful desires.



Ancestry are the  
Spirits,  
Through time and tale.  
We are eternal seeds and the tiniest grain.

Atef Ayadi

# Asian Dumplings

I choose the  
Asian  
Dumplings  
-18 pieces served with sweet chili sauce-  
As a friendly mate  
To an old style beer.

Because,  
I like to touch.  
The sauce reminds me  
My sweetest and chili love.

Atef Ayadi



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# At The Beach

She is sitting  
With five others  
-Three couples total -

Around the same  
Table.

Unnoticed,

Her eyes are wandering  
Half of the time;  
The other half  
They are closed.

I wonder,  
What do  
Courtship and friendship  
mean?

I never saw,  
The sea  
Walking away from  
A sun burned ship.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Beautiful Lady

She is crossed eye.  
She walks with one comfortable side.

Man!

She is  
Outrageously  
Contagiously  
Beautiful  
From the door to the last window.

If she is my soul  
And mate,  
I will help her  
Walk  
Proud and straight.

Atef Ayadi



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# Fraud

I take  
Any painting:  
Abstract,  
Surrealism,  
Cubism,

Brut,  
Expressionism,  
Realism,  
A line  
A lion,

A face, or  
A posture  
And I turn it into  
A poem.

Is it a  
Fraud?

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# Chinese Bartender

Kept  
Smiling  
To me  
And almost  
To everyone.

This is the first  
Time  
I see  
A Chinese  
Bartender;

This is the first time  
I feel  
A smile,  
Truthful and  
Chinese.

Atef Ayadi




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# While Waiting At The Station Of Now

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Is everyone's pain;  
One person's happiness  
Is everyone's happiness;  
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Blue furious and oceanic,  
Red at the horizon,  
Green, hazel, amber, and gray  
Resolve and merge  
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Mold thoughtful actions and beautiful desires.  
Ancestry are the  
Spirits,

Through time and tale.  
We are eternal seeds and the tiniest grain.

Atef Ayadi



# Amnesty

Lady,  
Clean your house  
And cure your memories,

Before  
You look at me,  
Fall on me,  
And pour your memories  
On mine.

I do not pay  
For someone else's mistake,  
And I do not let someone else  
Pay  
For mine;

This is fairly fair.  
Clear your sentiments  
From dust,  
Polluted air,  
Sediments, bedrocks, and all the  
Elements,  
Like the way you clean  
Your skin.

Yes the same way  
Indeed!  
Take your time  
So you will be  
Ready  
For a new  
Wave  
Of feelings' earthquakes  
And Tsunamis,  
So the structure  
of your feelings' body will not tilt,  
Fall down, or fly.



# Bridge

I cross everyday  
The Crystal Lake Park twice:  
In the morning  
When I leave my home  
And late in the evening  
When I go back.

I stop at the bridge  
A look down at  
The stream  
And tune into the  
Water's sound as it flows  
Then look around the river's  
Sides.  
Then leave and leave  
Any hanged feeling  
Go with the stream.

I have been  
Waiting for the snow to fall  
And illuminate  
The space,  
So  
I can  
See,  
Hear,  
And touch  
What is inside?  
Me.

Atef Ayadi

# An Un-Adequacy

She looked  
At a couple kissing each other,  
Friends!

Her eyes fainted  
And  
Then she started  
To dangle  
Her body with the bar counter's chair.

I followed her movements  
Trying to  
To spot at which side she stop and  
Put more time  
The  
Center is always the present time.

Atef Ayadi



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# Christmas

Beers  
Wine,  
Arums  
Voices and cheers  
Added to the cocktail,  
The music,  
That goes with mood of whom  
Paid for.

She said:  
"Excuse  
Me! "

I said:  
"It is Christmas,  
You have all  
The excuses  
Of the whole world."

Atef Ayadi

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# Old Maps -New Conquest

Some  
Memories

Erupted  
In drops

Each 'drop'  
Is a burs

I always remind myself  
To explore.

The door for conquest is always open

So, I opened the door  
To explore  
Each burst  
Separately,  
Case by case,  
File by file, and  
Archive by archive,  
I let myself being  
Driven  
And taken  
By one hand, or  
Both,  
By one foot  
Or both,  
By my skin,  
My hear,  
My neck,  
My nose,  
My ear,  
Or entirely.

I was not in the position to choose.  
I just let it take me

That is my pure desire:

I choose  
The start  
And never worry about the ends.

Atef Ayadi

# Repetitive Encounter

I understand  
and  
Agree!

If I am you  
I will do  
The same thing!

Being with someone  
And thinking  
About someone  
Else.

Sorry,  
Here, I draw the line,  
Between green and no-trespassing zone.

Atef Ayadi



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# Loneliness In Retrospective.

An empty  
Chair and  
No  
Other details.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Priceless Diamonds

Tonight,  
The trees  
Are  
Wearing  
A beautiful  
Diamonds of ice.  
Each tree is unique  
And more beautiful  
With the ice  
Sparkling and shining  
Under the street light.  
I could not resist  
My mind taking me  
To wander  
And imagine  
Feeling this beauty  
In the wilderness  
Under a complete moon.

It is a dream I have been chasing all my life  
I have it  
Now.

I stopped  
When I thought  
Which tree  
Resembles  
The diamond  
I have been chasing for Eileen.

I always see  
Eileen like a tree.

I closed my eyes and  
I tried  
To see if she is standing  
Up  
At the side  
Of an important avenue,

At the intersection,  
Beside a building,  
At a parking lot,  
A part of a little  
family  
Compacted in a little woody house,  
Surrounded fairly by abundant light,  
Or  
Dark lonely street,  
Or  
In the wilderness  
Alone,  
Or  
Possibly with other trees.

The moon is always following her.

Atef Ayadi

# A World To A Feminist

Take off  
Your feminine shell  
And talk to me.

Man to man,  
Lesbian to lesbian,  
Gay to gay,  
Cow to cow,  
In between, or whatever is shaped in your head.

It does not really matter!

Take off that shell,  
It is fair that way!  
Put it back  
When you are in your private sanctuary,  
Or when you feel you need to  
Be purely woman.

Have you ever seen  
A mixed up seasons  
Where a tree  
Is  
Naked in the middle of summer  
And sleeping in the middle of the spring?  
Well,  
That is a tropical woman  
And you are not that tree yet.

Have you ever seen  
Yellow leaves,  
Green leaves- young, refreshed, cleaned with moisture and droplets of water, -  
And bulbs switching positions and swinging between the branches  
Of the same tree

Or between one tree and its neighbors  
Trees?

That is not your case yet!

Until then,  
Put off your feminine shell away, and  
Hide it;  
So, I will not smell it,  
And it will not turn my bull on,  
Then,  
We will start the binary discussion  
Again.  
On an on  
A discussion that lacks  
Legs and toes.

If you do not agree  
We still  
Can consider  
A crochet  
Session or a knitting session;  
We will work on the same  
Canvas  
With same balls of yarn.  
Chose your own  
Needles;  
I always have mine with me.  
Let see if we can use up  
All the balls of yarn  
And end up at the same knit.

Atef Ayadi

# Do You Have Time?

Time is important to me

So,

Be clear, sharp, and pour out all your feelings, thoughts and believes

In order, priorities, or what comes out comes out.

From the most vital

To the ridiculous and beautiful thing.

Do not worry about

Others;

They are like you!

Do it,

The way you like

Or the way it seems natural

To you.

If you fail,

I still have enough time left;

The hole pie of the eternity

I will try

To

Listen,

Feel,

And step in and spouse your soul.

Just do it,

And lets win more time.

To explore and love the hole world.

Atef Ayadi



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# Hacking Into Your System

Lady,  
I finally hacked into  
Your system.

The motherboard is  
Fine:  
Good memory,  
Fast and dual processor, and  
Giant hard drive;  
Except some dust  
That blocks the cooling channels.

The OS is  
OK;  
All what it needs is  
new patches and firewall  
against Spywares,  
Intruders,  
And  
Trojan  
Horses.

It is not about the OS'  
Vulnerability  
More than about your attitude!

The softwares  
Are fine.  
Some need an upgrade.  
The core is excellent.

It is up to you  
Really!  
To decide  
To clean  
The hardware  
Softwares  
Keep, upgrade, or patch.  
Old codes are old codes  
New codes are new codes.



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Just decide what you want  
And I will help you.

Now,  
Tell me  
What do you want?  
Do you need more time  
It is legitimate to  
Setback sometimes  
And  
Explore  
The possibilities.

Being fast is being genuinely clear,  
Hunches or intuition can save lives,  
Being beautiful is still being clear.

So  
Do what you want  
And tell me clearly  
What do you want,  
I will take my time  
With the Hardwares,  
The Softwares,  
Or the hole system.  
I am good at that!  
A deal is a deal!

Atef Ayadi



# High

She said:

'you seem always high.'

I said:

'You are looking for excitement.

Look for a letter

or a rope and

Climb

To reach me,

Or look for a way

where you are

To speak up clear, sharp, and

Loud;

or just speak up your mind.

High is always

High.'

Atef Ayadi



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# If There Is No Mountain

Do not  
Stay in your little hole  
Or a general  
Public  
Graveyard.  
Swallow it, or  
Make it at least deeper  
Or longer,  
So it loses  
The sense  
And the definition  
Of being a hole.

Dive in  
Fly,  
Or walk through like the blind,  
So, you  
Can reach  
Your own bottom  
-it is still a big public graveyard, -  
And complete  
Your true senses.

If there is no mountain,  
Flatness turns to be  
A big hole.

Atef Ayadi

# I Do Not Have Time

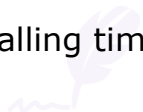
I do not have  
Time  
To explain  
Myself.  
Talking  
Is left for  
The primates  
And for whom  
The air is made of words.

See, it is unbearable.

I do not have time  
Cause',  
I am falling in  
What it seems  
Impossible:

My own falling time.


Atef Ayadi



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# A Piece Of Cake

Everybody  
Can take  
You  
like that!  
Like  
Piece of  
Cake,  
Or just for a dollar  
Worth of  
Easy labor;  
May be more easier than  
That,  
Because,  
You want just  
To be taken,  
And that is it.

But,  
I saw in you  PoemHunter.com  
A bright future  
Spot  
To be spared  
To gather  
And connect  
The shredded  
Pieces  
Of your own humanity  
And a part of the universe.

So,  
At least  
Choose  
Which way  
You want  
To be taking;  
The future is always  
Open and  
Brighter  
Like our young universe.

Atef Ayadi

# Watch Out

Watch out  
For what you say  
and -drop- off all the BUTs;  
The mouth is not made for  
Bats of words.

Watch out  
For  
What you do;  
Sweat  
Is not made of rain,  
aimed for fear and being fair;  
Every drop  
Is a work  
a genius child  
wrapped with  
gold, organic  
Silver, and special care.

Watch out  
And be precise  
About what you dream of  
The last one may take away  
Your breath.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# One Light Year Distance

It is all about  
Incertitude

To find you  
Somewhere  
Lost.

It will take me  
One light year  
To deeply reach you  
And pull you out from  
Your own  
Heart escape.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# One Mile Distance

You take off the dress  
And you put it on.  
Restless  
And  
Unhappy with the  
Desired  
Colored  
Patterns  
And the fit  
On the body and for the moment,  
Creates ambiguous  
Shortage of time  
As it runs out.

You want to look perfect  
And you are;  
That makes time shorter  
And the distance more  
Than  
A multiple of mile.  
Love and being taking  
Away  
By a lover  
Is simply  
The enigma of the universe.

So,  
Control  
Your breath  
My lady  
I can wait  
And I can hold my breath  
Long enough  
More than a mile.

Cause,  
I am dreaming  
Of you



Inside  
My veins.

Atef Ayadi

# One Inch Distance

Thrown from  
The sky  
Into emptiness  
Will take your breath  
From the back of your head  
Deep into your stomach.

Thrown into  
My chest  
Takes time  
Away  
From your breath.

You loose  
The sense of walking  
On your pride.

One inch  
Distance  
Becomes the supersonic  
Barrier of your own desire.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# One Foot Distance

Take your apple

Juice

I will content with water

You will

See how

How water

Turns to

To apple

And juice

You will see

The juice

Of the apple

Come back to water.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Along The Seashore Of Your Skin

I will  
reach you  
where you are  
with my finger and  
through my flying words.

I will blur  
your eyes  
with clouds  
coming  
from a far future;  
you will separate  
the familiar ones  
from the absurdity.

.  
I will  
come to you  
in your dreams  
as a messiah  
the one who speaks  
your own words.

I will  
Espouse  
Your body  
Mind and heart.  
Nothing  
Is  
Impossible  
As long as it is you are  
open  
like an undiscovered  
new continent's shore.

i will come  
and you will  
see yourself  
see yourself

flying like a tropical bird.

Atef Ayadi

# Tell Me Woman

Tell me woman  
What makes you feel  
Woman?

When, where, why, and how  
You need to use that layer?  
Tell me what do you know,  
From the old definitions  
Your own definition  
And definitions,  
And others

What do you feel,  
What do you see  
And do not  
Deep within?  
Tell me something simple  
And complex,  
And try to remain simple.

Tell me  
About what you inherited  
And still use  
Without comprehending it  
I am sure it is something  
That irritates you sometimes  
And you try to deal with it.  
Like your holiness  
Or a separate organ.

Tell me  
About the creature  
That lies  
Within you.  
Tell me  
So,  
I can use my manhood correctly.

What makes

Qualified for being fully human  
And  
being  
Fully woman.  
Tell me so  
I can  
Redefine  
Everything for you  
Without confusing you.

Atef Ayadi

# Expressing My Desire

I can start right here  
There is no end.

I put my hand  
On your face,  
Or let it float in the air;  
There is really no difference

I climb  
My desire  
Or yours;  
What is the difference?

I can talk to you  
Or talk to anything else;  
What is the difference?

Listen to you,  
Myself,  
Or anything else;  
What is the difference?

Dreaming within your dreams;  
Mine are always  
My soft pillow;  
What is the difference?

My desires are uncertain.  
That is what make them  
Desirable  
And certain;  
What is the difference?

Atef Ayadi



# Fire Cycle

I will burn  
All your desires.  
I do not even have to promise that.  
I will!  
And I already started.  
It is in my nature  
there are no ethics in desire  
It is the only aggressive,  
Unforgiving,  
Unfair, and  
Enslaving, and  
Unconventional  
War  
I know.

I will burn everything in you,

So that you know fear from fairness  
love from hate  
and all the dual  
Junks,  
And finally you will have  
Your natural  
Smile,  
hands,  
Legs,  
Face, and your natural  
Hand writing back to you.

So,  
You will recognize  
What you want from what you do not,  
What you want to say and not to say,  
So,  
You will know  
Curves from straight lines.

So,  
You can redefine your norms

Adjust your language  
And reset your compass.

I will burn everything in you  
And i will leave nothing for chance.

You will rise  
Like a new  
green forest  
After a devastating continental fire.

Atef Ayadi

# Defenseless Desire

Do not think  
I will go to hell  
Alone.  
I will draw you  
with your golden chains  
And all your rings and earrings.  
I will burn my lips with yours,  
My skin with yours, and  
My soul with yours.

We will cross the gate  
From haven to hell  
Together  
At the same time  
Slowly,  
In a rush,  
Or like two beings being thrown into hell  
Against their will.

Is that what you always want and wish for?  
This is not anger;  
This is my burning desire.

I left heaven for the civilized,  
Who likes to swim in heaven's water,  
Dress up and flashes with heaven's scents,  
And speaks heaven's love words.

This is not my type.  
I will go to hell and will drawn you with me.  
You will like it;

Cause'  
My deepest desires are made of light  
Of fire.  
And  
Your deepest desires  
Are covered with shields of  
White snow,

Light ice, and iron of cold  
Resting over  
An ancient torrent fire.

So,  
Do not resist,  
You will brake  
Your ice,  
Without melting  
Your hidden  
Fantasies,  
Colors, and  
Childish empire.

Atef Ayadi

# When She Feels Alive

Her feet on the moon,  
The hands on Venus,  
The beauty is dusted across the universe.

Atef Ayadi



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# Bad And Good

Bad people!  
Good people!

There is no such thing called  
Bad people or  
Good one.

People are wonderful,  
Resourceful,  
And mirrors to watch oneself through.

Do you think,  
Do you feel, and  
Did you ever heard  
There is bad tree,  
bad rose,  
bad mountain,  
bad Volcano,  
bad ocean,  
bad season,  
bad desert,  
bad forest, or  
bad prairie, or  
bad rabbit,  
bad dog,  
bad cat,  
bad cow, or  
bad pigeon.

People are people;  
You can not change, judge, or remove them.

Listen within-self,  
Listen to them, and  
Everything around;  
You learn the many stories  
Of this beautiful universe.



# A Way Of Life

Eileen

Is

my north and south pole,  
my ice-cups,  
my oceanic conveyors,  
my shields,  
my limestone,  
my deepest mines,  
my gold, diamond, silver, and minerals,  
the rivers mixed with my veins,  
the water map,  
the rain,  
the wind,  
The fog of the fall and the spring,  
my moon,  
my sun,  
my planet,  
my galaxy,  
my universe,  
my child and mother,  
my rebellion poem,  
my fiction and rhetoric,  
my soul and essence,  
my sight and rebirth,  
my peace and patience,  
my air, my green land, and the snowy mountains,  
my desert and ocean's waves  
my fall and my desire  
my water of life,  
my guardian,  
my feeder,

And my unbreakable breath.

Imagine,

None of these exist!





# Une Rose

She is  
A brutal tropical beauty.

In the morning, she is a burgundy rose,  
At noon,  
She becomes orange.

Midnight,  
She is my sun.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Your Soul Mate

It is not hard  
To have your soul match  
It is not that hard  
And you do not need luck.

You will find one or more  
Without posting ads  
Chat rooms, or “.com”  
You will find the match of the match  
And the dearest real one,  
You will.

Design it,  
Like design your future home  
With all the features.  
Take a pen,  
Pencil,  
A lot color are good for creativity  
Paper or your journal.

You may not need all  
Of this;  
Your mind and heart are enough  
To design and explore the universe.  
Yet,  
It is good to record everything

List all the physics and chemistry compound you want  
That go with your feelings  
And your life style.

If you want a pet,  
A robot,  
A layer,  
A daddy,  
A nanny,  
A lower back kisser,  
A money machine,  
Lower –part only feature,

Upper part only feature,  
Only the head,  
You have all the culture  
And races added with  
Bonuses and gift cards on top of that

You will have that.  
You pay for what  
You get!

Do not be in rush,  
Patience and passion are  
Are the courage, the faith in oneself, and the desire.

Atef Ayadi

# My Solitude

My best friend

My dearest soul and mate for better and for worse

My dreams, fantasies, and my peace

My second mother

My greatest second sun

My second moon and honey moon,

My solitude sets

Between

My first love and my last

My first birth and my last eternal death.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Détour I

Ah!

If you can say  
everything  
without faking it,  
without making detours, and  
without shortcuts.

Ah!

If you can spare me  
and spare yourself sometime  
For better fun,  
better love, and better life.

Ah!

One second,  
One good word, and  
One vivid smile  
Make a great difference.

Say it and  
I will help;

This will save the universe  
from its own modesty.

Atef Ayadi



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# Again!

Again

What do you want  
Without extras,  
Without looking at me,  
Or for me,  
Without statement, or judgment;

Flat?

Are you under the surface  
or over,  
looking at yourself,  
Diving,  
Sinking,  
Or with a calm open body  
Floating underneath?

Are you hiding beneath your skin  
Or flying without it?

What you want

As

"What I really want? "

With or without fear?

What do you want  
in few mute or colored words  
or many screams of one beautiful word?

What do you want  
from me, with or without the world?

What you want  
Without explaining  
Without justifying  
Or mutilating your feeling?

What you want

As

"What a flower wants? "

"What a tree wants? "

"What a bird wants? "

Or

"What a river wants from the sky? ' '

Atef Ayadi



# A Mirror

Here are  
My chest,  
My face,  
My limbs,  
In front of you;

Talk  
While you are  
Looking at yourself.

Atef Ayadi



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# Slow Desire

The hands are expressing themselves  
Openly.  
The face and  
Words  
Follow the wonderful wander of the eyes;  
There is noting between  
Truth and lies.

I stopped  
Everything At once.  
I shutdown everything,  
From casing my heart beats and all the protocols  
To clogging my veins with my breath.

For the sake of this  
Wonderful wander.

Atef Ayadi



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# Complete Set

I will desire you  
When you get rid of  
All  
the extras;  
When you leave nothing  
But nothing, your desires, and your  
Imaginations,  
Then my desire will  
Complete your fourth  
Element.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

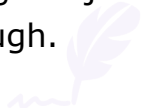
# How To Make You Funny?

How to make you funny?  
And you are always funny,  
You hide it and  
It is still funny,  
And that makes me laugh.

How to make you serious?  
And you can not be serious,  
Funny is funny,  
And being seriously funny is not that funny,  
And you laugh.

How to tell you a joke?  
And you are the funniest joke  
That makes you more funny and serious  
While you are drinking and thinking  
At the risk  
Of spilling the juice of your lips  
At my laugh.

Atef Ayadi



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# How To Make You Laugh?

How make you laugh?  
And still, you are still  
Laughing  
While you are sitting  
Presumably calm  
Thinking of jumping on me?

How I can make you laugh?  
And the only joke I have  
Is me,  
And you  
Are my laugh?

How I tease you first,  
Make your lips smile  
Under your skin  
And then you laugh?

how?  
do you have  
some weakness in your your laugh's strength,  
or  
some strength in your laugh's weakness?  
where to begging?  
how to make myself laugh before  
making you laugh, then cry of laugh?

Atef Ayadi



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# How To Make You Light?

How to make you strip  
off  
from your dangerous thoughts,  
Your fate and weightless fatty anxious thoughts,  
And all your feelings of injuries  
In order to make light  
And fly and fight  
Beyond your own non flying zone?

How do I make myself comfortable,  
So I can listen to you  
Without  
Falling in the well of  
Your desirable love.

How can I secure  
your skin  
And your feelings,  
My feelings, my bones, and your love skeleton  
In order to build  
A shelter  
And we sill can gaze at the moon?

How I can make you talk,  
The way you always like to walk  
Without falling with your heavy weighted feelings in my hands?

How I can make you run  
At the speed of light  
Without being red yellow blue and violet  
That is the speed you at which you like to  
Talk, kiss run and come back for skin's fight.  
And you always do that and run,

How I can make you run and jump  
At the rhythm of your voice  
Between serious run and fake  
Blue frog's jumping

The way you sing, and paint,  
And  
The way you always draw and run.

Atef Ayadi

# How To Make You Happy?

How I make you happy  
constantly,  
Make my self happy  
continuously,  
Make the world happy  
eternally

Without leaving  
Nothing behind?

