

SOFTLY SAY

softly say
yes to your truth
yes to your many roses
yes to your scent that levitates
yes to your thorns
yes to the evolution of soft souls
softer to softest
they're not in my stomach the three butterflies that died
and I'm just crazy
I feed off of nonsense
so pass my your questions I Moor into nothing
just the spinning spinning moon
that's always distant and timingly present
with an indefinite presence
my brain naturally divides
pros and cons
pros/cons
hero/con
villain/villain/human
and gets lost in the in-betweens

I woke up to fires raging
in the woods
the trees wailing
 in red
I hear their SOS
and the world is just reposting on Instagram
 the skies cry in pain
and the sea levels are rising
mother earth is depressed
sinking in Venice in neglect
I'm sure she wonders
like a lonely soul
"how can this many friends
occupy my space
and I still feel this empty"
you see mother earth and I
are the same sometimes
sometimes I sit in a room full of people
and I float in a vortex
 going
and no one notices

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One Monday I got the news
that my sensitive friend
killed himself
I could hear him say
"everything got too much"
last week Australia's woods were saying
this is all too much
I woke up to the world already set on fire
to wars threats
to my friends
still revolting in Lebanon
to corruption chewing up hope

I pressed my cheeks
to my pillow
and found a moment of comfort
in my closing eyes
my heart longs for our co-existence
I prayed 5 times today because this week I truly believe in freedom

I do not mean to be a coward
I'm still fearless in fear
even though everyone's hurt
is queuing in my heart
I spent all my life
trying to avoid the news
and here I am
at the forefront of this panoramic view of humanity

Here on my way to Berlin
an Uber driver told me
her name is Kobra
with a K.
in Persian
it means a woman with a big heart
maybe I am a Kobra
maybe my venom is love
maybe its venom because
many lack empathy
because love today
is equivalent to the number
of likes on an Instagram post
because no one is following their heart
just following their influencers

every morning I say:
it is safe to love
out loud
to reassure the light
peeping from my heart

My tears have been swelling up at the footages I'm receiving on WhatsApp
of love and unity in Lebanon
of this burst of "*enough!*"
and dance for freedom

Braver than I am
Mother Earth practices freedom of speech
even when the politicians say nothing
nature is its moderator
the unviewable emotions
negated by her motions
she engulfs us
to empathize
to feel her feelings

I am like mother earth

I	think	of	loving	you	then	I	think	of	war
I		think		of		surrendering	to		you
and				how					that
might		take	away		all	my			strength
to			fight			a			war
that		could		destruct		the			world
and		take	you		away		from		me
even									though
the	second	I	feel	you	might				leave

I wake up and set the whole world on fire

One winter
an astronaut snapped a portrait
of delicate earth
from space in 1970
naked and raw
called it *Blue Marble*
Blue Marble
doesn't look the same
just bruised
and blue
and cold like marble

I confess to have had
a love affair with every city I touched
wind for feather fingers brushing against my skin
I get soaked in all of my truth
and make an identity out of its roots
all the plants become my friends
I carry the strangers names with me

Kobra, Urok, Yves, Clementine, Saeed

cities for wombs
Mother Earth wraps me

so please
wake her up
she swallowed the snooze button
winter skipped fall
summer rain was spiraling down
the sun in her throat is burning
a war of the seas and skies
a craving for life versus a temptation to die
a metaphysical jump
with a physical leap of faith
and a rebirthing death
the poetry won't poem
the silver on her waist ——— a woman
a moon of direction in her womb
intuition won't poem
let her dance
let the poem
sea or sky allow the decision
choosing life
forgiving the traces
stretching the deserts
I am with you in spirit
what a feeling
inviting the (you) aside me
beside me
still inside of me
(in spirit)
ode to this poetry
to my inner tree
rose base notes
in the folds of my neck

yes to my thorns
yes to the evolution of soft souls
softer to softest
ode to my poetry
this epitome of me
and when it's time
and my soul ascends
put a rose on my mouth
one day is today
I am here to stay
as vulnerable as a tear to a smile
as honest as my true mirror reflections
(you are with me in spirit)
I understand the duality of you and I
here in spirit
you move across my true reflection
not my shadow
but the smile when I smile
in private Earth corners
I hurt where it hurts you the most
I am here today
day one of the rebirth
choosing life
and ascending
today the sky is clear
the cloud jumped into the ocean
and we journey as two souls
across the deserts
today we decide to love and stay.