The Sage plant

From the inspiration of your words

Water may split from the poem’s body

And the sage plant in our home gardens

Doesn’t give secretly her odor to birds...

 Let’s say that wind spreads fairly its revelation on trees

What shall silence offer to mouths???

Nothing but salt on a lip eluding its secret...

Travelers carrying their letters towards throats silently

How does the sand rise while the night is a nun chanting her genesis?

Since the branch surrounded the larvae

Since the sin puts its beauty in mud

Palms in the language of legends failed

Which defeats shall we call triumphs?

our destinies are apples,sir

Thirsty for the serpent of sin

Arms assassinating light in you

If you ever agreed to cut it

Bitter orange knows the grief in your eyes

And the violin plays it

Empty what is in your bag of void spells?

And delay the travel that is engraved in the tea cups

Perhaps a pigeon got used to her nest against her will

Is there now a belonging to the wire?

Is the axe of patience cutting away at the fire?

Supposedly the board saved our will

Do pains breed and fertilize its well

The prophet butterflies won’t disappoint things

Above a garden of illusions that strangles its flowers

And now I pass with paths on my blood

And stars spinning a dream surely while I speak

These extents are a range for the epic downfall

Of rain in my arrogant thirst.

Thousands and thousands of poems assassinating intentionally its rhymes.

By Sonia Maddouri

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