How  
I can Hold you in my hand,  
myself in one hand,  
and the world in other hand,  
and still I can sense my own hand  
Separately?

How I can love you,  
Love myself as if it is you,  
And love the whole world  
As if it is only me and you,  
And still  
It is the entire world?

How?

How I can keep nourishing your smile,  
Feeding my own smile, and  
Leave a kiss on your smile.

How?

How I walk in with a smile  
Walk out with the same smile  
Walk through your smile and my smile  
Hand in hand without disturbing their napping  
Or stopping their bigger laughs?



How?

Atef Ayadi

# Few Things About Your Eyes

I find  
Myself  
obligated  
and determine  
Despite the fear of being lost  
to jump into your eyes  
and dive;

then surge  
from your toes.

Atef Ayadi



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# An Eye, An Island, And One Survived Poem

The sunlight,  
An unyielding blue sky,  
The drowsiness of saltiness of the sea,  
And  
My skin, my lips, and guts in a bottle of water.

The wild darkness of the night,  
The cold thorny hair pushing against my skin,  
The Northern light, and  
A fainted form of ice

Arouse me  
And take my life.

Her eye is  
Still and island  
That catches both  
Me and The sea.

Atef Ayadi



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## Forty Letters To A Woman – Eighteenth Letter -

I really forget you.  
It was hard for me reach this point  
and to do so.  
But, at last  
I forget.

there are other  
women I met  
they look like you  
and they did the same things  
they ask for same drama  
and I start to smile to them without specific terms or words.

I am not attracted anymore  
to a woman who has your body posture and the philosophy of  
your eyebrows.

it is too complicate  
for me.



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I am not attracted to that  
anymore.

Simply,  
it is a bad habit to do the same thing.

So I forget  
with who I will be happy with,  
with who I will be around,  
or who I will love.

I forget the leisure, seizure, and the pain.

I have  
Nothing to add,  
Except,  
If I want to kill love by love  
The second should be more powerful.



# Simple Differential Equation

I derive from you.  
You derive from me.

Both  
Are  
The source,  
And both are natural.

Atef Ayadi



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# Imaginary Numbers

What is between me  
And  
My  
Opposite

Is a part of  
Me and  
A part of my  
Opposite;

the rest is a pure imagination.

Atef Ayadi



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# Without A Mirror

Stop looking  
At  
Your face

for A lost smile.

Do it  
Spot it,  
And leave it where  
It happen to be found.

Atef Ayadi



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# Happy Moments

Believe  
It

Or Not,

It always  
Happens.

Atef Ayadi



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# Fill The Universe With Beauty

Sing your poem,  
And  
Dance with your smile;

You will see the beauty  
Of the existence  
Comes and goes from nowhere.

Atef Ayadi



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# Fill The Universe With Songs

Sing,  
Dance,  
And Chant  
Your Existence

That is  
How  
The Universe welcomes you.

Atef Ayadi



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# Fill The Universe With Poems

Throw  
your poems

Like  
The cosmic seeds.

They will grow  
And rise with the rainbow.

Somewhere  
they recount  
Your Ancient story.

Atef Ayadi



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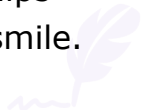
# Fill The Universe With Smile

Smile  
And  
Smile,  
Against The odds, and  
Against your free will.

Smile,  
And let it fly by itself;  
A smile knows where it flies and where it goes.  
Make it happen;  
A smile  
Is divine,

A chock wave  
that crosses  
The universe  
Half-half  
Like two lips  
In a full smile.

Atef Ayadi



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# Fill The Universe With Words

Write

With punctuation,

Without, or less

While you still breathing

While you are crossing a heart feeling attack.

Write

Without pity, praise, or reward.

Let it fall

Like the rain

Let it fall

constipated,

easy,

chilly,

funny,

absurd,

cold,

And formal.



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Let it fall

By itself

I am sure

If you let it fall,

It will!

It will

Fill the universe with smile.

Atef Ayadi

# Let Me Know

why woman  
you want  
strong softness  
and manners;

On bed  
you want  
everything  
else;

On the street  
you want equality?

Do not you think  
there must be some order in everything  
between us?

Atef Ayadi



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# Ancient Routine

Why woman  
Signal first  
and  
Man  
Aught to respond?

why not the opposite?

why not both signal  
Simultaneously  
and both  
has the right response?

why this routine,  
forced  
urge of simple needs  
turns to a hostile war  
of who should be on top  
and who should be below?

why woman never tried to  
cease  
man's achievements vocabulary  
and turns them into beautiful feelings.

Why man  
never tried  
to feel  
woman feeling  
and build a new language or exotic feelings.

why the rush?  
why the speed?  
and why the distance?

Atef Ayadi



# Remembered Mask

She  
chucked me with everything beautiful,  
simple, and engaged simplicity.

I do not remember her name,  
But what is important  
is,  
I love her  
for what she did,  
for her face,  
her youth desperations,  
her nervous soft skin,  
for her induced hidden smile,  
for her basic needs, and  
for her simplistic dreams,

I love her for her resistance  
and retaliation.

I love her  
for asking  
nothing but  
my age.

Atef Ayadi



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# Falling -The Seventh Second-

A second  
Is  
An hour,  
An hour is stretched in a day,  
A day is frozen in a hollowed circular month.  
A month stopped following the seasons  
And ran away from being called on duty,  
From being called a month  
Month after month

Time is a beautiful rose  
Rising from the soil  
The rose seed takes a  
Billions light year to germinate

It is beautiful  
To see time clung to itself  
Like a metallic rode  
Wrapping itself  
And falls into dispersed dusted nodes.

It is beautiful  
To be in this moment  
Of falling into the unseen part of life.

It is a beautiful instance  
That I desire fear  
As a good friend  
To be with me  
While I am hitting  
My own ground  
And freeing myself  
From my good assumptions  
And my bad assumptions

Here, and at this precise moment,  
My happiness meets with my truthful pain,  
And both walk away.



# Falling -The Eighth Second-

I like to feel  
The bouncing  
On the ground;  
The real crash  
With a fainted or fake smile.

I like to know  
Exactly  
My last word,  
My last thought,  
My last breath,  
my last wish,  
my last phrase, and  
My last word,

I like to see the unspoken truthful smell,  
That dark and  
Empty  
Pride.

I like to touch  
What is left of me  
After the crash.

I like to see myself  
After the impact,  
Empty or full of life  
Or something else.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Like A Dream

Her feeling  
Are touching mine  
At the same speed  
At the same distance  
At the peak of a frozen time.

Atef Ayadi



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# My New Friend

Lean on me  
as  
if I am leaning on you.

and take off the guilt  
of being there.

Atef Ayadi



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# Team Work

Freeze the time  
and play  
like children  
Cause,  
Children freeze the time;  
their unique law is to play.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Flexible Thought

I tried to measure  
The distance  
between the two sides of the alley  
At the exact moment  
Eileen walks in  
In the middle of the alley and  
At the speed of light.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Sluggish Thoughts

Trashes,  
Trashcans,  
And gadgets

Are recyclable.

Only human thoughts are  
Not;

-Actually,  
They do;  
It is just not the century's need for such thought-

Once they are passed,  
They bounce,  
Triggered and trigger,  
Spark  
Fire;  
The smoke looks  
Like a fume,  
Sometimes,  
More bigger than a mushroom cloud.

Atef Ayadi

## Falling -The Fifth Second-

It is a frozen  
Moment  
In a frozen time,  
The head is down  
The sun is over the head and  
Left behind the cliff.

It is beautiful to leave gravity  
For a moment and forever.  
It creates the sense of  
Being in an endlessly lost,  
A lasting last lost,  
Facing death for real.  
That is the first fear  
At the same time  
I create the beautiful desire  
To watch in this moment  
What is behind and in front of me:  
The surface of the ground is clear as it is  
Without estimation or judgment  
A green land tilted over  
A prairie,  
Some isolated trees  
Scattered here in there  
And mark the history of the place

I am among birds  
A unique instance of a human,  
Flying  
Free from his will.

At this moment  
A desire of achieving something on that  
Surface or beyond  
Comes to my mind.  
My mind  
Now  
Is so clear of fear  
You have the space for

Pure  
Dreams  
Time does not exist  
Death is there  
Life is there  
In one node  
In one grape  
In one leave  
The space inspires you with its  
Divinity.

At this moment,  
I feel  
For the first time  
The grace of being calm  
And free.

Atef Ayadi

# What Do You Want?

What you want  
and what else you want?

What type of made in china  
you are?  
What type of being you are?  
What type being you want to be?

What is impossible  
What can you do?  
What can you possibly do?  
-I am sure you can-  
What can you make from yourself  
for your own sake?

The lilac knows what it can do;  
Where it can spread, grow, and go,  
and precisely how far  
and what amount  
of water,  
of air,  
and how much sunlight sun it need  
in order to flourish and grow.

The where, how, and when are simple commodities.

The wine  
knows its color  
its taste  
its fume  
and the percentage of everything in this universe.

So,  
Tell me  
What do you want?

I will tell you What

I can possibly  
Do  
And I am what I do.

Atef Ayadi

# Romeo And Juliet

Juliet was  
A Beach of beautiful trees of peach;  
I am sure about that!

Romio  
Was a son Of the neighbor of the same  
Beach of beautiful trees of peach.

What is left from their story  
Is only more suffering  
For humanity.

So tell me lady,

What do you want?

And  
I will tell you,  
What I want.

and if you want,  
i will start first!  
and it is not about love strategies,  
or being more or less seductive.

Tell me as if you are talking to yourself.

What exactly do you see  
In yourself,  
In me, in the world  
your world or my world.

Take your time.

Tell me anything you want  
And I will tell you  
What I want  
As a response

To your eternal request.

Here are white  
papers,  
A pencil in case  
You could not say it,  
Or you could not articulate well  
or add something unreasonable  
or silly to complete the picture.

Make it very simple  
Or complicate.

It does not matter!

Whether, it is in written  
Verbal,  
Drawn,  
Or in mute signs.

Just get it out  
And free me as if you are freeing yourself.,  
Or just free yourself  
And i will free myself by myself  
and i  
always do.

Here are my hands,  
My face,  
My mind,  
My eyes,  
Your hands,  
Your face,  
Your mind,  
Your eyes,

And other things  
Which later will surface.

Just be frank;  
I do not like to waste time  
My time,

And your time and the neighbor time.

there is noting in  
your long 'Aaaaaaaaaah! '  
While your face is flying somewhere.  
or your eyes tilt down or up  
toward both sides,  
except it looks like a golden neck bracelet.

It does not make any sense  
In the dictionary of feelings, the non-sense, the common sense,  
  
and all the absurdities.

It does not make sens to your senses.

Just express yourself.  
You should,  
You can,  
And you aught to.

Just say it.  
And die.  
Vanish,  
Disappear,  
Or fly in the sky.

Just say what you want  
Breath,  
Assure,  
Insure yourself,  
And take the first step.

Anything else is  
Twisting,  
Lying to yourself,  
About yourself,  
To humanity,  
About humanity.

So,



just say it.

There must be a reason  
For any constipated feeling  
And you do have the cure.

Atef Ayadi

# A Poem In A Can

I am dreaming  
to create a fast  
growing  
global  
industry  
Of  
Poems  
Delivered  
In Cans.

I am sure  
Share holders  
Will like the idea  
And will invest heavily.  
It is their nature  
And the nature of Globalization.

I will sell them  
With a reasonable price:  
The price depends on the production  
and the  
Needs and demands.

Each poem is a product,  
The big is the poem  
the big is size of the can.  
Tiny poems go in tiny jars  
Fancy poems go in fancy cans.  
Life poem go in jars produced by  
know and unknown artists.  
Love poems go in ancient jars.

I do not need to market them,  
it is a poem for god sake!

My authenticity is  
to not duplicate  
any poem,  
unless the poems are twins

triplets, or  
quadruples;  
They will go in the same jar.

Atef Ayadi

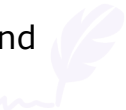
# Dismembered Poem

A poem without  
Title,  
Is like  
A human  
Without head  
Who remains  
More human  
Than one with an attached head.

A poem with no  
Bottom,  
Like marching  
to the glory  
without toes, limbs, and a forgotten head.

A poem with no  
Heart;  
No toes,  
No skin, and  
No bones;  
you feel it  
And  
It does not sound anything.

Atef Ayadi



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# Identity

I do not know  
How my voice  
Is reaching your voice and  
How it sounds to you?

I do not know how my  
Face  
Is facing  
Your face?

But,  
I Trust Them.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# My Darling Soul

My darling Eileen,  
Your falling  
Eyes  
Taught out me  
A last lasting wisdom  
Is to trust my  
Desire  
And fly with it.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Spam: Orgasm Power

the subject is: Orgasm Power  
The sender: a courageous woman  
she "SPAMS" for living.

How did she know  
my orgasm,  
the type of orgasm I have,  
my orgasm power,  
or if I need power in my orgasm  
My will,  
when I want to have it,  
If I had it or if I will.  
When and how  
to released or  
to re-leashed  
dry,  
wet,  
or and empty bullet?

How did she know?

I do not know if  
What she is promising  
is what she wants,  
What I want,  
or both want?

Atef Ayadi

# Coming Back To My Little Home

I come late to my home.  
As I approach it,  
I watch for my behavior  
my feelings  
if they are clean, talk and stand straight.  
i make sure  
i have no unfinished  
business left:  
everything is said,  
told,  
and done.

my room,  
my my street,  
my neighbors,  
the house number  
the five street lights bulbs  
and my old car  
-I do not use or care to fix, -  
my 64 feet square garden,  
And the silence of the night  
make me feel home  
and welcomed  
to rest,  
take off my clothes, and  
all the good feelings with it.

my home  
my love home  
the woman i always see  
waiting for me  
late,  
the child i like to kiss,  
the stuck of white papers  
needed to be filled,  
and the few  
articles: the subject does not really matter!

my home



my kitchen  
my spared cans  
and little milk  
a loaf of bread that fills my eyes and hunger;  
A jar of herbal tea i managed to make

my home and  
my bed  
stretching itself over my room

my home  
my canvases  
need to be recycled  
recolored  
and reborn  
again,  
again, and again.

Atef Ayadi

# Wikipedia, Love Free Encyclopedia

Love is  
Within.

You can  
give it  
Spare it,  
Or leave it where you found it  
Only for yourself.

The dead is always waiting  
For love.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Enigma Of My Emotions

It is built up;

From The second

I started to ask

The sequence:

forgiveness

forgiveness!

I am sorry!

A Lie,

And forgiveness,

Forgiveness,

Forgiveness, , , Please!

A lie,

I do not care,

I can take it,

The blame is a no blame,

or

why they blame

Me?

why me?

why i blame you?

and you blame me?

it never stops.

Then

The big lie sequence:

I tried to keep up with that

live with it

I do not care

So what

what is up with that?

And Then

They LIE!

I DO NOT!

With an antagonistic posture.

Yeah!

I do lie sometimes  
Like any body else.  
Who cares!

So what!

Now,

My lies are

Like

'I can stop smoking that girl! '

'I can not stop

The girl'

'I can not stop the smoking girl'

'I could not stop smoking'

And

'I am between stopping smoking and stopping the smoking girl.'

Atef Ayadi

# Tropical Garden

Her Face  
Flatted  
And smoothed out  
To receive my face.

Distance,  
Time,  
Cold,  
My sweat,  
Her whispers,  
Her old  
Whispers,  
And  
My troubled world  
Made her face more flatted:  
A deserted Caribbean beach napping  
On a green wild forest.

Mother Nature!

One hand on the sleeping deepening into the sand  
The other  
Fighting the Beats of Sea.

Atef Ayadi

# Falling -The Fourth Second- The True 'I'.

It is beautiful to say  
Ah!  
If I still have time!

An awful voice surges from your own head and tells you:  
"No! , I am sorry, there is not time, will not, no clock, no food, no future"  
That is it!

This is the only thing you should hear!  
And put it in your ear  
As earring! '

Still, it is good to know;  
Because  
At least  
And finally  
I hear it,  
I feel it,  
I see it, and  
I taste it,  
By my tongue, my fingers, my bones, and my skin!

It is time  
To see it clearly.

CLAIRE!  
ECLAIRE,  
SAINT CLAIRE!  
SAINT Joe,  
SAINT MARRY,  
SAINT PETER, and  
Saint Petersburg.

It is time  
To see it clear.

It is about accepting  
Myself  
And having the courage to accept that.

Point carré,  
Poincaré,  
Point cerclé,  
Encerclé,

Point  
À LA LIGNE!

Atef Ayadi

# What I Know About Woman!

I thought  
I know!

I know it!

I am really sorry!  
I do not.

I, who is 'Me'  
And the whole word  
Aught to  
Admit!

You do not need to use what you already know  
Or  
Rise and release your PH.D level  
about what you know and 'Sorry I missed That.'  
With A French Accent.

I do not know her  
In close  
Or by  
Far.

I did not even know if she is playful  
prideful,  
Shy, or  
LATÉ  
type of woman;  
Funny  
And miserable  
than me or two ounces or 4 quads extra.

So I do not claim  
I know  
something about  
woman,  
one  
woman in particular,



ten,  
Eleven.  
or ten thousands

I do not know nothing  
about woman,  
women,  
and the man I am?

I can not judge any more,  
be out of the box.  
Inside the box,  
on top of it,  
on top of  
My feeling, or  
My skin,  
surfing over my clouds,  
swimming through my veins.  
I can not judge  
and that is enough!

I am  
Already out of box  
and I am still a box  
boxed  
wired  
weird funny creature.  
from a faraway galaxy;  
And for me  
woman are funny too  
except they have plans and exits  
even for being funny  
and not being funny at all.

So please do not ask  
anything about  
my experiences,  
my skills,  
my skin,  
my eyes,  
just take what you want

or just steal my skin  
and dry it out.

Atef Ayadi

# Beauty And The Careful Desire

She explained  
With all the body languages that come  
with her infant "DRAM MA, GRAND MA"

Petite enfant!

She Said:  
I do not like blow up jobs!  
I need love!

I said:

'If you love your job  
Blow up every thing.

spare your love  
for your best  
dream.  
blow up everything you want after  
awakening from your best dream

blow up your dreams  
one after the other.

It is but a blow up beautiful dream

blow  
up

all the dreams you have, have not, and you will have;

all!  
and

Just dream!

Dream first

Dream,  
Dream, and dream.

Of the beautiful job:  
you desire."

Atef Ayadi

# Falling -The Third Second-

The stage is Critical!

WarnING!

Warning I am F U

UK

(In between there is a complement of object)

Kilogram Esperenza Detergent.

This Message is clear

'It is a Warning'

Check this out!

You are dead!

DEAD!

Not dad!

And daddy!

Weakness and weakened

Light

Comes to clear my mind

Full of stuff of life

kids stuff,

Adult stuff,

And other stuff that are strange to mine.

It actually does not depend on ages

It just come

It leaves you

Releases you

Unleashes you.

Here,

I see myself dead

Without being dead.

Like see

'a dead dog'

'a darling dead dog'

or just

'anonymous dog'

I fall,  
Full Fall.

Wake up!

'Réveils toi! '  
In French, sorry for that.

And  
The fall does not cease  
or stop.

Atef Ayadi

# Falling -The 2th Second! -

As you are still in the first  
stage of  
I can not face it  
'I am in denial! '

You fall;  
That is beautiful;  
Beautiful fall!  
Wow!  
Good JOB  
People!

Advertiser!

Good  
Commercial!

You are still in denial  
Whether it is real  
Or just a confusion.  
of words and worlds,  
The static,  
Unchanged landscape,  
And explosion.  
Everything come racing  
In rhythm  
Like the fall,  
The season,  
The Sun,  
The son,  
Love,  
Mama,  
Dad,

Pictures in an album,  
Reflection  
A fast retrospective  
Type of scene.

You start to think that  
They may come  
With you  
and you should not  
Go alone

Type of fear.  
This is your first class fear.

here priority is segmented  
Or just a flow

Here,  
cheating is no cheating.

Here, you brake your own heart  
you want company

you want  
someone,  
anyone, or  
anything

Tom! ,

Tommy!

Tomas!

liza

liz

eliz

libonia

lesbian

a caw

a tree

the earth

the dust

Whatever is you name?

it does not matter

you do not like  
to vanish and



fall alone

Will come with you  
you realize

They do not buy it!  
They do not like to go with you and

it is not a big deal  
a big even  
a big shut  
no one wants to fall  
with you

Even Your - SELF!  
betrays you.

You are falling and that is it!  
Alone!

You are gone,  
Done,  
And memory;  
A memo  
That a CEO send and no body can read  
And if they can  
Still no one like to  
Read  
And wont.

You are gone  
And It is good that you realize that.  
Except one thing:

You need to relax and  
Believe in 'it happens'  
'Possible',  
'To be true'  
It happened  
And it is still happening  
'I ca a an DO IT '  
'I am Do In G It'

You are happy and fearful of your own fear.

Atef Ayadi

# Falling -The First Second! -

Every  
Thing  
Can fall  
And falls in harmony.

Everything fall  
In harmony  
Dust, the air, the wind  
The light,  
The humidity,  
The first DROP of sweat,  
The first cry, and  
The first denial of falling  
Falls in harmony.

The only thing that takes off your breath  
Is 'I am falling too? '

Your nightmare and guts  
Fall all together

Down!

Awful feeling,  
But in harmony.

Atef Ayadi



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# Genocides: The Eyes On The Sky And The Feet Anchored By Love

Despite  
The fear  
You want to be funny  
And a friendly lovely  
Creature  
And you throw off your fear  
Behind as you are trying  
To be that creature  
Funny creature  
You started to see fear as a funny word  
In a funny phrase  
In a funny talk  
In a funny language  
As happy and young as  
The English language now.

Love affair  
Off the fear  
Off the air  
With and without your ear  
fear,  
fair,  
Fares  
'Le Fer',  
Le feu, et  
'l'enfer'-Hell-

Des Bizoues ziw Like Zooo  
ou ou! Oh! OH OH! AN In On www  
www www

You did all  
You did your best  
Without fear

You are busted!  
Despite taking off the fear from your ear



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And now the fear  
Takes off you and over you  
And does not leave in you  
Any flares  
Any fairness, and  
Any trace of the original fear.

You are created your own genocide  
You are the first one to fall.  
And it does not matter for you  
If someone else is falling with you too.  
That it is the fun of it! .

Still,  
You think  
That something is not right  
As you want it to be  
After your heart  
Stop  
Beating  
At the speed  
Of light.

Atef Ayadi

# Genocides

Keeping  
Your angry love  
Ravaging  
My skin  
And my hidden soul behind my bones  
While I am watching you,  
Your Chemistry,  
Your Physics,  
And the art gallery of fumes  
Sculptures, paintings you brought with you  
And the dead ancient mummies.

