

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

*AL-Logaha Hand*

### **Intrepeting Solitude**

*Poem After 'La Solitude' by Yasmina Saadoun*

Examining the gate

We enter

It is a shadow refuge

Not to be forgotten in Autumn

In flaming arms I return

Whisper because my lips are stranded in the wilderness of a sound phobia

Gone before I was born

Given away to a stranger

Little by little I come back

Wearing transparent contacs since my eyes appear in rouge effervescence

If only I could stop my hair from coming through

Where is the shadow of yesterday?

I tremble

Shaking at my indecision

Wavering between friends thick and thin

Still my copybook remains open in candlelight

Barely outlining that I need a new companion

I hear you she says

You're only an echo away

Why is my heart enlightened, she asks quietly

My chest is breathing behind a load of coded delicate dialect

Armored and alone

Yet I still shine in the dark

My soul is chastised

An appendix of posthumous courage

Do I accept these implants?

Even though they weigh me down

You try to cover me up

But it just gets dirty and rusted

Much like aging

Nothing ever remains virgin or innocent forever

I hold a scalpel in my hands

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Ready to carve a new me  
Still I am in a dungeon of my own making  
Leading back to the day I met you  
I am stuck in aloneness  
Having saved my love for a loner  
Waiting for a blueprint that expresses what lies beneath being a woman  
I sit alone  
I walk alone  
I am a loner  
If I could see in the dark  
Maybe things would be different  
But everything I own wears thin  
Even the trinket around my neck stays hidden  
In this portrait I sing  
Not out loud of course for silence does not betray me  
I negotiate myself with an angel  
Ignoring that in simplicity I fade away slowly  
Extending my time  
Before I am extinct and fade away  
Forgotten by an hour glass set up on my bedside table

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### Self-Reliance

*After Yasmina Saadoun, an untitled portrait, 2013*

The stars are falling cried the young girl  
No it is quietude profound  
A reliance on the search for peace of mind in a non-stop world  
She stares eyes wide open  
Each eyelash bringing in a symbol of hope  
It is a postcard of desire  
A streaming song carries on  
Age and wisdom speak loudly this day  
Gold roaming at the speed of light  
Rolling over the hills of inside out thought patterns  
Incubating fear with every step  
Decorated with a purpose  
She smiles through a mask  
Towering an opinion of what life is really about  
Blue moon sings her song  
I stare into space she says  
My waist remains unexposed  
Not allowing a disaster to take over  
Longing for a theater in which to place my thoughts for all the world to hear  
It is a cameo of me that stays within these cramped quarters  
She wears a posh necklace to display that art still reflects the sun within  
No need for man to bear her pain  
She sings stories of eating bread and drinking smoothness  
The lady is the possessor of the open air  
Opposing no one and everyone at the same time  
How wide the road is in which to stretch your thoughts  
Her hand holds a photocopy of the globe  
Every nation explored through the red sands of her homeland  
Strangers seek her work  
The blood, sweat and tears of years of enchantment  
She is robust in her offering of self  
Her ideas represent the stain glass window of time

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Rock bottom she hit once  
Still to rebound strong, healthy and alert to notation  
The day has opened up in burgundy  
Not of wine but of a rope's twine  
No longer endangered because of the future of a hand held shrine  
But for us we are revived as she remains dedicated to the escape from self-  
indignation

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### **I breathe in**

*After Yasmina Saadoun, 'Respire', 2008*

To each day I begin  
I bend forward  
I breathe in  
Sunset looks down  
And we explicate the meaning of treacherous domain  
Ever present is the need to believe  
To believe in something beyond one's self in being an essential existence  
Hair glorified in the skies trepid wandering  
Dignity identified by the sky continuing to ramble on  
Cream and sugar in her coffee  
Asking if anyone will take off this burdening load  
Her hair flows down a cut above  
Only to be rectified in a new dominion  
My spouse shares my faith cries the old woman  
Ding dong the witch is dead  
Heralding in a new dawn  
A beginning for the release of false interpretations  
Rapture undefeated  
Stronghold of imagination  
Carrying the breath of a century of salted tears  
Again the sun shines down as a nation rebuilds itself  
Having survived the ravages of colonial disruptions  
It is pick-pocketing my soul  
Am I complete it asks?  
A ribbon of delight entangles me in utter suspense  
How will we call out to you it repeats?  
Carry me home immigrant  
Let me sit on your doorstep  
Again I breathe in  
We all want to succeed  
To sing one last song of freedom  
A slow and smooth rap

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Heavy ear repositions me  
Still we wander  
Even if only for a minute

