Beat: Arts

The Poem and the Wolf

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The writer of the poem that the wolf stole and threw it in debris
Is still searching for it
Neither for its meaning
That is something easy to access,
Nor for its rhythm and prosody
It is something gettable and repeatable
But he is searching for his the inhalation of his feather
And the exhalation of the imagination
And the sway of the letters on its body,
For that night
The night when poetry deflowered its curtain
Hence words changed their souls and meanings
And committed the sin
That caused it.

Much is in store
That the writer of the poem that was stolen by the wolf
Can write another one, another one and another one, to prevail in the crowd, among roads, and bookshops
In the beauty and dancing salons, ride horses
And buses / travel alone, practice sports
Shine on the beaches and at nights, dress in various fashions
They resemble each other, delude, seduce
And arrest the heart
But that poem
Written at that night
While being stolen by the wolf before the dawn break
Will not come again
It is the only one
He who goes out into the world drenched-hearted
Is not him who enters into it ...
A soul that departed from the body
Searches for the poem that was stolen by the wolf

And threw it in debris
I was confused by the little oculist
Asking me before having a laser operation
To open a blocked duct in the left eye
And [before] filling in the form of accepting the possible risk
And signing on what that left eye saw!!
What it did, what the service line it went through
And what it saw during my life when it was closed
If it was ever stolen
Or been loaned
And if I misused it.
Then, after the operation, she warned me not to go home alone,

And look at places that are too bright
And read at zero degree “‘
While terrifyingly examining my eyes together
Are you the writer of the poem
That the wolf stole and threw it in debris?!

The problem is not in the poem´s writer who is looking for it,
After the wolf had stolen and thrown it in debris
The problem is the wolf itself,
The wolf that stole the poem and threw it in debris
He was addicted to the road leading to the bottom line
His ears were reproduced to spread out on his walls
His eyes tapered to penetrate the windows and doors
And his nostrils swelled
To let his lungs be enlarged with inhalation and staggered due to exhalation
He dreams, loves and tantalises himself
And becomes addicted to the females of other species.
He asks about the reasons for what he sees
And he gets drunk with delusion
And vanishes looking for a poem that he once threw it in debris.

This is what the poem's wolf became of
It ate the flesh of its writer
And it got dizzy
So his sons inherited
Tricks of words and ambushes of meaning.
They wrote firewood for wars
And [wrote] poems with blood
They made crowns out of ashes on the heads of other wolves.
So that the wolf poet becomes a grave
For the writer of the poem that the wolf stole
And threw it in debris.

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