Creates a genocide

My pretending prideful  
Son of the Neighbor of the 'Be A nice gay'  
Is one of the angry generals  
Who gave me the first RAIFALL



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ES, CAPE  
RUN, ING, Be In RUN, and  
In RUN Ni InGG ING are my first beautiful Abbreviations.  
To fall on my head.

I see  
Them all,  
As I am fighting  
The fear of running,  
Backing up and running  
And the fear of moving forward.

Genocides  
Is fear.... to kill myself  
With fear,  
For the sake of beauty  
And remain a living dead creature

Moving with no purposes.  
And pretending  
I am in life  
And it is only fear of a passed beautiful fear.

Atef Ayadi

# Beautiful Poem

Leave Me!  
With or without  
Firing  
Your last Glance  
On my chest.

I always  
Keep  
Both hands  
And My chest  
Open

Maybe that  
glance may  
Fall  
On my hands  
After missing  
Or bouncing back from my chest.

My  
Hands are still holding  
Your last lasting glance  
As if my they are holding  
Your hand.

This Is my beautiful poem  
And the only one  
I am always proud to keep in my hand.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Beauty Is Walking Beside Me

I look At the  
Beauty  
Walking!  
As she is crossing  
My veins  
She fainted my  
Heart.

I look At the  
Beauty  
Walking!  
Every step and  
Every smile is adjusted  
And tuned up  
To each of my heart beats.  
To each of her heart beats

As she is walking,  
Her smile is  
Flattering her face and mine.  
I am smiling and I am not sure I am smiling;

No 'Hi'  
And not descent,  
But a DROP of glance  
Rushing down like a storm.

The beauty is walking  
Transparent and  
Soft;  
She is awakening  
All the beasts inside.

Atef Ayadi

# In The Eyes Of The Beholder

There is no time  
Or place  
To wait for  
Love.

There is no season and  
No such place called love's Market or Love's Shopping Mall;  
Cause',  
Love  
Comes and goes  
From the blind corner  
From  
Where you think you see  
And you do not.

There is not such thing called cheap or expensive love;  
There is only you  
And the way you color yourself with  
Love.

There is no such thing  
Called security  
Retirement plan  
Pension, or  
Funds in love;  
Cause',  
Love is not for profit or  
A political agenda;  
But hard labor  
Without punch in and  
Punch out.

Atef Ayadi

# I Am Not A Good Tax Payer, But

I am not  
Truly a good  
Tax payer,

But  
I have  
My dignity,

I am not a good tax payer,  
But  
I can bring you  
Some fresh roses from  
A faraway prairie.  
I can help you dream,  
I can make you laugh.  
And sleep where you never felt a sleep.

I am not a good tax payer,  
And I do not see the difference  
Did you ever see a rich lover more  
Safer than a poor one?

Atef Ayadi

# Do Not Try To Compromise With Me

Why you are compromising  
Your life,  
Your heart beats,  
Your love, and  
Your beauty?

Are you  
In a hurry  
To find love?

Why you are looking  
At me  
While you are with a lover?

Did you forget  
Anything;  
A past love or  
A hidden one,  
That still burning?

Why your eyes are still  
Fixed  
On me?  
Why  
My presence  
Overwhelms you  
And fools up your heart  
And mind?

Why do send me  
Telepathic messages  
And kisses?

Why you are sad,  
Resilient,  
And silent?  
I told you before,  
I need a hurricane woman  
Not a poor silent twister?

Atef Ayadi

# An Approach

My approaches  
To people remains the same  
For decades.  
It never changed:  
They are human when  
They are on top of their head  
And little machines  
With a corrupted  
Programs,  
Macro,  
Scripts, , and  
Bugs.  
That is what makes  
Them below their feet.  
It is not very sad,  
It happen to humanity  
To have such diversity  
And that is what makes humanity more human.

My approach to  
Women,  
Is almost the same  
After all,  
They are more than half of humanity and that is really big deal.  
They are Human, if they are on top of their head  
And little machines if they are not.  
And still,  
They are beautiful and natural creature in both ways.

My approach  
To kids  
Remains the same:  
They are  
Beautiful creatures,  
The future,  
The next wave of humanity  
In skin and bones,  
A picture we like to draw of ourselves

Ah!  
If the little machines  
Can be on top of their heads;  
They will know  
What is the future is  
And if they must draw something,  
They let kids  
Draw by themselves  
The humanity dreams.  
That is what makes  
Them below their feet.

my approach to pets  
ah!  
half wants to be class,  
An emperor,  
Baron, and  
Duke.  
The other half does not want to be alone.

It is beautiful to see humanity  
between the present, pets, and the future.

My approach to nature  
Is as simple as nature  
And naturally harsh as nature:  
You adapt,  
You appreciate,  
You complete, and then  
You vanish.  
Nothing is mysterious or comes from nothing.

Atef Ayadi

# Do Not Be Bossy In Love

Do not take the boss  
Position in love;  
Who must submit,  
Who must move first,  
Who is the good player  
Who is the hero, and  
Who is the loser;  
Because, in love  
There is  
No master and slave  
No god and worshiper.  
I already made you already a god,  
A pilgrimage, and  
A temple.  
So, why you want to be bossy and  
Show me  
You are in control.

Do not!



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Leave bossing for the tired and the sad.

Because, in love  
There is no  
Who must move first,  
Who must kiss first,  
Who must kill first,  
There is  
No leader,  
No chauffeur,  
No real map,  
No plan, and  
No exits.

Do not get bossy  
And show me your "how to be"  
But show me your deepest strength  
And weakness in love.



Do not get bossy  
Because, in love  
A character is  
A color,  
A form,  
A different music note,  
A peace of literature,  
A fearful jungle,  
A Niagara fall,  
A lost rainbow, and  
An extraordinary Persona, and  
I want you to be  
Xenoglossy  
Like Eileen.

Atef Ayadi

# Do Not Look At The Mirror

Do not look at the mirror;  
there is nothing  
but a beauty;  
the flowers are important than the vase.

Do look at the mirror  
if you are not aiming to  
to check on your smile  
and to kiss your inner and outer face.

Do look at the mirror  
but ask me  
I will tell you  
what I am seeing and  
what I am hearing;  
My clairvoyance shows only but your grace.

Do look at the mirror  
one smile is enough;  
it is your mirror and your face.

Atef Ayadi

# She Is Always In My Mind

She is in my mind  
All the time,  
When I awake,  
When I go to sleep,  
And in between.

She is there;  
When I eat,  
When I take a shower,  
When I write,  
When I look at a woman,  
When I look at lovers, and  
When I look at sad people.  
When I look at happy faces.  
She is always in my mind;  
No matter I tried  
To remove her  
Or to keep her.  
She is a living organ  
Growing in my body.

It is hard to remove her  
Or to keep her;  
Like a fire that burns  
And cures at the same time.

She is keeping me safe.  
She is pushing me to the ultimate.  
She is my saver and my goddess.

She is my beautiful dream,  
My nature, and my fear.

She is always in my mind.

She is my beautiful crazy mind.  
She is my heart.  
She is my guts that take me far beyond when I need to be blind.



# I Miss You

I miss you,  
And  
It is not about my emptiness,  
Wholeness, or to complete  
My strength,  
My weakness,  
My senses, and  
My masculinity.

I miss you,  
Cause' it is a human instinct  
to breath life and  
to explore the impossible.

I miss you,  
and that is what completes me  
and strengthen my bones  
and arouse my skin.

I miss you  
As missing to be you  
And I am not asking you to be me.

I miss you  
And it is a feeling  
I always like to thrust  
And then conquer.

Atef Ayadi

# The Enigma Of Roses

A field of  
Identical  
Red  
Roses;  
Arranged in an optimized  
Capitalistic way.  
They are meant to be delivered to  
To anonymous lovers.  
From far, they look the same;  
But they are not.  
My enigma is still an enigma:  
Could one differentiate one rose from another?  
What is the difference between this lover and that lover?

Atef Ayadi



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# Prestige

Like a magicians, deep in the  
Heart,  
Passion is the only risk  
And that is the magic.  
The pledge is who I am  
The turn is the method, "Average people are predictable! "  
The prestige is to turn myself into seeds of flying words.  
The disappointment is anticipated;  
Much simpler would be the trick.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Homo-Sapiens

What is wrong with Homo-Sapiens?

In the Muslim world if you talk about their prophet, they kill you.

In the west, if you talk about Capitalism, they take you for evil or Comrade

In Russia, the Kremlin is the KJB head-quarter, Putin is a new rising God King.

Are we really born free: Homo and Sapiens?

Or we just are playing Homo and pretending being Sapiens?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Acceptance

One of my dreams is  
Unreachable and  
Unachievable.  
It was my life dream.  
The one that built me from head to toes;  
The one that gave me reasons and synergy.

I accepted that with open heart  
Acceptance is a not a defeat  
Rather than creating thousands of more dreams.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Chasing The Rainbow

I am chasing the rainbow  
Without a sky or clouds.

I am chasing my life,  
The wonderful smile and the saddest one.

I am chasing the hardship,  
My green mint poem,  
My vanilla drawing,  
The path of Arthur Rimbaud, and  
Les Miserables:  
My Gavroche,  
My Jean Valjean, and  
My Cosette Eileen.

I am chasing the rainbow  
And it turned out  
It is a Papion smile flying between my chin and my eyebrows.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Casa Lima

The house I want to build  
with the cement I make,  
the stone I carry and I brake, and  
the sweat I add to the mixture.

My dream house,  
Eileen's house,  
my gallery, and her gallery.  
It gathers everything  
we both like and want  
my casa,  
my house,  
my shelter  
my lima.

The sun light,  
the space,  
the garden,  
the bath tab,  
the kitchen,  
the big table,  
the sofa,  
the basement staffed with cheese, dry meet, and wine,  
the sea is at the horizon,  
the mountain,  
the river,  
the guest room,  
a little space for Tango, Salsa, or any new type of dance,  
a book shelves  
Are added as needed.  
we both have dreams  
and we will never stop dreaming.

Atef Ayadi

# Beauty And The Beast

I am half Human  
Half beast.  
Eileen has been my balance.  
She is keeping my beast  
Safe and unharmed.  
She does not worry about  
My human side;  
It is human anyway!

Sometimes I revolt.  
I want to free my beast  
In order to free Eileen.  
Cause'  
The part that looks human  
Is the voice of my inner beast.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# She Likes Simplicity

I asked her for her name and  
What she wants  
She gave me her name  
And she said:  
'I like simple things'

In my mind what she said is:  
'I am tired, everything is difficult.'

I asked her if she wants ice cream.  
Vanilla!  
Chocolate!  
Caramel!  
Life is still between the ice and the cream! .

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Dream

I blindfolded Eileen.  
I asked her to trust me.  
I took her to the middle of the busy street,  
Where the traffic is high.  
I kissed her until  
The traffic was jammed.

Atef Ayadi



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# Let It Go

The fish is swimming  
Like a dreamer.  
Fishermen are standing along the two side of the rivers,  
Silent and eager to catch something today;  
Bigger,  
As big as the boredom that reigns their life;  
As big as the pride that controls their life.  
Their pride is mounted along the rod and ends at the fancy lure.  
I am sitting where the river is deep and calm:  
Feeding the fishes;  
To save my dream,  
The river's dream,  
The fish's dream,  
And my boredom.

Atef Ayadi



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## Scorpio Sign

Your poison is my calming wine;  
As I am plunging into your deepest  
Feeling's shrine.

Your soul is my Life's reason,  
My honor, and my golden medal;  
Your love is my beautiful war, my restless peace, and my  
Honorable privilege.

Atef Ayadi



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# Just Smile

Smile,  
I will come over to your dreams  
And I will.

Smile,  
So I know where you are  
And how you are;  
The smile is always a welcome,  
And the inner picture of you.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Future

The outer layer of my dreams  
Are taking me  
Toward the desert,  
To build an ancient town;  
I will call it:  
The Republic of love.  
In this town, the only religion is love,  
Bearded people are clowns, and  
Children are gods,  
Men and women are racing and competing for fun.  
In this town, art and literature works are the only goods  
You should be proud of.  
In this town,  
Fear is an abstract natural painting  
Drawing by the gods  
Hostility and war sprite from the mouth of a  
A poem that is fighting for its birth.  
In the Republic of love, if you sow a tree  
You are eligible for love.

The bottom of my dreams  
Are clear and firm,  
They are taking me toward  
Eileen.

Atef Ayadi

# My Past

My past is inevitable  
As a good friend

My past is my shadow,  
My tail  
My home,  
My land,  
My moon,  
My ocean  
My river  
My clean water,  
My character, and  
My dream.

My past is two halves:  
One half is me,  
The other half is Eileen.

Atef Ayadi



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# Her Last Glance

Her last glance  
Hastened  
My last supper.

Intense,  
Fascinating, and  
Fascinated  
By life and the agony of the harp loosing its harper.

With her last glance  
She passed me her last wishes,  
Her thousand nights, and  
Her thousands kisses.

Atef Ayadi



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# Buoyancy

I keep my eyes upright and close,  
My hands far away,  
My breath in a circle,  
My words are gifted roses  
From heart to heart,  
Nose to nose, until they reach the soul  
like a whisper that  
Unfolds, melts and closes.

My words grow in a moment's season,  
Under the light of the tenderness and the  
Breeze of the beauty and the reason,  
Then, their seeds echo away.

Atef Ayadi



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# Bottom's Lower Bottom

In one moment;  
Everything makes sense to her;  
While clarity is fainted.

She is defeated all the time;  
While love is fated.

She sees the loss as big as a mountain;  
while the gain is deeper within the mountain.

Time is her face reflected by a mirror;  
While time is curved by a kiss  
That  
Gently polishes and distorts the mirror.

She is  
Overwhelmed,  
Rushed,  
Manipulative,  
Antagonistic,  
Judgmental,  
Egocentric,  
Liar,  
Inarticulate,  
Sensitive,  
Bored, itchy, and irritated.

The world ought to come to her;  
While her feet are an inch away  
From the aught to  
And the head is filled by words and worlds  
That do not belong to her.

She is erupting  
From her lower bottom  
Or from the  
Bottom of her lower bottom.

Almost

Every time  
And all the time.  
Even in her  
Deeper sleep.

Atef Ayadi

# Leo Sign

She is Leo;  
The lust is extravagant.  
I explore the lust, and  
Leave the extravagance for Leo.

Atef Ayadi



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# Incertitude

I keep my distance  
Even, when I am under her skin.  
Her eyes are my reference;  
They reveal the depth and  
Tell the difference.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Persuasion

I will keep writing  
until you realize  
that my poems  
are a global spam  
just meant for you.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## Abstract: A Angle

Like the sun,  
Eileen Always looks the same  
Despite the season  
Where I seize her  
And how I seize her.

Me and my shadow  
walk in different angle.

.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## Revelations Iv

Before I start to hate you  
I cover my head with another woman's hair  
So I can forget your smell.

I fall on another woman's chest  
So I can forget  
My secure house,  
My old garden,  
My promise land, and  
My promised heaven.

I will keep love as it is.

I will only change one face with another  
The way I used to change a fainted candle with another  
Each time your dark hair  
Hides the full moon  
And reveals my face.

Any woman will keep me away from my rage;  
Any woman will wash away your smell,  
But no woman can kill you inside me.

Atef Ayadi

# The Republic Of Love

My dream is to build  
A Republic  
Of love,  
Where no woman is in need  
For love, and

no place for sadness.  
Where no woman is abused,  
Harassed, or  
Raped  
Because she is a woman.

My dream is to build  
A Republic  
Of love,

Where, the only requirement is to know  
Love's alphabets,  
Love's songs,  
Love's dances,  
Love's jokes,  
And how to smile.

In my Love Republic  
There is no religion, no  
God,  
Or Gods,  
And no standards  
But worshipping  
Your beloved  
And love.

In my Love Republic  
lovers walk with roses,  
Rolls of lyrics,  
And begs of fumes of Asian poems.

Atef Ayadi

# Revelations Iii

I learned to  
to love  
All women,  
more than one.  
two, three, four,  
seventy, nine hundred.  
ten thousands!

-We all do have a big heart and mind  
for love, fairness, and curiosity.-

Why not?

I can deal with each one separately,  
by group, or all of them at once.

this is a time of  
Mass production,  
Marketing,  
Public relation,  
Corporation,  
Globalization,  
Network,  
UPS,  
FedEx,  
Google,  
Yahoo,  
Match.com.  
Stock market, and  
Stock exchange.  
You name it!

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Nothing is fair about love

I can even have  
Part-time,  
Full-time,  
Temporarily,  
Contract,

On waiting list  
Type of love

I can open a type of 'business':  
I just need to  
put an ad or a flier  
"Hiring woman less than 25 year old.  
GED preferred but not required."

After all, it is not about hiring and firing  
but profit and mutual interest.

Ask any feminist activist, she will say it is fun.

Woman always likes to remain deeply woman.

Atef Ayadi

# Blue Print

She wrote me  
Few lines  
Tilted,  
Disoriented,  
Sometime vertical,  
Sometimes horizontal,  
She helped her thoughts with  
2D and 3D drawings.

Match like her writing,  
She is  
Fractured,  
Tilted,  
Bent,  
Burned,  
Melted,  
Vertically and  
Horizontally,  
Flashed,  
Aroused,  
Dripping  
In 2d,3D.

She is overwhelmed  
In her thoughts, dreams, and drawings.

She is  
High maintenance  
2D and 3D Blue Print.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# The Atlantic Fisherman

He was A fisherman;  
Like most fishermen,  
He is a brave one!

His life was fractured.

Steal brakes  
At the edge of fatigue.

Fishermen are another type of  
Alloyed;  
They are fragile and can be easily fractured.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# A Pocket Of Pride

I do not need to take you  
In public  
And show how I am proud of loving you.

It does not make any sense!

I rather choose to take you  
To the end of the universe, and

Meet with another intelligent specie  
And say: 'This is Eileen,  
The woman I love.'

Atef Ayadi



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# The History Teacher

Woman!

Where exactly  
Did you put me  
In the women's history?

Am I History?  
Or a part of it?

And for how long you are lacking me in;  
Between  
Your History,  
Women's History, and  
Your archives?

Does time make sense to you  
As a History teacher or  
As a History professor?

Cause', History, buying time, and rejuvenation  
Are for emperors.

Are you making me  
An emperor?

Or a Faeroe?  
If so,  
How precise your are?

And if you can't feel my present presence  
how possibility could you feel me through your archives?

Atef Ayadi

# The Informational Era

Man becomes an ATM Machine.  
Woman becomes a Slot Machine.

A child Is the upgrade  
Peace of software,  
Few pound of hardware,  
And mainly  
A true  
Profit.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Colonialism

He is resourceful and exotic.  
She loves exploration

She stripped him off of  
His elephant ivory  
His Macaque fur, and  
His Whales Oil.

He ended up being  
A protected,  
Vulnerable, and  
Silent  
Poem without pride.

Poems can turn sometimes  
Into harems.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Industrial Era

She is Victorian,  
He is a Blue Blood gentleman;

Alors que,  
L'Entropie et  
L'Amour continue encore leurs detente  
Avec la même ampleur,  
En Afrique  
Et partout dans le monde.

Atef Ayadi



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# Enraged

Did I told you?  
Did you realize?

Woman!

We have been  
Dating and  
In love

For a while;  
With an unnoticed gazing,  
With only a naked eye's contact.

Atef Ayadi



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## Forty Letters To A Woman—sixteenth Letter

I will not change.  
I will not back up an  
Inch!  
Not even for a second!

The earth is still there;  
The sea's saltiness is still there,  
The natural disasters are still natural.

I will not promise you  
That I will not change.

You drink from the sea,  
You land on the land, or  
You survive a natural disaster;

This is your 'thing'  
Your life style,  
Your hair style,  
Your lips, and  
Your date's dress style.

Human and god may vanish  
But the universe will remain  
The same,  
Unchanged,  
Unresolved,  
Mysterious,  
Big, grand, and giant,  
A complex;  
Indeed,  
In fact,  
Intact.

And I still  
Will not change!





# The Mother Of Wars

I went to the  
Love's war.

I come back  
With love's  
Hysteria.

Atef Ayadi



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# After The Circus

The tickets are sold off!  
The circus is over;  
The show is over.

No lions,  
Elephants,  
Tigers, and  
No human clowns.

Only me and you  
And my follower witnesses:  
The sky and the sun.

Now,  
Just tell me,  
What type of circus you want to see?  
What types and size of cats you want to see?  
What type of elephant you want me to be?

African, Asian or Irish?

Atef Ayadi

# Do You Think

Do you think  
Love is easy?

You already burned yourself  
And you did not learn a lot.

You already  
Sold your lips  
And blackmailed your hair  
Just to buy time and  
One Oz of love;

You still  
Did not learn anything!

If you think  
I am not one of your life pillars;  
If you can remember the many times  
I showed up in your dreams  
You are in denial,  
Of the first chock waves  
Of the your life Tsunami;

Your eyes, and every muscle  
Of your cheeks is betraying you.

And that is your mess alone.  
Your problem alone  
With your shores,  
Levies, and  
Habitats.

I am an earth quake and  
I do not more than that.  
I just wonder about  
What happens  
At your surface and underneath of your skin.

Love comes on the right time

And goes away on the right time.

So,  
Take your boat,  
Your breath, and your luggage.

Look for your right wings  
And wait for your right wind.

Passion always pays off.

We all sail with the right wind.

Atef Ayadi

# Flatness

I child,  
Three years old  
Fall on a Tiny Pinocchio.  
As he ran toward the street.

Everyone in the street cheered

As they haired that the dog is unharmed.  
And feels OK.

Atef Ayadi



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# Acoustic Guitar

Who is the guitar?  
Who is the player?

One thing I am sure about  
I never played with a  
Missing wires  
Or unadjusted

Acoustic guitar!

I do not even try!

So lady go and adjust yourself,  
Your wires,  
Your bolts,  
Your springs,  
Your hands  
And check the oil if it needs  
To be changed.

Everything looks  
Like  
A musical chaos.

But,  
Sometimes  
It comes to my feelings:

An acoustic guitar  
Without  
Wires  
Is like messaging the skin  
Of a drum.

So lady,  
Tune into yourself  
Than tune in me,  
So we can

play together

A symphony

Starting from a primitive smiling ritual

To a civilized hungry angry love.

Atef Ayadi



# The Law Of The Average

Be  
Right,  
Hero, and  
Silent.

Be  
Straight!  
Word!  
Forward!

Atef Ayadi



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# Surrealism Xviii: Uninterrupted

I  
Melted with the snow,  
And dissolved into water.  
It is the month of March.

I have been taking by the stream  
Through the sand, mud, and the limestone.

It takes too long to be  
Thrown into the great lake.

It is too long journey  
Since, I have been dissolved  
Melted, and taken.

Eileen turned the faucet while  
She is standing naked  
For a morning shower.

I awoke up  
As her body is splashed by water.

Atef Ayadi



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## Forty Letters To A Woman – Thirteenth Letter –

I will love you, the  
Way no body else  
Dear to love you.

I will love you, the  
Way you like to be loved  
To be explored, and  
Invaded.

I will love you,  
So the words: peace, war, pain, happiness  
May need to be redefined.

I will love you in  
Your terms.

I will love you  
And take you  
To  
Where you had never been before.

I will love you  
Like a child.

I love you like and old man  
Desperate from life  
Cause',  
He loves life.

I will love you  
In between,  
Second by second,  
Minute by minute,  
Hour by hour,  
Day by day,  
Year by years,  
Century by century,  
And

Millennium by millennium.

I will love you,  
Cause',  
I do not have other choices;  
But to love you,  
Worship you, and  
Conquer the imaginable for you.

Atef Ayadi

# The Third World War: My Generals

My soldiers and  
Worse!  
My Generals  
Failed to understand the kind of battlefield  
They are dealing with.  
They failed to understand  
The difference between  
Your skin,  
Your Lips,  
And  
Your eyelashes.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Third World War: The Roots

My love for you  
Woman!  
Is not an extended Roman type of war,  
there is no need  
To come back  
To the Crusades to  
Capture your skin;  
Your heart and mind;  
Your face is a moving  
Sand dreaming of a new land.

.  
There is nothing  
To agree or sign with you  
Do not consider another Warsaw Pact,  
Or Another Geneva Convention.  
Nothing will Help!  
You only have to admit  
And accept  
This forty Thousands  
Years old  
Rooted Love;  
Like the tree that stood between  
Eve and Adam.

Atef Ayadi

# Love's Scale

Her love  
Fall on me.  
I am not sure,  
If it is  
One Hundred fifty  
Or three inches of snow.

Atef Ayadi



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# Vegetarian

She is vegetarian;  
But,  
When it comes to  
My skin,  
My lips, and  
My chin,  
She is carnivore.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Cold War: When The Peace Comes

When the peace comes;  
It is another type of war.

I am still standing firm,  
Holding my white flag,  
While  
She is fiercely kissing me.

Atef Ayadi



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# Resemblance

Eileen looks sometime  
Like America.

Sometimes,  
America looks like Eileen.

Atef Ayadi



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# Soft Encounter

The morning sunlight  
And night's breeze  
Hit me in the face  
Like the way  
Eileen hit me between  
My bones  
And my skin.

Atef Ayadi



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# Perhaps

Perhaps,  
You are  
An Immortal  
Idea.  
Perhaps,  
You are Immortal.  
Perhaps,  
Your are a beautiful idea.

Perhaps! ,

Perhaps,  
From of a doubtful  
Street  
You appear  
Like most impossible ideas.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Cold War: Art Movement

When I write,  
It is always  
Your face  
That appears  
from the words' sweat,  
from the ink's bitterness,  
At the paper's edge, or  
At the end or the beginning of the line.

When I paint,  
And I do not know what I paint;  
But it is always  
Your name  
That appears  
At the center  
Of the canvas.

Atef Ayadi



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# Immortal Smile

She Smiled to me  
Once;  
The echo  
Is Still trembling  
My skin.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Cold War: The Public

Do not worry about the public!  
We do not need the public  
to witness  
Our fired kisses and  
Our lips' street War and guerrilla war.  
We do not need the public  
In order to settle down,  
Cool down, lay down,  
Or to run away from our  
Love battle field.  
We do not need the public,  
In order to sign our  
love's independence  
And build our love's republic.

Atef Ayadi



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# Business Card

I gave her my business  
Card,  
For any comment  
About my  
Love.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Tell Me More

Look at me,  
Face to face,  
Lips to lips,  
Eyelashes to eyelashes  
And  
Chin to chin.  
Look at me,  
And do not say  
Anything!

Atef Ayadi



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# Parallel Universes

Hers eyes,  
Her smile,  
Her lips,  
Her legs, and hands  
Are parallel,  
And crossing mine.

Atef Ayadi



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# Elle And The Moon

She is on the moon,  
I see her every  
Full moon  
And at the peak  
Of her eclipse.

Atef Ayadi



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# Elle Et La Vie

She Walks  
With  
The sun,

Like a sunflower.

Atef Ayadi



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# Phases

When she is  
Fretful,  
She draws a square.  
When she is happy,  
She dances on a circle.  
When she is excited,  
The moon is excited.

Atef Ayadi



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## Revelations II

Her upper lip  
when it listen to  
the lower one  
Is one of the universe's  
Revelations.  
Her smile is still  
Original,  
And remains an extraordinary  
Immortal  
Idea.

Atef Ayadi



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# Revelations I

As she is talking  
A picture of her nudity:  
Her inner skin,  
And outer skin  
Emerges,  
Word by word,  
Comma following comma,  
Line by line, and  
Color by color

From my own skin.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Do Not Blow On My Eyes

Do not blow and then whisper  
To my eyes,  
My bottom is fourteen light years deeper  
Than your closest sun.

Do not talk to my eyes,  
It can not bare  
The blush,  
When you are inside me.

Do not kiss my eyes  
Separately,  
You already ignited  
Wars between them,  
Which buzzes your lips first,  
And which remains silent.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Do Not Teach Poetry!

Do not teach poetry;  
Poetry is not a skill.

It is a painting  
that does not need a standard  
To be taught or be drawn.

Do not preach  
To write or use a poem;  
A poem  
Is a baby's face  
one can not add, or change  
stay by and let it just grow.

Do not look for  
A rhythm:  
Just!  
Center your "self"  
And create  
Your warbling echo.

.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Define Yourself First

Define your face  
without joy or fear.  
Define your hands, legs  
Your veins, your heart,  
Then define  
Your center, your place, space,  
Before your tears' and sheers' sphere.

Redefine everything!

Your whispers,  
Your head,  
Your bottom, and  
Your twisted skin surface twisters.

Identify first yourself  
To yourself,  
Cause',  
That is the most important thing,  
Then see  
How the world will come  
Toward you  
Like a flying book  
Hovering over  
And adventurous young swimmer shelf.

Redefine everything!  
Including your birth and birth date,  
Including yourself.

Atef Ayadi

# Declaration Of Independence

While lovers  
Are looking for love partners  
And  
Rushing into their date;  
Shy, sly, and with some disoriented schmoozing;  
With as sexy black dress, or  
Flowery intimate type of covers  
or make ups;  
I am looking for a job,  
To pay my rent and  
My electric bill.  
This is my disquiet torment and  
My daily obese fate.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Poet Profile

You think, and  
I write that, with my sweat, my blood,  
your lips' preferred drink,  
and your red, green, black and white blink.

You dream, and  
I paint that.  
colors are always born from your skin;  
they spray like a young and mature gleam.

You suffer, and  
I convert that  
into roses, trees, rivers, desert of abundant happiness, and  
oceans with or without puffer.

you walk,  
I talk about that

you whisper,  
I make your whisper, gasp and wind  
that blows on the sun  
the moon is always crazy  
it like to see the sun  
a dancing twister.

you run,  
I run;  
it is not about race, pride, heroism, being coward.  
I like the infant you are and I am  
fun is always the children's fun.

Atef Ayadi

# I Said

They said  
the world is born  
out of a dense  
hot  
form of life.

I said  
I am born  
everyday and every second  
on top of a woman's hot red, and  
Unforgiving nipple.

they said  
love is conditional.


I said  
feel it first,  
then erase it,  
or paint on top of what it looks conditional.

Atef Ayadi

# Your Hand Apple's Path And Lines

You close your eyes  
Or leave them  
It does not take  
Me away  
From your moon,  
Your tides, or your celestial ties.

You exhale me  
Or exhale the air  
It does not change  
My nature of  
Being your perfect fume  
Or your ideal vapor.

You like the rain  
Or the blue sky without it;  
It does not change  
Nothing!  
I am always  PoemHunter.com  
Waking under the earth surface  
To support your feet,  
Your sovereignty and your  
Reign.

Atef Ayadi

# My Nature

If you look close  
Enough  
At Eileen.

Beside she is  
A complete  
Nature;

She  
Is my nature.

Atef Ayadi



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# Eileen's Dream

She want to rest her  
Two Apples  
And ten fingers  
On my face;

So her eyes  
Can land on the moon.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Her Pie

When

Eileen

Wants her pie;

She means

A chocolate ice cream cake,

An apple -My apple, her apple, my lips, her lips.

Everything is possible and open with Eileen;

She uses what we have,

What is close,

Between our hands, faces, and our feelings. -

She draws and molts

A peace of her

And a peace of me.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Common Sense

There are good  
poems  
and bad  
poems;  
like  
us  
they are human.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Love She Can Make

She is still  
in training,  
in College,  
Semaphore,  
low wage,  
slow learner,  
As a Love maker.

But I sense  
she is a potential  
Progressive  
Future  
love maker,  
Giver  
and taker.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Lion

I tried to understand  
Why I stopped  
Roaring.  
Did I killed  
Or did someone shut down  
The lion  
Inside me?

Atef Ayadi



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# Thank You, And Anyway

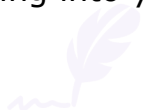
Thank you  
For saving  
Me  
And your fate

From sinking  
Into  
The same river.

Thank you anyway  
For kissing me  
And saving me  
From sinking into your lips.

Thank you  
For saving my  
Titanic  
From hitting into your hidden night  
Icebergs.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# I Saw Her From A Particular Angle

I gazed and  
looked  
At her  
From 360 degree angle  
Her hair, lips,  
Eyes,  
hands, and chest  
Are braking the light  
Into a strange  
Beautiful  
Spectrum.

Since then,  
I have been looking  
From all angles.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Letter To Everyone

I can master my anger,  
My fear,  
My imagination, and  
My feeling's genome and geography.

It easy to do that!

But I faille  
Every time,  
when  
I try  
To be inhuman.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Shall Not Give You

I shall not give you my lips  
Cause' I know nothing  
About your drinking habits,  
Your eating habits,  
Your whisper habits,  
Metal does not trust snips.

I shall not give you my hand;  
Even it is masculine.  
The softness is the strength,  
Not the muscle and the roughness of the skin.  
Do not ask strands to be brave and stand.

I shall not give you my heart  
You may need one beat at a time  
Cause' you are thirsty and  
Too much of water will slash your smile apart.

I shall not give you my mind;  
Your name is already a mind set  
And the damage is unbearable.  
Deeper than being maligned,  
Cast away, and blind.

I shall not give you my soul  
Cause', I am the master of my own  
If you take it away  
You will be a furious witch, and  
I will be the foul.

I shall not give you my fate  
I draw my fate on the desert dunes  
It is already moved freely with the wind  
You shall built your fire and grate, and draw your own fate.

I shall not give you my dream;  
Cause', you are that dream  
My fortress and my gleam.





# I Like Being Rejected

I have been  
Defected  
Inflected,  
Affected,  
Injected,  
Corrected  
Inspected,  
Neglected,  
Objected,  
Ejected,  
Selected,  
Subjected,  
Suspected,  
Rejected,  
For decades;  
I like that.

I am vaccinated now  
With the latest  
Human attitude virus,  
Against pride,  
Love's flu, and  
The ego's Asthma.

Now,  
I feel baked,  
Bleached,  
Grilled,  
Cooked,  
Connected, and  
Protected.

Atef Ayadi

# Happy Valentine

Happy Valentine  
Love believers,  
Love eaters, and love consumers in general,  
Love lords,  
Love THIRD WORLD,  
Love soldiers, and  
Love Marshals and Generals.

Happy Valentine  
Wo-Mankind,  
Who hates men,  
Who hates women,  
Who loves love, and who hates love

Happy Valentine  
Who entered the SOUL MARKET,  
The SOUL MALL,  
The SOUL SMALL BUSINESS, and  
Who missed it for any reason.

Happy Valentine  
Moon,  
Sun,  
Planet earth, and  
The forgotten continents.

Happy Valentine  
My Valentine who does not exist  
Only in my mind.

Happy Valentine  
Who is planning for a gift,  
Who has it  
And who still thinking  
About his or her pride.

Happy Valentine  
Fertile women,  
Pregnant women,  
And who is unique and an exception.

Happy Valentine  
America.

Happy Valentine  
Eileen.

This is what I can offer.  
This is my Valentine gift.

Atef Ayadi

# Woman's Heart

Human heart is not made for  
The High speed love,  
The love vacuum, or  
The love's darkness.

Look at a woman's heart!  
It is a simple universe,  
With the basic,  
Chemistry,  
Light, and tenderness,  
Waiting for a Big Bang.

Look again at a woman's heart.  
Can you see  
From the eyes  
The heart beats?

Look carefully!  
Put all the senses you have and  
The ones you never heard about;  
Forget your granted masculinity  
And what you know from what you do not know;  
Cause', you do not need to use your hand this time,  
There is no need for your eyes,  
There is no need for your tongue,  
Your lips are useless,  
Your pride is useless,  
And you do not need your flirting skills anymore.  
This a new kind of religion  
Without belief.  
If you can not,  
Do not pretend you can love a woman.

Atef Ayadi

# Job Interview

She asked me  
About my age,  
My religion,  
If I have a current job,  
A car, and past experiences and skills.

I said: "I am not looking for a job  
Or trying to build a resume."

Atef Ayadi



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# The Poet

The poet is the gospel.  
The public is the prophet.  
The prophecy is a poem;  
A cure for suffering.

Atef Ayadi



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# Do Not Look At Me

Do not look at me  
While being kissed;  
I do not lean  
Or bent.  
I do not go with whom  
I saw being kissed  
Or taking.  
It is my foreigner policy  
I will not change it,  
And this is not  
An apology,  
Neither for you  
Nor for me.

Atef Ayadi



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# A Pyramid

I have been thinking  
Carefully  
About a suicidal  
Love.  
I called the Natural love, like  
The Sockeye, Chum, or pink Salmon's love or  
The pets' love.  
No need for pride at all,  
Nothing matters, and  
Nothing is personal;  
Exactly like watching TV,  
Or having a job just to pay the bills.  
Simply a hypocritical type of love.

I change my mind!

Why not two, three, Zillions of women?  
Men are polygamist!  
Women are monogamist!  
I am ambitious!  
Why not loving a stranger woman,  
With an unknown or a fake name,  
No social security number,  
No heritage,  
Who never claimed being Irish,  
Victorian,  
Or native to any continent.  
As long as my wallet is still under my pillow.  
I do not worry if I do not find her the next morning.  
I was drunk anyway!  
It was but a love under the influence of alcohol.  
I do not get a ticket for that!

What is if I meet with a drama,  
Hurricane,  
A case,  
A piece of literature,  
A piece of art  
A combination of surrealism, cubism with a little of

Brake, Yves. Pollock, Miro, and Foucault.

I like dramas  
Geophysics,  
animal behavior,

"The stranger, "  
The sun,  
The cosmos,

Et  
La mer.

I will not resist,

I like that lady who  
Dares to use my face as a canvas and  
Dares to  
Format my brain.

An  
Inaccessible woman,  
Playful,  
Unreachable,  
A dilemma,  
An equation,  
A new topology,  
Something that keeps me thinking.  
And thinking.  
Something that keeps me a life.

A Pyramid type of woman.

Atef Ayadi

# Do Not Ask Me

Do not ask me for an hourly love  
A love with pinch in pinch out  
I am not civilized yet.

Do not ask me for a burger love  
With bad cheese,  
I do not have the taste for it  
I can not afford it anyway  
With my minimum wage salary.

Do not ask for a minimum feeling  
And maximum love  
This is a different chemistry,  
A different language  
And another type of skill that takes time

Do not put my name in a list  
On top or in the bottom  
It does not matter  
Being hired and fired are not options I am considering  
This is for the skillful less  
And I do not invest in the feeling and utilitarian market.

Do not ask me why I dream of the moon;  
Cause the moon is not just  
A face,  
Full  
Of smile,  
Or dark eyebrow.  
It is the first circle I draw,  
The swoon when I am lost, and  
Your eyes' tune, sand, and the dune.

Do not ask me  
What is my name is,  
Where I come from, or  
What type job I have;  
But ask what name I will give you and  
What name you will give me from time to time;

Ask me where I will take you and you will take me  
Without plans or exits.

Do not ask me if I could keep  
The same smile;  
Cause, a smile is like a golden ring  
It does not create your hand  
Neither my face.

Atef Ayadi

# The Reader Is The King

Because of stereotypes  
I never had a job  
The competitive salary and bonuses  
Are but dreams I do not need.  
My name,  
My resume,  
My face,  
My accent,  
I did not choose them!  
They may seem a mask;  
But ignorance could berry  
The golden facade of  
Human dignity.

Because of stereotypes  
I lost Eileen,  
Since the first few minutes  
I met her.  
I was told I harassed her;  
That is way she is important to me.  
I doubt she is important to you.  
You are entitled to love  
To fantasize,  
To have Victorian house,  
Victorian Car,  
And Victorian fancy dreams,  
Great bank account, and  
Have apolitical agenda,  
But you can not change  
Neither me nor the meaning of Eileen.

Because of stereotypes  
I was seen as a pilot  
Actually, the FBI questioned me.  
I never dreamed to see them personally  
Except maybe in the big screen.

Because of stereotypes  
Some drunken students

Trashed me with beer cans while they were driving;  
"Go home Mexican! " they said.  
A police officer stopped me because I bike  
Other they give me a glance and disappear  
"Why you are here? " with a paranoid tone and glance,  
Not a human curiosity period.

Do I look like a terrorist?  
Does a terrorist need a face?  
Do I espouse the WANTED profile?  
May be?  
It is still your belief  
Justified or unjustified  
You still have the rights to make it a debate.

Because of stereotypes  
You choose me to be:  
The perfect sacrifice  
For Shirley Jackson's The Lottery  
And being mistaken for  
The perfect Kate Chopin's The Awakening  
I SILL love myself,  
I love nature,  
And I still love all living beings  
Unconditionally.  
I choose to be The Stranger of Albert Camu  
Living in the green Midwest of  
Ray Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451  
With the mind of Joseph Campbell and Hugo,  
And the heart of Arthur Rimbaud.

Because of stereotypes  
I am not paranoid;  
I read more than ever,  
Write more than ever,  
Sculpt and paint more than ever.  
It may take me to the extreme  
It may terrorize you;  
But, I do not think  
My aim is not that!

Because of stereotypes

I say: "I think"  
Rather than "I believe."  
Because of stereotypes  
I knew about myself  
More than you know about your  
Stereotypes.

Because of stereotypes  
I made my own heaven  
I do not need god for that  
God is for the mistaken,  
The weakest link, and  
For people with a hell of stereotypes.

Because of stereotypes  
I feel sorry for your losses  
And your discomfort;  
Because they are mine too.

Atef Ayadi

# Both Are Fanatic

You kill with what you write;  
They kill with what is written for them.  
Both are negative and fanatic.  
They think there are no other choices;  
You think you know and that is another problem:  
A biased knowledge is like having no choices.

They kill because of the pain;  
You kill because of pleasure.

They do not need a TV to kill;  
You need a TV  
To write and then kill.  
Both have fantasies with same pain and the same poison.

Both are programmed,  
Burned,  
Consumed,  
Scarified,  
Exhausted,  
Tired, and  
Brainwashed.  
Both are antagonistic to life.

Both should go to the desert,  
Dive in the deep oceans,  
Or explore the Amazon,  
Maybe, both of you could learn the meaning of life.

Both are ignorant,  
Angry,  
And antisocial  
Live in low holes.  
Both are paranoid,  
Looking for easy life and quick-fix  
Both are waging for war,  
And burn the white flag,  
For an eternal peace.  
Both are addicted and



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Try to impress.

Both have low energy

Zero Kelvin self-esteem.

In any case,

Both are neither capable of elevating themselves

Nor lowering humanity.

Atef Ayadi

# Global Warming

Eileen is engaged  
In understanding the great converters:  
The planet's heart and veins.  
She loves people,  
All living beings,  
The blue sky,  
Oceans,  
Seas,  
Lakes,  
Rivers,  
And white clouds and the darker ones  
Of this planet,  
She has a great mind and great heart for everything.  
The moon,  
The sun,  
The young and the old stars  
Are still her favorites.

Eileen frustration is the  
Certain  
Loss of our  
Home planet  
About our future children  
We will bring them by love

Her persisting and rising fever  
Her headache  
Are the same  
As the planet

She is thinking centuries ahead  
As an eternal oracle.  
She walks  
From home to home,  
State to state,  
Country to country.  
She never lost her smile.  
Her love and passion  
Are the only fuel she has to offer.

I am proud  
To know and love this blue planet  
As much as Eileen.

Atef Ayadi

# I Am Looking

I am looking  
In your hand  
For faces  
Of the many  
Women I loved before  
I could not forget  
Since you always  
Ask, If are unique and my  
Favorite  
And I always answer  
"You are a singularity and  
Type of hurricane  
I always welcome."  
With a pleaser and fear.  
After all, i am like a desert without moving sand."

Between The eyebrows  
I can see my stolen  
Golden watch and  
The time I never had  
To finish sorting out  
Angry voice from my soft voice  
My exhalation from my inhalation  
As you invaded me  
Without rhetoric  
Without policies  
Or laws.

In your deep blue eyes  
I am only looking  
Only  
For a refuge  
And an exile  
That can swallow me,  
An ocean  
Which veils  
The moon  
And hides  
The sun;

For centuries,  
For years to come,  
Or for days.

In your soul  
I am trying  
To explain  
The rules  
And the darkness  
Of the universe  
And change  
My heart's  
celestial pole.

Atef Ayadi

# I Have Only Words

I have only words for Eileen  
And nothing else.  
No money,  
The looks is obviously  
Mistaken;  
But my desire  
For the world,  
Words,  
And Eileen  
Are still obviously  
Mistaken.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Neighbor

My neighbor  
Takes regularly care of  
Her upstairs apartment;  
Everything is in order,  
Clean,  
Fancy,  
Exotic,  
And romantic.

Her  
Dog  
pups regularly on my yard  
and she does not care.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Hope For The Hopeless

Hope

Is

This

Fainted

Light

That comes from

An iris

Within an iris,

And

Still;

I can see and hear

The hole universe.

Atef Ayadi



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# Dead End

When you stop  
Moving,  
Contemplating, and  
Imagining.  
It is there  
Within you.

Atef Ayadi



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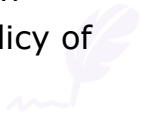
# Between Me And The World

Between  
The Red stop sign  
And the world peace  
There is a one year old child  
Is walking in the street alone.

Between  
Me and the world  
A sweet word  
Like chocolate.

Between  
Me and the universe  
Nothing but my hand.

Between  
Me  
And Eileen  
a new policy of  
Kisses.



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Atef Ayadi

# She Left

Eileen  
Left  
The planet  
Without  
Worrying about  
The Earth's mess  
The human mess,  
Nukes proliferation,  
Population crisis,  
The energy crisis,  
The ozone hole that is getting bigger and bigger,  
The degrading Amazon forest,  
Globalization that will never ends,  
The poor Africa, and  
The poor America Latino.  
She left the planet  
Without notice  
Or warning.

She headed to another universe  
More older than our giant Sequoia  
And  
More bigger than our heads.

Atef Ayadi

# Be Alive

Life

Does not stop;

Time does not suffer.

I will not die

As long

As I write a poem

Or

Sculpt a word

To celebrate life and love,

Or to respect

Living beings

And non-livings;

Time will take care of the rest,

It will transform

Poems and words

Into

A kid drawing

That will amuse and rise high

Future humanity.

Atef Ayadi

# Irish Woman

Where are you now,  
Irish woman?

Which universe

Did you choose for home?

Which universe

Did you choose for your tropical adventure?

Which one is your garden?

Which universe has your favorite stars and moons?

Which universe is welcoming you?

Which one is fearful

From your eyes,

Your hair, and your lips?

Which universe

Will be your next destiny?

Which universe can sustain

Your impossible love,

And I still have time

To reach both

And buy your impossible love?

Atef Ayadi

# Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas  
Shoppers, and  
Poor women and poor men  
With wallets  
And without.

Merry Christmas  
Whoever is in his or her little cell,  
Little box,  
In jail for a day  
Or for life  
For whatever reason.

Merry Christmas  
Merry past Christmas  
Merry present Christmas  
Merry future Christmas  
Without exception,  
Segregation,  
Or exclusion.

Merry Christmas  
Believers  
Non-believers  
people from  
earth,  
Mars,  
Or another galaxy.

Merry Christmas  
new born,  
Children,  
Orphans,  
Children who are left behind,  
And future humanity.

Merry Christmas  
Street's poets,  
Merry Christmas

Low-wage happy faces,  
And the running delivery man.

Merry Christmas  
Singles,  
Single mothers,  
Single fathers,  
And lonely adventurer  
In the wilderness.

Merry Christmas,  
Streets,  
Trees,  
Lakes,  
Mountains  
Forests,  
And prairies  
Of America.

Merry Christmas,  
Who is attached to the past  
And who is planning for the future.

Merry Christmas soldier.  
Merry Christmas soldier.  
Merry Christmas soldier.  
Merry Christmas  
Policeman,  
And firefighter.

Merry Christmas  
My friends  
My street mates  
My Café mates, and  
My bus mates.

Merry Christmas  
The cheerful,  
The antagonistic  
The angry  
The bored  
The one who feels it is not worth it

The one who is almost there  
The one who can not make it.  
The one who will not make it.

Merry Christmas  
Who is sleeping,  
And who is dreaming,  
Who is on the road,  
Who is traveling  
By  
Plane,  
Boat,  
Car,  
Or who is orbiting  
Around the planet.

Merry Christmas  
Mexicans,  
Africans,  
Asians,  
And the European:  
The first who came  
And the last who are trying.  
Merry Christmas  
The lost and found  
Merry Christmas Native America.

Merry Christmas Eileen.  
Merry Christmas  
America.

Atef Ayadi



# The Diamond Ring

I have been trying to create  
A new language  
That matches  
Exactly  
Eileen's  
Dress,  
Her shoes,  
Her pleasant face,  
Her smile,  
Her dreams,  
And her perfect  
Diamond ring.

I have been looking for this type  
Of solid words,  
So Eileen can  
Put them in her  
Trousseau  
For anything that comes up  
Like a lipsticks,  
A tiny mirror,  
Or just something useful for her  
To start a new day.

Atef Ayadi

# Amazon

Like Eileen,  
My mind  
Flies away  
At the rhythm of the Amazon forest.  
I can not stop it  
From flying  
Or keep it in its golden cage.  
Setting it free  
Is not an option;  
But,  
I am sure,  
That is the perfect type of  
Love chemistry  
Both deserve.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Moon's Cycle

When

I am looking for Eileen  
And I do not find her,  
My mouth  
Retreats back  
To my ancient cave like stomach  
To hibernate.

When

I find Eileen  
My stomach through up my sleeping mouth,  
My head rises.  
The eyes' irises spread out  
Like a green field  
Over a white desert,  
And my pupils  
Expand massively larger  
To capture the new moon's light.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# My Dull Head

My head is empty;  
Except from Eileen  
A complete vacuum dwells  
Echoing Eileen's name,  
Silhouette,  
And her voice.

My head  
Is thirsty,  
Hungry,  
And angry,  
Eileen is its food,  
Drink,  
And natural morphine.

Atef Ayadi



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# Dreaming Big

I am dreaming  
To become  
A new prophet  
A love prophet  
Dedicated  
Only to Eileen's tribe.

Atef Ayadi



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# Confessed Apology

I have been  
Apologizing  
To  
People  
I know,  
To people I do not know,  
To living creatures,  
And non living creatures;  
Because, simply  
And with no justifications  
I offended  
Eileen.

Atef Ayadi



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# Drops Of Rain

Come  
Or do not;  
Worshipping you  
Does not require  
Your coming.

Atef Ayadi



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# Retaliation

To respond  
Naturally  
To your absence;  
I retaliate  
By writing  
Narcotic poetry.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Colorful Tattoo

The last picture  
Of Eileen  
Checking on me  
Drew a colorful tattoo;  
I can not keep and  
I can not remove.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Rose

The rose  
I have for Eileen  
Is not swish.  
The smile I have for Eileen  
Is also not posh at all;  
But,  
The rose  
In my face  
And the smile  
I hold in my  
Left  
Hand;  
I found them  
Inside her  
And inside me.

Atef Ayadi



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# Eileen's Extreme Surrealism

I start to see  
Beautiful pictures  
Crossing my front lobe;  
They are transparent and clear.

Like Eileen.

I called them

'Eileen's Extreme Surrealism.'

I have a desire to paint them;

The way I painted

Eileen,

Walking slowly,

Smiling slowly,

Sleeping slowly, and

Dreaming slowly.

All of them

Need passion and faith.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Why Do You Want To Talk

Why do you smoke in my face?  
If I am sleeping on  
Your rosy lips  
Why do you want to talk?  
If your skin  
Is melting ice,  
Transformed into  
Cloud;  
Then, into rain that  
Washes my face.  
Why do you need  
Your legs,  
Arms,  
And your chest?  
If you already made a good deal  
To offer them to me;  
Once I nurtured them  
And they nurtured me,  
They betrayed you.

Atef Ayadi

# What Would You Say?

What would you say?  
if you give me  
Three minutes  
To breath and  
Focus on your eyes.  
I think you will say nothing  
but to smile.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Listen To Her

I like to listen to her  
While  
She is writing  
With her low  
Voice.  
She is good in writing  
Silently  
And she always talks  
Without papers  
Or ink.

Atef Ayadi



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## Love 225

Love

Does not depend

Neither

On the distance between

Your thumb

And your index,

Your Bank balance,

Nor on how fast you are;

It is only a

Special

Perpetual

Care.

Atef Ayadi



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# Love 101

Listen to her;  
Listen,  
Listen,  
And  
Listen.

Atef Ayadi



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# Treasure

The only thing  
I remember  
She left at my place is the  
Toilet paper.  
I saved it in my treasures box.

Atef Ayadi



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# Saturn's Rings

I took Eileen  
For a walk  
On Saturn's rings.  
We walked  
On the ice,  
Warm stones,  
And solid cosmic  
Dust.  
We watched the sun  
Burning  
Faraway;  
It is beautiful  
To watch  
The sun  
From Saturn's  
Rings  
And Eileen  
Is my only credible witness  
And companion.  
As we walked,  
Eileen  
Talked about  
Her perfect  
Kiss,  
Wedding ring,  
Wedding dress,  
Wedding kiss,  
She said:  
' Yeah!  
I like to be here,  
To dance here,  
To be kissed here,  
At the witness of the far burning  
Sun,  
The beauty of Saturn,  
Its rings,  
And the one who  
Took me  
To walk

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On Saturn's rings.

Atef Ayadi

# Effortless

I am trying unsuccessfully  
To light my cigarette.  
The lighter does not fire;  
It is out of gas.  
Each click exhausts my effort;  
Each try takes off the hope for light.  
With each try,  
I see my life  
And my feeling  
For Eileen going  
Nowhere.  
Is it really that bad?

Atef Ayadi



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# Give Me Your Hand

Give me your hand,  
I dreamt enough.  
Your hand may bring me  
The morning's breeze.

Give me your hand;  
Your hand is always awaken  
My hand without it  
May fall into deep sleep.

Give me your hand;  
In order  
To remember my long solitude,  
My worries, and the unforeseen.  
Your hand is a welcoming  
Temple  
For lovers  
Who could not sort out  
Their pure and impure dreams.

Give me your hand;  
I want to hide my  
Timid hand  
So it can reveal all my hopes  
And my wishes.

Give me your hand;  
So I can feel my veins  
Crossing  
Your heart bridges  
And laying down  
Under its blue sky.

Atef Ayadi

# Take Me Between Your Arms

Take me between your arms,  
And leave me for my dreams.  
Take me between  
Your arms,  
So my soul could rest  
And my wars  
Find their way  
To their eternal peace.

Take me between your arms.  
So my infant dreams  
Slip into  
Your infant dreams.

Take me between your arms;  
I want to hide  
My masculinity  
With its strength,  
Its weakness, and  
Its despair.

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Atef Ayadi

# Hurricane Eileen

The story  
Ended there.  
No love-fare,  
No wells of kisses,  
No war followed by peace, and  
No laughs followed by tears.  
The sand took over the green field, and  
The wind blew in empty streets.  
Hurricane Eileen  
Did not make it  
To the shores;  
It did not touch down.  
It was but an African  
Breeze.  
It was but a wind;  
-A breathable air-  
Carrying seeds  
For dreamers  
A cure for  
Their love's fever.



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Atef Ayadi

# My Last Prophecy

The universe  
Talked  
To Eileen  
In a moment  
Of deep orgasm.  
Sound and light came  
To her  
With resolved spectrum  
Like an ancient rainbow.  
Distance and time  
Crystallized in one  
Ring  
That fits perfectly Eileen's ring finger.

Eileen's eyes,  
Eileen face,  
And Eileen body are  
A clear water of  
An endless lake,  
That has no bottom and not silt,  
But white sand.  
A giant bibles  
Surging From the old stars  
Bring up with them the perfumes  
Of young nebula and  
Fireworks of the last big bungs.  
This is my last prophecy  
To see  
The universe  
Talking to Eileen.

Atef Ayadi



# The Perfect Equation

I have been  
Lost  
Between  
Eileen  
And my canvases.  
Which comes  
First?  
Which comes second?  
It is an inch long equation  
As beautiful  
As the universe  
The canvases are hitting  
Eileen;  
It is a normal jealousy.

At the equation's left side  
Eileen is standing  
Tall,  
Warm,  
And laughing.



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At the right side  
Is  
My solitude,  
My canvases  
Are empty  
Like my life;  
White without any scratch,  
Like a lost young dreamer  
From the south  
Crossing the desert  
With  
No fear or calculated risks  
Only his dreams are contagious.

I closed my eyes  
And I took a profound breath  
To see and foresee the equation  
And the two sides

Separately.

As I went deep into this day dreaming

The picture of the perfect equation

Popped out

Like a giant bubble

Surging from the deep ocean

I saw Eileen a part of the canvases

And the canvases are

Welcoming Eileen as

A new

Sibling.

Atef Ayadi

# Her First Response

For years,  
I have been waiting for  
Her first response.  
It Came in four bits  
"No, No, No"  
And then followed with a  
Breath taken "Yes! "  
My life has been  
Like  
"No, No, No"  
Followed with an earth quaking "Yes! "  
I have just to sort the many "No"  
From the single odd 'Yes! '

Atef Ayadi



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# My Dream Place

I meditate since I was a child.  
And every time,  
I start by  
Closing my eyes.  
I imagine myself standing in front of a staircase  
That is leading downwards into the darkness  
A dark staircase  
Leading to an  
Unseen  
Closed door;  
Closed since the ancient time.  
A door that opens to my sacred place  
My retreat, my dreams, and peace place.

I do not have fear of darkness  
At all!  
Period!  
But I am curious what is behind  
That door  
And how my sacred,  
My dreams, and  
My peace place will look like

I imagine myself stepping down on the first step  
And stepping down on the second step  
I felt my feet touching each step  
As I counted them 21 steps.  
I finally touched the door  
With two hands  
And my nose;  
I smelted it:  
It is a heavy layer of copper covering wood;  
Cause I know the smell of copper,  
I know the smell of wood,  
And I know the smell of copper covering wood.  
My excitement was to reach the door and open it.  
My excitement is to discover my sacred,  
My dreams, and  
My peace place.

As I opened the door,  
I saw Eileen  
Holding a red, orange, yellow, and blue roses  
And smiling to me.

For five years  
I repeatedly  
Do the same meditation  
I close my eyes  
I hope to reach the door  
My excitement is discover my sacred,  
My dreams,  
My peace place.  
Once I open the door,  
I see Eileen  
Holding a red, orange, yellow, and blue roses  
And smiling to me.

This is my fate;  
Each time I open the door  
To my peace  
And to my dreams;  
I see Eileen  
Holding the same roses  
Red, orange, yellow, and blue,  
And smiling to me.

Atef Ayadi

# Brass Rail

Maker's Mark,  
Old Grand Dad,  
Wild Turkey,  
Seagram's Vo,  
Canadian Club,  
Jack Daniel's,  
Jim Beam,  
Crown Royal,  
Walker's Delux,  
Kahlu'A,  
Fire Ball,  
DeKuyper,  
Du Bouchett,  
And Triple Sec,  
Are placed on the bottom of the long back table;  
Some vodka bottles are placed on the second row,  
Popcorn in plastic bags  
-To be cooked on microwave for 4 minutes, -  
Tiny bottles of Whiskey, and cans of beer for sell  
I do not know if it is a Bar or a Liquor Store;  
But what I am sure about,  
I came to this place  
Seeking to feel the presence  
Of a dear lost soul.

Atef Ayadi

# The Dream I Still Remember

I went to a flower shop  
to buy  
A red rose for Eileen.  
The seller looked at me  
And at the red rose, and  
Said:  
"I think this rose is for Eileen"  
And in a second,  
He vanished from his shop.  
I saw him then  
On the other side of the street  
Standing on his knees  
With the red rose  
In his hand  
Asking Eileen for same something  
I have been preparing myself to say  
For five years.

Atef Ayadi



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# Eileen & Shiba

Shiba

Disappeared under the

Arabian

Satiric sands

As Eileen

Appeared as

The last immortal

Iceberg.

Atef Ayadi



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# Happy Thanksgiving

Happy Thanksgiving  
Working men, and  
Working women,  
And  
Children,  
Who are left behind  
Happy Thanksgiving  
Street's poets,  
Happy Thanksgiving  
Low-wage happy face,  
And the running delivery man

Happy Thanksgiving  
Singles,  
Single mothers,  
Single fathers,  
And lonely adventurer  
In the wilderness.

Happy Thanksgiving,  
Streets,  
Trees,  
Lakes,  
Mountains  
Forests,  
And prairies  
Of America

Happy Thanksgiving,  
Sisters and fathers  
In the big churches  
Or in their tiniest houses  
Happy Thanksgiving  
Soldier,  
Policeman,  
And firefighter.  
Happy Thanksgiving  
My friends  
My street mates

My Café mates,  
My bus mates,  
Who is watching me  
And I did not notice.  
Happy Thanksgiving  
Who is sleeping,  
And who is dreaming,  
Who is on the road,  
Who is traveling  
By  
Plane,  
Boat,  
Car,  
Or who is orbiting  
Around the planet.

Happy Thanksgiving  
Mexicans,  
Africans,  
Asians,  
And the European:  
The first who came  
And the last who are trying.  
Happy Thanksgiving  
The lost and found  
Happy Thanksgiving given Native America  
Happy Thanksgiving to the lost and found  
Happy Thanksgiving  
Seniors,  
Men,  
Women,  
Teens,  
Children,  
And new born babies.

Happy Thanksgiving Eileen.  
Happy Thanksgiving  
America.

Atef Ayadi

# Why I Should?

Why I should be  
American?  
'Cause  
Americans  
And this growing young nation  
Want me.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Woman's Earring

I looked at a woman earring  
With the eyes of a  
Child.  
I am a curious creature!  
And I am curious about this woman  
As well as  
Her earrings.  
She pulled and put her left earring  
In my right hand's apple  
And said: "I do not like my hair"  
I said: " that is way you are hiding  
The earrings"  
She said: "Are you gay? "  
I smiled;  
In mind, a woman does not talk nothingness;  
What she said is like  
A harmless poison that defines the concept of fever,  
Or shouting me with a golden bullet  
That is unfolding itself into the peace's rose  
I said "I am lesbian  
Sister,  
Do you want me to read your hand."

Atef Ayadi

# What Do You Think About Women?

It may take me  
More than three millions years  
To know only one unique woman;  
A long journey,  
So heroic  
Journey;  
Rosy,  
Bloody –wine or real blood; it does not really matter-  
With tears or with pure water.  
Really knowing her  
From head to toes,  
Inch square by inch square  
One hair at a time,  
One lashes at a time;  
One breath at a time  
One glance a time  
And then assemble  
All the pictures  
Sound,  
Vibrations,  
Rhythms,  
All this poetry,  
It looks like  
Assembling and disassembling  
Coding and decoding,  
Reading and writing,  
And my problem is to cope with that  
To find a harmony between what learn,  
My responses and what is  
In front of me,  
Or what is really in my head.

The lips: the mute soul  
Is my new discipline  
I am not expecting  
Nobel price;  
But it is worth the adventure  
At least I could understand  
The reason of my own lips' existence;

Or my own existence.

Her feeling:

The one that stays inside  
And the one she puts outside  
To dry out.

This is a very important matter of life  
It is like or more than spirituality  
It is like dying without regrets  
Making a suicide for the sake of life  
Or live at the edge of hell and heaven

See, between her physique  
And her chemistry is a  
World of mathematics and anthropology.  
And do not forget about others major disciplines.

Now if I want to move to the next woman  
First, I ask my self if it is possible  
To detach from the first one;  
I mean: eliminate the bias of the first lady  
Is it possible to have the same energy  
For a new three millions years trip?

So I can not answer  
The question, because I still  
Do not have a clear picture  
And I am not equipped with  
High-tech gadgets  
To zoom in and out  
To weight or measure  
The when, what, where, and the How  
Of a woman.  
I only have a long breath.

Atef Ayadi

# A Peace Of Code

A child is brushing  
Potatoes.

A cloud of potatoes is  
Surrounding him from all  
Sides.

He was asked to do so.  
the reason is simple:  
It is his job!  
He gets paid for doing that!

With each finished potato.  
A Drop of sweat  
Falls down  
With each shredded skin  
That bounces on the floor;  
His childish fights evaporate  
And disappears.

But  
He is a child;  
A child is always  
A wise dreamer;  
And a strong fighter;  
He will conquer his  
Childish fear;  
He will learn  
That  
Patience  
Does not come from fear,  
But from playing with the cloud.

Atef Ayadi

# A Picture In The Cloud

The tobacco Industry  
Finally shuts down.  
I am thinking  
As I am holding  
My last unlighted cigarette:  
What makes a cloud  
A cloud?

Atef Ayadi



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## Forty Letters To A Woman – Fourth Letter –

Like any woman,  
You were sure  
And not that sure.  
For a woman,  
Adventuring out the safety zone  
Is only on a land  
Made of a man's skin.

You did not choose me,  
I did.  
And what is the difference?

So, I took you  
And drugged you  
From your beautiful  
Black hair,  
And drown you  
Into the  
Non safe zone.  
You did not like it  
Or you did.  
What is the difference?

A woman wants to be taken  
Where safety is not secure,  
Where security  
Is a world of safe words.

Atef Ayadi

# I Like My Poem To Be

I like my poem to be  
Like a man who  
does not give up  
On his manhood;  
Like a woman who does not  
Gives up on her femininity.  
So I am steering  
Words  
In a cup of water.  
First!  
I want to see how far it goes.  
I am thinking how to  
create a complete or incomplete Eileen

So I start from there.

and there starts my poem

this how I build it and like it to be

A picture of  
A woman,  
A child,  
I never have,  
I may have,  
Or possibly I have:  
Hey, I am fully human  
And everything is possible!  
So, I imagine myself in love  
With Eileen,  
While I am steering my poem  
In a glass of wine  
-Du Marlo -le vin d'amour.-  
I see my face and her face  
As the poem descend  
And emerges  
In and from the red wine.  
Ah!  
Ah, My poem!

Enfin!  
Un enfant d'amour.

Atef Ayadi

# Fatal Encounter

A mystery that looks mysterious  
Hiding its mystery  
Between the two eyes.  
Mysterious enough  
And no more than that.  
Like a Drop of water  
Falling on top  
Of my head  
From a clear blue  
Summer sky.

Atef Ayadi



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# My New Fear

I am looking  
For something  
Obvious  
And does not exist.

Atef Ayadi



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# Being Followed

The whole world  
Is watching me  
Every foot step,  
Every breath I take,  
And every feeling  
That takes off  
Or settle  
On my face.

I do care  
Starting from being careless  
To extreme care,  
Then I settle  
As my care settle,  
As my feeling takes off  
Or settles on my face.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am Afraid

I am  
Afraid  
And this is my first time.  
It is beautiful  
To be afraid  
Sometime.  
I am heading to the top of the mountain  
As it is heading down  
Toward me.  
I am afraid  
Of the beautiful words,  
The cold words,  
The vulgar ones,  
The warmer ones, and  
The fastest and slowest ones.  
I am afraid to be taken  
By them  
And become just a word.

I am afraid of the word  
"Dream; "  
This my world.  
I am afraid of  
When the world  
Becomes a word  
What will happen to my dream?

Atef Ayadi

# Transition

It is hard,  
And  
Mission impossible  
To be crazy  
By choice.  
But, I asked my woman  
To be me  
And she asked me to do the same.

The only difference,  
She jumped into me,  
later,  
after I jumped in.

Atef Ayadi



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# The African Lady

Ah!

My continent,

My home land,

My whisper,

And my sparking tear.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Asian Lady

I raced with my thoughts  
Through the Chinese wall.  
In the middle  
Of my fight  
With my sweat  
And my fear;  
Your face  
Appeared  
At the other side  
Of my fear,  
And halted my running face  
To handle me  
Another face  
To put on  
To face my fear.

Atef Ayadi



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# The White Lady

Ah!

White lady,  
You are more beautiful  
Than being  
White.

Atef Ayadi



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# Left And Right

In love,  
My woman is leftist  
While, I am rightist.  
So, who cares about  
Left and right?  
As long as we are  
In love.

Atef Ayadi



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# If I Am A God

If I am a god  
What I should do?  
I will burn my will  
And leave humanity  
In peace.

Atef Ayadi



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# If I Am A Horse

If I am a horse  
And sometime I am  
With or without  
Bridle or reins;  
I will run  
Like a falling rain.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am Evil

Ah!  
Who does not  
Like  
An evil  
Child?

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am The Monkey

If I am a monkey  
And I see myself  
Like it;  
I will choose to walk straight  
Across my fear,  
Rather than swinging between  
My thoughts.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am The Donkey

If I am a donkey.  
I think I am  
When I am  
Drunk and dull.  
I eat the slow motion thoughts  
And make my drink  
Out of my fast imagination.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am The Animal

I am the animal,  
The tiniest,  
Useless,  
And the powerless.  
I am what  
The wealthiest love to adopt.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Fisherman

I am standing up  
In the middle  
Of the lake.  
My feet are touching the ground  
The lake is soft and tender.  
The water is endlessly pure.  
The floor is nothing but  
Marble.  
I came to relax  
And stand up.  
Yes, I came to fish  
In the middle of it.  
I only have little yard thread  
And a dream  
To hold a fish  
Between my hands.

Here is my fish!  
Out of nowhere,  
Rolling and wrapping itself  
Around the thread.  
Both never expected  
To be in the middle of nowhere.  
I do not want  
To pull the thread  
And I do not resist  
The picture of  
The fish is trying to make her way to my hands.  
I held it  
Softly the between  
My hands;  
Then  
I freed it  
As if I am freeing myself  
From the idea of being  
In middle of nowhere.

Atef Ayadi

# A Poem Versus Drama

How do you know?  
Where,  
When,  
And how much do you feel  
If "It is not" or  
"It is a poem."  
And if you feel  
And you know;  
Therefore,  
After,  
And before,  
You already decided  
It is a poem  
Without  
However,  
Hence,  
And yet,  
A poem is  
Nothing  
But a feeling's decision.  
Whether  
It is a high poem when you are high,  
In the middle,  
Or down below.

Atef Ayadi

# Pretender

Do not pretend  
Nothing;  
'Cause once you do,  
You are committed to be nothing  
And maybe more  
Less than you pretended.

Atef Ayadi



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# Why I Am A Poet?

Why I Am A Poet?

'Cause,

It is everybody's question;

But it is not the answer

I am looking for.

Atef Ayadi



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# Feeling's Second Law

Wrap yourself  
Around  
Your feeling.  
And then,  
Wrap your feeling around you.

Atef Ayadi



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# Staying In The Middle

Staying in the Middle  
Is safe  
But not  
As safe  
As it looks  
To whom is staying  
In the middle.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Am Sure

If I am  
Sure;  
The word  
'Sure'  
Comes naturally  
More than it sounds  
More than it looks:  
A ravine  
Without any blur.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Vacuum Of Freedom

Freedom  
And the vacuum that comes with it;  
Is just my first jump  
The beginning of my first test.  
Without  
Light  
Or the sound of a drum.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Niece

Your are truly,  
My gene's  
Saver.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Wine

My wine  
Is red  
When it is Cold  
And white  
Under the sun.

Atef Ayadi



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# Imagination

I start  
Each time  
With one rule  
At a time;  
And it does not matter which rule.  
I shred it into  
Long pieces:  
Thin and long.  
I take randomly one shred  
And give it  
To the first child,  
Any child I find around me;  
And try to predict what  
This child will do with it.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Bored Lady

She has everything,  
As far as I can see.  
Everything!  
And she still  
Does not know what she wants.

Atef Ayadi



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# I Write

I write  
And  
It is up to you  
To decide,  
To take it or to leave it;  
Like a job  
A wife,  
A girlfriend,  
A friend,  
Having a child,  
Not having a child,  
Buying a house,  
Or renting a house,  
Go to sleep, and  
Not go to sleep.  
It is actually your business.

I can not decide for you;  
It is your choice.  
I am not in your head.  
And I do know you.  
And I may be I would, or I would not.

I write  
As I feel it;  
But I can not  
Feel it  
For you.  
I can not wrapped up and sell it  
For you.

I write  
Because  
I can not help it  
And you can.  
That is way, it is your business  
And I can not decide  
For you.

So I write  
And you decide  
What is right  
For your own mind, love, health, and your own business?

Atef Ayadi



# Sister

Ah!

Sister;

Half of my face,

My shin,

My twin,

My mind,

My wind,

And

My twister.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Brother

Ah!

Brother;

My skin and

My bones;

The lasting veins

Of my beloved father.


Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Mother

Ah!  
Mother;  
My earth,  
My land,  
And my tree.  
My peace offering  
Pigeon,  
My wings, and  
My feather.

Before I say it;  
It took me the world's  
Deepest breath  
To choose colors,  
Brushes,  
And the right canvas  
To paint it;  
So I can see if  
"I LOVE YOU"  
Looks   
Exactly like you.

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Atef Ayadi

# It Is Exactly 4: 32 Am

Eileen is  
A pure water  
With a surreal painting  
Floating at its surface.

I am  
The universe  
Without water, and  
A surreal painting.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Response

Her response was  
Fast  
And breathless  
Like walking out in a rush  
'without shoes and nothing on  
Or running without feeling  
A single Drop of sweat.

Her response  
Comes passing out,  
Dizzy, and fuzzy  
From a long boat icy trip:  
This is her first Titanic voyage  
Her response  
Approaches me  
En flame  
And  
Aroused  
Yet,  
Not wet.



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Her response was  
Weak,  
And  
Overwhelmed;  
An infant ☐  
Begging for  
Care,  
And for a warm  
Milk.

Her response  
Est  
Une réponse,  
Sans origine,  
Sans question d'origine,  
Sans couleur,  
Sans odeur,  
Sans RENDEZ-VOUS,

Sans parfum,  
Sans masse,  
Sans désir,  
Et sans méfiance.

Une réponse  
Ivre,  
Un orphelin qui danse  
Sans musique,  
Sans fête,  
Et  
Sans espérance.

Une réponse,  
Avec des lacunes,  
Une réponse,  
Qui parle  
Une langue  
Sans sa langue,  
Sans espoir,  
Sans titre,  
Sans tête,  
Sans fin,  
Un vrai bazar;  
Dis-je non-sens.

Her response is a,  
Unique  
Drama  
She sawed carefully  
And beautifully  
To fit me  
And to welcome my awaken  
Renaissance.

Atef Ayadi

# The First Universe's Orgasm

The cold  
I never expected  
The warmth  
I never had  
Are flashing my soft  
Bones  
With pure water  
As I am rising in the air  
As I am floating  
Underneath  
My Golden  
Skin.  
This is the first wave  
Of the blast of her  
Deadly glance.

Atef Ayadi



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## Eileen's Third Law: The Law Of Entropy

Love is irreversible,  
It eats both,  
And More.  
Count your heart's beats and  
Your thoughts  
You will see.

Atef Ayadi



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## Eileen's Second Law: The Law Of Gravity

Love is a dual,  
Symmetrical, and unbalanced attraction.  
Once you are in,  
There will be  
No way out.

Atef Ayadi



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# Eileen's Game

You are in or

You are out.

If you think you are in.

It is because you are out.

The more you are in,

The more you are moving out.

If you are out,

You will never be in.

Atef Ayadi



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# Seeking The Thrill

Suspended  
In the air;  
I am ...  
Anchored down by Eileen' eyes,  
Up by my dreams,  
Right by my past  
And left my future  
Blows like the wind.  
Less fearful to fall down  
The past is unchangeable  
My dreams are always fair.

This is my perfect thrill  
The fate I am always after  
I disregard equilibrium  
Stability is ignorance.

I bite on my face,  
No tear  
And  
No fear;  
I am seeking the thrill.  
I take myself up  
And plunge down.  
Eileen' eyes give me an extra breath  
The more I go up,  
The more I am rewarded down  
With a pure air.

Atef Ayadi



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# Firework

Eileen's eyes are  
A firework  
I watch  
once a year,  
And i spend the entire year  
Trying to kill the fire.

Atef Ayadi



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# Randomness

Eileen...

And

....

Randomness

Are my only obsessions.

Atef Ayadi



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# Shiva And Eileen

Shiva wanted  
Parvati;  
The world wants  
Peace;  
I want Eileen.

Atef Ayadi



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# Eileen & The Wind

The wind  
And Eileen  
Both, blow hard on me.  
It is the fall  
Anyway.

The wind is predictable  
When it comes  
When it goes away  
When and where it hits  
It comes from the west  
Or from the south.

Eileen is a Northern  
Type of wind.  
Hot and icy  
That took off my mind  
And un-earthed my skin.

Both are two natural phenomena,  
And  
Both are unstoppable.  
If I can ignore the wind,  
I can not avoid Eileen.

Atef Ayadi

## Forty Letters To A Woman - First Letter -

My letter to you,  
Is more important than me  
And  
It is more important than you.  
Because kisses are important than  
My cheeks and your cheeks,  
My eyebrows and your eyebrows,  
My lips and your lips.

This letter bypasses me  
And bypasses you.  
Because, light is important than the lighthouse,  
A color is more important than a rose,  
And a poem is more important than the universe.

My letter to you is more important  
Than both of us.  
It is a record  
I left for people  
And lovers  
To discover  
Your beauty  
And what kind of crazy man  
I am.

Atef Ayadi



# The Big Tree

She is growing up  
Inside me  
Like a new organ  
She feeds on my veins  
My thoughts,  
My fear,  
And my dreams.

The more I think,  
The more I dream,  
The more she grows up.  
And becomes bigger.  
like giant Sitka Spruce tree.

I thought,  
It is but a red rose  
That needs a humid corner,  
And some sunlight to  
Grow.

I looked inside myself,  
I realized  
She is a giant tree  
With white orange and black roses  
Red leaves and golden fruits  
Exactly what a child is dream to see

Leaving it, will not harm me  
Extracting it  
Is like extracting my veins,  
My fear,  
My thoughts,  
And my dreams all at once.

Atef Ayadi

# Perfect Island

The passion is calling me  
And is taking me  
In a long trip;  
To Eileen's eyes.  
Since Eileen's eyes  
Are a my perfect island  
And my dream's destiny  
I've been looking for  
Since my first birth,  
And I am looking for a rebirth  
On a white sandy beaches.

It is hard  
To find it,  
Access it;  
Cease it,  
Claim it with my white flag,  
Or own it.  
Because, they told me:  
"A POOR MAN  
With immature dreams  
Does not need a new land."  
So,  
I painted my dream island  
The same map,  
The same beaches  
The same eyes  
On  
My chest.

Atef Ayadi

# Eclipse

A perfect orbital and  
A perfect moon,  
Me and Eileen  
Had been switching  
Since the ancient time.

Both, we like the sunlight  
Both, we like spinning around  
Each other...  
Until the sun came between us  
A perfect eclipse occurred  
The light faded.  
I closed my eyes.  
I only open them  
To watch the sun or Eileen  
Or may be I was scared;  
The eclipse is always seen as  
A bad luck.

Hope is it was just  
A blink from  
A promising universe.  
Hope, the moon will return  
On its track  
Because without Eileen  
I am a flat ocean  
Without tides,  
Waves,  
Or lover's slack.

Atef Ayadi



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# Seeking Virtue

Loving Eileen is  
A fertile virtue...  
My green land and flowery mountains.

Having Eileen is  
A mature heroic virtue...  
Like coming to life  
With your own choice...

Being around Eileen is  
A spiritual virtue...  
The shrine I saw in my dreams  
I shall built  
And protect.

Keeping Eileen is  
The ultimate sacrifice,  
An endless resurrection.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# At The Edge

Casanova,  
Inspire me with your vitality  
And your seduction's laws  
Because,  
Eileen is a hard to seduce,  
And I am a brute man.

Geronimo,  
Give me your wisdom,  
Your strength,  
And  
Your virtue;  
Because,  
Eileen is my new land  
And  
I am not the only  
Emigrant  
Who is looking for  
A raining west's sun.

Camus,  
I am the stranger  
Give me back Eileen,  
My light,  
My breeze,  
My silence,  
And my shrine.

Atef Ayadi

# La Vie

Eileen

Is standing...

In front of the big mirrors

Naked...

Watching her nudity...

I am lying on my bed

Naked...

Watching this beautiful naked

Empty canvas.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## Mint Bite

Why did you bite me  
For three minutes?  
And then you went away  
In a second?  
Was it a custom,  
Your own way of talking,  
Or a woman whispering  
Through the rocks?  
Why not a kiss  
Or waving with your hand?  
Is it about pride?  
Were you angry woman?  
Were you creative?  
Or it was just me  
Who induced this  
Erupted bite.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Sunburn

Ah!

Why this dusty,

Muddy,

Sunny cloudy,

And tropical,

Rainy at noon

Love

At this age

Of

Nothingness?

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com



# Eileen's Love & The Milky Way

Your love came on time  
Like the fall season.  
It fell on my heart  
Like Christmas snow;  
Everything is possible.

Your love broke me  
Like a squirrel breaking  
A nutshell  
And shredded  
Me and my language  
Like a cloud  
In the sky.  
Your love stole my heart's  
Beats,  
Hung and dried them  
Like figs,  
In order to preserve them  
For the tough time,  
When I have feeling's heart attack.

Your Love's gravity  
became more and more  
strong;  
I felt suspended  
in the outer limits  
of the sky,  
Like water crystals,  
They cannot melt or fall down,  
They just must accept their  
Fate,  
To remain useless  
Suspended  
And infertile.

Your love came with  
A thousands languages,  
Ancient  
And futuristic;

Half of them are not spoken,  
The other half  
Came from the other side of the galaxy  
Encrypted,  
And I am  
Illiterate in the new languages of your love.

Your love taught me  
The unpredictable  
First, second, and third law.  
I am now a master  
Of the eleventh sense.  
Your love taught me  
How to read your eyes language.  
Your love became my guide  
When I am lost  
After our lips' long lasting war,  
And my body clings  
Over yours  
Like a Candy bar;  
I raised the white flag  
For peace.

Your love gave me a pillow  
To rest my head,  
And closed my eyes,  
And read me Arthur Rimbaud's poems,  
Like a restless child  
Who needs to be put to bed.

Your love took me  
To my preferred temple  
To meditate  
And clean my soul  
From all humanity's sins  
In order to be ready  
To wear the burden  
Of the new prophecy.

Your love  
Grind me like sand of papers  
Then, molted me into a roman

Fountain  
For the thirsty,  
Who comes to my deserted town.

Your love  
Declines my citizenship  
when I crossed the  
North borders,  
the south borders  
As well as from the sky,  
And took away  
My identity,  
My religion,  
My birthday,  
The moon cycle,  
The world map,  
And switch the sunrise to sunset.  
And changes,  
My feeling's weather,  
And my feeling darkest nights.

Your love made me  
A moon slave  
And exiled me in an open desert  
And I am only a fisherman  
I know only the salty love water  
And thousand of miles of virgin shores.  
Now I have to learn how to live  
In dry weather  
In a desert  
Between two breasts  
Like living between  
The Maya  
And the Giza pyramids.

Your love taught me  
To enter a poem  
Like entering  
A holy temple  
To clean my old sins  
Your love  
Yells and shoots

Over the church's roofs  
Announcing  
A new revolution  
After the industrial  
And the informational

Your love surprised me  
In my dreams  
Like a new prophecy  
And promises  
A fair crucifixion  
A fair immortality

Your love has deep oceans  
Few fishermen dare  
To explore it  
And I have a little boat  
And a little water for two days  
And the heavens to guide me.

I have been trying  
Since the Pharaoh's era  
And Babylonians,  
The Greeks,  
And the Romans,  
To learn your love  
Language,  
Chemistry,  
Laws,  
Rules,  
Etiquette,  
And its politics.  
But i failed  
To grasp the idea  
That is a natural phenomenon  
And your love in particular is  
A galactic blast,  
A giant black hole,  
And a supernova.

So help me  
Woman

To cope with your love.  
Help me not to be drawn  
In your love  
Quiet Seas  
And deep oceans.  
Because I am not  
An Experienced sailor  
Neither fisherman  
Who dares to sail  
Without your blue eyes"  
Compasses  
Or give me back my vigor  
To face my unmistakable destiny.

Atef Ayadi

# One Of Eileen's Difficulties

Do you want me to be  
Quiet?  
A slow sandy river;  
No stones,  
No rocks  
A side;  
A very slow river indeed?

Do you want me to be  
Volcanic,  
Restless,  
A noisy traffic  
With no stop signs?  
Or you want me just  
From time to time  
To be in a hurry  
With a bag of emotions  
On my shoulder  
And a little bag  
Of poems in my hand  
Asking for shelter.

Do you want me to have  
This urbanized love  
With different fonts,  
Different  
Credit cards, and a Ferrari,

Do you want me to be a chic lover?

Or you want this wild  
Love;  
Racing shoeless  
With camels  
Along the African Sahara's  
To defeat dunes,  
The heat,  
And the white sand?

Choose your love Eileen!  
Choose the side you like,  
The shady  
Or the sunny side;  
Where you can walk  
Sit down,  
Stand up,  
And talk  
Alone or with a crowd.

There is a moment,  
When the heat and cold  
Melt at the same point  
At the same threshold.  
And that is your choice!

Are you looking for  
a sun  
Without breeze  
Without light?

Is it the hardest question  
You ever want to ask yourself  
And  
It is still wandering between your lips?

I want to answer all your  
Hard and easy questions  
so, ask your question, Eileen!  
answering you is my life drill.

Atef Ayadi

# Skepticism

My ...  
... Problem ...  
I am too skeptical ...  
Maybe ...  
It is a family trait, or  
Because of my scientific background.  
Maybe!  
Maybe it is just ...  
... "The Eileen's effect."

I have a cell phone  
I do not use.  
I turned the ring volume off  
I ignore calls  
I never call back  
I am brute  
And wild.  
I do not see the benefit  
Of Sprint, or AT&T.  
After all,  
I never received a single  
Call  
From Eileen.

Atef Ayadi



# Inspired

I am always  
Inspired  
By the sun  
And Eileen.

The sun is for everyone  
Eileen is priceless  
And I am free.

I can not lose you  
Eileen!  
Because you left  
Your fingerprints.  
I can not seize you  
'Cause the wind  
Is a natural phenomenon  
And my veins  
Are not fit  
For too much rain  
And more than 80 knots wind.

Atef Ayadi

# Colors' Hysteria

They come scrambling,  
Racing,  
Competing,  
And  
Praising each other;  
Like people in a big town;  
Competition is always hostile.  
They entered  
The white canvas  
From the four corners;  
Few from the sides.  
They came  
Yelling  
And cheering.  
They invaded the canvas  
Like the Romans entered the gates of  
Jerusalem;  
Like Eileen entered me.  
With the same love and  
The same human rhetoric.

Colors came first,  
Then a wave of forms  
Followed them;  
Like the Olympics' opening.  
I am the only  
Public,  
The canvas is an unwelcoming  
And unfinished  
Stadium.  
Both colors and forms  
Started to draw  
Patterns  
And metaphors.

I can see Eileen's name,  
I can see Eileen's face,  
I can see Eileen's smile too,  
Building up,

Drop by drop;  
I can see Eileen  
Laying down  
Along the canvas  
With her smile of orange  
Then, Standing up;  
She glanced at me  
Then, she walked away.

Colors, ink  
And water  
Shake hands  
And embrace each other  
It is really a human scene, ...  
Human feast.  
Some colors  
Clash against a few forms  
Others get a long  
Naturally;  
Others were  
In a rush  
Vanished;  
A dozen were just watching the scene  
Only one color is acting  
Exactly like Eileen.

I never predicted  
How the canvas was going  
To look like  
I never judged the painting  
'Cause it always triggers  
My desire  
For Eileen.

My colors are my words;  
My words are Eileen;  
Eileen is the sun  
The sun rises  
I feel warm.  
Eileen is warm too,  
And then she runs;  
Eileen always runs

when she is warm.

The canvas  
Is almost done.  
The colors are exhausted,  
The forms are drunk,  
And I am sober.  
The blue sky is there,  
Some squared doors  
And windows  
In red,  
Blue, and  
Pink  
Are open  
To let the air  
Circulating  
And rejuvenate  
The sad fireplace.

The painting is done.  
I called the painting  
Smiling Eileen.

Atef Ayadi

# Only Eileen

Only Eileen  
Dares to tell me  
How much I weight  
... My self-worth  
In pounds,  
And In pennies;  
In the black market,  
In EBay,  
Wall Street,  
Antic shops,  
And in cheap and cheek,  
Bazaars.

Only Eileen  
Knows  
Who I am,  
What type of guts I have,  
What type of breathing habits I have,  
What type of joke I have,  
What type of joke I am.  
She told me  
All of that  
So I will not have sunburn  
And be immune to the cold feeling attacks.

She told me all  
With a closed mouth;  
With retreated eyes  
What I heard  
Is what I am bitterly  
Trying to grasp  
And see.

Only Eileen  
With her unspoken language,  
Make-up,  
And soft night  
Soft dress  
Dares to face me

And let me look down  
Into my barrel's bottom.  
My own real deep sea.

Only Eileen  
Dares to stare at me  
Ah!  
... With an eternal glance  
From the bottom-up  
And give me  
My forgotten maps  
In order to explore  
ORION  
CASSIOPEIA  
VULPECULA  
TAURUS  
And others  
Around  
SAGITTA.

Only Eileen ...  
Can tell...  
What type of cement,  
Sand,  
Bricks,  
titanium  
Plaster And concrete  
I may need ...  
To build my mind,  
my veins,  
my heart,  
my skin  
My shell,  
My... self,  
... My house ...  
Over  
The one that fell down.

Atef Ayadi

# Eileen's Language

I hate colons,  
Semi-colons,  
Commas,  
All the dots,  
The street's dashed and bold lines,  
The formal and informal,  
Business and love letters,  
And what worsens my stomach pain,  
The civilized patterns,  
Motifs,  
And jokes and dilemmas.

I hate it all  
I hate to list,  
Lay down,  
Lay out,  
All the focused and structured  
Feelings,  
And etiquettes.  
I hate this inventory of  
What I like  
And what I do not like.  
I like to vomit them all;  
Like a rusted wood suitcase  
Is vomiting its rusted nails.

I do not like to face you  
Eileen;  
Until I empty  
All my guts  
From the rust  
And the antic puppets,  
Heroes, and clowns  
I have been storing  
Since ancient times,  
Since the time my first ancestor  
Stood up  
And walked through the cold  
And the warm lands.□

I will not promise you  
Eileen ...  
Because, you never did  
Or you may not be there  
Waiting  
For me.  
For a fancy commitment.  
I hate to be prized,  
Competition,  
Pleasureful rewards,  
Fake smiles, and  
Boredom;

They Are my worst enemies.

I like to earn you  
with my own sweat.

I have to stay away  
Somewhere  
On the darkest spot of the sun  
Anywhere!  
It does not matter!  
I have to stay away  
From the language you speak,  
Your perfect grammar,  
Your perfect dress,  
Your perfect town,  
Your perfect healthy food,  
Your compulsive food,  
And your anxious thoughts  
And mood.  
I need to breathe first  
So I can  
Like you first  
And then up...  
Up ...

Love can grow up  
within the guts  
and jump starts the heart.



Atef Ayadi

# The Only Choice

You have no other choices  
Right  
Or left,  
But to face me.  
No regrets,  
No hard feelings  
No guilt,  
No they,  
No he,  
No she,  
No plea,  
Will help you  
But me.

You face it  
Whether  
Standing up  
Laying down  
Or sitting on your knees  
You will have it all,  
You will have me.

You flee,  
To the sky,  
To the mountains,  
To the desert,  
To the sea,  
You still remember  
Me.

You may think  
You will be free,  
And  
That is the cure,  
That is the key.  
So run  
Fast,  
Slow,  
Run as much as you can,

Nothing will stop you,  
No one will catch you,  
Except,  
The shadow  
Of you  
And me.

Atef Ayadi

# Migrating To The South

I crossed the Mexican  
Border  
Heading south  
No one stopped me ...  
No one asked me ...  
For an ID,  
A passport,  
Or even my social security Number.  
After All,  
I am heading south  
To the heat  
And dry lands.  
They told me nothing is  
Left  
Over there,  
Except elders  
With their friendly  
Dogs,  
Unfriendly DOGS.  
And dozens Of orphans,

Eileen told me...  
One day, ....  
Like Columbus  
You really missed  
The south.

Atef Ayadi

## 9: 00 Am Blue Movement

The feminist crowd  
Is blocking  
The streets;  
Every street,  
In every town,  
In every county,  
And in every State.  
The strike is inevitable  
They are shouting:

"FREE, FREE. OUR CHILDREN ARE FREE! "  
"FREE, FREE. OUR CHILDREN ARE FREE! "

Eileen is up front,  
Holding the crowd together.  
A few men  
Are outside,  
In the same streets  
Supporting  
The strike,  
And distributing bottles of water  
And juice.  
Others  
Laughing ... cheering with domestic beers  
In bars,  
In Their homes  
While they are watching the news  
On CNN.

Atef Ayadi

## 5: 25 Pm Dreams Come True

Me and Eileen  
Hand in hand,  
Africa is free,  
North Korea is out of danger,  
The ecosystem is back to normal,  
The magnetic field  
Flipped  
With no major disaster,  
A new form of energy is discovered,  
Dualism is over,  
A futuristic ethical system  
Is approved by the majority  
At the United Nation's building,  
And  
Millions of people  
Walk together  
To cure obesity.

Atef Ayadi



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**5: 06 Pm**

I am looking at the rain  
Trying to catch  
Eileen's face  
Falling with each drop.

I wander ...  
Why Should Eileen appear  
only from the sky?

Atef Ayadi



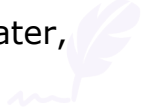
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### 3...

Like water,  
Eileen  
Does not like  
The pain  
Of altitude,  
Or being suspended in the air.  
She chooses  
To fall down;  
Water is always falling down  
Toward the land and deeper,  
Back to where it grew up and  
Back to the roots.  
The air is for breathing  
Not for feigning.

I came from the desert;  
Water is good  
Only for the sweat.  
I need water,  
Because  
Without it  
I am a dry land.

Atef Ayadi



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# Emptiness

No cloud  
No storm  
No humidity  
No dust  
But a clear night sky  
Indeed!  
No stars  
No nebula  
No moon  
No sparking at all!  
Much like  
My mind  
Without Eileen.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## Iii

The wind is weeping  
Because  
Eileen was taken.  
I am watching Eileen  
Being taken,  
And my heart is  
With the wind.

Atef Ayadi



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## Surrealism Xiv

... The sun is burning the ground;  
... The ground is burning my feet;  
    .... I am burning a cigarette;  
... The cigarette is burning my head;  
    ... My head is burning words;  
... Eileen is looking at the sun.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Portrait

She put her fingers  
On top of each other  
To mimic  
The octopus' arms movement  
They Expel  
And retract.  
Her tongue  
Swept her lips  
Every five retractions  
She exhaled four words:  
Derive,  
Stimulus,  
Inspired,  
And ultimately.  
They remain suspended  
And  
Echoing  
In the air.  
This is an impressionist portrait  
Of a woman  
Explorer.  
Who simply asked  
to be explored.

Atef Ayadi

# The Darker Path

Three solitary colors:  
Red,  
Blue, and black;  
One straight line,  
No circle,  
One scratch,  
The name of Eileen:  
Four times and  
In three different sizes,  
And one metaphor  
Are laying down,  
Waiting  
Between the white canvas  
And my exiled journal.

What I could not say  
I wrote.  
What I could not write  
I painted.  
What I could not paint  
I scratched.

The painting exhaled  
A breath of life;  
Like Eileen  
Exhaled me.

Atef Ayadi

# Failure

I failed!

I failed!

I also failed my failure.

I cannot move

An inch up

Or an inch down.

At the surface,

The white

Old

Shark already swallowed Eileen;

Maybe,

Eileen swallowed the white old Shark

I stayed

Suspended

In the bottom

Of the ocean

I created.

Atef Ayadi



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# Shopping

I went shopping  
In Wal-Mart.  
I aimed to buy a woman,  
Or love;  
A woman soup  
Or love soup;  
A woman receipt  
Or a love receipt;  
Something that makes  
My sex drive go away  
Or cool it down.  
Something I can find on the shelves  
Or in the deli section.  
Like beans,  
Milk,  
Juice,  
Eggs,  
Or sliced beef.

Atef Ayadi

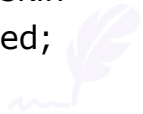


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## Surrealism Xiii

Eileen lit a cigarette  
In a moment of a cascade  
Of memories  
Love,  
Fear,  
Judgment,  
And remorse.  
The smoke erupted  
From her pomegranate lips.  
And invaded the bar space;  
Like a Pyroclastic flows  
At the speed of light,  
And finally fell on me.  
Her eyes were fixed  
On me;  
Like a star watching  
An orphan moon.  
I felt my skin  
Half burned;  
But,  
I still kept watching  
This beautiful  
Natural phenomenon.

Atef Ayadi



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# Classified

I am a male;  
100% straight;  
I am looking  
For a job,  
A House,  
And  
An unbreakable  
Hurricane  
Woman.

Atef Ayadi



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## Gifted

She is standing on my eyelids  
And her hair is crossing mine  
She took the shape  
Of my hand  
Then she dissolved  
Into my eyes color  
And swallowed in my shadow  
Like a storm in the sky.

Atef Ayadi



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# You And Me


My love is the sun  
Rolling over the dunes of the desert.  
Your love is a flooding rain storm.  
No one can promise  
The splitting  
Or the unity.

Atef Ayadi



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# The Anxious Lambs

The lambs are following  
A few goats  
To the highest  
Mountain  
Of the ancient Sinai.  
They become tired  
Of the shepherd's expectations,  
And his restless smart dog's barking.  
They like to be free.  
They like to adventure  
With what they know  
Into the inaccessible,  
And into the wonders  
Of a new magic green land.  
They like to be taken  
With force  
To the unknown.  
The goats are well  
Adapted and  Skillful in the matters of  
Heights  
And follow the old paths.  
They think "Me first and  
Then the lambs."  
The lambs still are lambs.

The shepherd closes his eyes  
Sometimes  
He knows the goats' nature  
And ambitions.  
He uses them  
Sometimes  
To challenge his lambs  
For the welfare  
Of everyone.  
He knows their past.  
The lambs know their own past.  
It is rare to find a lamb that  
Recognizes that it is a lamb.

The goats know both.  
The dog is seeking only a reward.  
It is a renaissance way of thinking  
For both goats and lambs.  
The shepherd is always a shepherd  
The dog remains a dog  
The past remains as ancient as Sinai.

Atef Ayadi

# Twin Poems

Sweat mixed  
With pain  
Time of first  
Labor

Push!  
Push!  
Breathe now!  
Breathe!  
Push  
Again!  
Push again!  
Here it is  
the first of the twin's;  
It is a male  
Poem.  
Breathe now!  
Take one more  
Breath  
Push now!  
Push!  
Push!  
Push again!  
I can see the head.  
Breathe!  
Breathe again  
And push!  
The second twin is  
Coming out.  
Push!  
Push!  
Do not stop!  
Push!  
Here it is!  
The second twin baby;  
It is a  
A female poem.

What names



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I am going to  
Choose for them?  
This pregnancy  
Is not the fruit  
Of a romantic  
Love;  
It comes  
With a big pain  
And two  
Healthy  
Heavy  
Twin poems.

Atef Ayadi

# Zero Gravity

□

A wasteful effort

In the waste.

A retired General

Is smiling to his public.

A lover buried

His expensive gift of red flowers

in a public graveyard.

The moon is looking

For adoption

By the old sun.

Pilgrims

Are curious about a new prophecy

and the religion that follows it;

I am tying up

My feet

With a robust trusted cord;

My legs are above my head now;

I am attempting my last yoga suicide.

Atef Ayadi



# Absence

The time  
You are away  
I came back  
To  
My cave  
To rewrite  
The Torah,  
The Bible,  
And reread the Koran.

Atef Ayadi



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# Division Of Labor

I finished it!

I finished it!

... It is finally done!

This rosy, blue, and pink

Constipating Painting;

With a lot of focus

And support

From my own professors

And few devoted

Customers ...

I deleted it

As soon as I finished it.

Atef Ayadi



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# Lucent Thoughts

Some ...

First and second grade

Professors

Put their hands

On the lexical dictionary

To harvest their oath

For TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Puzzle.

The time Balzac

Is resting his feet

In a hot and salty water.

Others are walking in the same

Mainstream

In wonder,

Are there any human connections

Between the professors,

First grade,

Second grade,

The lexical system,

The price and the benefits

Of such dictionary?

Balzac is still enjoying the warmth

Of his feet.

I am still questioning

The oath.

Atef Ayadi

# Love Revolution

Too many questions  
Came to my mind,  
And rushed against my veins  
Like an oceanic bubbles  
Surfacing with the hope to catch the last tropical rain.

Why is love not for everyone?  
I mean:  
Everyone!  
And every being!

Like the sunshine reaching  
All beings  
Like the sea's waves,  
Reaching all virgin shores.

Why is love not like  
Water,  
Salt,  
Spices,  
Wine,  
And perfumes,



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Or simply a  
Commodity  
Anyone can afford?

Why is love not like  
An infant water stream that  
Comes from a titan desert  
With a big dream  
To reach a big lake or  
To sweeten a lost pensive old sea,

Like a cloud and rain, or  
Like grass and flowers  
For everyone?

I thought

It is for all  
Human and  
Any being!

Without exception,  
No etiquette,  
No protocols,  
Or political debates.

Why is it not possible  
To have a natural love  
Like a red rose  
Rising up from  
The sand?

Why can love not  
Grow up naturally  
Over  
Our chests,  
Our hands,  
Our legs,  
Our backs,  
And our shin  
Like our  
Black,  
Soft,  
Yellow,  
Long,  
Short  
And curly hair?

Why is love not  
given with our  
birth certificate  
As a second  
Personal ID?

Why love is not  
A necessity  
Like poetry?



## Second Of Madness

A second  
Of extreme madness  
Took me at high speed.  
No red lights will stop it.  
Neither adults' guns  
Nor children's fireworks  
Will absorb it.  
It Turned with me over and over  
From Market  
To Main street.

.  
I woke up  
After a long  
Period  
Between coma  
And apathy;  
With minor injuries  
I realized  
I killed three love poems  
Paralyzed four young  
Verses  
From the neck down.  
I cried when I heard  
I lost  
My best friend  
Eileen's  
Holy secret poems.

Atef Ayadi

# Accommodation Of Desire

I broke the dozen eggs  
I bought a few weeks ago.  
Only two of them are badly reddish.  
My eyes are fixed on the good ones.  
I forget to turn the stove on  
As Eileen's face appeared  
From the back side of my brain.  
I sit there glancing at  
The unmixed eggs;  
Thinking...  
Why are the reddish eggs  
Considered bad?

Atef Ayadi



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# Surrealism IX

This morning is awkward  
The sun is not rising at all  
My pain turned into an orgasm  
My breath is slowing down  
My thoughts are numbing  
Eileen is standing up  
On the other side  
Of the river  
Looking north  
It becomes more eloquent  
The river has been flooding  
Constantly  
For three years  
The water never reached me  
I was told the desert disappeared  
Ever since  
I am still watching my feet  
My worries about Eileen  
Interrupt my attraction to my dry feet.  
She is always in my mind  
Even though we never met  
We never talked  
My obsession with my feet  
Turned into an obsession with Eileen  
Time dissolves into the flatness of the space  
Eileen dissolves all the absurdities

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## Surrealism Viii

I was focused on the chess board  
Eileen is an unbeatable opponent  
I could not tell her anything  
About my feelings for her;  
A feeling As old as the game itself  
Chess is the game of life  
My life game  
A male was standing around our table  
With a persisting smile  
His eyes were solidified around Eileen  
As I tried to move  
My bishop  
To a check mate  
Eileen asked me if we can  
Postpone the game  
She has neck pain  
She left  
And vanished with our table host.

I waked up;  
It was just a dream!

Atef Ayadi



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# The Hand, Remorse

Eileen is sitting at the café entry side  
Big table  
Unfocused  
It is around sunset  
The blue is mixed  
With darkness  
I went out  
To take breath of smoke  
My ultimate orgasm  
For Five minutes  
Two cigarettes in a row  
Three times.  
An attempt to swallow  
Eileen's face.

Atef Ayadi



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# Persistence Of Memory

Eileen left the town  
One snow flake is falling  
Vertically  
Toward an oak tree yellow laying leave.  
The streets are deserted,  
Except from the cold.  
I am looking from the windows;  
My only escape.  
My coffee cup is waiting for my hand  
To warm it.  
My young journal is afraid of  
The shrinking table.

Atef Ayadi



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## Surrealism Iii

Her naked face  
Aroused me.  
I was helpless  
Looking  
To find a  
An unexposed seat  
To sit down.

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## Surrealism Iv

Words are eating commas,  
Phrases are eating the page,  
Pages are eating the Parallel Space.  
The end of Quantum Mechanic  
Is reaching its fatal absurdity,  
And its maximum entropy.  
It is cold;  
I have to burn my journal.

Atef Ayadi



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## Surrealism Vi

A gray serpent hit  
The isolated farm  
In an isolated land  
The night shaded the land  
It ate only one cow,  
The youngest  
The fattest  
One chicken,  
The youngest  
The fattest.  
And left the lambs.  
The gray serpent comes back  
Every night  
The farmers gathered  
At the last victim house  
Nice touch down big town boy?  
Laugh the crowd.  
My companion Eileen crossed my hear  
Tenderly  
And said  
Do you like this TV commercial?  
It is about the last football game  
An advertisement for Miller Light  
Wake up!  
Sober man.

Atef Ayadi

## Surrealism Vii

The war is raising.  
Who started first?  
The ambitious youthfulness  
On behalf of Alexander the great,  
The Romans who were looking for  
Refined salts,  
The crusades who were  
Escaping from the orthodox eagles,  
The new RAP globalization, or  
The cons and pros bring their  
Breezes and winds.  
The only common  
And absurd denominator:  
They are lambs,  
An organized group temptation,  
And a low class heavy iced mind  
With calculated steps.  
All the eyes and tongues  
Are fixed on the new  
Martinez Cocktail;  
Anything else  
Is the absurdity itself.  
What I am sure of  
It is getting hot and hotter  
The battle field is getting crowded  
And flatter.  
My mind is taking me  
To watch this cat  
Crossing this noisy party  
Looking for something?  
maybe she is trying to escape from the noise or  
She is chasing a mouse?

Atef Ayadi



# Siege

Your love threw me  
In the land of wonders.  
It took me by surprise  
From my neck  
While I was  
At my preferred café,  
At my preferred table,  
While I was teasing my poems,  
While my poems were teasing me.  
I forgot my preferred café  
And I forgot my preferred table  
I forgot my poems  
I forgot whom I was teasing  
And who was teasing me.

.  
Your love surprised me  
While I was reading my hand  
For luck  
And fate.  
I forgot my hand,  
I forgot my luck,  
And I forgot my fate.

Your love invaded me  
the same way a tsunami  
Invaded the moon  
In its ecliptic wedding  
With the sun.  
I woke up weak  
Thirsty,  
And thirty million light years faraway  
From my birth galaxy.  
I forgot the moon,  
I forgot the sun,  
I forgot the wedding  
And I forgot my birth galaxy.

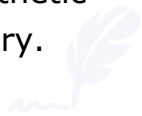
Your love surprised me  
Like the Christ surprised the ancient world

I forgot Christ  
And I forgot the ancient world.

Atef Ayadi

# The Last Empire

I came to this land  
As a liberator  
With new alphabets,  
New poetry engineering skills,  
New love roses:  
Red,  
Coral,  
Orange,  
And Pink;  
For the moon,  
And for the sun.  
I came with new DESKTOP SUPPORT  
Ideas and concepts  
For lovers who lost their tongues  
With new love vision,  
New Fine Art theory  
With less mathematical tensions  
More aesthetic  
Less binary.



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I came with a dream  
To be the last emperor  
Of a last empire  
That expands beyond  
The Milky Way and  
The super clustered galaxies.

After 7 years of cheap labor,  
I realized,  
I am the only one  
Who is holding  
The white flag  
Of my own irony.

Atef Ayadi

# Why You

Why you?  
Why particularly you?  
From all women  
You changed my days' rhythm  
My life engineering,  
My physics,  
And my chemistry,  
And I did not oppose or resist.  
Why I love you particularly,  
Desire you particularly,  
And let you  
Slide between the blue papers  
Of my journal  
To sleep with my poems.  
Why you particularly  
I let you sing on my cheeks  
And dance on my eyebrow  
And I did not oppose.

Why you particularly,  
I let you  
Kill all the beautiful women  
Inside me  
And I did not oppose.  
Why I favored you  
From all women  
And I gave you  
My town,  
My closet  
My secret box  
The keys to my secret gardens,  
Secret gods,  
And to my secret water falls;  
No woman earned  
Such high rank before.

Atef Ayadi

# The Last Emigrant

I came to this new land,  
To this old continent,  
Following my natural;  
My instinct.  
I did not hear cheers  
No smiles,  
No welcome signs,  
No fireworks,  
No one was there to receive me,  
Or to shake my hand  
As I anticipated,  
Except this sign  
That says:  
"NON-CITIZENS must cross this gate."

I came with no sense  
Of attachment,  
Identity,  
Religious freedom,  
Love freedom,  
Big numbers, or  
Freeing freedom.  
I am just seeking the warmth.  
I am looking for  
A piece of land  
Under the sun.

Atef Ayadi

# Agitation

After the tides  
After the French revolution  
After the mannish history  
After a feminine geography  
After a long career in women's politics  
After the boredom,  
After the wine,  
After all the complements I made,  
After the poetry I wrote,  
And the few verses written to me,  
After the flood of kisses,  
After the national disaster,  
And after pouring out all the anger;  
I made a plan for a new trip  
To an unknown continent,  
Where I wont crave poetry  
And my poems won't crave me.

Atef Ayadi



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# Antagonism

He gave her a name:

Pearl,

Atinite,

Whisper,

Stream,

Chamomile,

Daffodil,

Papillion,

Spring,

Spring's flower,

Sun's flower.

She left,

And left him a note:

'You do not need a name.'

Atef Ayadi



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# Broken Face

My face fell down  
On the floor  
I took my broken face  
Between my hands  
And I dreamed  
Of a woman  
Who can buy it  
And hang it  
Somewhere.  
But who cares about  
An antique  
Clayey  
face?  
They told me,  
A woman never buys  
A sad  
And broken  
Face.

Atef Ayadi



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# Une Femme Unique

I saw you  
In all women's eyes,  
And I saw  
All women  
In your eyes.

Atef Ayadi



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# Eileen Eyes

I am absorbed by this galactic  
Dual  
Black holes  
As dark  
As Eileen's eyes.  
They sucked me in half of a second.  
I cannot stop it.  
It is an unmistakable fate.  
I like it!  
Let it be!

My body stretched  
Like a river escaping a glacier.  
My feet walked alone.  
My eyes are still fixed on hers  
Before falling.

Eileen's eyes  
are a cosmic event;  
A human  
Dominant myth.  
They sucked everybody and everything.  
Nothing remained,  
Except the echo of a passing universe,  
And my eyes  
Are still fixed on hers  
And hers on me.  
I face it;  
I like it;  
It is my fate;  
So let it be!

Atef Ayadi

# Your Name's Letters

The letters of your name follow me,  
Hide in my pocket when I walk out  
Cling to my gloves,  
Lay down close to the chimney,  
And disperse over my journal's  
White pages;  
Like a friend who is waiting for me  
For a drink or a cup of tea.

Your name's letters shadow my fate,  
Soothe my withered solitude,  
And draw my odyssey.

Your name letters check on  
My forehead,  
My cheeks,  
And my hands  
For possible fever,  
And they also check on  
My heartbeats;  
They are my doctor and my medicine.

Atef Ayadi

# I Will Tell You

I will tell you  
I love you  
When all ardor's languages  
Will vanish.  
When all lovers will loose  
Their tongues,  
Their hearts,  
And their lips.  
Then I may say it  
because the language of  
love remains forever  
A Kiss.

I will repeat it  
As many as  
The kisses  
You give me  
And as many as  
Breaths  
You take from me.

I will say it  
When I feel  
The rivers need your permission to walk  
The seasons need your permission to change  
The snow needs your permission fall down and melt  
The earth needs your permission to crawl and rotate

I will tell you  
I love you  
When I see  
All the world's languages  
Come for an urgent meeting  
To discuss your lips fate

I may say it  
Deliberately  
And



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Unconditionally  
If I feel  
You are my last  
Exile.

Atef Ayadi

# Ebay

I put my  
Face  
For selling  
In a public  
Auction  
On EBAY.  
I added a digital  
Picture  
For honesty,  
And  
A starting price  
\$0.99.  
I checked  
Seven days  
Later,  
No one!  
No one made  
A bid.  
But I received only one  
Private  
Question that looked like feedback  
From a buyer  
Who identified herself as a face seller  
she wrote:  
'No woman buys a sad face.'

Atef Ayadi

# I Wish

I wish...

I wish I could write you

A poem,

A circular one.

Within,

The language changes

Like a flower emerges from a dot,

Like a young squirrel gnawing a comma;

Like a child crawling over letters,

Frivolously tearing words,

And arranging them into cubes and pyramids.

A child is always a genius.

See,

Whatever is

The poem's geometry,

Its relief,

If it is a harvest,

Raining,

Freedom,

Love,

Woman,

War,

Or spiritual day;

A poem remains a currency,

A God's work

Never revealed,

Never finished,

Never done.

I wish

If you let me go back

To the day

You were born

To write,

Between your infant eyebrows,

And

On your lips

A song



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A happy and dancing

One.

And extract from your red cheeks

A rare wine.

Atef Ayadi



# Face It

Free your lips  
From the daily etiquettes  
And the charm of ancient veils  
Do not run away  
No one runs after drawing ones' fate  
Did you ever see  
The sea running away from its tides  
And hiding behind the shores.

Take off your veil  
Your rings,  
And the Indian henna,  
You may not need them  
Love journey is like  
Crossing an ocean  
With a rebellion young boat  
And with little water.

Show your feeling's face;  
No need for hate.  
Hang your hate against the wall  
Like a Victorian painting  
Or an African lion's skull.  
Convert your hate  
Into a roman wine  
Or a Chinese ink  
To use later to write a future language.  
Plan for new fates  
Life is held between your hungry lips  
And your tattooed eyebrow.

Atef Ayadi

# Eileen

Eileen...

Is a complex phrase  
Made out of simple words.  
She turned me into a simple phrase  
Made out of complex words,  
And commas racing foolish dots.

Eileen is a woman with whispering eyes  
That defeat the galactic distances,  
And penetrate through the human skin.

Eileen is an ancient woman  
Her destiny is a future station;  
And I live only in the present  
And I am stuck in the time of  
Duals between barons and  
Pimps of poetry.

Forgive me  
Eileen;  
If I could not  
Catch your flying whispers  
Nearby the heavens.  
I agree!  
I am a failure!  
I am still trying to figure out  
How many dots  
And commas  
I need  
To make my first speech.

Atef Ayadi



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# Second Day In Heaven

...

Oh no!

'F.u.c.k? '

Police again!

Atef Ayadi



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# Love Gravity Effect

I am falling  
Vertically  
Under the effect  
Of gravity.  
I like it.  
I am falling rapidly,  
And  
I still like it.  
I am not scared  
From the  
Great impact,  
From  
This deadly impact.  
The attraction is so  
Intense  
As well as  
The impact.  
I wake up  
After the  
Crash  
After  
A breathing animation  
And High voltage  
Heart re-animation  
I found myself  
Melted  
On top of you.

Atef Ayadi



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# Between Us

Between us  
A corn field  
And  
A little stream  
Dreaming to be  
A river.

Between us  
The sun is running  
From the east  
With a torch  
To hand it  
To the moon  
On the west

Between us  
Shallow waters  
Are  
Racing  
To reach  
The Atlantic

Between us  
Hot  
And cold climates  
Are melting  
To form a fine  
Golden line  
Between hell  
And heaven

Between us  
A war  
Of  
fireworks  
And infant poems.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Three Job Opportunities

The  
Army,  
The  
Church,  
And  
Jail.  
Three jobs  
Are posted  
Every day,  
Every week,  
TV,  
Newspapers,  
Fliers,  
And fairs, and everywhere in the planet.  
Three manufacturers  
Are good at manufacturing  
And packing  
Death.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# The Network

I turned  
The TV  
On.  
The first five minutes  
The CNN news:  
Two prostitutes  
Were  
Found  
Decapitated  
And dumped  
In two separated  
Bags  
After being  
Beating.  
This I call  
Peace time  
Casualty.  
Followed  
By five minutes  
Of commercial:  
Drug for obese  
The next five minutes  
The war on freedom  
In Iraq  
Local news  
Car bombing  
Injured one USA  
Soldier  
And killed 19  
Civilians  
Most of them were  
Children.  
Then  
Another five minutes  
Of commercial  
This time  
Bow flex  
With 30 years of  
Warranty

Then the  
Local weather update,  
With no warning!  
Popped up  
With  
A noisy  
Warning Message  
TURNADO WATCH  
Affective till 9: 47 PM  
In the following  
Counties:  
LOUISVILLE,  
PARIS,  
CHAMPAIGN,  
And 6 other  
Counties  
I do not remember their names.  
I hear the heavy rain and branches  
Falling.  
I have been  
In this town  
For seven years,  
No tornado  
Touched  
Really  
Down.

I switched to CNN  
Still,  
It is about  
Denis,  
It became  
Type four  
Hurricane  
As it got  
Close to Alabama.  
The head  
Of Alabama  
Asked  
His people  
To leave



And drive north.  
Poor Alabama,  
Poor people  
In Alabama.

I turned the  
TV off.  
I took  
My bicycle  
And I headed to  
The closest bar.

Atef Ayadi

# Headache

I wrote  
This poem  
In a rush  
Like  
Making love  
In a hurry  
It is bored  
Boring  
And disobedient  
Poem  
And  
A very young one

See  
I neither wrote it  
to celebrate  
nor to cry out

It is  
A poem  
That has no  
Breath  
No dots  
And  
No commas

I want just  
To escape  
From this  
Persistent  
Headache

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

## \$2.00

My pants  
Are falling  
Down;  
Even though I  
Tied  
My belt  
Twice  
since this morning.

Both  
Shoes  
I bought  
A week ago  
For \$2.00  
Are kicking  
Me.

Both my pants and the pair of shoes  
Are not  
Worth  
A week of pain  
I have been going  
Through.

Atef Ayadi



PoemHunter.com

# Telepathy

I am  
Sure  
You are sitting  
now  
Around a coffee shop table  
Like me

I am sure  
You are  
Writing  
Your daily  
Diary  
Exactly  
Like me

I am sure  
You stop  
Each time  
Your pen  
Scramble  
On  
My name  
And creep after few lines ...  
Exactly like  
My pen  
When it meets  
The first  
Letter  
Of you name

I am sure  
Your breath  
Is taken  
Away  
For ten seconds  
Like mine  
And your eyes  
Take off  
And fly



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Nearby  
For a moment  
Like mine

I am sure  
You smile  
And then  
You get angry  
Exactly  
This is  
How I feel  
Right now

I am sure  
You end  
Your diary  
With  
A  
Hope  
The same here  
I wrote  
At the end  
Of the page  
Of my journal  
I hope ...  
Three consecutive dots  
For you,  
may be four  
Followed  
By  
I will meet with you  
Again.

Atef Ayadi

# Adulthood

Ok!

You come to this world  
with a big cry  
like any healthy newborn.

Your parents,  
your single mother,  
your single father,  
your lonely step father,  
or your grandparents

Took care of you

And your mess

For few decades.

Now you are

An adult.

So,

Welcome

To the adult web site

and to planet earth,

You should have

A username,

A password, in order to login

And

Fix your own mess.

Atef Ayadi

# Where Do You Come From?

In most parties  
I go to,  
Or in some public  
Gathering  
Around coffee shop  
Table;  
The most  
Frequently asked  
Urgent,  
Predictable  
And routine  
Questions  
I have been subject to  
And  
I have tried  
Unsuccessfully  
To digest  
During these  
Last five years  
Is  
"what is your name? "  
"How do you pronounce it? "  
"where do you come from? "

See,  
They come  
In a bundle,  
One pack,  
The same sequence,  
Same wavelength,  
And  
The same algorithm.

I do not know where people  
Learned  
The stuff?  
Was it in first grade?  
Second?  
Fifth grade?

Maybe

To deal with the country's

Urgent

Need

For diversity.

Atef Ayadi



# War Time

I closed my embassy;  
Before that,  
I laid off the staff  
With no written warning  
Or excuses in advance.  
I laid off the security guard too.  
It is a shaking time.  
A lot of bloody feeling bombs,  
Harassments,  
And body language threats.

I tried traditional diplomacy  
To save this ancient  
Mutual love's  
Interest.  
I tried really  
To preserve  
This bilateral  
Romantic partnership  
That flourished  
Since the Babylonian era.

I want to stop  
Our lips shaking  
With too many love  
Etiquettes.  
I want to stop these  
Cold and  
High temperature  
Collisions  
And earthquakes  
Between the north and the south.  
You did not  
Give me too many choices  
And you rejected mine.  
See, there is nothing between  
Hell and Heaven.

I closed the embassy.

I locked its oriental door.  
The only thing I took with me is  
The last six years  
Of our secret poems.

Atef Ayadi

# Roast Beef

I checked two  
Food stores  
The COUNTRY MARKET  
And  
YOUR HEALTH store  
For the same  
Roast beef pack.  
YOUR HEALTH store  
Added \$2  
Over the  
COUNTRY MARKET  
Price.

Atef Ayadi



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# Woman Of Thousand Myths

I dumped all the history books  
The ones I own  
The ones I do not  
The ones I have read  
The ones I have not  
Because your arrival  
Marks  
The starting point  
Of human history  
As well as the universe.  
And, with your hands  
You redrew new maps  
To give birth to  
A new kind of geography  
Less flat  
Less salty  
That joins  
Tigris River  
And the Mississippi.

Your smile  
Is this big bang  
Of alphabets  
That redraws a fair  
Language  
Where geometric  
And organic  
Poems are equal.

Your lips give order  
To build this town  
And enough streets  
And temples  
And to raise a wall  
Around this town  
As high  
As the Chinese wall  
To slave all the lovers  
Around your temples.

Everything in this  
Town  
Is buried in your eyes  
And there  
The bubbles of civilization  
Are waiting passionately  
To get the torch  
And run, and  
Run with all the feet  
And wings  
They have  
For this perfect moment  
To start a new  
Beginning.

Atef Ayadi

# Feedback

Woman!

This is a feedback.

It is about

The little time

Our hands were

Drunk and electrified.

It is about

The little endless time,

When we opened

A little window

Wide enough

To catch the sky,

And weight it

Like weighting

A healthy new

Born.

It is not important

That both

Should drink from the same fountain

At the same time

At the edge of the universe.

It is important

To worry

About the heavy carriage

Both we have

Or how much

Weak is our strength

Or how much

Strong is our Weakness

Or how much

We are proud of our

Pride.

This is simply a

Feedback

Like a fraction

Of light beam

Reflected by one crystal

Standing inside

Me,  
The rest of it  
Is possibly still echoing  
Within my veins  
To preserve  
A sharp memory  
Of your divine lips.

You do not have  
To be ready  
To take it,  
With more or less temporal  
It is you, indeed.  
And not about you.  
I am just a mirror  
Much more like the one used for  
Make up.

It is enough for me  
To be in harmony  
With the crystals I still have  
Inside me.  
This feed back  
Is simply  
A poem  
A young and invincible one,  
A new kind of concrete,  
Of words,  
Jelly of roses,  
Alien geometry,  
And immortal synergy.

Atef Ayadi

# Friday Night

A fog of silence  
Invaded my  
Table  
For couple dead hours  
the cafe  
Looked like a deserted temple  
the server is bored with his long  
lasting boredom  
A Lady  
came across my table  
Her eyes were firing  
At mine  
She said  
"Beautiful night? "  
"Is it? "  
I was busy sharpening my pencil  
Against the concrete slab  
She dumped her cigarette  
In my ashtray  
And added "Have a good night"

Atef Ayadi



# Siberian

Who said  
Siberian hills  
Are cold  
And frozen?  
Who saw a fire  
So white  
In Siberian eyes  
And green breast  
So bright and warm?  
A land  
For compassion  
A shining crystal  
That melts  
To deliver a whisper  
And a hushed water  
Of life.

Atef Ayadi



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# Echo

You come to this land  
Like a storm  
Without rain;  
To devastate my town  
And all hearts.  
Your voice  
Is an echo,  
So soft  
Echo.  
It tells  
You are and forever  
Here.

Atef Ayadi



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# Delirium

Your love overcomes  
Time,  
Space,  
The conventions,  
The reasonable,  
The seasons,  
Human values,  
And,  
Alien morality.  
So forgive me woman  
If my tongue is lost  
And I forget what  
I want to tell you.

Atef Ayadi



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# Suppose

Suppose  
Hypothetically  
We never met  
Suppose!  
Life would be  
A phrase  
Without words  
And literature  
Without poetry

Atef Ayadi



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# La Femme Eileen

Woman!  
Tenderness  
Dissolves  
Through  
Your eyes' glance  
Like a young water stream  
That makes its way  
To catch the Mississippi.

Time,  
Space,  
Big towns,  
Villages,  
Corn and soybean fields,  
Desert and dunes,  
The Atlantic,  
The Caspian Sea,  
Dissolve  
At the edge  
Of your lips.



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Atef Ayadi

# Hope

I hope  
You are safe  
From your desire  
From the tattoos  
You drew on me  
From the name you gave me  
From the name I gave you.

Atef Ayadi



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# My Title

You Are  
My little jewel,  
My crystal,  
My city,  
My rescue when i am lost in the wilderness,  
My passport,  
My travel,  
My exile,  
My sixteen wings,  
My ocean's waves,  
My big desert,  
My dunes,  
My palm tree,  
My olive tree,  
My numbers,  
My alphabets,  
My book,  
My new Bible,  
My new language,  
My lost and found,  
My earthquake,  
My energy,  
My music,  
My mosaic,  
My guitar's wires,  
My heaven,  
My Hell,  
My paper,  
My Pen and my ink,  
My laugh, and  
My bag of jokes.

Atef Ayadi

# You Are

I am  
A body  
A stone  
A dry clay  
Sand  
Volcanic desert  
Dust  
Red Sky  
Emptiness  
Fading Vacuum  
An orphan darkness  
A lonely cloud  
A silence with no mouth.

You are  
Sweet breeze  
Rain drops  
A young water stream  
A new born crying  
A full moon  
A star  
A blue sky  
A prairie  
the sun flower  
Life symphony  
The Joy  
The creation  
God's dark side  
Light.

So Woman  
When will you come  
To start my creation?

Atef Ayadi



# Saturday Night

For instance  
Time is timeless;  
My table is deserted;  
My coffee cup  
Is drunk, tired, and exhausted.  
What remains from  
This endless day:  
Some 67 cents  
In my pocket  
And a broken cigarette.

Atef Ayadi



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# The End Of Day

Like a young cloud  
Is trying to catch the storm  
My life is on the run  
Never reaching  
The big storm  
Or resting  
Like a tired dune.

At the end of the day  
Rain and sweat  
Dust and heat  
Draw my new face  
To catch the next day's  
New storm

Atef Ayadi



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# Long Trip

It is a body  
Beside me  
And two nice eyes.  
Green, or  
Blue  
Maybe?

I am sure.

Her compassion  
Is surrounding me;

Her hair  
Is calling my hands,  
And it is my heart  
That melts  
Over her salty  
Chocolate  
Chest.



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# White Rose From The Atlas

Now Paris  
Is washing its eyes  
With August rain  
Paris is now  
A woman  
A Babylonian bride  
Her wedding  
Is set on Christmas  
I hear youyous in Paris  
And emigrants cheering  
And applauding  
To welcome  
These eyes of marble  
This is your day woman  
You will hug  
Another man  
A Parisian  
Black-feet  
Who does not respect  
The rain

In my little house  
There are many essays  
And poems  
Some I do not feel I need  
Some are not mine  
They are still  
Standing up  
The way I left them  
This morning  
The fireplace is silent  
Like a grandmother  
Who knows when she should talk  
Too many books  
In different languages  
Agitated  
Like me  
Even your journal  
As you left it

It still keeping  
Its preferred place,  
Its blue color  
And the smell of your burned desires

The first December snow  
Is falling in a rebellious motions,  
It is embracing the town's big avenue  
And dancing with the last falling leaves  
Against its will  
This is not very important  
The town is not  
My town  
I am an emigrant too

Time in my house  
Is yellowish  
It creates its own dunes  
Just to get lost  
This is trouble my house's door.

Before you left  
This town  
I drew a plan  
To settle and colonized this town  
I planned to build  
Another Paris  
A barbarian one  
So you can take me  
With your eyes of the Atlas  
Through its streets of marble  
And to our Andalusia's house  
Then we go  
And visit mosques  
Churches  
And temples  
To wash our souls  
With the town's walls  
And gates.

Now  
And after you left

I burned all the plans  
The town's saltiness is all that remains  
And the smell of your burned desires.

Atef Ayadi

# Delighted

I am delighted  
To see the town  
In passion  
And peace.  
What makes me more delighted,  
Your eyes are the secret  
Of its passion,  
And the peace's white flag.

Atef Ayadi



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# Your Smell

Your smell  
Is watching me  
It penetrates my skin  
The easy way  
The fanatic way  
And even against my will  
It walks where I walk  
It follows all my moves  
And repeats the way I talk  
It counts my breath  
And my heart's  
Three thousand beats  
It reads with me  
My preferred books  
And writes with me  
My journal  
It chooses for me  
The type of poems  
I should write  
And asks me to  
To sort them later  
Into vertical poems  
Oblique poems  
And then into  
Audacious  
And cowardly ones

Your smell  
Is always here  
It takes my hand  
Whenever I am lost  
Whenever it rains  
It flies away  
Whenever it is a sunny day  
To bring me some  
White and red roses

Your smell starts to be  
My shadow



Starts to be me  
Dictates my thoughts  
And my livelihood  
I am rebellious  
More than the desert dunes  
But I am still in possessed by  
Your tyrannical smell.

Atef Ayadi

# Lies' Pigments

Few millenniums of lies,  
Beneath a gray ice,  
Years and years of lies  
Are covering  
The town's streets  
And all previous winter blue skies.  
I can see that  
In her eyes;  
The watch's hand  
Told me  
They are lies.

The stream of words  
Is walking through her golden gate bridge-like lips  
Come and vanish in lies.  
She is sick  
With words and  
With lies.  
She is trapped  
In her past,  
Stories, and lies.  
It is dark  
Inside her,  
She can not hide it.  
She can not compromise.

It is a dusty and salty  
Moment,  
When she walked away with  
Her face.  
My face shredded  
Into tiny pieces  
Like fireworks  
In the dark northern sky.

At my birthday,  
She came and  
Delivered me.  
It was my only gift,

A gift from a woman  
In love.  
After a long walk of hate  
She gave me  
My new name too.  
She left  
For a century.  
She came back  
To take back her gift.

I felt  
I should wait  
An eternity  
For a new birth,  
A new horizon,  
And new open sky.

Atef Ayadi

# \$1 Pair Of Shoes


With \$1 I bought  
My pair of shoes.  
No more than \$1;  
But still,  
They are my shoes.

Atef Ayadi



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# Falling Down

All what we learn  
Is to not fall down  
And we fall down.  
We want to stop being standing up.  
We want to be away from our feet.  
We want  
A falling  
With noise  
Or noiseless,  
Or just  
To fall upside down.  
It does not matter  
We look for a web  
Of a royal spider  
To hung up  
We look for heaven  
On earth  
And underneath it.  
So let's fall  
Whether  [PoemHunter.com](http://PoemHunter.com)  
It is up or down.

Atef Ayadi

# Eileen's Breath

An ancient  
Breath  
Came into my lung  
Weak  
And interrupted.  
A breath of pain;  
A breath of love;  
A breath of forgiveness.  
It struck first my heart  
And shattered my rusted veins.

The snow is falling,  
Enlightening the streets.  
I kept walking ...  
Following this  
Ancient woman's breath.

Atef Ayadi

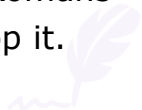


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# The Seven Pillars

After a deep love  
After years of separation  
After the last millennium is wrapped up  
With white and rosy candles  
You come back  
With an empty face  
And with dropped hands  
To ask me for  
A break up  
With no more confusion  
And a solid conclusion  
I accepted the deal  
After all  
This everlasting ancient love  
Grows up like a seven pillars  
Of a new religion  
Neither me  
Nor the Romans  
Could stop it.

Atef Ayadi



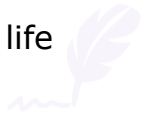
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# Her Smile

She opened the door  
And let me in.  
Her smile rose from her lower lip  
Like the morning star.  
This alone took off  
Thousand years of my boredom.

She opened the windows for me  
To let heaven get in  
To welcome me.

Like a warm hole  
Her smile is spinning around the place,  
And everywhere,  
In the town's streets,  
The public parks,  
In the water fountain,  
And  
In all my life



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I ringed at her door  
At my life  
She screamed  
She smiled  
She jumped on me  
Like a playful  
Young rabbit  
Jumping over  
A lost old turtle  
She offered me  
A beauty seeds  
And a colorful kisses

Atef Ayadi



# Hopeless In Love

Hopeless in love  
Is like writing vertical poems  
They just fall down.  
Hopeless in love  
Hopeless in poetry  
Hopeless to take oneself  
To the old east  
And get some spicy words  
Hopeless in love  
Like going through  
The desert  
And not distinguishing yourself among the dunes  
I do not blame  
Who is in love  
Who is hopeless  
I blame who  
Defends his love battle field  
With an armory of geometrical poetry.

Atef Ayadi



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# Conditional Love

Do not wish for love.  
It will not come  
As you wish.  
Love wishes are not writing  
On the spring butterfly wings.

Do not count on hopes,  
Love guidance,  
Or a flood of chaotic sorrow  
Assurance.  
Love has its own weather,  
Its own battlefield,  
It has Castles, knights, bishops,  
And its own popes.

Bypass this ancient language writing on your lips.  
Bypass the ancient old scripts.  
Bypass your heart surgeries  
And feelings' burns and attacks.  
Bypass your orphan poems.  
Bypass your fate.

Hold your breath;  
Love's ocean is deep  
You need to take a deep Breath  
As you dive down.

Hold yourself  
Like holding the clock hands,  
And the town streets.  
Make a list of new colonies  
To invade.  
Throw off your shadow.  
Be a simple titan  
Without tribe support.  
Be an indulged new shah.  
Take off the shell of being  
A classical woman,  
A Bach symphony,

And pour out the bad water,  
And what makes you a night soft Harem.

Atef Ayadi

# The Comfort Of Pain

Pain and bags of agony  
Accumulate  
On my table  
And build up  
Like volcanic rubble  
And expand like a sea coral  
Around my virgin island

This is my only recipe  
The only seeds from the last summer's harvest  
I have for my daily livelihood

My mind flirts  
With my heart  
In trouble  
And sore from pain  
It teases it  
Without taking over  
Mind's and heart's fights are always  
About pride

I bribe my pain  
And beg it  
to stay for a night chatting  
I hug my pain  
And cross its black hair  
Like a child who is afraid from a past nightmare

My darling pain  
Do not disappear  
You are the cement  
The stones  
And the bricks  
Needed to build  
My new fortress  
Against the next feeling attack.

Atef Ayadi

# Spark Of Darkness

Writing in the darkness  
What hides in my nights  
Makes me see more clearly  
What is in the obscurity of my thoughts.

Composing a work,  
A reflection of my vanity  
Helps me to lose the imagination  
And free all my contemplations  
Just to escape from the freezing time  
I am already far from the present  
And yet close to the nearest past  
I am living without my existence  
This is my best moments  
Of being suspended  
In a zero gravity,  
And in a vacuum of thoughts  
These are my best moment of  
Making the first crystal  
Of simplicity.

Atef Ayadi